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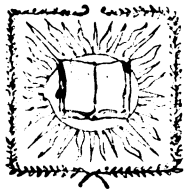
THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

VOL. CII
NEW SERIES: VOL. LXXX
MAY to OCTOBER, 1921



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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 102 MAY, 1921 No. 1

The Post-Mortem Murder

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Author of "Main Street"

Illustration by R. F. Heinrich

I WENT to Kennuit to be quiet through the summer vacation. I was tired after my first year as associate professor, and I had to finish my "Life of Ben Jonson." Certainly the last thing I desired was that dying man in the hot room and the pile of scrawled booklets.

I boarded with Mrs. Nickerson in a cottage of silver-gray shingles under silver-gray poplars, heard only the harsh fiddling of locusts and the distant rage of the surf, looked out on a yard of bright wild grass and a jolly windmill weather-vane, and made notes about Ben Jonson. I was as secluded and happy as old Thoreau raising beans and feeling superior at Walden.

My fiancee,—Quinta Gates, sister of Professor Gates, and lovelier than ever in the delicate culture she had attained at thirty-seven,—Quinta urged me to join them at Fleet Harbor. It is agreeable to be with Quinta. While I cannot say that we are stirred to such absurd manifestations as kissing and hand-holding,—why any sensible person should care to hold a damp female hand is beyond me,—we do find each other inspiriting. But Fleet Harbor would be full of "summerites," dreadful young people in white flannels, singing their jazz ballads.

No, at thought of my spacious, leafy freedom I wriggled with luxury and settled down to an absorbed period when night and day glided into one ecstasy of dreaming study. Naturally, then, I was angry when I heard a puckery voice outside in the tiny hallway:

"Well, if he 's a professor, I got to see him."

A knock. I affected to ignore it. It was irritatingly repeated until I roared, "Well, well, well?" I am normally, I trust, a gentle person, but I desired to give them the impression of annoyance.

Mrs. Nickerson billowed in, squeaking:

"Mis' White from Lobster Pot Neck wants to see you."

Past her wriggled a pinch-faced, humorless-looking woman. She glared at Mrs. Nickerson, thrust her out, and shut the door. I could hear Mrs. Nickerson protesting, "Well, upon my word!"

I believe I rose and did the usual civilities. I remember this woman, Miss or Mrs. White, immediately ask-

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ing me, with extraordinary earnestness:

"Are you a professor?"

"I teach English."

"You write books?"

I pointed to a box of manuscript.

"Then, please, you got to help us. Byron Sanders is dying. He says he 's got to see a learned man to give him some important papers." Doubtless I betrayed hesitation, for I can remember her voice rising in creepy ululation: "Please! He 's dying—that good old man that never hurt nobody!"

I fluttered about the room to find my cap. I fretted that her silly phrase of "important papers" sounded like a melodrama, with maps of buried treasure, or with long-lost proofs that the chore boy is really the kidnapped son of royalty. But these unconscious defenses against the compulsion expressed in her face, with its taut and terrified oval of open mouth, were in vain. She mooned at me, she impatiently waited. I dabbled at my collar and lapels with my fingers, instead of decently brushing off the stains of smoking and scribbling. I came stumbling and breathless after her.

She walked rapidly, unspeaking, intense, and I followed six inches behind, bespelled by her red-and-black gingham waist and her chip of a brown hat. We slipped among the gray houses of the town, stumped into country stilly and shimmering with late afternoon. By a trail among long salty grasses we passed an inlet where sandpipers sprinted and horseshoe-crabs bobbed on the crisping ripples. We crossed a moorland to a glorious point of blowing grasses and sharp salt odor, with the waves of the harbor flickering beyond. In that resolute place my embarrassed awe was diluted, and I almost laughed as I wondered:

"What is this story-book errand? Ho, for the buried treasure! I 'll fit up a fleet, out of the six hundred dollars I have in the savings-bank, and find the pirates' skellingtons. 'Important papers!' I 'll comfort the poor dying gentleman, and be back in time for another page before supper. The harbor is enchanting. I really must have a sail this summer or go swimming."

My liveliness, uneasy at best in the presence of that frightened, fleeing woman, wavered when we had dipped down through a cranberry-bog and entered a still, hot woods of dying pines. They were dying, I tell you, as that old man in there was dying. The leaves were of a dry color of brick dust; they had fallen in heaps that crunched beneath my feet; the trunks were lean and black, with an irritation of branches; and all the dim alleys were choking with a dusty odor of decay. It was hot and hushed, and my throat tickled, my limbs dragged in a hopeless languor.

Through ugly trunks and red needles we came to a restrained dooryard and an ancient, irregular house, a dark house, very sullen. No one had laughed there these many years. The windows were draped. The low porch between the main structure and a sagging ell was drifted with the pine-needles. My companion's tread was startling and indecent on the flapping planks. She held open the door. I hesitated. I was not annoyed now; I was afraid, and I knew not of what I was afraid.

Prickly with unknown disquietude, I entered. We traversed a hall choked with relics of the old shipping days of Kennuit: a whale's vertebra, a crib-

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bage-board carved in a walrus-tusk, a Chinese screen of washed-out gold pagodas on faded, weary black. We climbed a narrow stair over which jutted, like a secret trap-door, the corner of a mysterious chamber above. My companion opened a door on the upper hall and croaked, "In there."

I went in slowly. I am not sure now, after two years, but I think I planned to run out again, to flee downstairs, to defend myself with that ivory tusk if I should be attacked by—whatever was lurking in that shadowy, silent place. As I edged in, about me crept an odor of stale air and vile medicines and ancient linen. The shutters were fast; the light was grudging. I was actually relieved when I saw in the four-poster bed a pitiful, vellum-faced old man, and the worst monster I had to face was normal illness.

I have learned that Byron Sanders was only seventy-one then, but he seemed ninety. He was enormous. He must have been hard to care for. His shoulders, in the mended linen nightgown thrust up above the patchwork comforter, were bulky; his neck was thick; his head a shiny dome—an Olympian, majestic even in dissolution.

The room had been lived in too long. It was a whirl of useless things: staggering chairs, clothes in piles, greasy medicine-bottles, and a vast writing-desk pouring out papers, and dingy books with bindings of speckled brown. Amid the litter, so still that she seemed part of it, I was startled to discern another woman. Who she may have been I have never learned.

The man was ponderously turning in bed, peering at me through the shaky light.

"You are a professor?" he wheezed.

"That depends upon what you mean, sir. I teach English. I am not—"

"You understand poetry, essays, literary history?"

"I am supposed to."

"I 'm kind of a colleague of yours. Byron—" He stopped, choked frightfully. The repressed woman beside the bed, moving with stingy patience, wiped his lips. "My name is Byron Sanders. For forty years, till a year ago, I edited the 'Kennuit Beacon.'"

The nauseating vanity of man! In that reverent hour, listening to the entreaties of a dying man, I was yet piqued at having my stripped athletic scholarship compared to editing the "Beacon," with its patent-medicine advertisements, its two straggly columns of news about John Brown's cow and Jim White's dory.

His eyes trusting me, Byron Sanders went on:

"Can't last long. It 's come quicker—no time to plan. I want you to take the literary remains of my father. He was not a good man, but he was a genius. I have his poetry here, and the letters. I have n't read them for years, and—too late—give them to world. You must—"

He was desperately choking. The still woman crept up, thrust into my hands a box of papers and a pile of note-books which had been lying on the bed.

"You must go," she muttered. "Say, 'Yes,' and go. He can't stand any more."

"Will you?" the broken giant wailed to me, a stranger!

"Yes, yes, indeed; I 'll give them to the world," I mumbled, while the woman pushed me toward the door.

I fled down the stairs, through the coppery pine-woods, up to the blithe

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headland that was swept by the sea-breeze.

I knew, of course, what the "poetry" of that poor "genius" his father would be—Christmas doggerel and ditties about "love" and "dove," "heart" and "must part." I was, to be honest, irritated. I wanted to take this debris back to Mr. Sanders, and that was the one thing I could not do. For once I was sensible: I took it home and tried to forget it.

In the next week's "Kennuit Beacon," discovered on Mrs. Nickerson's parlor-table, crowning a plush album, I read that Byron Sanders, "the founder and for many years the highly esteemed editor of this paper," had died.

I sought relatives to whom I could turn over his father's oddments. There was no one; he was a widower and childless. For months the bothersome papers were lost in my desk, back at the university. On the opening day of the Christmas vacation I remembered that I had not read a word of them. I was to go to Quinta Gates's for tea at a quarter to five, and to her serene companionship I looked forward as, in a tired, after-term desultoriness, I sat down to glance at Jason Sanders's caterwaulings. That was at four. It was after nine when the flabby sensation of hunger brought me back to my room and the dead fire.

In those five hours I had discovered a genius. The poetry at which I had so abominably sneered was minted glory.

I stood up, and in that deserted dormitory I shouted, and listened to the tremor of the lone sound and defiantly shouted again. That I was "excited" is too pallid a word. My life of Jonson could go hang! I was selfish about it: it meant fame for me. But I think something higher than selfishness had already come into my devotion to Jason Sanders; something of the creator's passion and the father's pride.

I was hungry enough, but I walked the room contemptuous of it. I felt unreal. 1918 was fantastically unreal. I had for hours been veritably back in 1850. It was all there; manuscripts which had not been touched since 1850, which still held in their wrinkles the very air of seventy years ago: a diary; daguerreotypes; and letters, preserved like new in the darkness, from Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and the young Tennyson!

The diary had been intermittently kept for fifteen years. It was outline enough for me to reconstruct the story of Jason Sanders, born at Kennuit in 1825, probably died in Greece in 1853.

§ 2

Between Cape Cod and the ocean is a war sinister and incessant. Here and there the ocean has gulped a farm, or a lighthouse reared on a cliff, but at Kennuit the land has been the victor. To-day there are sandy flats and tepid channels where a hundred years ago was an open harbor brilliant with a hundred sails, crackling with tidings from the Banks, proud of whalers back from years of cruising off Siberia and of West Indiamen pompous with rum and sugar and the pest.

Captain Bethuel Sanders, master and owner of the *Sally S.*, was on a voyage out of Kennuit to Pernambuco when his only child, Jason Sanders, was born. He never came back. In every Cape Cod burying-ground, beside the meeting-house, there are a score of headstones with "Lost at sea." There is one, I know now, at Kennuit for Bethuel Sanders.

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His widow, daughter of a man of God who for many years had been pastor at Truro, was a tight, tidy, capable woman. Bethuel left her a competence. She devoted herself to keeping house and to keeping her son from going to sea. He was not to die as his father had, perhaps alone, last man on a wave-smashed brig. Theirs was a neat, unkindly cottage with no windows on the harbor side. The sailors' women-folks did not greatly esteem the view to sea, for thither went the strong sons who would never return. In a cottage with a low wall blank toward the harbor lived Mrs. Sanders, ardently loving her son, bitterly restraining him. Jason was obsessed by her. She was mother, father, sweetheart, teacher, tyrant. He stroked her cheeks, and he feared her eye, which was a frozen coal when she caught him lying.

In the first pages of Jason's diary, when he was only thirteen, he raged that while his schoolmates were already off to the Banks or beholding, as cabin-boys, the shining Azores, he was kept at his lessons, unmanned, in apron-strings. Resources of books he had from his parson grandsire: Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Pope. If the returned adventurers sneered at him, he dusted their jackets. He must have been hardy and reasonably vicious. He curtly records that he beat Peter Williams, son of the Reverend Abner Williams, "till he could scarce move," and that for this ferocity he was read out of meeting. He became a hermit, the village "bad boy."

He was at once scorned as a "softy" by his mates because he did not go to sea, dreaded by their kin because he was a marking fighter, bombarded by his Uncle Ira because he would not become a grocer, and chided by his mother because he had no calling to the ministry. Nobody, apparently, took the trouble to understand him. The combination of reading and solitude led him inevitably to scribbling. On new-washed Cape Cod afternoons, when grasses rustled on the cream-shadowed dunes, he sat looking out to sea, chin in hand, staring at ardent little waves and lovely sails that bloomed and vanished as the schooners tacked; and through evenings rhythmic with the surf he sought with words which should make him enviable to justify himself and his mocked courage.

At twenty he ran off to sea on a fishing schooner.

Twenty he was and strong, but when he returned his mother larruped him. Apparently he submitted; his comment in the famous diary is: "Mother kissed me in welcome, then, being a woman of whimsies somewhat distasteful to a man of my sober nature, she stripped off my jacket and lashed me with a strip of whalebone long and surprisingly fanged. I shall never go a-whaling if so very little of a whale can be so very unamiable."

This process neatly finished, Mrs. Sanders—she was a swift and diligent woman—immediately married the young bandit off to a neighbor woman four years his senior, a comely woman, pious, and gifted with dullness. Within the year was born a son, the Byron Sanders whom I saw dying as a corpulent elder.

That was in 1847, and Jason was twenty-two.

He went to work—dreaming and the painful carving of beautiful words not being work—in the Mammoth Store

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and Seamen's Outfitters. He was discharged for, imprimis, being drunk and abusive; further, stealing a knife of the value of two shillings. For five or six years he toiled in a sail-loft. I fancy that between stitchings of thick canvas he read poetry, a small book hidden in the folds of a topsail, and with a four-inch needle he scratched on shingles a plan of Troy. He was discharged now and then for roistering, and now and then was grudgingly hired again.

I hope that nothing I have said implies that I consider Jason a young man of virtue. I do not. He drank Jamaica rum, he stole strawberries, his ways with the village girls were neither commendable nor in the least commended, and his temper was such that he occasionally helped himself to a fight with sailors, and regularly, with or without purpose, thrashed the unfortunate Peter Williams, son of the Reverend Abner.

Once he betrayed a vice far meaner. A certain Boston matron, consort of a highly esteemed merchant, came summering to Kennuit, first of the tennis-yelping hordes who now infest the cape and interrupt the meditations of associate professors. This worthy lady was literary, and doubtless musical and artistic. She discovered that Jason was a poet. She tried to patronize him; in a highfalutin way she commanded him to appear next Sunday, to read aloud and divert her cousins from Boston. For this she would give him a shilling and what was left of the baked chicken. He gravely notes: "I told her to go to the devil. She seemed put out." The joke is that three weeks later he approached the good matron with a petition to be permitted to do what he had scorned. She rightly, he records without comment, "showed me the door."

No, he was not virtuous save in bellicose courage, and he was altogether casual about deserting his wife and child when, the year after his mother died, he ran away to the Crimean War. But I think one understands that better in examining, as I have examined with microscope and aching eye, the daguerreotypes of Jason and his wife and boy.

Straight-nosed and strong-lipped was Jason at twenty-six or seven. Over his right temple hung an impatient lock. He wore the high, but open and flaring, collar of the day, the space in front filled with the soft folds of a stock. A fluff of side-whiskers along the jaw set off his resoluteness of chin and brow. His coat was long-skirted and heavy, with great collar and wide lapels, a cumbrous garment, yet on him as graceful as a cloak. But his wife! Her eyes stared, and her lips, though for misery and passionate prayer they had dark power, seem in the mirrory old picture to have had no trace of smiles. Their son was dumpy. As I saw him dying there in the pine woods, Byron Sanders appeared a godly man and intelligent; but at six or seven he was pudding-faced, probably with a trick of howling. In any case, with or without reason, Jason foully deserted them.

In 1853, at the beginning of the struggle between Russia and Turkey that was to develop into the Crimean War, Greece planned to invade Turkey. Later, to prevent alliance between Greece and Russia, the French and English forces held Piræus; but for a time Greece seemed liberated.

Jason's diary closes with a note:

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To-morrow I leave this place of sand and sandy brains; make by friend Bearse's porgy boat for Long Island, thence to New York and ship for Piræus, for the glory of Greece and the memory of Byron. How better can a man die? And perhaps some person of intelligence there will comprehend me. Thank fortune my amiable spouse knows naught. If ever she finds this, may she grant forgiveness, as I grant it to her!

That is all—all save a clipping from the "Lynmouth News Letter" of seven years later announcing that as no word of Mr. Jason Sanders had come since his evanishment, his widow was petitioning the court to declare him legally dead.

This is the pinchbeck life of Jason Sanders. He lived not in life, but in his writing, and that is tinct with genius. Five years before Whitman was known he was composing what today we call "free verse." There are in it impressions astoundingly like Amy Lowell. The beauty of a bitter tide-scourged garden and of a bitter sea-scourged woman who walks daily in that sterile daintiness is one of his themes, and the poem is as radiant and as hard as ice.

Then the letters.

Jason had sent his manuscripts to the great men of the day. From most of them he had non-committal acknowledgments. His only encouragement came from Edgar Allan Poe, who in 1849, out of the depths of his own last discouragement, wrote with sympathy:

I pledge you my heart that you have talent. You will go far if you can endure hatred and disgust, forgetfulness and bitter bread, blame for your most valorous and for your weakness and meekness, the praise of matrons and the ladylike.

That letter was the last thing I read before dawn on Christmas day.

On the first train after Christmas I hastened down to the winter-clutched cape.

§ 3

As Jason had died sixty-five years before, none but persons of eighty or more would remember him. One woman of eighty-six I found, but beyond, "Heh? Whas sat?" she confided only: "Jassy Sanders was a terror to snakes. Run away from his family, that 's what he done! Poetry? Him write poetry? Why, he was a sail-maker!"

I heard then of Abiathar Gould, eighty-seven years old, and already become a myth streaked with blood and the rust of copper bottoms. He had been a wrecker, suspected of luring ships ashore with false lights in order that he might plunder them with his roaring mates. He had had courage enough, plunging in his whaleboat through the long swells after a storm, but mercy he had not known. He was not in Kennuit itself; he lived down by the Judas Shoals, on a lean spit of sand running seven miles below Lobster Pot Neck.

How could one reach him? I asked Mrs. Nickerson.

Oh, that was easy enough: one could walk! Yes, and one did walk, five miles against a blast whirling with snow, grinding with teeth of sand. I cursed with surprising bitterness, and planned to give up cigarettes and to do patent chest exercises. I wore Mr. Aaron Bloomer's coonskin coat, Mrs. Nickerson's gray flannel muffler, David

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Dill's fishing-boots, and Mrs. Antonia Sparrow's red flannel mittens; but, by the gods, the spectacles were my own, and mine the puffing, the cramped calves, and the breath that froze white on that itchy collar! Past an inlet with grasses caught in the snow-drifted ice; along the frozen beach, which stung my feet at every pounding step; among sand-dunes, which for a moment gave blessed shelter; out again into the sweep of foam-slavering wind, the bellow of the surf, I went.

I sank all winded on the icy step of Captain Abiathar Gould's bachelor shack.

He was not deaf and he was not dull at eighty-seven. He came to the door, looked down on me studiously, and grunted:

"What do you want? D' yuh bring me any hootch?"

I had n't. There was much conversation bearing on that point while I broiled and discovered new muscles by his stove. He had only one bunk, a swirl of coiled blankets and comforters and strips of gunny-sacking. I did not care to spend the night; Captain Gould cared even less. I had to be back. I opened:

"Cap'n, you knew Jason Sanders?"

"Sanders? I knew Byron Sanders, and Gideon Sanders of Wellfleet and Cephas Sanders of Falmouth and Bessie Sanders, but I never knew no Jason —oh, wa'n't he Byron's pa? Sure I remember him. Eight or nine years older 'n I was. Died in foreign parts. I was a boy on the *Dancing Jig* when he went fishing. Only time he ever went. Wa'n't much of a fisherman."

"Yes, but what do you remember—"

"Don't remember nothing. Jassy never went with us fellows; had his nose in a book. Some said he was a good fighter; I dunno."

"But did n't you—how did he talk, for instance?"

"Talk? Talked like other folks, I suppose. But he wa'n't a fisherman, like the rest of us. Oh, one time he tanned my hide for tearing up some papers with writin' on 'em that I swiped for gun-wadding."

"What did he say then?"

"He said—"

On second thought it may not be discreet to report what Jason said.

Beyond that Captain Gould testified only:

"Guess I kind of get him mixed up with the other fellows; good many years ago. But"—he brightened—"I recollect he wa'n't handy round a schooner. No, he wa'n't much of a fisherman."

When I got back to Kennuit my nose was frozen.

No newspaper had been published in Kennuit before 1877, and I unearthed nothing more. Yet this very blankness made Jason Sanders my own province. I knew incomparably more about him than any other living soul. He was at once my work, my spiritual ancestor, and my beloved son. I had a sense of the importance and nobility of all human life such as—I acknowledge sadly—I had never acquired in dealing with cubbish undergraduates. I wondered how many Jasons might be lost in the routine of my own classes. I forgot my studies of Ben Jonson. I was obsessed by Jason. I was, I fancy, like a jitney pilot turned racing driver.

Quinta Gates,—I don't know,—when I met her at the president's reception in February, she said I had been neglecting her. At the time I

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supposed that she was merely teasing; but I wonder now. She was—oh, too cool; she had n't quite the frankness I had come to depend on in her. I don't care. Striding the dunes with Jason, I could n't return to Quinta and the discussion of sonatas in a lavender twilight over thin tea-cups.

§ 4

I gave Jason Sanders to the world in a thumping article in "The Weekly Gonfalon."

Much of it was reprinted in the New York "Courier's" Sunday literary section, with Jason's picture, and—I note it modestly—with mine, the rather interesting picture of me in knickers sitting beside Quinta's tennis-court. Then the New York "Gem" took him up. It did not mention me or my article. It took Jason under its own saffron wing and crowed, at the head of a full-page Sunday article:

VICIOUS EUROPEAN CONSPIRACY HIDES DEATH OF GREATEST AMERICAN BARD

I was piqued by their theft, but I was also amused to see the creation of a new mythical national hero. "The Gem" had Jason sailing nine of the seven seas, and leading his crew to rescue a most unfortunate Christian maiden who had been kidnapped by the Turks—at Tangier! About the little matter of deserting his wife and son "The Gem" was absent-minded. According to them, Jason's weeping helpmate bade him, "Go where duty calls you," whereupon he kissed her, left her an agreeable fortune, and departed with banners and bands. But "The Gem's" masterpiece was the interview with Captain Abiathar Gould, whose conversational graces I have portrayed. In "The Gem" Captain Gould rhapsodizes:

> We boys was a wild lot, sailing on them reckless ships. But Captain Jason Sanders was, well, sir, he was like a god to us. Not one of the crew would have dared, like he done, to spring overboard in a wintry blast to rescue the poor devils capsized in a dory, and yet he was so quiet and scholarly, always a-reading at his poetry books between watches. Oh, them was wonderful days on the barkantine *Dancing Jig!*

"The Gem" reporter must have taken down to Abiathar some of the "hootch" I failed to bring.

I was—to be honest, I was unacademically peeved. My hero was going out of my hands, and I wanted him back. I got him back. No one knew what had happened to Jason after he went to Greece, but I found out. With a friend in the European history department I searched all available records of Greek history in 1853–54. I had faith that the wild youngster would tear his way through the dryest pages of reports.

We discovered that in '54, when the French and English occupied Piræus, a mysterious Lieutenant Jasmin Sandec appeared as a popular hero in Athens. Do you see the resemblance? Jasmin Sandec—Jason Sanders. The romantic boy had colored his drab Yankee name. Nobody quite knew who Lieutenant Sandec was. He was not Greek. The French said he was English; the English said he was French. He led a foray of rollicking young Athenians against the French lines; he was captured and incontinently shot. After his death an American sea-captain identified Lieutenant Sandec as a cousin of his! He

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testified that Sandec was not his name, though what his name was the skipper did not declare. He ended his statement:

"My cousin comes from the town of Kennebunkport, and has by many been thought to be insane."

Need I point out how easily the Greek scribe confused Kennebunkport with Kennuit? As easily as the miserable cousinly captain confused insanity with genius.

Do you see the picture of Jason's death? Was it not an end more fitting than molding away in a sail-loft, or becoming a grocer, a parson, an associate professor? The Grecian afternoon, sun glaring on whitewashed wall, the wine-dark sea, the marble-studded hills of Sappho, and a youth, perhaps in a crazy uniform, French shako and crimson British coat, Cape Cod breeches, and Grecian boots, lounging dreamily, not quite understanding; a line of soldiers with long muskets; a volley, and that fiery flesh united to kindred dust from the bright body of Helen and the thews of Ajax.

The report of these facts about Jason's fate I gave in my second article in "The Gonfalon." By this time people were everywhere discussing Jason. It was time for my book.

Briefly, it was a year's work. It contained all his writing and the lives of three generations of Sanderses. It had a reasonable success, and it made of Jason's notoriety a solid fame. So, in 1919, sixty-five years after his death, he began to live.

An enterprising company published his picture in a large carbon print which appeared on school-room walls beside portraits of Longfellow, Lowell, and Washington. So veritably was he living that I saw him! In New York, at a pageant representing the great men of America, he was enacted by a clever young man made up to the life, and shown as talking to Poe. That, of course, was inaccurate. Then he appeared as a character in a novel; he was condescendingly mentioned by a celebrated visiting English poet; his death was made the subject of a painting; a motion-picture person inquired as to the possibilities of "filming" him, and he was, in that surging tide of new living, suddenly murdered!

§ 5

The poison which killed Jason the second time was in a letter to "The Gonfalon" from Whitney A. Edgerton, Ph.D., adjunct professor of English literature in Melanchthon College.

Though I had never met Edgerton, we were old combatants. The dislike had started with my stern, but just, review of his edition of Herrick. Edgerton had been the only man who had dared to sneer at Jason. In a previous letter in "The Gonfalon" he had hinted that Jason had stolen his imagery from Chinese lyrics, a pretty notion, since Jason probably never knew that the Chinese had any literature save laundry checks. But now I quote his letter:

I have seen reproductions of a very bad painting called "The Death of Jason Sanders," portraying that admirable young person as being shot in Greece. It happens that Mr. Sanders was not shot in Greece. He deserved to be, but he was n't. Jason Sanders was not Jasmin Sandec. The changing of his own honest name to such sugar-candy was the sort of thing he would have done. But he did n't do it. What kept Jason from heroically dying in Greece in 1854 was the misfortune that from December,

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"I saw a man not of forty, . . . but astoundingly old, an ancient dominie"

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'53, to April, '58, he was doing time in the Delaware State Penitentiary for the proved crimes of arson and assault with intent to kill. His poetic cell in Delaware was the nearest he ever, in his entire life, came to Greece. Yours, etc.,

WHITNEY EDGERTON.

The editor of "The Gonfalon" telegraphed me the contents of the letter just too late for me to prevent its printing, and one hour later I was bound for Delaware, forgetting, I am afraid, that Quinta had invited me to dinner. I knew that I would "show up," as my students say, this Edgerton,

The warden of the penitentiary was interested. He helped me. He brought out old registers. We were thorough. We were too thorough. We read that Jason Sanders of Kennuit, Massachusetts, married, profession sailmaker, was committed to the penitentiary in December, 1853, for arson and murderous assault, and that he was incarcerated for over four years.

In the Wilmington library, in the files of a newspaper long defunct, I found an item dated, November, 1853:

What appears to have been a piece of wretched scoundrelism was perpetrated at the house of Mr. Palatinus, a highly esteemed farmer residing near Christiansburg, last Thursday. Mr. Palatinus gave food and shelter to a tramp calling himself Sanders, in return for some slight labor. The second evening the fellow found some spirits concealed in the barn, became intoxicated, demanded money from Mr. Palatinus, struck him, cast the lamp upon the floor, and set fire to the dwelling. He has been arrested and is held for trial. He is believed to have been a sailor on Cape Cod. Where are our officers of the peace that such dangerous criminals should roam unapprehended?

I did not make any especial haste to communicate my discoveries.

It was a New York "Gem" correspondent who did that. His account was copied rather widely.

The pictures of Jason were taken down from school-room walls.

I returned to the university. I was sustained only by Quinta's faith. As she sat by the fire, chin resting against fragile fingers, she asserted, "Perhaps there has been some mistake." That inspired me. I left her, too hastily, it may be, but she is ever one to understand and forgive. I fled to my rooms, stopping only to telephone to my friend of the history department. He assured me that there was a common Greek family name, Palatainos. You will note its resemblance to Palatinus! At this I jiggled in the drug-store telephone-booth and joyfully beat on the resounding walls, and looked out to see one of my own students, purchasing a bar of chocolate, indecently grinning at me. I sought to stalk out, but I could not quiet my rejoicing feet.

I began my new letter to "The Gonfalon" at ten in the evening. I finished it at five of a cold morning. I remember myself as prowling through the room with no dignity, balancing myself ridiculously on the brass bar at the foot of my bed, beating my desk with my fists, lighting and hurling down cigarettes.

In my letter I pointed out—I virtually proved—that the Delaware farmer's name was not Palatinus, but Palatainos. He was a Greek. He could not have sheltered Jason "in return for some slight labor," because this was December, when farm-work was slackest. No, this Palatainos was an agent of the Greek revolutionists.

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Jason was sent from New York to see him. Can you not visualize it?

The ardent youngster arrives; is willing to take from Palatainos any orders, however desperate. And he finds that Palatainos is a traitor, is in the pay of the Turks! Sitting in the kitchen, by a fireplace of whitewashed bricks, Palatainos leers upon the horrified Yankee lad with the poisonous sophistication of an international spy. He bids Jason spy upon the Greeks in America. Staggered, Jason goes feebly up to bed. All next day he resists the traitor's beguilement. Palatainos plies him with brandy. The poet sits brooding; suddenly he springs up, righteously attacks Palatainos, the lamp is upset, the house partly burned, and Jason, a stranger and friendless, is arrested by the besotted country constable. He was, in prison, as truly a martyr to freedom as if he had veritably been shot in a tender-colored Grecian afternoon!

My reconstruction of the history was—though now I was so distressed that I could take but little pride in it—much quoted from "The Gonfalon" not only in America, but abroad. The "Mercure de France" mentioned it, inexcusably misspelling my name. I turned to the tracing of Jason's history after his release from the penitentiary, since now I did not know when and where he actually had died. I was making plans when there appeared another letter from Whitney Edgerton, the secret assassin of Jason. He snarled that Palatinus's name was not Palatainos. It was Palatinus. He was not a Greek; he was a Swede.

I wrote to Edgerton, demanded his proofs, his sources for all this information. He did not answer. He answered none of my half-dozen letters.

"The Gonfalon" announced that it had been deceived in regard to Jason, that it would publish nothing more about him. So for the third time Jason Sanders was killed, and this time he seemed likely to remain dead.

Shaky, impoverished by my explorations on Cape Cod and in Delaware, warned by the dean that I should do well to stick to my teaching and cease "these unfortunate attempts to gain notoriety," I slunk into quiet classwork, seemingly defeated. Yet all the while I longed to know when and where Jason really had died. Might he not have served valorously in the American Civil War? But how was I to know? Then came my most extraordinary adventure in the service of Jason Sanders.

§ 6

I went to Quinta's for tea. I have wondered sometimes if Quinta may not have become a bit weary of my speculations about Jason. I did not mean to bore her; I tried not to: but I could think of nothing else, and she alone was patient with me.

"How—how—how can I force Edgerton to tell all he knows?" I said with a sigh.

"Go see him!" Quinta was impatient.

"Why, you know I can't afford to, with all my savings gone, and Edgerton way out in Nebraska."

She shocked me by quitting the room. She came back holding out a check—for three hundred dollars! The Gateses are wealthy, but naturally I could not take this. I shook my head.

"Please!" she said sharply. "Let 's get it over."

I was suddenly hopeful.

"Then you do believe in Jason?

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I 'd thought you were almost indifferent to him."

"I—" It flared out, that sound. She went on compactly: "Let 's not talk about it, please. Now tell me, did n't you think they made a mistake at the symphony—"

I had a not at all pleasant conference with the dean before I took my train for Melanchthon, Nebraska.

I had a plan. This was toward the end of the academic year 1919–20. I would pretend to be a chap who, after working in offices, that sort of thing, desired to begin graduate work in English, but had first to make up for the courses he had forgotten since college. I wanted the celebrated Dr. Whitney Edgerton to tutor me. I would lure him into boarding me at his house; a young professor like Edgerton would be able to use the money. Once dwelling there, it would be easy enough to search his study, to find what histories or letters had furnished his secret knowledge of Jason.

I adopted as *nom de guerre* the name Smith. That was, perhaps, rather ingenious, since it is a common name, and therefore unlikely to arouse attention. It was all reasonable, and should have been easy.

But when, in Melanchthon, I was directed to Edgerton's house, I perceived that, instead of being a poor devil, he was uncomfortably rich. His was a monstrous Georgian house, all white columns and dormers and iron window-railings and brick terrace and formal gardens. Reluctantly, I gained entrance, and addressed myself to Edgerton.

He was a square-built, pompous, rimless-eye-glassed, youngish man. His study was luxurious, with velvet curtains at the windows, with a vast desk, with built-in cases containing books I yearned to possess; a vast apartment, all white and tender blue, against which my two patchy rooms in Hendrik Hall seemed beggary. I had expected to have to conceal hatred, but instead I was embarrassed. Yet by the gods it was I, the shabby scholar, who had created Jason, and this silken, sulky dilettante who without reason had stabbed him!

While I peeped about, I was telling Edgerton, perhaps less deftly than I had planned, of my desire to be tutored.

He answered:

"You 're very complimentary, I 'm sure, but I 'm afraid it 's impossible. I 'll recommend you to some one— By the way, what was your college?"

Heaven knows how it popped into my head, but I recalled an obscure and provincial school, Titus College, of which I knew nothing.

He lightened.

"Oh, really? Did you know I had my first instructorship in Titus? Have n't had any news from there for years. How is President Dolson, and Mrs. Siebel? Oh, and how is dear old Cassaworthy?"

May the trustees of Titus College forgive me! I had President Dolson sick of a fever, and Cassaworthy—professor, janitor, village undertaker, or whatever he was—taking to golf. As for Mrs. Siebel, she 'd given me a cup of tea only a few months ago. Edgerton seemed astonished. I have often wondered whether Mrs. Siebel would actually be most likely to serve tea, gin, or vitriol.

Edgerton got rid of me. He amiably kicked me out. He smiled, gave me the name of a "suitable tutor," mesmerized me toward the door, and did not invite me to return. I sat on a

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bench in the Melanchthon station. Apparently I had come from the Atlantic seaboard to Nebraska to sit on this broken bench and watch an undesirable citizen spit at a box of sawdust.

I spent the night at a not agreeable tavern or hotel, and next day I again called on Edgerton. I had surmised that he would be bored by the sight of me. He was. I begged him to permit me to look over his library. Impatiently, he left me alone, hinting, "When you go out, be sure and close the front door."

With the chance of some one entering, it would not have been safe to scurry through his desk and his ingenious cabinets in search of data regarding Jason. But while I stood apparently reading, with a pen-knife I so loosened the screws in a window-catch that the window could be thrust up from outside.

I was going to burglarize the study.

That night, somewhat after twelve, I left my room in the hotel, yawned about the office, pretended to glance at the ragged magazines, sighed to the drowsy night clerk, "I think I 'll have some fresh air before I retire," and sauntered out. In my inner pocket were a screw-driver and a small electric torch which I had that afternoon purchased at a hardware shop. I knew from the fiction into which I had sometimes dipped that burglars find these torches and screw-drivers, or "jimmies," of value in their work.

I endeavored, as I stole about the streets, to assume an expression of ferocity, to intimidate whoever might endeavor to interrupt me. For this purpose I placed my spectacles in my pocket and disarrayed my bow-tie.

I was, perhaps, thrown off my normal balance. For the good name of Jason Sanders I would risk all of serene repute that had been precious to me. So I, who had been a lecturer to respectful students, edged beneath the cottonwoods, slipped across a lawn, crawled over a wire fence, and stood in the garden of Whitney Edgerton. It was fenced and walled on all sides save toward the street. That way, then, I should have to run in case of eruption —out into the illumination of a street lamp. I might be very prettily trapped. Suddenly I was a-tremble, utterly incredulous that I should be here.

I could n't do it.

I was menaced from every side. Was n't that some one peering from an upper window of the house? Did n't a curtain move in the study? What was that creak behind me? I, who had never in my life spoken to a policeman save to ask a direction, had thrust myself in here, an intruder, to be treated like a common vagrant, to be shamed and roughly handled. As I grudgingly swayed toward the study windows I was uneasy before imaginary eyes. I do not remember a fear of being shot. It was something vaguer and more enfeebling: it was the staring disapproval of all my civilization, schools, churches, banks, the courts, and Quinta. But I came to the central window of the study, the window whose catch I had loosened.

I could n't do it.

It had seemed so easy in fiction; but crawl in there? Into the darkness? Face the unknown? Shin over the sill like a freshman? Sneak and pilfer like a mucker?

I touched the window; I think I tried to push it up. It was beyond my strength.

Disgust galvanized me. I to thieve

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from the thief who had slain Jason Sanders? Never! I had a right to know his information; I had a right. By heavens! I 'd shake it out of him; I 'd face, beat, kill that snobbish hound. I remember running about the corner of the house, jabbing the button of the bell, bumping the door panels with sore palms.

A light, and Edgerton's voice:

"What is it? What is it?"

"Quick! A man hurt! Motor accident!" I bellowed.

He opened the door. I was on him, pushing him back into the hall, demanding.

"I want everything you have about Jason Sanders!" I noticed then that he had a revolver. I am afraid I hurt his wrist. Somewhat after, when I had placed him in a chair in the study, I said: "Where did you get your data? And where did Sanders die?"

"You must be this idiot that 's been responsible for the Sanders folderol," he was gasping.

"Will you be so good as to listen? I am going to kill you unless you give me what I wish, and immediately."

"Wh-what! See here!"

I don't remember. It 's curious; my head aches when I try to recall that part. I think I must have struck him, yet that seems strange, for certainly he was larger than I and better fed. But I can hear him piping:

"This is an outrage! You 're insane! But if you insist, I had all my facts about Sanders from Peter Williams, a clergyman out in Yancey, Colorado."

"Let me see your letters from him."

"Is that necessary?"

"Do you think I 'd trust you?"

"Well, I have only one letter here. The others are in my safe-deposit vault. Williams first wrote to me when he read my letter criticizing your articles. He has given me a good many details. He apparently has some reason to hate the memory of Sanders. Here 's his latest epistle, some more facts about Sanders's delightful poetic career."

One glance showed me that this was indeed the case. The sheet which Edgerton handed me had inartistically printed at the top, "Rev. Peter F. Williams, Renewalist Brotherhood Congregation, Yancey, Colo.," and one sentence was, "Before this, Sanders's treatment of women in Kennuit was disgraceful—can't be too strongly condem'd."

I had the serpent of whose venom Edgerton was but the bearer!

I backed out, left Edgerton. He said a silly thing, which shows that he was at least as flustered as I was:

"Good-by, Lieutenant Sandec!"

I was certain that he would have me apprehended if I returned to my hotel, even for so long as would be needed to gather my effects. Instantly, I decided to abandon my luggage, hasten out of town. Fortunately, I had with me neither my other suit nor the fitted bag which Quinta had given me. Traversing only side streets, I sped out of town by the railway track. Then I was glad of the pocket flash-light, which, outside the study window, had seemed absurd. I sat on the railway embankment. I can still feel the grittiness of sharp-cornered cinders and cracked rock, still see the soggy pile of rotting logs beside the embankment upon which my flash-light cast a milky beam as I switched it on in order that I might study Peter Williams's letter.

Already I had a clue.

Peter Williams was also the name of that son of the Reverend Abner

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Williams of Kennuit whom Jason had often trounced. I wished that he had trounced him oftener and more roundly. The Reverend Abner had hurled Jason out of his church. All this would naturally institute a feud between Jason and the Williamses. There might have been additional causes, perchance rivalry for a girl.

Well! The Reverend Peter Williams's letter to Edgerton was typewritten. That modernity would indicate, in a village parson, a man not over forty years old. Was it not logical to guess that Peter Williams of Colorado was the grandson of Peter Williams of Kennuit, and that he had utilized information long possessed by the whole tribe of the Williamses to destroy his grandsire's enemy, Jason?

By dawn I was on a way-train; in the afternoon of the next day I was in Yancey, Colorado.

§ 7

I found the Renewalist parsonage, residence of the Reverend Peter Williams, to be a small, dun-colored cottage on a hill-crest. I strode thither, vigorous with rage. I knocked. I faced a blank Teutonic maid. I demanded to see Mr. Williams.

I was admitted to his rustic study. I saw a man not of forty, as his letter had suggested, but astoundingly old, an ancient dominie, as sturdy as a bison, with a bursting immensity of white beard. He was sitting in a hollowed rocker by the stove.

"Well?" said he.

"Is this the Reverend Peter Williams?"

"It be."

"May I sit down?"

"You can."

I sat calmly in a small, mean chair. My rage was sated by perceiving that I had to deal not with any grandson of Jason's foe, but with the actual original Peter Williams himself! I was beholding one who had been honored by the fists of Jason Sanders. He was too precious a serpent not to draw him with cunning. Filially, I pursued:

"I was told—I once spent a summer on Cape Cod—"

"Who are you, young man?"

"Smith, William Smith. I am a—traveling salesman."

"Well, well, let 's have it."

"I was told you came from the Cape—from Kennuit."

"Who told ye?"

"Really, I can't seem for the moment to remember."

"Well, what of it?"

"I just wondered if you were n't the son of the Reverend Abner Williams who used to be pastor in Kennuit way back about 1840."

"I be. I am the son in the spirit of that man of holiness."

Cautiously, oh, so cautiously, simulating veneration, I hinted:

"Then you must have known this fellow I 've been reading about; this Jason—what was it?—Sandwich?"

"Jason Sanders. Yes, sir, I knew him well, too well. A viler wretch never lived. A wine-bibber, a man of wrath, blind to the inner grace, he was all that I seek to destroy." Williams's voice loomed like a cathedral service. I hated him, yet I was impressed. I ventured:

"One thing I 've often wondered. They say this Sanders fellow did n't really die in Greece. I wonder when and where he did die."

The old man was laughing; he was wrinkling his eyes at me; he was shaking.

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"You 're daft, but you have grit. I know who you be. Edgerton telegraphed me you were coming. So you like Jason, eh?"

"I do."

"I tell you he was a thief, a drunkard—"

"And I tell you he was a genius!"

"You tell me! Huh!"

"See here, what reason has there been for your dogging Jason? It was n't just your boyish fighting and—how did you find out what became of him after he left Kennuit?"

The old man looked at me as though I were a bug. He answered slowly, with a drawl maddening to my impatience—impatience so whelming now that my spine was cold, my abdomen constricted.

"I know it because in his prison,—" he stopped, yawned, rubbed his jaw,—"in his cell I wrestled with the evil spirit in him."

"You won?"

"I did."

"But after that—when did he die?" I asked.

"He did n't."

"You mean Jason is alive now, sixty years after—"

"He 's ninety-five years old. You see, I 'm—I was till I rechristened myself Williams—I 'm Jason Sanders," he replied.

Then for two thousand miles, by village street and way-train and limited, sitting unmoving in berths and silent in smoking-rooms, I fled to the cool solace of Quinta Gates.

The Open Window

By CONRAD AIKEN

Suddenly, as I gaze at the somber land in the picture,
The bridge, the enchanted stream, the long, long watery plain,
And the dark wood and the small, far houses and the blue hills
Flashing like dolphins under a light like rain,

Look, the window has opened! The sounds come in,
Broad, rich, streaming, in the last light of the sun;
The whole wide land is a flood of mysterious sound.
Oh, this is the land where you have gone!

Your voice floats up to me from that bridge; I hear
The tiny words out of dusk, like a gnat-song: "Come!
Stay—stay where you are! You will be happier there.
I will at last, perhaps, come home."

Oh, voice, crying the ineffable, face invisible,
Beauty intangibly gone, like a tracery out of the sky!
Come back! But the window closes; bridge, stream, houses, hills,
Are silent. Small is the picture. None stirs in the world save I.

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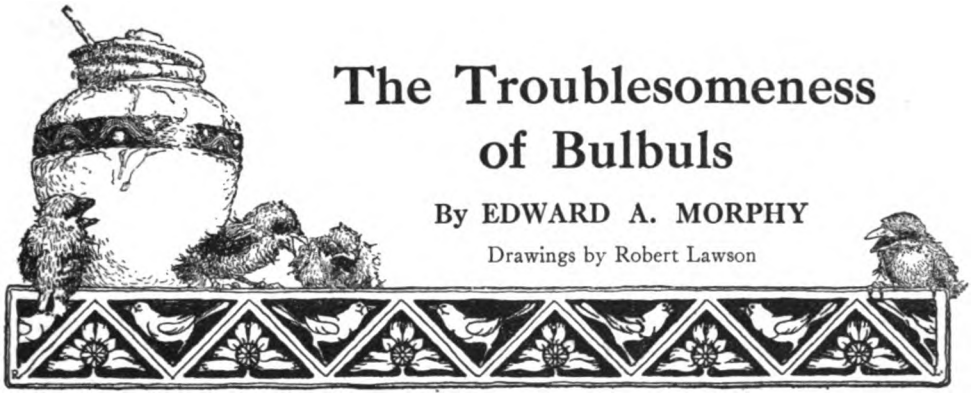

The Troublesomeness of Bulbuls

By EDWARD A. MORPHY

Drawings by Robert Lawson

ONE afternoon in India, a few years ago, it was my privilege to perform a very gracious act of benevolence toward a Santhal who had stolen a rat. Through that exceptional display of mercy and tolerance I subsequently came into an unusual heritage of bulbuls.

Now, the Santhals are one of the primitive tribes of Bengal, and the one in the case was the first I had ever seen, a naked fellow, shy, predatory, primeval. He was prowling in the jungle, unaware and unexpectant of surveillance, when we caught him red-handed in his thievery. Tucked under the piece of string that he wore around his waist in lieu of other apparel was the grim evidence of his depravity—the limp, gray carcass of the rat he had just poached from my domain.

Caitiff knave that he knew himself to be, the wretch sprang, ape-like, into the branches of a tree on the first glint of trouble. But on the tree being surrounded by my retainers and he being summoned to earth, the ruffian slithered from his sanctuary and groveled before me, as became our respective stations. Then abandoning all effort at excuse or concealment, he laid his ill-gotten plunder at my feet.

At that moment, as it happened, I had no particular use or desire for a dead rat. Previous intimate association with bubonic plague and with the moribund rodents that were its carriers had imbued me with a distaste for all things rattish. It seemed to me, however, that no good purpose would be served by enlightening the poacher on the subject of these prejudices. Rather would I seize upon the opportunity for such a display of magnanimity as would exalt the fame of the stranger sahib with all these primitive people among whom I had come for a long sojourn. Accordingly, I bade the man take up his rat and walk.

As he attempted to advance beyond the limits of this license by breaking into a run, I ordered his instant recall. Quivering with apprehension, he again groveled in the shadow of the presence. It was then that I issued the immortal order, the hookum, or decree, that lifted my renown to the upper stars, by declaring that henceforth he and all his tribe, the males and the females, the widows and the babes, were to have full permission and liberty within the pale of all those jungles to capture,

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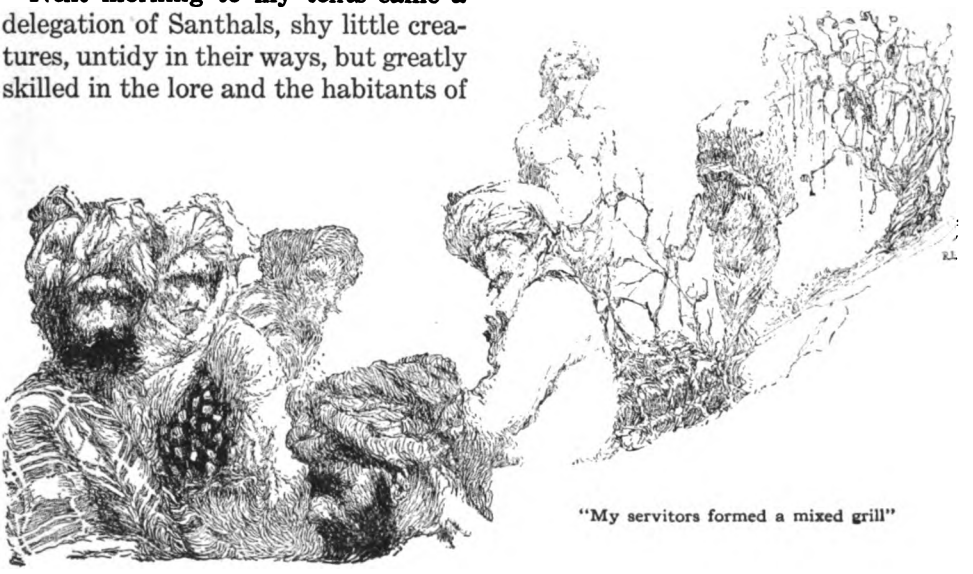
have, hold, and carry whatsoever rats or similar vermin they might find throughout the territory wherein my will was the law.

Dazed and overwhelmed in the glory of these new prerogatives, the Santhal again tucked his quarry into his girdle and withdrew. I proceeded with the work in hand, and selected a suitable site whereon to erect the shelter of thatch and brambles that was to be my abode for the ensuing year or so.

Next morning to my tents came a delegation of Santhals, shy little creatures, untidy in their ways, but greatly skilled in the lore and the habitants of the jungle. They brought eggs and skinny fowls, for which they were paid justly. They also brought two leopard cubs, with milky-blue eyes and snarling habits, two chameleons, and four fledgling bulbuls. The latter were gifts for which they refused to accept fee or reward of any kind.



"My servitors formed a mixed grill"

Necessity compelled me to undergo certain scholastic examinations in my youth, and thus my unwilling wits were dragged through various rudimentary courses in science and the humanities. But the mysteries of the Sphinx have ever appeared to me as mere transparent jokes compared with those of ornithology. Adverse circumstances to the contrary, notwithstanding, ornithology continues to be a science concerning which I have been able to maintain an absolutely virgin mind.

Academically, no doubt, I had some useful understanding in the matter of bulbuls. They were, as I had gathered from such authorities as Mr. Moore and Lord Byron, melodious nightingales that haunted rose-gardens and enravished the ears of passionate lovers in the bowers and palaces of Persia and Kashmir.

My servitors formed a mixed grill, and were antipathetic in many things. They included Punjabi Mohammedans, Sikhs, Bengali Hindus, a Gharwal Gurkha, and a mongrel Munshi, who had Kashmiri blood in him, but who hailed from Murshidabad. All these persons corroborated the state-

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ments of the Santhals to the effect that the fledglings in the gift were really bulbuls.

But these birds were not the sort of fowl that I reasonably expected "the bulbuls of a thousand tales" would be. In the country of the Santhals there are no roses, and these fledglings did not seem love-lorn of any roses, and therefore, despite the assurances of my retainers, my heart was filled with misgivings.

Justification for such misgivings came with a fuller knowledge of the birds themselves, because, as I was soon to learn, there are bulbuls and bulbuls, just as there are rats and rats. My tokens of Santhal gratitude, as it happened, were not the rose-worshipers, but birds of a wholly different feather. They were fighting bulbuls, fowl far better calculated to beguile the leisure of such a sahib *bahadur*, or hero, as the lord of my domain than would any flock of mere love-whistlers from the shriveled hills of Persia or the greener valleys of Kashmir.

Anyhow, the bulbuls were taken into my entourage, as were the chameleons and the leopard cubs, bringing with them a heavy and unsuspected burden of trouble.

Much hardship in a gastronomic way has been spared to me in remote places by the fact that I do not use milk or butter. As a result of my dislike for such food, we had no milk in my camp, and the young leopards whined for such sustenance. They whined continuously. A female goat was procured from the Santhals at a price approximating half a dollar, and the whinings of the leopards were allayed.

But—and here is a discovery that the works of Audubon may not record—goat's milk proved to be unsuitable nourishment for young bulbuls. Chidi Khan, my cook, was a Punjabi from Peshawar, wise in all things not pertinent to his calling. He informed me that, did I desire to wean those birdlings and see them prosper, I should have to feed them on the tenderer lower halves of grasshoppers. That was the only way.

I asked Chidi Khan if he could picture me with a bulbul in one hand and a net in the other flitting about the jungle catching grasshoppers for the delectation of the bird.

Chidi Khan agreed that such a spectacle would be a preposterous absurdity, but contended that a suitably active and diligent urchin could be employed as a purveyor of grasshoppers, and thus at a comparatively small outlay a continuous and ample ration of bulbul food could be obtained.

In this suggestion I concurred. Meanwhile one of the workmen had been taken off the all-important task of building my residence, and was busily constructing a cage, or aviary, for the bulbuls. A grasshopper-boy was produced out of the *Ewigkeit*. He sallied forth with two empty vegetable cans, and returned in an incredibly short period with about half a pound of live grasshoppers in bulk. Chidi Khan then showed me how to feed the fledglings. He nipped off the edible end of a grasshopper, then he took the bulbul in his hand, with its head up, and held the morsel of food about its beak.

The bulbul wriggled uneasily, but made no effort to eat. Thereupon Chidi Khan waved his hand, fluttering it the while, over the orphan. Promptly, the little creature opened its beak and struggled upward, and Chidi Khan

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dropped the grasshopper into the gaping orifice. The bulbul gobbled it up.

The fledgling, accustomed to such phenomena, had associated the cook's fluttering fist with the flutter of the parent bird's wings above its nest. Thus reassured, it gaped for and swallowed the grasshopper and was content.

I quickly learned how to perform this operation of feeding the youngsters myself, and thus in the course of one brief afternoon became foster-mother to four bulbuls, all creatures of insatiable appetite. At sundown we put them to bed in one of the three cages that had meanwhile been fashioned.

Next morning I was up and about before they were; but when the grasshopper-boy appeared and I went to the cage, the little creatures were as hungry as hawks. Thus we kept on feeding them at varied intervals until about nine o'clock, when a fresh delegation of Santhals appeared on the scene with four more bulbuls and a young owl.

The young owl succumbed to the rigors of captivity, as did a young goatsucker that was later brought in by our aboriginal friends. Both birds swallowed the raw meat that we fed to them, but it gave them appendicitis, or something else that was beyond the purview of my simple surgery, and they perished. The bulbuls, however, flourished like young bay-trees, and in due season were allowed to fly loose all over the place.

In time, as instructed by the cook, I changed their diet. Coarse flour, called *attah*, was brought from the servants' quarters, and mixed with water into a very stiff porridge. Then a slip of split bamboo, like a piece of whalebone, was used as a spoon, and the porridge was ladled into the bulbuls' beaks.

While this was being done, they were held in the hand, just as they had been held for their first grasshoppers. But as time passed, and they learned how to fly about and fend for themselves, the greedy little rascals became more troublesome, and this feeding business assumed fresh complications. The *attah* porridge was kept in a little red clay pot, or chatty, and the birds knew that chatty as well as I did.

Additional gifts from the Santhals had brought up the number of the flock to more than a dozen, and these were collected every evening and stored overnight in three cages adjacent to my bed. There they remained as quiet as mice, no matter what number of servants might pass that way, until the first disturbance of the mosquito-curtains around my bed in the morning indicated to them that I was about to get up. Then, instantly, all was uproar and confusion.

It was my custom, immediately upon arising, to get the pot of *attah* and its complementary feeding-stick and approach the hungry captives. Thereafter between me and the birds ensued a period of riot, rebellion, and battle royal.

As I strove to open the doors of their respective cages, each and every one of the birds fought to be first in egress. A moment later the lot of them would be scrambling and clawing and pecking and twittering all over my arms, neck, and shoulders, and pouncing down viciously at the *attah*-pot, sometimes colliding with one another in mid-air as they dashed for their provender.

Then as I would grasp one and hold

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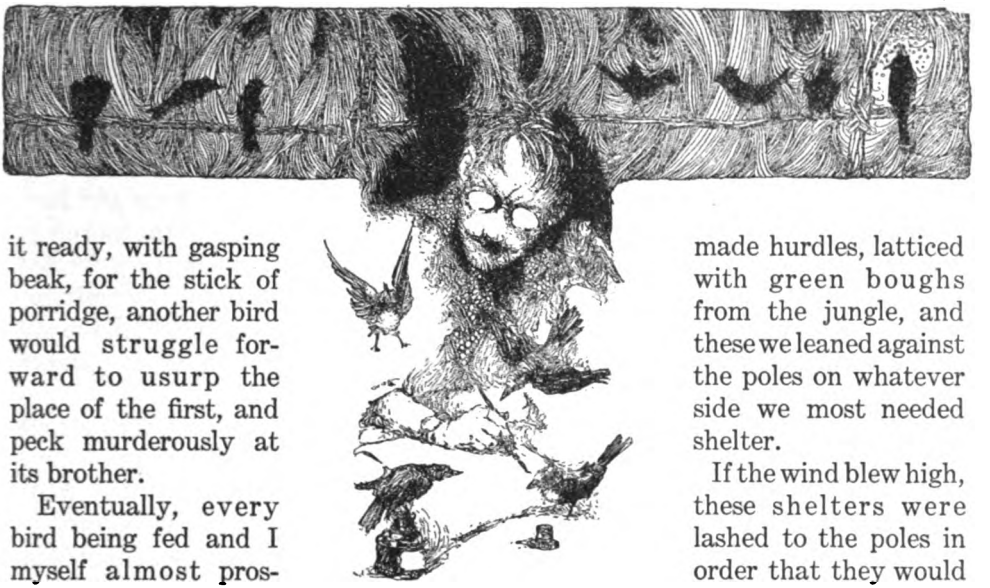

"Obsessed by a fatuous devotion to penmanship"

it ready, with gasping beak, for the stick of porridge, another bird would struggle forward to usurp the place of the first, and peck murderously at its brother.

Eventually, every bird being fed and I myself almost prostrated with nervous exhaustion, the thankless rascals would endeavor to make me repeat the process and flutter all over me, belligerently twittering a persistent encore.

Shamelessly, some of the more adventurous of the gang would pursue me to the al-fresco bath-room where I tubbed in the early dawn, and would waggle their feathers as the water was splashed over them, and chirrup angrily if the cook's hens, or any other unprivileged intruders, dared trespass as lawlessly as they.

My jungle palace stood in a natural clearing, on a ridge that shed the water during the rains. Its floor was a platform of mud-mortar raised about eighteen inches above the level of the surrounding ground, and its roof was of thatch made from jungle-grass, no suitable palms growing in that part of India. This roof was supported on poles cut from the jungle, but walls there were none.

When the rainy season set in, we made hurdles, latticed with green boughs from the jungle, and these we leaned against the poles on whatever side we most needed shelter.

If the wind blew high, these shelters were lashed to the poles in order that they would not blow in or out. It was an apotheosis of architectural simplicity.

The chameleons lived in these hurdles. They were quiet, law-abiding reptiles, and gave no trouble. The leopards lived with the cook and other retainers until they grew too big for domestic comfort and convenience, when they were presented to my nearest neighbor, a planter who lived about forty miles away.

He was a very renowned shikaree, or hunter, but as there were no roads in that part of the world, and a broad river lay between us, I did not see so much of him as I might have done were circumstances more conducive to neighborliness. That he was a man of great and discriminating acumen may be deduced from the fact that he always praised my bulbuls as being the most remarkable lot of wild fowl in southern Bengal.

As soon as I was bathed and dressed it was my custom to sally forth on horseback and visit certain mines in

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which by that time I had secured many Santhals as workers. This meant a ride of about ten or fifteen miles, from which I returned at about nine or ten o'clock in the forenoon, quite ready for breakfast and a good stiff whisky "peg."

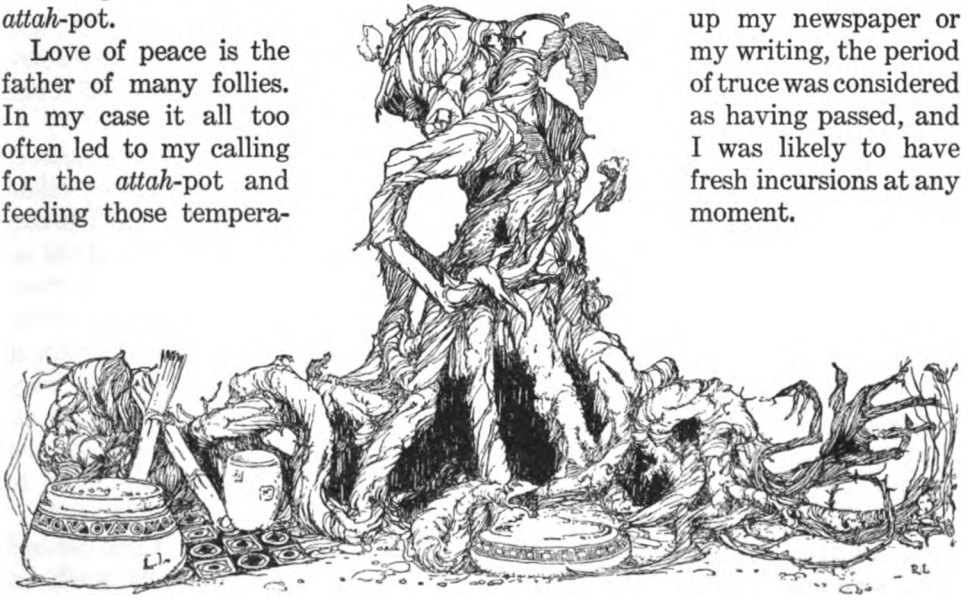
Between me and such pleasures, however, invariably ensued a second battle with the bulbuls; for on the first yelp of the friendly hound that heralded my approach to the compound, the whole tribe of feathered retainers came piping and fluttering from their perches in the shrubs or shelters, and congregated with their clamant grievances at the entrance-porch.

Before I was off my horse half a dozen of them would be squabbling about his ears or on my broad-rimmed topi; and when Narain Singh, my Garwhal, held out for me the bubbling and welcome glass, as like as not, before I touched it, a bulbul would be fluttering on its rim, pretending he thought it was the *attah*-pot.

Love of peace is the father of many follies. In my case it all too often led to my calling for the *attah*-pot and feeding those temperamental birds before sitting down to my own breakfast.

As a matter of fact, the wretched creatures did not really require food on such occasions. They had been picking up various kinds of bugs and beetles and other dainties all the morning; but, like spoiled women, they fretted for small and superfluous attentions, and would have combined to make my life miserable had I failed to pamper them.

At breakfast, however, they held me sacred and taboo. Once in a blue moon, perhaps, frenzied by some drunken ecstasy of daring, or driven thither by the exigencies of battle with a butterfly, one might drop upon the dish of curry or alight for a transient second on the back of my chair. Taken by and large, however, as the sailors say, my person and my viands were alike immune from onslaught during the course of my lonely meal. But when the cloth was cleared and I took up my newspaper or my writing, the period of truce was considered as having passed, and I was likely to have fresh incursions at any moment.



"There were many trees of mysterious repute thereabouts"

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Fortunately for me, the lure of the out-of-doors was then almost paramount for the bulbuls, and unless I started writing immediately after breakfast, I was likely to be left in peace for several hours. Three of the birds, however, were obsessed by a fatuous devotion to penmanship, and if one or all of these happened to be on the premises when I started a letter, I had to abandon the work almost as soon as it was begun.

The scratching of the pen on the white paper seemed to enthral them. They would perch on my shoulder or on the ink-bottle, and the instant I started to write they would swoop down on the paper and peck wickedly at the nib as it scratched along. Perhaps they thought the written word was some fancifully twisted worm.

"Chidi Kahn then returned to his lawful occasions"

It was the self-appointed duty of Chidi Khan to gather in the bulbuls at sundown and place them in their cages for the night. They were small brown birds not much bigger than ordinary English sparrows, light on the breast, and with black tufts on their heads. Well able to take care of themselves by day, though they were, the night was filled with perils that they could neither combat nor understand. Predatory snakes and animals abounded among the trees and bushes, and doubtless also there were many ghosts and demons inimical to bird life that lurked there unseen of human eyes. There were many trees of mysterious repute thereabouts, some benignly haunted, others infested by devils wholly malignant.

Despite the fact that the evil spirits of these arboreal temples were soothed and assuaged by constant offerings,—rice, rags, fruit, and bits of sugar-cane that were left by pious native worshipers to clutter around their roots,—no sure dependence could be placed upon the effects of such precautions, and all haunted trees were regarded as evil roosts for bulbuls.

Therefore Chidi Khan shepherded them home every night, and often there was a fearsome hue and cry when some errant bird was missing. In such an event, no retainer of the establishment might retire to rest until the truant was safely recovered.

Winter passed with few such mishaps, but strange things happened in the spring. Out of those happenings came sad losses. Around about that country-side grew many *mowah*-trees, fine, umbrageous fellows that spread their shade almost as generously as the

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sacred banians, and blossomed into heavy-scented, wax-like flowers that covered the ground where they fell.

Upon this seasonal falling of the *mowah*-blooms ensued much rejoicing among the natives, who gathered the fallen blossoms in great baskets, singing the while, and even blowing conch-horns as they reaped the harvest of the trees. Well might they be merry on such occasions, because the fall of the *mowah*-bloom was really their vintage, a genuinely bacchanalian festival, and from the thick, heavy-scented blossoms they brewed the most potent and most terrible beer on earth.

Following the vintage came the nuptial season of the Santhals, which utterly disrupted all work at the mines while it lasted, and in no respect savored of those more romantic wooings that the bulbuls of Moore and Byron were supposed to accelerate in the more conventional regions of Persia and Kashmir. In the principal Santhal village the natives erected a huge, barn-like structure, roofed and walled with thatch and brambles. On a set day all the matrimonially eligible youths and damsels of the adjacent district were gathered together and inducted into this connubial arbor, and there they were left to woo and mate with one another until all who could find their respective affinities of the opposite sex had found them.

That love at first sight is no common failing of the Santhals was revealed by the fact that this process of mutual selection occupied several days; and even at the end of that period several unmated youths and damsels were left forlorn, and were perforce obliged to wait another year before being able secure a second chance in the great tery of marriage.

Whether it was the *mowah* beer or the nuptials that came between Chidi Khan and his responsibilities to the bulbuls, I never was able to explain satisfactorily; but for a week I was left cookless and the bulbuls were deprived of their shepherd, and five of the bulbuls disappeared.

Chidi Khan then returned to his lawful occasions, chastened and deeply repentant; but of the fourteen bulbuls that had cheered our domicile only nine remained. Of the five that had departed, two were of the trio that used to bewilder me while I was writing.

Shortly after this great bereavement, other afflictions followed that were ultimately destined to bear harshly upon the bulbuls and the Santhals and all my other people of the jungle. Their sahib was at the parting of the ways.

One afternoon I sallied forth with my groom and my grass-cutter and my body-servant, Narain Singh, and we traveled the forty miles and crossed the river that separated me from my neighbor. He lived in a "pukka" house, with great brick pillars supporting its lofty roof. Fair fountains and gardens were about; many ryots tilled the adjacent lands, whence they brought their indigo to his factory, where it was wrought into the blue dye of commerce. He saw more people of his own kind than I did, and he saw them oftener; but I am not sure that I was the lonelier white man of the two. With him I tarried a pleasant week, spending our days hunting after bears and leopards and other wild things, and between times, by lamplight, we arranged that there should be a fair asylum for my bulbuls were I to be called elsewhere. He

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rode with me to the river when we parted, and I saw him only once more.

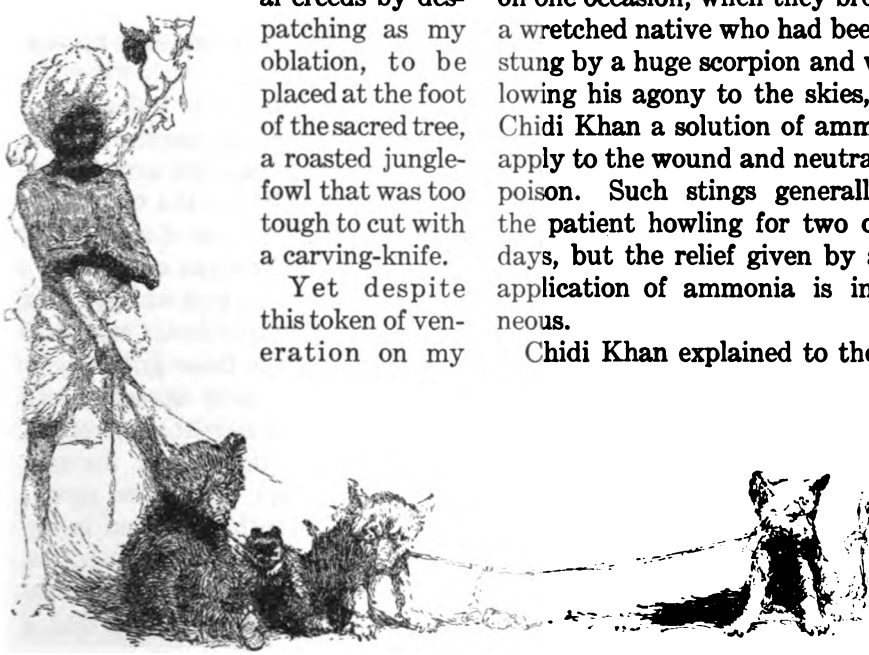
Before my advent thither, the greatest god in my people's country was the god of the great cotton-tree that raised its gaunt, drab majesty above a mound that stood about two hundred yards from my abode. Nobody dared gather the fluffy balls that floated away from it in the flowering season, because every such piece of fluff was reputed to embody some peculiar devil of its own.

It was not for me, a stranger within their gates, to question the might or puissance of the Santhals' god, supported as it was on a foundation of unfathomable tradition. Therefore I always treated him with becoming reverence, and did much toward establishing a religious entente affecting many uncongenial creeds by despatching as my oblation, to be placed at the foot of the sacred tree, a roasted jungle-fowl that was too tough to cut with a carving-knife.

Yet despite this token of veneration on my part it is open to question whether by the end of a year the god of the tree or the sahib of the bulbuls was considered of the greater importance. Chidi Khan, lantern to my feet in the matter of bulbuls, made no effort to claim even a share of the renown which he had thus brought upon me, but rather sought to repudiate it. This always baffled my comprehension; but Chidi Khan was a Mohammedan servant of the old school, and as such sought his own exaltation in the reflected glory of the presence.

With that object in view, no doubt, he proclaimed that my intimacy with the bulbuls was a mere trifling result of my power in the matter of weaving spells, a statement that seemed reasonable and satisfactory to his hearers, though it frequently placed me in situations of great embarrassment. Thus on one occasion, when they brought in a wretched native who had been badly stung by a huge scorpion and was bellowing his agony to the skies, I gave Chidi Khan a solution of ammonia to apply to the wound and neutralize the poison. Such stings generally keep the patient howling for two or more days, but the relief given by a quick application of ammonia is instantaneous.

Chidi Khan explained to the grate-



"All rare creatures, all fresh and genuine"

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ful sufferer that the cure, and everything else, was entirely due to the spell cast upon the medicine water by the sahib. Thenceforward scores of sufferers flocked our way, mostly with fever or other simple ailments, but some with diseases about which I knew nothing. All came ostensibly to see the bulbuls. Then they tarried for the sahib, if he were not at home, and on his return told him of their ailments as mere side issues.

Thus it happened that the bulbuls drew more misery to my door than I had even imagined to exist in the jungle. Yet, somehow, while the work was at hand and cost so little to do, it seemed out of reason to blame the birds for bringing it.

Matters were thus progressing when one day a stranger from afar off came to the camp. He was one of a party of four that were tarrying in the shade of the big banian-tree in the hollow, half a mile away. He was a Hindu. Therefore, of all my servants he had approached Narain Singh, who was of Brahman caste and greatly to be respected, and had confided in him his mission.

But as that mission concerned my bulbuls, Narain Singh had passed him on to Chidi Khan. Chidi Khan came to me, his gray beard bristling with indignation.

"*Huzoor*," said he, "this Kafir would buy a bulbul of the presence!"

This was an unusual audacity.

"But, Chidi Khan," I expostulated, "why come to me with such parleying? You know they are not for sale."

Narain Singh, one of the finest fellows that ever came out of the eternal hills, and the only one that was ever as near to me as Chidi Khan, begged leave to explain.

"It is not with money the man would buy, *Huzoor*," said he. "He has living things to lay at the feet of the sahib, and his quest of the bulbul is concerned with a sick child."

I bade Chidi Khan bring in the stranger and let him tell his own tale. The man came in, and salaamed decorously.

He wanted a bulbul, for which he was ready to hand over, on the spot, one small bear cub, two wolf cubs, and one kitten of a civet-cat, all rare creatures, all fresh and genuine, that he had procured at some trouble and expense. Furthermore, did the sahib so require, he would send to his brother, who was in service with the dewan, or minister of finance, to his highness the Rajah of Faridkot, in the Punjab, where peacocks, chetahs, and gazelles abounded, and would procure thence young chetahs, peacocks, or gazelles, if only the sahib would present his son with a bulbul.

"But," I protested, "bulbuls are common all over the country. You can get them anywhere for a few annas apiece. Why offer me the value of a hundred bulbuls for one of mine?"

Then the murder came out.

"At Baidjanath, where we were on a pilgrimage," he explained, "men said there was a sahib in these jungles who had bulbuls wherewith miracles were wrought. I have seen the doctors of the sahibs and the Hindu doctors. They say my son cannot be cured. He is in his seventh year, and is the pearl of my heart. He has heard the men talk of the sahib and his bulbuls, and he begs for one, believing that a miracle may befall."

I went down to the banian-tree, where there were two other men and a woman, and a boy of seven with a

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hopeless enlargement of the spleen. He had big eyes and a clever face, and he looked up at me with pitiful expectancy.

"It is unfortunate that you brought the cubs and the civet-cat," said I to the man, "because I can find no place for them just now; but your boy shall have his bulbul, and I wish him all health and fortune."

So I gave them one of the bulbuls, and presently they proceeded on their way. I hope the bird worked the miracle desired by the father and the sufferer, but I greatly doubt it.

Poor old Chidi Khan was sorely disconsolate over my charity.

"It is bad luck, *Huzoor*," said he, with a solemn shake of his turbaned head; "it is bad luck."

And subsequent events seemed to bear out the old Peshawari's presentiments. About a week later, of a sultry evening, I was watching while the old fellow gathered in the bulbuls.

As he was chasing after the last of the twittering rascals, the Rampur hound that customarily sat by my chair when I was in residence bounded up from his resting-place and gave tongue. On the instant all the other dogs started baying or barking. It was rarely that a stranger came toward the camp in the later afternoon, so everybody was at once on the lookout.

Presently, piloted by a Santhal, the uniformed figure of a government chuprassy, or messenger, could be seen hurrying up the jungle trail. His brass badge and red pugree showed that he had come from the telegraph office a hundred miles away. Salaaming profoundly, he handed me the drab-colored despatch.

What matters the import thereof, save that it scattered all thoughts of mines and Santhals and bulbuls, and called me imperatively overseas? But India is a land of long and sudden partings, where one learns to expect the unexpected, and for the unexpected always to be prepared. Ofttimes such messages as I received come thus in drab despatches. Ofttimes they come otherwise, hurriedly, unseen, and somebody digs a grave. Always some neighbor, near by or forty miles off, steps in to settle matters and be kind, well knowing the plight may be his own to-morrow.

So I sent a messenger, hot-foot, to my neighbor, bidding him to come and take my bulbuls and otherwise attend to some affairs.

To catch the steamer at Bombay, I should leave at latest before noon on the morrow. Two hours before dawn my neighbor came, and we drank to our merry parting. The sun was overhead when I kissed good-by to eight uncomprehending bulbuls, and set forth on my journey to the sea.

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At Home in the Modern World

By GILBERT MURRAY

THE following is a condensed version of Professor Murray's recent presidential address, "Orbis Terrarum." The address, as delivered, was replete with classical reference and historical illumination. Space economy has dictated the condensation that makes possible the presentation of Professor Murray's stimulating reflections in this issue of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. But it would be unfair both to Professor Murray and to the reader to omit an introductory suggestion of the background against which the ideas here presented were thrown.

The ancients, according to Professor Murray, lived in a "delightfully clear and definite and intellectually manageable" universe. The ancients felt at home in their world, because they conceived the universe as "one great city of gods and men," a conception that dominated the ethics, religion, and political theory of the Roman Empire. They conceived the earth as the physical center and man as the moral center of the universe. "In such a world," says Professor Murray, "it was comparatively easy for man to see his own place and his neighbor's place, to realize their common duty, and to contemplate with confidence rather than terror the before and after of his conscious life." For centuries man held in his hands a chart of the world that gave him assurance and comfort.

But this well-charted and understandable universe of the ancients was shattered by scientific discovery. Along came Copernicus and Galileo with the idea that the earth was not the center of the universe, but only one of its minor planets. If the earth was not the physical center of the universe, half of the comfortable world of the ancients was gone, and it made it more difficult to cling to the other half, namely, that man was the moral center of the universe. Thus did scientific discovery rob our ancestors of their well-charted and intelligible world and cast them naked into an uncharted and baffling immensity. They could no longer feel at home in their world as they had before.

Here Professor Murray finds the point of departure for his argument. He asserts that within recent times a change has taken place in our attitude toward the earth which is the exact opposite of the change in our ancestors' attitude toward the whole universe. For them scientific discovery shattered a world which they thought of as compact and understandable, and they had to readjust themselves to a new world of unexplored and mysterious vastness. But for us the progress of science, the sweep of exploration, and the development of transportation have shrunk the world into a well-charted and easily accessible neighborhood. Once again it is becoming possible for man to think of the world as "one great city." This time the conception

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of the world as "one great city" can rest upon established fact, not upon fallacious theory, as with the ancients. Professor Murray is here concerned, therefore, with the most vital problem of our time—the problem that underlies alike politics, trade, and education: How shall we adjust ourselves to this new world that has become known and neighborly, not to our own little fenced-in areas, but to the whole world, *Orbis Terrarum*?—THE EDITOR.

§ 1

We are becoming at home in the world. If you look back in history you will find at every epoch or in every society that there is a sort of precinct, some limited area, within which the world is understood or at least understandable, and outside of which rage the unknown heathen. There is the Hellenic world, within which there are doubtless many wicked and hateful persons; but still they are Hellenes, and have customs upon which you can calculate. Their speech may be unintelligible to you, but at least it is a proper language. Outside are the *barbaroi*, making noises like birds and capable of anything. Many of them, no doubt, are very wise and virtuous, but somehow not ever people that you can be at home with. A philosopher like Plato tries to humanize the usages of war; a publicist like Isocrates tries to establish a general international concord. But both of them stop at the limits of the Hellenic world, and know that for practical purposes it is no good talking about such things with barbarians. To the men of the Middle Ages the precinct was Christendom; within reigned, ideally at least, though subject to many allowances for the difficulties of real life, the law of Christ; outside were Jews and infidels, whose ways no one could understand or wished to understand.

Of course it would be absurd to pretend that there was only one precinct with a sharp edge, outside of which were only the rejected. There were always, no doubt, several; now there are very many precincts indeed, and they shade insensibly one into another. But this multiplication of minor precincts is, I think, the way in which the original primitive barrier breaks down. Not so very long ago a man in England who trespassed outside the bounds of his native village had to blow a horn as he went to give fair warning, unless he wished to be killed at sight.

As that sharp barrier breaks and a man obtains knowledge of the next village, the next county, then of people who speak a different language, wear different clothes, have a different religion or a different color to their skin, there may remain plenty of conscious differences and repugnances; but, with thoughtful men at least, there will not come a definite line beyond which are outlaws, between whom and yourself there are no human bonds and no moral obligation.

The essential mark of the foreigner as such, of the barbarians, of the heathen, is a difference which is not understood and does not explain itself. I remember, as a boy, loathing a certain man, a Frenchman, who had a particular kind of pouch under his eyes. It seemed to me to connote some indescribable wickedness. Then some one told me that it was a swelling of the lacrymal gland produced by exposure to a tropical sun, and I loathed him no more. It is generally some superficial and harmless characteristic

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in a foreigner that, in literature, is seized upon as a ground for shuddering at him. But with increased knowledge of the world we get to see the reasons for the differences of custom, and they cease to be upsetting.

It is the same with physical characteristics. Europeans are often aware of the smell of negroes, and dislike negroes accordingly. But a very little anthropology teaches us that all human beings smell. We may find, as a friend of mine did, that a Japanese waiting-maid is apt to fall in a faint at the smell of a number of Europeans and Americans sitting at dinner. That alters the state of the case. When knowledge and understanding come in, the peculiar sense of horror connected with the unknown vanishes.

Observe, it is not a question of hating and loving. All really vigorous hatred is directed toward your neighbors, relatives, and rivals whom you know and constantly rub against; and the same is true of vigorous affection. We are considering now merely the question of a precinct, a fenced-in area, within which the moral law holds, and an outer darkness in which it simply does not. It is that fence which, I think, our increase of geographical knowledge has, I will not say merely broken down, but, as far as human beings are concerned, removed off the edges of the map of the world.

§ 2

At this point a critic may suggest certain facts which seem to give to my reasoning the lie direct. At the present moment there are more precincts or ring fences set up in the world, with fellow-creatures inside and mere vermin outside, than there have been for a great many centuries. In mere pig-headed, bestial rejection of the foreigner this country and most others have of late sometimes sunk to a point of degradation which would tempt our more enlightened ancestors to disown us if they knew of it.

That may be true enough. It is of course due to the war. The strain of being allies in a long war is generally more than human nature can support. And though the contrary strain of being official enemies tends, in the actual fighter, to produce a reaction of kindliness, still, the sufferings and cruelties of this last war were so far beyond common anticipation that they have left a legacy of hate behind them. This condition, I would say, is altogether exceptional and will pass. Yet that answer to my supposed critic is not sufficient. For the fact is that inter-racial contempt and dislike were, on the whole, growing and not diminishing in the century or century and a half before the war.

Think of Sir Joshua Reynolds's noble picture of the Prince of Otaheite, and compare it with our conception of a South-Sea islander to-day. Think of the romance and majesty with which the medieval travelers endow the rulers of Cathay or the Indies, and the respect, almost amounting to awe, with which they speak of Arabian science. Think of the romantic poems written in the eighteenth century about African princes treacherously enslaved. Or, to throw one specific instance into contrast with our present attitude, consider on the one hand the eloquent pages about Africa in Condorcet's famous little book, "Esquisse d'un tableau historique des progrès de l'esprit humain," written in the

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midst of the French Revolution. Condorcet has been discussing the vast number of obstacles put in the way of human progress by the complicated inheritances of old societies, in which prejudice and injustice are so deeply rooted that they cannot be removed without a dangerous surgical operation. He expatiates on the great possibilities of advance that there would be if statesmen or educators, with the enlightenment of the revolutionary age in their minds, were to set to work upon an unspoiled people in a state of nature. And there, he says, is Africa waiting! Let all the nations of Europe recognize their joint responsibility. Let them take Africa as a sacred trust for civilization and see what heights the backward, but unspoiled, natives can attain. He believes that it can and will be done. All that is necessary is firmly to exclude from Africa the speculator, the trader, the soldier, and—I fear he also added—the priest.

That is one side of the contrast; the other is the history of Africa as it has really been since Condorcet's day. It is described, for instance, in Mr. Leonard Woolf's "History of Empire and Commerce in Africa." And Mr. Woolf, I should say, is a man who almost entirely agrees with Condorcet's general views. If ever one were tempted to accept Mr. Balfour's description of the life history of the human race as "a brief and discreditable episode in the life of one of the meaner planets," it would be when one reads of the dealings of the white races with the colored races.

§ 3

How shall we explain this puzzling and reactionary change that seems to have taken place? What may be said to account for this slump in the white man's respect for other races? I think in the Middle Ages there was no clear superiority in the strength and material resources of the Western nations as compared with the East. In science, indeed, the Arabs were definitely our superiors. When it came to a fight, the power of the West was by no means certain of victory. Even in the sixteenth century it is not certain who would have won the fight if it had come.

What was it that chiefly altered the balance between West and East, between the white Christian European culture and that of the East—of the colored people, of the Moslem and the pagan of Asia and Africa? Roughly speaking, it was mechanical invention and the industrial revolution. The wars of the last half of the eighteenth century had a great effect. They showed how easily troops with Western arms could beat those without. And by the end of the nineteenth it is taken for granted that white troops with artillery and machine-guns can deal with ten times their number of colored troops who have not had access to the arsenals of the West.

That is obvious; but I think it would probably be true to conjecture that an economic change had also taken place as powerful in its effect as the change in military efficiency. Certainly in the eighteenth century and earlier it was a common experience for Western imaginations to be dazzled by the riches of the East, and we know how the first generation or two of nabobs, heavy with the spoils of the pagoda tree, upset the course of politics in England. Whereas at present it is the English or American traveler who

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dazzles the Eastern peoples with his rich apparatus and his power of drawing checks. The wealth which imposes upon the imagination is not in the East, but as far west as London or even as New York or Chicago.

This change of proportion has been brought about chiefly by a process of adding to one side while leaving the other alone. But there has been also a definite depression of the trade of the East.

Except in a few places the white man of the late nineteenth century had reached a position of absolutely towering superiority over the colored man. A white man with a machine-gun or a bombing aëroplane cannot be expected to take quite seriously the strongest and most skilful swordsman of Asia so long as he has nothing but his sword, and a member of a big English or American firm, with vast credits at his command, cannot help smiling at dignified Eastern or African elders whose whole fortune would not buy the contents of the smallest suitcase that he takes for week-ends. And he feels justified in his consciousness of superiority because, after all, the people are not Christians, and have no bath-rooms or drains.

It is no longer a case of fighting, not of hard fighting or even of easy fighting; it is a case of eating. It sometimes seems as if the West, like some enormous saurian, some alligator of antediluvian magnitude, had slowly gazed upon the colored civilizations in various parts of Africa and the East till its slow brain gradually rose to the conception that it was hungry and they were good to eat; then the great masticators set to their work.

Of course in saying this I am leaving out of account a very important element in the intercourse of West and East, or of white man and colored. I am leaving out the work of missionaries, the work of independent philanthropists, and, most important of all, the work of good government servants. They have always checked and modified this process; sometimes they have completely transformed it. I am thinking for the moment of the process as it would be if these influences of conscience and reason were not working, or as it has been in places where they were not brought into play.

§ 4

We have, then, two contrary tendencies in the modern world. The one is the economic exploitation of the helpless territories and nations by the strong ones, a process which has enormous historical impetus behind it and is at this particular moment stimulated by the exceptional economic hunger of the European world; the other is that consciousness of the earth as "one great city," and that acceptance of duty toward our fellow-man which, if my opening observations were justified, may now be normally expected of a civilized and educated man. The question is, which of these two contrary tendencies, both greatly strengthened by recent events, is going chiefly to prevail?

I have not the smallest doubt that for some time there will be an attempt to run the two together. The determined money-hunter, who forms an immensely powerful element in modern civilization, knows very well how to gild with moral and religious phrases the projects that promise the largest dividends. But that attempt cannot last. The conflict is too sharp between the two principles. Indeed, the lists

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are already set, and the issue is joined.

Out of that strange chaos of passions which possessed the world at the close of the Great War, producing at the same time and through the same human agents the blockade of the ex-enemy powers in time of peace and the covenant of the League of Nations, the most startling object which emerged was Article XXII of the covenant, the article on mandates. It reminds me of a phrase used by Byzantine bishops, in an excess of humility, to describe themselves as elevated to their bishoprics not by divine Providence, but by "divine inadvertence." There must have been a good deal of inadvertence, I will not say in heaven, but perhaps on the earth and under the earth when Article XXII slipped through the peace conference. At a moment when the appetite of our great saurian was whetted to the utmost, when the prey lay ready before it to be devoured, Article XXII swept in like the harpies, and seemed to snatch the food out of its jaws.

An agreement which might have been drawn up by the most wholehearted idealists in Great Britain, which might have been drafted in Exeter Hall and corrected by the Aborigines Protection Society, which would not have had a ghost of a chance of passing into law in any British, French, German, Italian, or American parliament, has been signed by the representatives of forty-two nations, and is part, we may almost say, of the statute law of the world. Of course it directly affects only the new territories transferred in consequence of the war. It will act on the other territories only by way of example. But in the new territories the idea of possession is definitely abolished and that of trusteeship substituted; the well-being and even the development of the native races is recognized as a "sacred trust for civilization." The mandatory is debarred from making personal gain out of his trust. Not only the slave-trade, but even the traffic in arms and the liquor traffic, are forbidden; the military training of the natives, except for local police purposes, is forbidden. And by another clause even the trade and commerce of the territories must be open on equal terms to all members of the league, which will probably include, if not the whole world, at least the principal trade rivals of the mandatory. To clinch the matter, an annual report must be sent to the League of Nations to show how each mandatory is carrying out his trust, and submitted to the scrutiny of a special mandates' committee of the league.

Will this wonderful article be sincerely and honestly carried out by all the mandatory powers? Of course not. The interested parties will exercise overpowering pressure to prevent anything of the sort. As a matter of fact, the great powers, while remaining firmly in military possession of the territories, have spent the last two years in refusing to accept any draft mandates proposed to them. The league, disheartened, at last asked them to draw up their own mandates and submit them to it for approval. This also they refused. And the league eventually asked them to draw up their own mandates and act upon them without submitting them to anybody, subject only to the annual report. This they accepted, but did not carry out. By the time the assembly met, no draft mandates were ready.

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Then came an unanswerable protest from America—a protest equally unanswerable from Germany, an indignant series of letters from the mandates' sub-committee of the assembly. Eventually, Great Britain has produced two mandates, for Palestine and Mesopotamia; and France one, for Syria, which were laid before the committee with the express stipulation that no public comment should be made upon them! Evidently they are not documents of which their authors are proud. The public will know all about them in time, and then the fight will come.

The interesting point of the situation is that the protest on behalf of the natives is no longer left to small and uninfluential bodies, chiefly in England and America, consisting of a few missionaries and Quakers and ex-officials and stray philanthropists. It is definitely taken up by the assembly of the league, which has not only spoken a severe censure on the conduct of the great powers, but has laid down unanimously two principles which the powers were, and are, specially seeking to evade: that no mandatory may use its position to acquire monopolies and special economic advantages, and that no mandatory may increase its own military strength by means of its mandated populations. The reports have to be sent in to the league before next September.

There are the lists set, there is the fight that is coming; I hope it will be a handsome one. I once lived in Australia in the house of a man who kept a bulldog and who received a present of a small native bear. I was present at the scene of their introduction to each other. The owner explained carefully that they must be friends. He stroked them together, he gave them food together, he took them together for exercise in the garden, and all went well, for the bulldog had a high sense of obedience and duty. But at the end, when it retired to its basket, it gazed miserably and long at the bear, with tears running in streams down its cheeks. It was so very hard not to kill him and eat him! That is how our saurian will feel if the better elements in the great powers, backed by all the disinterested opinion in the rest of the world, succeed ultimately in imposing their will, like a bond of conscience, on the forces of uncontrolled and irresponsible covetousness which otherwise will plunder the world.

For the geographer the interesting point is that not merely are the great powers, by means of their increased geographical discoveries, able to make, indeed, forced to make, decisions about the whole *orbis terrarum;* the *orbis terrarum* itself is meeting in committee, and has enough mutual knowledge among its parts to be able to make at least a beginning of deciding about its own future.

§ 5

There is a motive for which I do not know the exact psychological name—let us call it professional interest—which is very powerful in human affairs. It is the motive which makes men or committees interested in the success of the job at which they are working. If once a man becomes a detective, he will be eager to track down law-breakers. He may start with no ill will whatever against the particular breach of the law concerned, or, indeed, against any breach of the law, but he will soon be working keenly at his chase. It is a common experience

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in municipal and other bodies that a man who is dangerously energetic in spending money if he is on a spending committee will often be a ferocious economizer if he is put in charge of the accounts. Now, I venture to say that no one can read the debates in the recent assembly of the league at Geneva without realizing that we have there, for the first time in history, a representative assembly of able men drawn from all quarters of the globe united by a professional interest in the welfare, concord, and wise guidance of the world as a whole. Some few persons may have seemed to have a subcurrent of national feeling which they never forgot; but for the most part the persons, speaking about typhus or the arms traffic, or the traffic in women and children or the prevention of various wars, really had their minds devoted to the thing they were talking about. They were really thinking internationally, they were genuinely interested in the public good of the world. And this not because they were all more high-minded men than are normally elected to national parliaments, but because the common good of the world was the business on which they were employed, and had set up in them the normal stimulus of professional interest. The same phenomena can be detected, though not in such glaring colors, in the ordinary work of the secretariate of the league. We have there, set up in the heart of Europe, a large body of able men drawn from all nations, but united by the fascination of a common cause and a common professional interest, which is the securing of coöperation between the nations and the maintenance not only of peace, but of good-will.

All causes which depend for their success on the continuous operation of lofty motives are foredoomed to failure. Good government consists largely in so arranging matters that the great serried masses of ordinary every-day motives reinforce the good ones. In a well-governed society a certain decent level of social behavior is generally maintained because things are deliberately so arranged that it is easier to maintain it than not, except when the pressure of passion or temptation to the square inch is unusually great.

Now, if the future treatment of Africa and the East were merely dependent on a struggle between two forces, the desire of the exploiter to exploit and the desire of disinterested third parties, on ideal grounds, that he should not do so, the outlook would not be doubtful. The first is a full-blooded and intense passion, and the second a pale and ineffective one. But the struggle is not going to be so simple as that.

Now, it seems to me that under its present constitution the league has succeeded to a remarkable degree in mobilizing for the cause of justice and good government a very strong phalanx of ordinary workaday motives, of the kind that rule an ordinary man in daily life. It has its secretariate permanently sitting and professionally devoted to the cause in question. It has the assembly, which is led by every motive of professional interest and *amour propre* to see that it is not made a fool of, and that the principles of the covenant, of which it is the supreme guardian, are carried out. And many a government which has hitherto been worried by strong private interests into conniving, against its better instincts, in various methods

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of semi-slavery or expropriation or industrial exploitation of its subject peoples, will in future find itself turned in the opposite direction by the still greater and more searching worry of having to explain under cross examination, before the eyes of an unsympathetic commission representing fifty nations, why it has omitted to perform various duties to which it is pledged, and why it has done various discreditable things which it had solemnly promised not to do.

§ 6

The world has not yet sounded or measured the immense power of mere publicity. I do not mean advertisement in newspapers; I mean the mere knowledge that your actions are to be known and discussed, and particularly that you will have to answer questions about them face to face with your questioner.

On the whole, I think it looks as if we were moving in the direction of realizing upon the earth something like the "one great city of gods and men." It will have, like other cities, its bad citizens as well as its good; but with the progress of knowledge, assisted by certain special lessons which have been lately learned at considerable cost, I think it will become within a measurable time almost impossible for a decent and intelligent statesman to profess absolute indifference to the welfare or suffering of other parts of the human race. To prove the point, one need only read the report of the recent International Financial Conference summoned at Brussels by the League of Nations, in which a number of bankers and business men and financial experts from a large number of different nations lay down, from practical reasons, a theory of international duty and a scheme of international coöperation which ten years ago would have been thought extreme and almost fantastic in a club of radical idealists. I think we shall achieve some approach to the "one great city": that is, I think that some consciousness of ultimate solidarity among the peoples of the earth has really begun to penetrate the minds of ordinary practical politicians; and, secondly, that a sense of the moral duty of the strong and advanced nations to help the weak and backward, instead of being confined to disconnected groups of unimportant people in various countries, is now definitely and comprehensively recognized in a great public treaty to which all the most interested governments have attached their signatures, and will be regularly supported and asserted by the greatest existing organ of international opinion.

Let us not look to force. Force is against us, and there is no sillier spectacle than the sight of the weak appealing to force against the strong. We have no force. We have only the power of putting facts and questions before the public opinion of the world. Then the world—that is to say, chiefly, the electorates of the great nations—will be able to say whether they wish their governments to do justly or unjustly, to be world-plunderers or world-builders, whether all mankind are to be citizens of the "one great city," or whether some are still animals, *feræ naturæ*, which may legitimately be hunted for their skins.

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"The Crystal Heart"

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME
Author of "The Dark Tower"

Illustrations by Norman Price

Love was born on a May morn,
  But he died
  At eventide,
An eventide in June.
—E. H. COLERIDGE.

I

MRS. FEATHERSTONE had called her Joy because she came into the world with the barest whimper, and seemed subsequently to be so contented with her arrival.

She liked all the things that babies usually like, warmth and her mother's breast, the feel of responsible fingers and safe knees. But she liked also, from the first, the hazard and strangeness of baths, the hard, bright rims of basins, the loneliness of her deep cot, and the clutch of her helpless fingers upon naked air. Nobody needed to provide Joy with a dummy or a coral ring. Behind her very large blue eyes lay secrets of incommunicable mirth.

Elder sisters might nurse her with the awkward handling of awe, presumptuous brothers might toss her toward the ceiling with the impunity of ignorance, she might be left alone for hours to crawl all over the vast expanses of the nursery floor, and when a remorseful nurse hurried upstairs, after an inordinate tea, to see what had happened to baby, Joy would still be found smiling unexactingly at the universe.

Earth and air were alike to Joy, a friendly playground; and human beings, even her father with his irritating beard, born to be her play-fellows. For all the animal creation she had an ecstatic and unhesitating ardor. At two years old the highest form of human pleasure known to her was being hurled upon a gravel path by an Airedale and having her fur bonnet amicably worried. Reinforced by a biblical picture in the nursery, her love of lambs became a mania. At three years old she was accused of blasphemy because she persisted in stating to an elder sister that she had found the Lamb of God in the field below the garden.

She was discovered at the same early age following the local shepherd and his flock, trailing faint, but eager, in the dusty rear of the sheep, two miles from home, under a pink sunbonnet, fully convinced that she had found the Good Shepherd, and was approaching paradise. The shepherd apologized profusely for this involuntary abduction, but averred that he could n't call her "off it," she was "that set."

Even at three years old Joy was a difficult baby to convince of sin. Her visions shook reality out of her head, and made her deal elastically with circumstance. All the little Featherstones (there were nine of them) were plucky. They had been taught by

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their mother never to tell lies and not to cry when they were hurt, but usually they had some sense of the inimical in things and people.

Joy had none. If a hand had been raised against her, she would have grasped it confidingly; nor was there any enmity set between her and a serpent.

Day after day, unknown to the entire household, she visited a vicious horse in the stables. She had heard her father say it was "a dangerous brute," and she knew he meant something not very nice by "brute," but she did not know what he meant by "dangerous." It hurt Joy to think that so noble a creature as a horse should be called something that did not sound quite nice. She was afraid that Skylark might have overheard the criticism and taken it to heart. She had to stand on a wooden box to reach up to the handle of the loose-box, but she opened the door very carefully, so as not to startle Skylark, who stood looking down at her with all the whites of his vicious eyes rolling, his teeth bared, and his ears plastered flat against his wicked head. He had not quite made up his mind what he was going to do to her.

Joy stood quietly under his nose, holding an apple out on a flat hand, and murmuring affectionate and unveracious praises of his nature.

Skylark's great nostrils dilated nervously above her, and then he moved to one side to give the little figure room, dropped his velvet nose down to her hand, and took his apple. It cannot be said that a fruit diet altered Skylark's unpleasant disposition, but he never betrayed his temper to Joy.

What she took him to be he was as far as she was concerned until Mr. Featherstone succeeded in selling him to a friend.

After Skylark's departure Joy tried to content herself with the stable cat, a creature of nomad habits and without natural affections. The stable cat had lost an ear, her frequent families vanished like the dawn, and she had no charm for any one but Joy. Joy was heard murmuring softly over her as she tried to claw her way out of the child's sheltering arms: "You must n't mind not being a dog, dear Kitty, nor even an inside cat. I love you much the best, and I spect God does. You see, it 's so *kind* of you to be a stable cat."

The dogs (the entire household of dogs, ranging between eight and ten, and not counting Mr. Featherstone's two retrievers, who were not allowed indoors) worshiped the ground Joy walked on. They belonged to the other children (Joy was seldom the legal possessor of anything), but they served Joy first in the spirit. When she came dancing out on the lawn, they let the nine points of the law escape, and danced with her. Joy always danced. She danced on the tips of her toes when she was angry, and she danced like an unflurried bird when she was glad.

What she did when she was sad was never known; there was no apparent pause between her ecstasies. She grew a little wistful sometimes over the sharp nursery feuds which raged above her devoted head, or she could take a violent tooth-and-claw part in them when roused; but nothing baffled for long her sense of life's enchantments.

She set the multiplication table to a tune, and when she was given dry bread and water for a punishment, she

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turned it into a fairy-story, and asked if she might have it every night for a treat. Joy was not a naughty child, but life did not have the same horizons for her as it had for the other children; her horizons were farther away and more luminous.

They were all children of the same parents, but they called themselves the "first" and "second" families on account of a prolonged break in their ages. Margaret, Paul, James, and Walter were all old, and vanished into the world rapidly, with infrequent and romantic returns. Joy and Maude, Archie and Rosemary, were comparatively young and had an air of permanence.

Rosemary was so young that she was like Joy's own child. Joy was nine when Rosemary was born, and in an instant her passion for puppies, kittens, dolls, and even waterfalls sank into insignificance. Joy loved everything and everybody still, but she knew, when she gazed down at this unexpected visitant, pinched, a little yellow, with a whining cry and a rather more unstable neck than most babies, that she could never love anything so much again.

Maude was Joy's companion sister, —there was barely a year between them,—and they did everything together; but Maude was n't like a newborn baby. On the contrary, she often seemed older and wiser than Joy. She knew more about the world and how to act in it, and she was n't at all easily dazzled by its charms. The likeness between the sisters was very strong, but all Joy's features that ought to be small were smaller, and all her features that ought to be large were larger, than Maude's. Her coloring was delicately, firmly pink, whereas Maude's coloring in moments of excitement or emotion turned to mauve.

Maude deeply resented these differences, but she was relieved to find, as she grew older, that she usually got what she wanted, whereas Joy, tentative and never on the lookout for possession, made few acquisitions, and could usually be induced to part easily with those that she had.

Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone seldom interfered with their children and lived a long way off. There were three flights of stairs between the nursery and the drawing-room, and there was a great gulf fixed between middle-aged Victorian imaginations and those of their offspring.

Mrs. Featherstone was still a very handsome woman, and her husband had been exceptionally good-looking when he was young. Unfortunately, he had not worn well. Life had picked out his weaknesses and had set them on his face. He was not a strong character, and he reinforced his decisions by a spirit of petty tyranny. He was not a reasonable man, and he had a good many principles, which he fell back upon for defense when his intellect failed him. This is apt to be an aggravating quality in family life, especially when the principles are said to be religious; and it must be confessed that Mr. Featherstone irritated his family exceedingly. When they got the better of him intellectually, he laid them out morally, and put an edge to their exasperation by applying penalties. He had not so strong a nature as his wife, and he never forgave her for finding it out.

Mrs. Featherstone was a tolerant, quiet woman with a dreadful courage and a merciless sense of humor. She

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was not the wife for a weak, vain man who wanted to pose as master in his own house. She let him pose, but he knew that she saw through his pose.

Mrs. Featherstone never laughed at him out loud, and she never gave him away to any one else, not even to her children. She belonged to a generation of women who kept married unhappiness to themselves and did not think it a matter of great importance.

Mrs. Featherstone loved the country, the moors, which stretched for miles behind the house, and the sea, which lay beneath the cliffs in front of it, with passion. She loved her children with indulgence and common sense, and she did not love her husband at all. Yet she no more dreamed of giving him up than she dreamed of giving up Rock Lodge because it faced north and the kitchen range was extremely inconvenient.

She never failed Mr. Featherstone in any of the duties of a wife, and as a housekeeper she was faultless. Mrs. Featherstone had never been very intimate even with her children, but they all adored her and took from her their cue to life. She had no favorites; that is to say, no one discovered which was her favorite. She did not punish easily, and she never praised.

She visited the nursery at breakfast-time, kissing each child once, satisfied herself that they were clean, healthy, and without real grievances, and did not see them again until after nursery tea, when she had them down-stairs with her till bed-time. If there were visitors, the children played by themselves with drawing-room toys on the floor, and if they were alone, Mrs. Featherstone read out loud to them in a musical voice, and with a singularly perfect diction, Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, and Tennyson's poetry.

She never allowed any of her children to tell tales, or to boast of anything they could do or possessed. The most awful thing she could say, because they knew how very much she meant it, was, "You are not behaving like a well-bred child." Nevertheless, in moments of real grief all the children knew they could safely turn to their mother. She did not underestimate youthful disaster.

When the stable cat died (to be accurate, she came by her death through having given undue provocation to Archie's new bull-terrier) and Mrs. Featherstone found Joy lying prostrate beside her, having tried, without advantage, stretching herself over Eliza's mangled form seven times, according to the familiar example of the prophet Elijah when raising the widow's only son, Mrs. Featherstone knew that no light comfort would suffice.

Joy was confronted by death for the first time, and the universe reeled under the shock of her discovery.

Mrs. Featherstone took Joy into her arms and set to work to rob the grave of its victory.

"Poor Eliza," she said soothingly, "will never feel pain any more."

"She can't lap milk," wailed Joy. "Why can't Eliza lap milk? I 've tried, oh, I 've tried so hard to raise her! I 've asked God till I 'm sick of Him. I don't believe He 's there. I don't believe a kind God would make a cat go stiff for nothing."

Mrs. Featherstone's mind raced hurriedly over the possible alternatives to this problem and rejected all the more plausible ones.

"I 'm afraid," she said gently, "it

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was Archie's new bull-terrier who did it. You know we can all hurt each other if we like. God lets us, but He does n't like it. He wants us to help each other instead. But if we had n't the power to do harm, we could n't have the power to do good, either. We must have both; and if we misuse our power, dreadful things happen."

Joy's sobs slackened.

"I 'm not sure," she said tearfully, and it was her first doubt of any created thing, "that God *ought* to have made a bull-terrier at all if He did n't want Eliza to be hurt. O Mummy, what happens to stiff cats?"

Mrs. Featherstone looked at Eliza, dispassionately. It was difficult to predict a future for a cat of such exclusively materialistic habits, but she did the best she could, and suggested a handsome funeral for Eliza's immediate present.

"And may we pick the Madonna lilies under the wall?" asked Joy, leaping to her feet in recovered ecstasy.

Much to the gardener's annoyance, Mrs. Featherstone agreed to the sacrifice of the lilies, and Eliza's grave was strewn with this inappropriate emblem. Joy danced hand in hand with Mrs. Featherstone about the sacred spot, singing with touching fervor her favorite hymn,

There is a Home for little children,
above the bright blue sky.

It is to be hoped that Eliza's spirit was accommodated elsewhere, as she had a very strong dislike of children, and would have deeply resented any home which was given up to them.

Mrs. Featherstone read the "Morte d'Arthur" out loud to the assembled family after tea. She knew that as a picture of death it was a little fanciful, but she longed to remove the last traces of horror that still lingered in Joy's eyes.

The reading was a great success. The seven queens and the dark barge overlaid the specter of reality. Eliza and King Arthur floated into the land of Avalon together,

Where far beyond those voices there is
peace.

II

It was Joy's fourteenth birthday and the first of June. She started the day at dawn. Every bird in Devonshire was awake, and all of them seemed to Joy to be in the Rock Lodge garden.

Fat thrushes with operatic voices shook themselves into trances, blackbirds, with ringing notes piercingly sweet and loud, got the better of the most reluctant worms, and divided their talents with impartial rapture between securing their breakfast and making most meticulous music. Chaffinches sprayed their brief melodies from bough to bough, and every finch and lark and tiny wren set the seal of their loud joy upon the morning.

Far away in a hollow glen the cuckoo dropped his wandering challenges, playing hide and seek with outraged heads of families. Muffling the ecstatic screams of a fox-terrier puppy called Absolom under her skirt, Joy crept out upon the lawn.

The lawn was very wet with dew, and Joy had taken neither time nor pains over her toilet. She was the age of *Juliet*, but she had none of *Juliet's* preoccupations. Her mind was as blank and innocent as a newborn leaf blowing this way and that to catch a light adventure. She looked

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back at the old house with a sudden thrill at her heart. It was hers; it must be hers forever. The transfiguring golden light covered it, and the birds' persistent voices all around it made it like a shell of melody. All the happiness of Joy's smooth and eager years was harvested in its old walls.

She could not think of life without her home. The mossy, precipitous drive the horses had to be lead so carefully up and down, the swift drops and scrambles of the little paths from rocky platform to rocky platform on which garden beds yielded only to the stoutest and most persistent flowers, were as much a part of her as Maude and Archie. The Rock Lodge garden was bad for gardeners, but it was a paradise for children. Joy put Absolom down gingerly, and watched a white and clamorous streak pass through the shrubberies and out on to the moors. Absolom had smelt rabbits, and the law and the prophets no longer existed for him.

There was nothing to be done but to fly after him. Joy's skirts were short, her legs were long and slender; she flew without increase of breath up the steep path which led to the moor. She had not meant to go to the moor; she had meant to go down to the village and thank the villagers for sending her presents. She had found in the hall, left overnight, a jackdaw, two baby rabbits in a basket, cowslip wine, and heather honey. They came from the little pink, shell-like cottages hidden in the trees below her. Lynton was full of smiling, calm, immovable people with strong instincts and pleasant manners, who hated slowly and steadily, loved forever, and on the whole minded their own business with placidity; and they were all Joy's friends. Nobody ever hurried or altered their plans at Lynton, or tried to please anybody more than they intended to go on pleasing them, and nobody ever changed.

"So if I live here always," Joy thought as she hurried up the path, "they 'll always love me." Life stretched before her like the summer day, sunny and inexhaustible.

When she reached the top of the moor above the house, Absolom had vanished.

Far away, and yet so near that she could have dropped a pebble on to it, lay the lawn of Rock Lodge, with the unshaken summer sea, as still as blue bells in a wood, beneath it. The little perched and sliding town of Lynton clung to the cliff's-edge above the deep-green valley of the Watersmeet. The valley lay between two steep and heather-tufted cliffs; a rapid river with waterfalls tossed a bright, impatient way under green bushes from end to end of it.

Three streams met high up in the valley, raged and played together in a fine lather of waterfalls, and then united in a swift and businesslike way in a race to the sea. Joy had followed all the streams to their source and knew half their secrets, where to find a company of kingcups overlooking a deep pool, and where the big trout lay under the shelving rock.

But she never told the boys where the trout lay; she had no wish for the death of living things. It was one of the reasons why she liked best to be alone with Absolom and Rosemary. Absolom and Rosemary were too young to kill anything; they could chase rabbits all day long, and no one be the worse for it. Nicolas was different. He liked to kill rats in a

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barn with terriers, and he liked it better if Joy was there to see. Not that you could call Nicolas cruel; he was remarkably kind. He carried Rosemary for hours on his back when she was tired, and mended anything that was broken. Nicolas was part of Joy's life, too, quite as much as any of her brothers; rather more, perhaps. Not that Joy could have described what Nicolas was to her. He was Nicolas, and came a long way after Rosemary in her affections.

The Pennants, who were his people, lived only four miles away at Foxglove Hall, and came over constantly on ponies. The only fault Joy had ever had to find in Nicolas beyond the rats, which was hardly a fault, as all boys shared the same desire for their extinction, was that Maude wanted him to like her best, and Nicolas would n't. Joy had explained to Nicolas that it would be much simpler if he would like Maude best, and that he could go on liking Joy second best, which would suit her just as well and be pleasanter all round; and Nicolas, with his curiously hard and honest eyes fixed on her, had said, "You little fool, I shall like you best as long as I live."

It was curious how this remark had remained with her. She remembered it again now as she sat on a tuft of heather, her eyes ranging far and wide in her search for Absolom. Nicolas had not explained why he cared for her like that; but, then, Nicolas never explained things: he only did them when he had said he was going to do them, and even sometimes when he had not.

He was going to take her to the Doone Valley this afternoon alone, and, if her mother would let her, on Fidget. As soon as she could recover Absolom, Joy must go and look for her mother in the harness-room and ask her for leave to ride Fidget. It was tiresome that on her birthday she was n't to have Archie and Maude with her, but Nicolas had said it was his last day at home, where a broken collar-bone had conveniently laid him, and that he would have his own way about it. He would n't have minded Rosemary, but it was too far to take her, and Nicholas had been so beautifully kind to Joy—he had saved all his pocket money for ages to buy her a brindle bulldog pup. The puppy was to be called Ajax and was very fat; if you stuck a finger into him he rolled over. He was the most deliciously ferocious-looking lamb of a puppy, and Nicolas was training him to be obedient. The training had got as far as Ajax sitting down and wagging his tail, with his head on one side, and all his wrinkles looking very anxious, whenever Nicolas addressed him.

Ajax was one of the dreams of Joy's life realized, and she shrank from being ungracious to the giver of a dream.

The silence of the moors inclosed Joy as if the skies were walls. She sat very still, because it seemed as if her whole being was surrounded by something unseen. It was a curious feeling that she had had before when she was quite alone. If you kept perfectly still and did n't think of anything at all, you melted away from yourself; you became a part of the day and of the listening air. It was a very wonderful feeling, only you could never tell any one about it. It was like being a part of God.

Three white gulls, sailing on their motionless wings, sank down almost

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on a level with her head. She watched the shadows their great wings made by her on the grass; their uncanny, changeless, yellow eyes rested on her as if to see whether she was fugitive or a landmark. It was quieter than ever when they were gone, so quiet that Joy could hear her own heart beat, and the light air which stirred the grasses had a song in it. Everything she loved was fast asleep below her; only behind the silent beauty something that was akin to her was stirring. It was as if she and the heather, the butterflies, and the small golden bees, the wide and motionless sea, the raveled fleeces of the summer clouds, were all balanced and held upon a giant hand.

The silence was like the breath of some great being; and if his silence was so golden, what would be his speech? Far away below her in the time-ridden world she heard a clock strike eight.

It was a long while before the sound reached her senses. When it did, she shivered as if she were called back from a perpetual safety. Mother would be up now in the harness-room cleaning Fidget's harness. Far away at the cliff's-edge Joy caught a flash of white moving in and out of the low furze-bushes. The flash stopped dead as her voice recalled it. "Absolom! Absolom!" For a few moments Absolom continued his search, pretending that he had heard nothing, but not for long. Joy was upon him fleeter than his own four legs, and had him by the scruff of the neck. He slued a wicked, jocular eye at her, well knowing the worst that would come to him, and as soon as he was released after a perfunctory shake, crept with imitation shivers to her heel.

Mrs. Featherstone had bought Fidget with her pig money. The grooms had enough to do with the carriage horses, two hunters, and the children's ponies, so Mrs. Featherstone did everything for Fidget herself.

Fidget was a standing reproach to the grooms. Her coat was as soft as satin, her harness sparkled on the dullest mornings, and her leather had the fine smoothness of a laurel-leaf.

Her character was almost worth the care taken over her personal appearance, for Fidget had a warm and generous heart. She was at once lively and reliable, and if she had not been so obviously a lady, she might have been described as a "perfect gentleman."

She let herself go on grass, and walked delicately as if on egg-shells down the awkward drive. Any one with judgment and nerve could ride her, but it must be owned that she felt herself compelled to unseat any one who attempted to ride her without these two qualities. She gave her best to her rider, and expected consideration and sympathy in return. Joy slipped into the harness-room, Absolom bustling in beside her with an air of never having left her side.

Mrs. Featherstone kissed her daughter with unusual tenderness. She wondered if many mothers had so straight and lithe and beautiful a girl to greet upon her fourteenth birthday, and knew that none of them had ever greeted one so innocent, and so unconscious of her beauty.

"I 'm going with Nicolas if I may," Joy asked breathlessly, "and may I ride Fidget as a birthday treat? If I must n't, may we have lunch and walk? We want to go to the top of the Doone Valley.

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"I finished 'Lorna Doone' last night. Nicolas promised to take me. He says all the savage Doones are dead, but I think there might be rather a nice one left."

Mrs. Featherstone took up Fidget's immaculate bit and redoubled the polish on it.

"And what about Maude and Archie?" she asked.

"Nicolas says not," Joy explained regretfully. "He thinks the ponies could n't take them there and back, and, besides, I don't think he particularly wants them. Archie says he does n't care about the Doones if they 're dead, anyway; but I think Maude would have liked to go."

"And yet Nicolas seems to have thought it not too far for you to walk," said Mrs. Featherstone, reflectively.

"He knows a short cut for walking," Joy explained; "but walking is n't quite so like a birthday, is it?"

"No," agreed Mrs. Featherstone. "Well, you 'll be quite all right with Nicolas, of course, and you may ride Fidget. Only come back in time for your birthday tea at five, and bring Nicolas with you. The rest of the Pennants are coming over then. You are getting rather old now," she stated, glancing at her daughter. "You 're nearly as tall as I am."

"I don't feel old," said Joy, truthfully; "I think it 's only my legs."

"I dare say it is," Mrs. Featherstone agreed. "Still, I think at fourteen I told Margaret she must stop kissing boys and men except her father and brothers, and I suppose you had better do the same. Nicolas is eighteen now, is n't he?"

"Yes, he 's something awful at Winchester which sounds like 'preposterous,' but means you can do as you like," said Joy. "He 's going back to-morrow because his broken collarbone 's all right. I 'm afraid he won't like my not kissing him when he gives me Ajax. Still, I can kiss Ajax instead, can't I?"

"You can kiss bull pups as much as you like," said Mrs. Featherstone, gravely. "Nicolas will have to put up with that as a proxy."

"Mummy," Joy asked thoughtfully, "are men very different from women?"

Mrs. Featherstone looked very hard at Fidget's bridle before she answered, then she said slowly;

"Not particularly; a wise woman once said the older she grew the more sure she felt that there were only two kinds of people, men and women, and that they were very much alike. Still, there are certain differences. Women have to remember one or two things in their behavior to men. They must never allow any liberties to be taken with them, and they must not encourage men whom they do not wish to marry. Admiration is very nice, but it would not be very fair to accept a great deal of it unless you were prepared to give something back. Above all, they must play the game with other women. I think the basest thing a woman can do is to take away another woman's man."

"But they can't when they 're married, can they?" Joy asked.

"Not without sin," said Mrs. Featherstone, sternly.

"I don't think I shall ever marry," said Joy, standing on one slim foot and twirling slowly round on it. "I think I shall keep children, chickens, and a bulldog."

Mrs. Featherstone put down the bridle with a sigh, which might have been relief at her daughter's untouched

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innocence or despair at the failure of experience to reach the consciousness of youth.

"I wonder if you would like to be confirmed this year," she suggested, giving up the problems of this world to touch upon the lighter ones of the next. "You may wait until you are fifteen if you prefer to wait. You know what confirmation means, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Joy, lightly—"going to the other service and being able to be a godmother. I should like to be nearly everybody's godmother in Lynton. I don't think I need wait till I 'm fifteen, do you?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Featherstone, thoughtfully. "Confirmation means strengthening. I suppose you are ready to be confirmed when you wish very heartily to have your religion strengthened and are prepared to do your best to strengthen it. You do wish that, don't you?"

Joy stopped twirling, and opened Fidget's loose-box. She had found a carrot on the harness-board and gave it to Fidget.

Fidget tossed her head as if alarmed, pretending that she had never seen a carrot before and believed it to be poisonous; but at last she took it with extreme caution and munched it with delicate precision; then she rested her wet mouth affectionately on Joy's shoulder.

Joy had a curious feeling rather like Fidget's about the carrot. Did she really want religion? Might n't it be embarking on something which would prevent the taste of something else? But, like Fidget, in the end she took the carrot. After all, she had always liked what she knew of God, and why should n't she like even more what she did n't know? Presumably, religion was that which taught you more.

"There is the breakfast-bell," said Mrs. Featherstone. "Shut the loose-box door carefully, and wash your hands. You can certainly be confirmed at the next confirmation if you like." This was all the advice that Mrs. Featherstone gave her daughter to fortify her to meet the problems of this life and the next.

III

They were all assembled about the door to see Joy mount Fidget. Nicolas, with Ajax crammed in a bag under one arm, had ridden Moonlighter over with some difficulty, and deposited Ajax, who was half suffocated with what he had succeeded in biting out of the bag, at her feet.

"O Nicolas!" she gasped, "how angelic of you! I must n't kiss you, because I 'm fourteen, but I can kiss Ajax. Is n't he too heavenly?"

"Oh, I see," said Nicolas, drawing back against Moonlighter and turning rather red and stiff.

Joy knew by his voice that he had n't liked it. She had guessed he would not, and hiding Ajax in a cloud of her long hair, she kept her face away from Nicolas so that she should n't see how much he minded. Nicolas never liked any one's seeing that he minded; and then she heard Maude say;

"But you can still kiss me, Nicolas."

A moment's comfort seized Joy's heart. Would n't this friendly substitution do? She looked up quickly, and saw that it had n't.

Nicolas bent his head politely, and went through the form of kissing the cheek forced upon his reluctant notice; but his gray eyes looked very cold, and his whole expression resembled Jacob's

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"Joy did n't think about happiness. She let her spirit out on the back of speed"

when, "Lo! in the morning he found it was Leah."

"Come here, and I 'll put you up," he said shortly to Joy.

She pressed Ajax into Archie's willing arms, embraced her mother, and met her father's eyes, which appeared as usual to have seen something wrong and to be reserving it for future censure. He never had things out with them at the time, as their mother did. Then she slipped her slim foot into Nicolas's hand and sprang up to Fidget's back.

It was a perilous and delicious height. Riding Fidget was utterly unlike riding the children's two ponies, Catch-Me and Merryweather; they were quick goers, with the perverse and mischievous pony hearts, hard mouths and unresponsive intelligence.

Fidget was like having all your own nerves under you, and somebody else's as well. Her paces were easy and intelligent, her response like lightning. She recognized immediately that the light figure on her back had the hands and seat of a born rider, and would give her the sympathy she needed.

She danced about a little in the drive, hunched her back, and sidled like a crab, and then, tossing her head, set out down the dangerous path as carefully as if she were walking on a tight rope.

Mrs. Featherstone looked on with assured and confident eyes. Then she moved quickly to Moonlighter's side and said in an undertone, "Take care of her, Nicolas." Aloud she said, "You 'll be back to tea at five o'clock sharp."

Nicolas touched his hat and nodded. He knew what she meant, and he forgave her what he had to forgive her for the sake of her trust in him.

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"Really, my dear," said Mr. Featherstone, coldly, "I should have thought that even you would have noticed that young Pennant is no longer a child. I very much dislike to see a big girl like Joy riding about the country alone with him. It looks bad, very bad indeed, and is enough to start a scandal. Besides, I 'm not sure that it 's even safe."

"Oh, Fidget's perfectly safe," said Mrs. Featherstone; "Joy knows how to ride."

"I was n't referring to the horse," said Mr. Featherstone, "but to the young man. You might at least have sent a groom with them."

"She 's all right with Nicolas," said Mrs. Featherstone, thoughtfully. "But I 'm not at all sure that Nicolas is all right with her. However, poor boy, a groom could hardly remedy that state of things."

Mr. Featherstone's eyebrows shot up into his hair with annoyance.

"What an extraordinary assertion to make, Angelica!" he said coldly. "But if you have brought Joy up to be forward, I cannot say that I feel at all surprised. One thing I must insist upon, however. These unchaperoned rides must not continue."

"They won't," replied Mrs. Featherstone; "Nicolas goes back to Winchester to-morrow."

Mr. Featherstone frowned heavily and backed into the house. He could find no fault with his wife's acquiescence in his orders, and yet as usual she had evaded the spirit of them. It was as if her submission was accidental, and might at any time spring away from him like the rebellious branches of a tree.

It was a wonderful ride. They went down and down into the depths of Lynmouth, and across the foaming torrent which rages through the main street of the village, and then they climbed up out of it, on to the top of the world.

As far as the eye could see the moor stretched before them, broad and rimless, into the high clear sky. The gorse-bushes ran here and there like spilt gold.

Moonlighter was a powerful black horse; he suited his paces to Fidget's with gentlemanly consideration. He knew better than to disobey the will that was on his back.

Neither Nicolas nor Joy talked very much at first. Nicolas was thinking hard of what he meant to say to Joy and of what he intended *not* to say to her; and Joy was alive in a world of her own. She felt very grown up because she was on Fidget's back, and yet she did not want to be any more grown up than that. She wanted not to give up her earlier consciousness.

It was joy enough to share the life of the climbing hedges, to pick out the giant foxgloves in lonely corners, to watch for the honeysuckle, flung like a network of embroidery over the tops of the low walls, or to surprise a flock of pink ragged-robins in a ditch, side by side with low forget-me-nots. She feared that something would interrupt her dreaming, because Nicolas was so very silent and sat so stern and still on his big horse, as if there was a storm in his mind. Nicolas was always very still in a storm; you hardly knew that he was fighting until he had finished fighting.

She glanced at him from time to time, and thought how old and handsome he was. His well-knit, erect figure was so like what Nicolas was inside, as straight as a die and as hard

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and unbreakable as a sycamore. His gray eyes, under thick, fair brows, had the sparkling fighter's spirit in them; his mouth, well shaped and a little too thin, was the mouth of a boy who had learned very early how to control himself and others.

He could be very gentle when he felt deeply and very implacable when he did not feel. Few people touched his heart, and nobody but Joy had ever touched his imagination.

Nicolas would have been a romantic figure to Joy if she had not known him so well. She thought of this as she glanced at him, and knew that, after all, he was only Nicolas.

He was the sharer of a hundred childish adventures; she had seen him naughty and punished, dirty and red with temper, and the picture of dejection and cleanliness in church on Sundays. He was just the same as when they had been cut off by the tide, when she was eight and he was twelve, and he had not told her about it; but made her race with him across the dwindling sands, and she had thought he was so unkind to make her run when she was tired. He had forced her on against her will, but without panic, until they reached the dangerous corner, when she saw the waves running closer and closer to the cliff's-edge; and then he had lifted her in his arms and staggered through them into safety, and only for that minute, when the cold water struck and dragged at them, had he let her know, because he could n't help it, that there was any danger.

He had got much older suddenly while he was away at school, and his voice had changed; but Nicolas had n't changed. He had n't, perhaps, changed enough.

When they got on to the moors, Fidget and Moonlighter sniffed the keen and eager air, and thrilled to meet it. It became difficult, and then impossible, to hold them in, they let themselves out on the grass, galloping with stretched necks and flying hoofs. The sharp air ran through them and over them, till their riders felt like runaway giants. The horses raced side by side with the wind, the soft turf vanishing under them, and the open moor before them.

It was a swift, enchanting hour. Nicolas never forgot it; it was his most perfect moment of human happiness. Everything he wanted was near him and still attainable, with his own will and hand to guide it.

Joy did n't think about happiness. She let her spirit out on the back of speed. No emotion shadowed her free, untroubled consciousness. She thought of nothing but the air and their passage through it. Now at last she knew what it felt like to be a bird. Fidget moved under her as easy and swift as wings. The air sang in her ears and whipped against her cheeks. She wanted to go on forever and to forget that she was ever human and a girl; and Nicolas stopped her.

"It 's time we pulled up," he shouted; "there are rabbit-holes."

She looked at him reproachfully. Of course it was perfectly true that there were rabbit-holes, and they pulled up.

"Jolly, was n't it?" said Nicolas. He was smiling now. The gallop had disposed of his temper; at least Joy thought it was the gallop. She did not know it was her face. Nicolas let his eyes rest on her with brotherly approval.

"You ride Fidget well," he said.

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Behind his brotherly approval and scant praise his heart was at her feet.

It amazed and delighted him to watch her untroubled beauty. The hair that hung below her waist was the color of ripe corn, her eyes, beautifully set with chiseled lids, were of the deep, unshadowed blue of a gentian; her lashes were long and very dark, and her level, thin, black eyebrows made her skin look as white and soft as a cloud. Her features were small and delicately finished; a dimple came and went at the corner of her red, tip-tilted lips; her chin was a little pointed and had an eager air. But behind her beauty, giving it a life that no mere loveliness of line and color could give, was the gentleness of her heart.

There was neither pride nor tyranny in those soft eyes and curving lips; only a deep sincerity and an immense well of eagerness to love and to be loved.

Nicolas was not a poetic person, but as he looked at her he remembered a line of a poem which seemed descriptive of Joy,

> A heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathise.

Joy had that leisure.

Nicolas knew that it was the rarest thing in the world to find beauty without vanity, charm without selfishness, a being so lovable and yet so humble in its loving, and he longed passionately for Joy to remain what she was, not to be spoilt by undiscriminating praise or blunted by adoration, even his own adoration; and above all he did not mean to take advantage of the fact that whatever you asked of Joy she gave.

"This is the Doone Inn above the valley," he said rather drily, turning Moonlighter's head toward a rough grass path. "We 'd better leave the horses here and lunch. It 's too rough a road to take them down the valley."

The Doone Inn was a low, gray house set four square on the moor, close to a water-course. A fringe of thin trees did very little to shelter it in the winter from the roaring moor winds, and the hills above it shut out the light of the sun.

But in summer it was a green and fragrant spot, moss-covered and shady, with the tinkling of water always in the air, and above it the shadows racing over the purple hills.

Nicolas lifted Joy off Fidget and took both horses away to look after them himself, while Joy made friends with the landlady over a string of yellow ducklings.

Featherstone and Pennant were familiar names to Mrs. Palmer. She gave them the best she had and spoke to them in the high, soft Devon drawl, affectionately and at length. It puzzled Joy a little because she spoke as if they were older and belonged to each other; but fortunately Nicolas, though he got very red, did n't seem to mind.

When Mrs. Palmer had left them to themselves, they had bacon and eggs, fruit and clotted cream, saffron cakes, and home-made cider, and survived it. Nicolas told her all sorts of interesting things he must have found out on purpose—real historic stories of the Doones and their dark doings.

"I wish there were some of them left," Joy said with a little sigh when he had finished.

"Why do you?" asked Nicolas. "They had bad blood and were the terror of the country-side. Men like that should be stamped out. That 's

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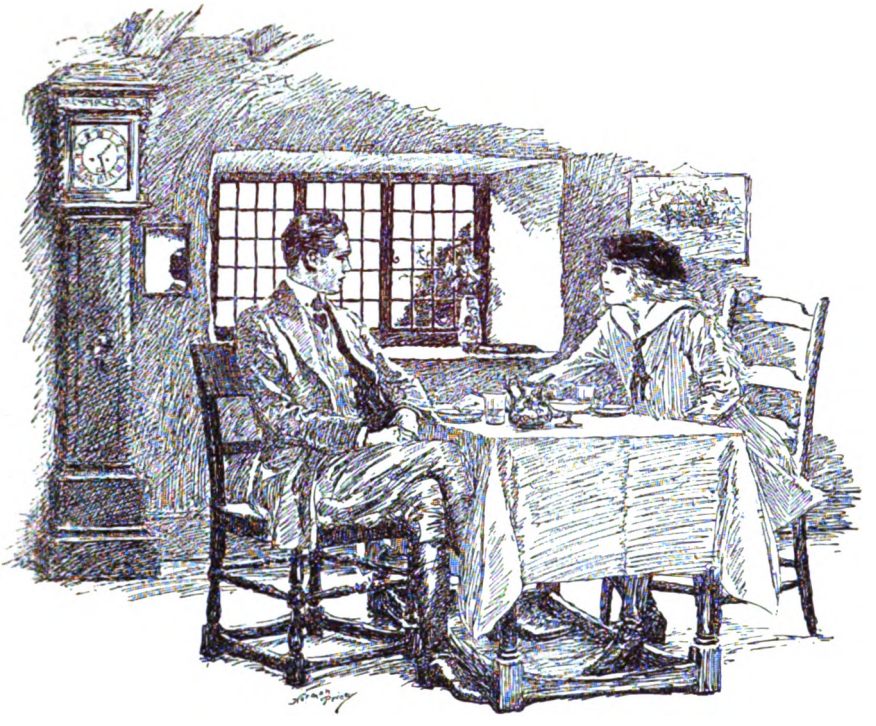

"'But, Nick, you know I like you, awfully, even though you are good,' she whispered, her eyes filling with tears"

why I want to be a soldier, because you know *how* to stamp out a pest then. Do you know, Joy, I believe you like people better when they 're wicked. Do you? It 's most unfair if you do."

Joy paused reflectively over her dancing yellow cider. Nicolas was good. He would never be anything else but good. Conscientious, honest as daylight, and self-controlled, he could n't have broken any law that he did n't think worth breaking for a higher one, and he had no pity on sinners or on weaklings. He had never in his life said that he did n't mean to do what he had done.

That was it, perhaps: he had no pity. Joy could n't help liking the sinners for whom Nicolas had no pity.

"I don't think I like them because they 're bad," she explained; "only, if they 're bad, you see, it 's very dreadful for them—is n't it?—and cuts them off everything that 's nice. They 're outlaws and have n't any real homes, and people don't love them; so you 're sorry for them, are n't you? Sorrier than if they 'd just been happy and good; and I suppose being sorry, Nicolas, makes you fonder of them somehow, does n't it?"

"It does n't seem quite fair to me," said Nicolas, flushing a little, "to care more for people who have made a hideous mess of things than for those who have n't."

Joy sighed a little. She could n't explain exactly what she meant. The father of the prodigal son must have

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experienced the same difficulty when the righteous home-staying son objected to the fatted calf.

"If you 're noble," she said considerингly, "you 've got everything; and if you are n't noble, you 're ashamed and have n't got anything, either. It must be so awful to be ashamed."

"Knowing you 're straight is n't everything," said Nicolas, stubbornly; "a man wants more than that." He sounded somehow as if he had been very much hurt. Joy stretched her hand out to him and laid it close to his arm, on the table.

"But, Nick, you know I like you, awfully, even though you are good," she whispered, her eyes filling with tears. It was dreadful, suddenly in the midst of cider and Devonshire cream, on her birthday, to discover that Nicolas was unhappy and that she had made him unhappy, though she did n't know why.

Nicolas did not touch her hand; he took his arm off the table resolutely, and stuck his hands into his pockets, but not as if he wanted to quarrel.

"Oh, I know," he said quickly—"I know it 's quite all right, old girl. I think we 'd better be moving." Only it took almost five minutes before it was all right, and even then it was different.

They went to see if the horses were getting on well with their food, and crossed the stream by stepping-stones. Nicolas took her hand now, of his own accord, to help her over the stream, but dropped it quickly on the other side.

He began to tell her all about his school. It was a great compliment to Joy, for Nicolas never breathed a word of his school-life at home or to any one else. His life might have been cut off short as he shut the garden-gate to go to the station, and only resumed when he opened it on his return for the holidays. It was very interesting, of course, but it was n't exactly what Joy wanted. She would have liked best to go back into the child world and talk about romance and Doones and things that never happened. Nicolas was making her feel grown up again, and as if she were riding Fidget high up over every one's heads.

She wanted to be a child with a free consciousness, but Nicolas would not let her be a child. He dragged her into his responsible world, where she found herself forced to be his equal, and share his difficulties and discoveries.

He was the head of his house. Prime ministers may sometimes feel important, but never as important as Nicolas. They cannot believe their mistakes to be so irretrievable, or their efforts so instinct with the very wind of fate. They are not young enough to be sure they are indispensable.

Nicolas described his house master to Joy. He was anxious that she should make no mistake about his house master, and not think he was silly about him or thought him a hero. Still, that was what he did think him.

They both wanted the same things. They wanted a house they could be proud of, not particularly a "swotter's house" ("swotting" was working hard at books, Nicolas explained), nor even a house that carried off all the school honors at games, although games were tremendously important; but a decent house, a house they could depend on, without a rotten spot.

Nicolas spoke mysteriously to Joy about a thing called "tone." Tone

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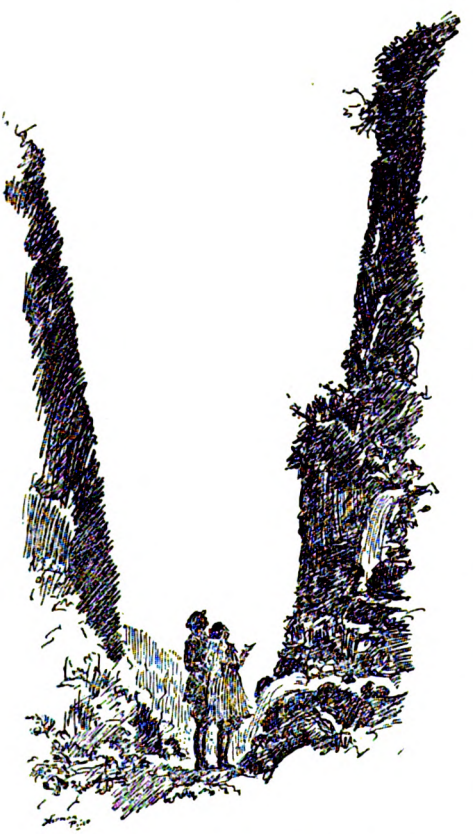
was what they wanted most; Nicolas had fought for that thing called "tone," fought hard, and for years against great obstacles, and then they 'd got it. They really *had* got it. "It was a decent house," Nicolas explained. "I 'd have liked you to know any of our chaps," and then suddenly they lost it.

A fellow with a great deal of influence and popularity, awfully good at games, did n't care a hang about "tone"; he was no end of a slacker and so clever they could n't get hold of anything against him. Yet they knew. They knew he was going through the house like poison, like rat poison, undermining its "tone," and if they could only spot him breaking any twopenny-ha'penny rule, the house master could sack him on the spot, and then they 'd be safe again, and Nicolas could go off to Sandhurst with a quiet mind.



"Its precipitous sides leaned over them dark and formidable"

"But *he* would n't be safe," said Joy, stopping short in the precipitous downward path that looked over the Doone Valley, purple and dark and deep beneath them, "O Nicolas, think if he were expelled, how awful it would be for him!"

"It would n't matter a curse about him," said Nicolas, grimly. "Rotters don't count. It would be a jolly good thing all round. You don't understand."

"I could, if you explained," cried Joy. But Nicolas shook his head; he either could n't or would n't explain. He only said darkly:

"Well, I 'll find him out one of these days, and then we 'll see. I 'm not going to have my house mucked up because of him."

Joy tried to resign herself to Nicolas's righteousness, backed by that of his house master; but her mind clung obstinately to the lost sheep, and left the ninety and nine just persons to shift for themselves.

"What 's his name, Nicolas?" she asked aloud. She remembered that Lord Tennyson had remarked "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," and it occurred to her that the salvation of this unfortunately black sheep might be one of them.

Nicolas would not like her to pray

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for him, but if she knew his name, she could pray for him without Nicolas being put to the trouble of knowing anything about it.

But Nicolas said abruptly;

"Oh, I could n't tell you his name, of course; that would be giving him away."

"But I shall never meet him," Joy explained.

"You might," replied Nicolas, and he added under his breath, "but I hope to God you never will!"

They stood now in the wildest part of the Doone Valley; its precipitous sides leaned over them dark and formidable even on a summer's day.

Joy pictured to herself the frozen winter and *John Ridd* flying over the mountains on his skees to rescue *Lorna*, starved and freezing in the valley. *John Ridd* was enormously big and strong and very kind except, of course, to Doones. It seemed as if very strong men had to be unkind to somebody. Joy sank down upon a patch of heather and did not want to talk or think of any one but Doones.

Nicolas lay at her feet, turning a little swath of grass into a ring. He had very neat, quick fingers.

"Look here," he said after a long pause, "will you promise me something, Joy?"

"Anything?" asked Joy.

"Well, I could hardly ask you that," said Nicolas in a low voice, his eyes bent on the ring. "That would n't be fair, would it, to make you promise in the dark? I 'll tell you what it is first. You won't mind my asking you, will you?"

He spoke with unaccustomed diffidence, which made Joy feel as if she were nearly a hundred years old.

"No," she said, wondering what it could possibly be. "I don't think you would ask me what I 'd mind, Nick."

He drew a quick breath before he spoke, as if what she said had either pleased him very much or hurt him very much, she was n't quite sure which.

"Then," he said, flushing deeply, and keeping his eyes still carefully turned away from her face, "if I 'm not to kiss you again, will you promise me that you won't let any one else kiss you?"

It was such a curious question that Joy kept quite still for a moment, thinking it over. It was very odd that on her fourteenth birthday kisses should assume so tremendous an importance.

"Do you mean never in the world?" she asked anxiously.

Nicolas smiled a little, a very tender smile that made him look gentler than she had ever seen him look, except when he was playing with Rosemary.

"I should like that, I 'm afraid," he said; "but I 'm not going to ask it. What I want to ask is, that you won't let any one else till I get back from India. If I have any luck, I 'll pass for Sandhurst this summer, spend a year there, and three in India. That will be four years, Joy. Could you, do you think, promise for four years?"

"You don't mean uncles or the boys, do you?" Joy asked conscientiously. Mother had said she was to kiss the boys; but Nicolas might be more particular even than mother.

"No, I don't mind relations," said Nicolas, with the little smile again, "only no one else. Promise?"

"I promise," said Joy, quietly.

Then Nicolas looked at her. It was a long, tender, searching look,

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scrupulously unpassionate, as if he were taking her face into his heart and keeping it there forever.

The curious part of it was that though he looked away and began talking of nothing in particular directly afterward, it seemed to Joy that no matter how hard she tried after that, she could n't feel quite like a little girl again.

Nicolas had dropped the grass ring he was making, near her on the ground, and though Joy looked at it and saw that it was finished, she did not pick it up; and as for Nicolas, although he had taken such pains with it, he seemed to have forgotten all about it.

They went all over the valley, and found traces of old and crumbled houses. Nicolas remembered fresh and awful tales of robbers and revenges till it was time to go home. They talked a great deal about *Lorna Doone*, but Nicolas said that he preferred fair heroines himself, and that in general he thought all the girls in books were beasts.

They found the horses fresh and ready for a start, and Mrs. Palmer gave them the heartiest farewell, and wished them unitedly a long life and a future like a summer's day, and Nicolas shook hands with her and thanked her.

Then they rode off till they came to the turf, and galloped a splendid, breathless gallop again. Only Joy did n't like it so much as she had in the morning; it seemed somehow less visionary and more as if they belonged to the earth.

They arrived home exactly at five o'clock. Joy had never had to think of the time at all; she knew Nicolas would remember.

All the other Pennants were there, with Julia, whom Joy adored. Julia was seventeen and really grown up, but she could run like a hare and had no nonsense about her, though she was said to be the prettiest girl in Devon.

Ajax had behaved extremely well, and knew her again, or appeared to, when Joy knelt before him on the floor.

Rosemary flung her arms round Joy's neck and half strangled her with welcome.

There was a huge birthday cake, with fourteen ridiculous pink candles on it, and Nicolas put one in his pocket, because he said you never knew when a candle would n't come in handy.

It was a most successful tea party, and even after the Pennants had gone home the birthday was n't over.

Joy was to go down to dinner for the first time. It was ten o'clock before she went to bed. Maude was already asleep.

Joy had asked if Maude might n't come down to dinner, too, and when mother had said "Yes," and even father had agreed that she might if it was understood that it was n't to start a precedent, Maude said she would n't come down, after all. However, she agreed to eat Joy's dessert if it was brought up to her afterward; and she had eaten it.

Mrs. Featherstone came in when Joy was in bed, and the candle out. A big full moon like a silver lamp was climbing above the Rock and pouring light over the little bare room.

"You 're a happy girl?" Mrs. Featherstone asked as she bent over Joy. She did not usually ask such intimate personal questions.

"Yes," said Joy; "only, Mummy, I don't feel *exactly* the way I did."

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"Don't you, darling?" asked Mrs. Featherstone. She sat on the edge of Joy's bed as if this was rather important. "What has made you feel different?"

"I don't know," said Joy. "P'raps it was dinner down-stairs and being fourteen; p'raps—" Joy paused. It suddenly occurred to her that perhaps it was not kissing Nicolas, and the curious part of it was that she found she did n't want to say anything more about Nicolas, even to her mother. She found herself saying instead something quite different.

"And, Mummy, p'raps," she said, "I really *am* old enough to be confirmed now."

A Dance

By OLGA MISHKIN

Dance!
Dance away my love!
Rest your lovely head upon his shoulder,
Look up adoringly into his eyes,
Smile!
Purse up your tiny lips,
And tease with your roguish dimples!
Forget me,
And dance away!

Whirl!
Whirl away my love in his arms!
Sway your charming body to the tantalizing music,
Lend your dainty ear to his seductive murmurings,
Blush with pleasure at his significant caresses,
And whirl away!

Little does he dream,
Your joyful, foolish adorer,
That ere few hours have fled,
You will be nestling close in my embrace with only thoughts of me.
Like a naughty child,
Like a suppliant child,
Begging unvoiced forgiveness for your neglect;
Repaying a thousandfold for the few fleeting moments of forgetfulness
With which you pain me.
Little does he dream.
And how I laugh at him!
And how I laugh!
Dance away!

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The Latest Thing

By ALEXANDER BLACK

Author of "The Great Desire"

THERE is a real vividness in my recollection of an early definition of "news." When my first editor said, "News is essentially the *unusual*," I was able to work out a fine piece of comforting philosophy. If all that we saw on the first page represented the unusual, then people in general were *not* being divorced, *not* being murdered, *not* being robbed, *not* having their houses burned, *not* finding fault with their legislators, *not* having trouble with their insides, *not* punishing their thinkers, *not* dissatisfied with landlords, *not* in rebellion against dirty streets, *not* feverishly interested in clothes or neurotic about sex.

Under the spell of such a definition it was possible to feel a kind of calmness, an assured serenity as to a preponderant rightness. The worse the first page looked, the heavier the emphasis on the disastrous and the scandalous, the greater seemed to be the emphasis on the implied general absence of the disastrous and the scandalous. It might have seemed that no practical optimist could get along without the company of a nice first page, coming, like the Lord's mercies, "new every morning." Reasoning from the certified unusual became a delightfully reinforcing privilege, if not a duty.

There was enough of the plausible in the definition and its corollary to give one pause. History, unless it is the galloping kind that permits the wars and the plagues to bump one another, appears to show definite proportions of the usual and the exceptional. The character in Sudermann who stood at the window murmuring, "It 's always raining," was obviously inaccurate. Weather statistics were all against her. Fire insurance assumes that flames usually keep their place. In the matter of actual proportion science, in fact, rather favors the optimist.

Yet nothing is plainer than the elemental sameness of much that must pass as news. When the "unusual" begins to bore us we become suspicious. In the end we may come to see that not the unusual, but simply the *new*, is the point of emphasis, that while the elementally usual keeps its likeness, superficial newness is constantly in change. The newness is not in the fire, but in the house that is burned. The novelty is not in the scandal, but in the *dramatis personæ*. To-day never happened before.

Interest in the new is as elemental as our interest in something to eat. It not only has its passion point and its pathology, but its strange variations of expression. Some people are gluttons for newness; in others the new excites aversion. It would be possible to claim that interest in the new is essentially a human interest, since the lower creatures are not addicted to novelties. Yet the aversion seems to be quite as human, or if not quite as human in its

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degree, at least definitely a human family trait of some familiarity. Perhaps both are equally respectable. History does not make the case wholly clear, though the inference that the new has had the better of it may seem to be pretty well founded.

Evidently, both phases have always been in the blood of the race. A sense of the new is written in the Aurignacian cave drawings. It is certain that a five o'clock "extra" would have made a tremendous hit in a paleolithic village, particularly, of course, if it were illustrated. "All the Athenians and strangers which were there," says the writer of the Acts, "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." The disaster to poor Aristides fell when his title lost its freshness. Nothing really old irritates like something that has just ceased to be new. Yesterday's hero must wait awhile.

Testimony to the prevalence of an eager responsiveness to novelty pops up in every age. How closely this may be allied to hysteria is indicated in countless instances. Some punster sturdy enough to carry the *onus* should try new-rosis. And in the shadow lurks the spirit of hatred for the new simply because it is new. Making terms with this implacable opponent, or going into open fight with him, has scrawled the usual in history. To get itself established the new has always had a monotony of conflict with the haters as well as its perilous intervals with those of its first friends whose intoxication came to the stage of the "hang over." The plain people who, without hatred for either the new or the old, have thought that simple newness is not enough have often been overlooked altogether.

For some reason people in America are described as illustrating a particularly lively phase of the ardor for newness. Americans themselves are in the habit of assuming that the point is well taken. There is in it a rather flattering suggestion of being "up and coming." We have, perhaps reasonably, come to think that we are extraordinarily clever in invention, and have even grown to be so sure of this that it is often a bit shocking to learn that other countries have stumbled upon an idea or so. A "glad hand" for the new of any sort has in general appealed to us as indicating a progressive temper. We like the word enterprise. "What 's new?" is, it may be, not wholly an American salutation, but it is unquestionably typical. We should, naturally, not like to be accused, as in the case of the Athenians, of spending our time "in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing"; but we are likely to pardon a good deal to the spirit of alert curiosity quite as if we had invented that, too. How simply human we are in this particular is not often suspected. The antiquity of humanness is to be discovered in antiquity, but antiquity is no place for those who are vigilant for the new. Certainly, those who are still doing "nothing else" can have no time to go back.

The nervous eagerness for the new that is represented by fashion—fashion in its modern sense—is certainly not universal. China, for example, has never shown a glimmer of the trait. Plainly, there is a difference between a fashion that codifies and maintains and a fashion that expresses the very spirit of change. Both elicit voluntary submission. Both produce uniformities. But they are utterly differ-

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ent. You might give a gold bracelet to an African savage girl, and she might privately study it with wonder, but you could not make her wear it in public. Where the code is, and has been for centuries, in favor of bracelets in iron or bone or wood, you will scarcely find a figure bold enough openly to display a variation. The pressure of the established is older than the neolithic. The man who endured the ordeal of carrying the first umbrella must have been convinced of that.

The fashion that interprets the itch for change is another matter. This assuredly does "nothing else" but peer tensely for the new. Newness is its basic quality. It subdivides newness. Its high spot is the latest thing.

In clothes this passion is not merely dramatic. It is sacramental. When Emerson remarked upon the fact that the consciousness of being well dressed imparts a peace and confidence which even religion may scarcely bestow, he was recognizing the pressure of a social expectation which only a Socrates might ignore. This pressure can be defied. "Bohemian" rebellion (in a New York, for example) may bob its hair and leave off stockings; but its "difference" is soon standardized, and presently there is no way in which the "bohemian" can be different save by being conventional again. The Greenwich Village girl, aspiringly radical, who wept when it was discovered that she was really married to her husband was illustrating the fate not of a defiance, but of a fashion.

Clothes fashion offers the most conspicuous and the most successful exploitation of the new because of all the avenues open to the expression of superficial change it presents the amplest opportunities. Its implements of variation are the most amenable as well as the most spectacular. We must admit this whether it is of something we might choose to call whimsical or of something as intrinsically horrible as the black lips of the heroine in the movies. Incidentally, newness in clothes has enormous "attention value" compared with almost any other media. A girl with a shrinking mind, diffident speech, and a habit of self-effacement (there are such girls) can scorch a situation with a scarlet hat, if it chances that scarlet hats have not been happening, and do so without a sign of timidity. A newness in *herself* would be terrifying to her. A newness in the hat, a newness to this point of excoriating conspicuousness, she can carry without a tremor. It is evident that in her mind the hat receives the impact. She insists upon that. If she finds your attention fixed upon *her*, she is disappointed. "You have n't said a word about my hat!"

Each clothes newness has merely a theoretical life period. There is only a "constructive recess" between one expression and another. No amœba has a shorter life. As a matter of sheer dress art, the newest thing dies as soon as it has really happened. In the fever of this iteration there is nothing for it but to beat the calendar, to wear a winter hat in the autumn and a spring hat in the winter, thus adding paradox to precision.

It is quite plain that no other art has anything like such a privilege. Even the fluid elements of language can reach no corresponding pace. The latest thing in slang has an appreciable life, and you never can tell when it may acquire real age. As Mr. Howells once suggested, the new slang word may drop its *s* and become language at

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last. The new word is thus under a double suspicion.

Probably it is true that in all the arts mere newness, mere difference, is disproportionately acknowledged. An artist may attract more attention by a new difference than by a new rightness. The degree of his difference frequently wins more homage than the degree of any other quality; than sincerity or truth, for example. He will be particularly extolled in some quarters if his difference expresses not a need of his thought, but a conscious rebellion against the old or the fixed, an irritated concentration upon the matter of rebuke. A work that might carry the subtitle, "A Study in Exasperation," can win an hysteria of praise.

And this is quite understandable. The refreshment of change for its own sake is never likely to be successfully disparaged because pugnacious men have forgotten everything but a passion against restraint. Most restraints are illusory. But this does not matter. The habit of exasperation gathers profound noises from a whisper and feels crowded by the most remote appearances. An intimation that art is not free will lure from his own personal privileges a man who feels the primary obligation to go out and smite passing bigotry over the head. There might be a kind of bigotry in assuming that he was not wise. Emptying a bucket over smugness probably belongs among the ethical considerations in any phase of living.

Certainly there can be no quarrel with art's real discoveries about life. George Moore extolled the genius of Degas because he discovered the possibilities of a shop-window. Pennell's discovery of sky-scrapers was surely quite as significant and vastly more provocative. Art sometimes pretends that subjects mean nothing at all, but insight and its revelations continue to mark the output of genius.

There is always fresh astonishment in the fact that people who are sensitive about newness in one art are often content with the dregs of another. Evidently most of us are specialists in newness. A woman who would blush to be convicted of a last season's sleeve will use last season's slang without shame. She is still saying "hectic" and that she is "simply crazy about it," without consciousness of crime, and the word-artist, perhaps morbidly alert to avoid the battered phrase, will tranquilly permit the padding to remain in the shoulders of his dress-coat.

Scandal, I take it, must be new to be acceptable. If it is not fresh, it will lack the pollen of believableness. Since the newest accusation is the most accepted, newness, here, as elsewhere, has its own tang. "What everybody believes is never true," says Nietzsche. What everybody has had interval to hear a second time will not be believed by everybody. Fling a scandalous accusation at a man, and virtually everybody may believe it at first, especially if it is incredible. After a little time even the stupidest minds lose a little of sureness about it, and with time enough there is always a tendency to outlaw the whole thing because it is old. When the man has been dead sufficiently long, the tendency is to decide that possibly it was n't true at all. In any event, not being new scandal it is n't imperative to believe it.

I hope it may not be considered too cynical to suggest that except in the matter of fashion and scandal most

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conversation is lacking in any pretense of newness. One need not resent this as an absence of artifice. Nothing is more trying than talk that strains to produce new tricks. It has been proved that small talk, like small change, is indispensable. New forms of ordinary solution would be appalling, and we all understand that when one asks, "What 's new?" he does n't necessarily wish to know. A new way of saying "How are you?" might elicit absolutely disastrous detail. We should, I think, make some allowance for this in estimating the conversation, so-called, that is incidental to purely social adventure. When Rémy de Gourmont declares that talking to some people is "like chewing a blotter," one can't avoid the suspicion that his asperity acquired its edge not merely from a kind of person, but from a kind of situation. "Starting something" in the wrong place or at the wrong time is often as calamitous for the sensitive as starting something with the wrong person. With regard to talk it is clear that, in the average experience, most places and most times may seem to be wrong. When we feel savage, most persons quite naturally come into the same classification. All of which tends to give a thrill to the discovery of rightness. Some one to talk to is the object of an elemental hunger, but this need not mean that the some one would be welcome if *his* talk were too new. Have n't you experienced the restfulness of trite persons—persons all of whose ideas and expressions have a mellowed oldness, even when they themselves are quite young? You need no alertness whatever. No newness will jump into your lap like an impertinent poodle. You can sit back with such persons and enjoy liberty from the prickly contact of real thought. They are as tranquilizing as a geranium.

The real crisis for any of us is in that moment when the great new idea knocks at the door of the mind. It may be only a tapping. It may have a thunder in it. At first, perhaps, while we are interrogating, it gets only one toe inside the door, so that we cannot slam a rejection. Some people have safety-chains on all their mental doors. The idea may come in the robes of art. Art, "style," are only the clothing, the expression of ideas, and all ideas do not come in the garb of conscious device. The challenge of the new idea may come as when, by the Hibernian tradition, a hat is tossed into a room. "Am I welcome?" Being admitted to contact, the coming of the latest thing, when it is a veritable idea, may represent for you the supreme hour. You may afterward show it the door. You may kick it down-stairs and hope not to be haunted. You may let it stay. How momentous such hospitality may be! How upsetting to one's mental housekeeping! When the latest thing carries not a bit of jargon, a frippery of color, a twist of taffeta, a whimsical dissonance of music, a freak of draftsmanship, a changed slouch in the human figure, a fresh futility in politics, a new wrinkle in religion; when it carries not merely a new inflection, but a new flame, a concept, a revelation, that grows in the warmth of the mind to dominating dimensions, and throws into a changed perspective all notions of living and of destiny, the ultimate test has arrived.

History is littered with tragedies of latest things that were ideas. These may have found their man in a climax

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of action, or in a still night when choice meant a lone agony of renunciation. "Obsessed by an idea"—ah, yes. A fanaticism is the other fellow's obsession. Then again, the right idea sometimes lodges with the wrong man, or the other way about. All the bitter platitudes rise up to remind us of the reiterated calamities that have stalked the new idea.

The trouble is that the latest thing often comes too early—too early for its own conduct. Sometimes the newest thing in thinking looks like the one unpardonable newness. The grotesqueness of recantation, the pathos of all the thought martyrdoms, color the records of human struggle. And in our quaintly self-conscious era it is impossible to give the most meager thought to the subject of new ideas without getting the flash of awkward and heroic figures—of figures cringing or courageous under the stare of the established. There is something droll in our habit of accepting martyrs without feeling implicated. We see Roger Bacon in his cell as a most unfortunate victim of an obsolete stupidity. We are sorry without acquiring any deep suspicion of ourselves. An ethical statute of limitations saves us from chagrin when we hear of the humiliations heaped upon Galileo or Harvey. We find an amelioration in the joke that can accompany the tragedy of invention. "You know," said the British Admiralty to Ericsson, "your boat with its screw propeller seems to go and seems to turn, but you must see that a craft cannot be steered from the point at which its power is applied." And we are still at our old tricks, still early with ridicule or rebuke, still late with honors. Ask the spirits of Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony what it cost them to suggest that women might leave the kitchen for an hour or so every year to go to vote. Or turn to the honored living. Ask Charlotte Perkins Gilman what it cost her in printed misrepresentation to advocate the economic independence of women, or even day nurseries and coöperative housekeeping years too soon.

We are living in an era of latest things in tinsel and in testimony—latest things such as have been happening since the beginning of time. We are being tested as Athens or Syria or Salem was tested. We have abandoned certain systems of torture, retained others, invented a few delicate variations. We still pillory, though without stocks. We still banish, though with a more elaborate collective formula. We have a larger sense of history. We admit with an increasing glibness the book fact of vast progressive change, but we betray the same old disposition to fury when some one suggests that we are not through. The latest thing is right enough if it is amusing; if we can banter about it or buy it or keep our privilege of detachment, if it has a decent propriety in keeping itself separated as a sight or sound. If it assails the all-of-us, if it insists, if it *demands;* if it involves confession, atonement; if it involves root change, it ceases to be merely the latest thing and becomes the latest menace. Art, business, sociology—all know its interruptions. It is the eternal disturber. It is the enemy of all that would "stay put." It checks the yawn of complacency. It jostles the strutting "art form." It frightens the finished. Which is to say that the latest thing is our oldest paradox.

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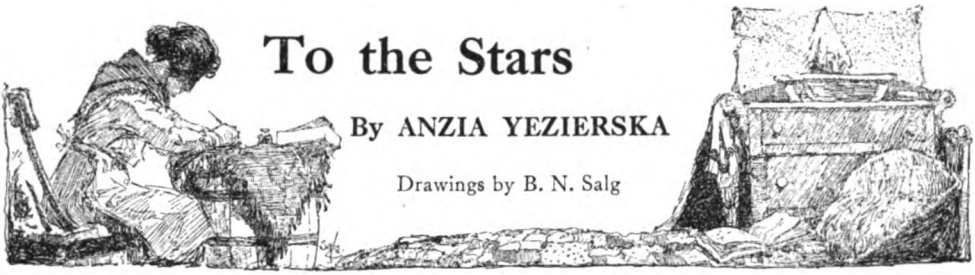

To the Stars

By ANZIA YEZIERSKA

Drawings by B. N. Salg

§ 1

"THERE are too many writers and too few cooks." The dean laughed at her outright. His superior glance placed her. "The trouble with you is that you are a Russian Jewess. You want the impossible."

Sophie Sapinsky's mouth quivered at the corners, and her teeth bit into the lower lip to still its trembling.

"How can you tell what 's possible in me before I had a chance?" she said.

"My dear child,"—Dean Lawrence tried to be kind,—"the magazine world is overcrowded with native-born writers who do not earn their salt. What chance is there for you, with your immigrant English? You could never get rid of your foreign idiom. Quite frankly, I think you are too old to begin."

"I 'm not so old like I look." Sophie heard a voice that seemed to come from somewhere within her speak for her. "I 'm only old from the crushed-in things that burn me up. It dies in me, my heart, if I don't give out what 's in me."

"My dear young woman,"—the dean's broad tolerance broke forth into another laugh,—"you are only one of the many who think that they have something to say that the world is languishing to hear." His easy facetiousness stung her into further vehemence.

"But I 'm telling you I ain't everybody." With her fist she struck his desk, oblivious of what she was doing. "I 'm smart from myself, not from books. I never had a chance when I was young, so I got to *make my chance* when I 'm 'too old.' I feel I could yet be younger than youth if I could only catch on to the work I love."

"Take my advice. Retain the position that assures you a living. Apply yourself earnestly to it, and you will secure a measure of satisfaction."

The dean turned to the mahogany clock on his desk. Sophie Sapinsky was quick to take the hint. She had taken up too much of his time, but she could not give up without another effort.

"I can't make good at work that chokes me."

"Well, then see the head of the English department," he said, with a gesture of dismissal.

The professor of English greeted Sophie with a tired, lifeless smile that fell like ashes on her heart. A chill went through her as she looked at his bloodless face. But the courage of despair drove her to speak.

"I wasted all my youth slaving for bread, but now I got to do what I

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want to do. For me,—oh, you can't understand,—but for me, it 's a case of life or death. I got to be a writer, and I want to take every course in English and literature from the beginning to the end."

The professor did not laugh at Sophie Sapinsky as the dean had done. He had no life left for laughter. But his cold scrutiny condemned her.

"I know," she pleaded, "I ain't up to those who had a chance to learn from school, but inside me I 'm always thinking from life, just like Emerson. I understand Emerson like he was my own brother. And he says: 'Trust yourself. Hold on to the thoughts that fly through your head, and the world has got to listen to you even if you 're a nobody.' Ideas I got plenty. What I want to learn from the college is only the words, the quick language to give out what thinks itself in me—just like Emerson."

The preposterous assumption of this ignorant immigrant girl in likening herself to the revered sage of Concord staggered the professor. He coughed.

"Well—er,"—he paused to get the exact phrase to set her right,—"Emerson, in his philosophy, assumed a tolerant attitude that, unfortunately, the world does not emulate. Perhaps you remember the unhappy outcome of your English entrance examination."

Sophie Sapinsky reddened painfully. The wound of her failure was still fresh.

"In order to be eligible for our regular college courses, you would have to spend two or three years in preparation."

Blindly, Sophie turned to go. She reached for the door. The professor's prefunctory good-by fell on deaf ears.

She swung the door open. The president of the college stood before her. She remembered it was he who had welcomed the extension students on the evening of her first attendance. He moved deferentially aside for her to pass. For one swift instant Sophie looked into kindly eyes. "Could he understand? Should I cry out to him to help me?" flashed through her mind. But before she could say a word he passed and the door had closed.

Sophie stopped in the hall. Had she the courage to wait until he came out. "He 's got feelings," her instincts urged her. "He 's not an *all-right-nik*, a stone heart like the rest of them."

"*Ach!*" cried her shattered spirit, "what would he, the head of them all, have to do with me? He would n't even want to stop to listen."

Too crushed to endure another rebuff, she dragged her leaden feet down the stairs and out into the street. All the light went out of her eyes, the strength out of her arms and fingers. She could think or feel nothing but the choked sense of her defeat.

That night she lay awake staring into the darkness. Every nerve within her cried aloud with the gnawing ache of her unlived life. Out of the dim corners the specter of her stunted girlhood rose to mock her—the wasted, poverty-stricken years smothered in the steaming pots of other people's kitchens. "Must I always remain buried alive in the black prison of my dumbness? Can't I never learn to give out what 's in me? Must I choke myself in the smoke of my own fire?"

Centuries of suppression, generations of illiterates, clamored in her: "Show them what 's in you! If you can't write in college English, write in 'immigrant English.'"

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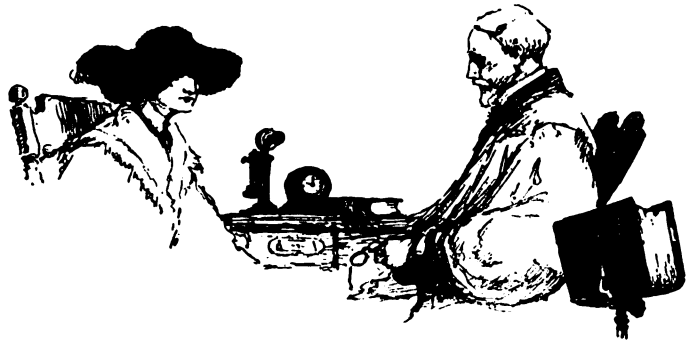

"'I can't make good at work that chokes me'"

She flung from her the college catalogue. About to trample on it, she stopped. The catalogue had fallen open at the photograph of the president. There looked up at her the one kind face in that heartless college world. The president's eyes gazed once more steadily into hers. Sophie hesitated; but not to be thwarted of her vengeance, she tore out his picture and laid it on the table, then she ripped the catalogue, and stuffed the crumpled pages into the stove. It roared up the chimney like the song of the Valkyrie. She threw back her head with triumph, and once more her eyes met the president's.

"Let them burn, these dead-heads. Who are they, the bosses of education? What are they that got the say over me if I 'm fit to learn or not fit to learn? Dust and ashes, ashes and dust. But you," she picked up the picture, "you still got some life. But if you got life, don't their dry dust choke you?"

The wrestlings of her sleepless night only strengthened her resolve to do the impossible, just because it seemed impossible. "I can tear the stars out of heaven if it wills itself in me," her youth cried in her. "Whether I know how to write or don't know how to write, I 'll be a writer."

§ 2

She was at the steaming stove of the restaurant at the usual hour the next morning. She stewed the same *tzimmas*, fried the same *blintzee*, stuffed the same *miltz*. But she was no longer the same. Her head was in a whirl with golden dreams of her visionary future.

All at once a scream rent the air.

"*Koosh!* where in hell is your head?" thundered her employer. "The *blintzee* burning in front of her nose, and she stands there like a *yok* with her eyes in the air!"

"Excuse me," she mumbled in confusion, setting down the pan. "I was only thinking for a minute."

"Thinking?" His greasy face purpled with rage. "Do I pay you to think or to cook? For what do I give you such wages? What 's the world coming to? *Pfui!* A cook, a greenhorn, a nothing—also me a thinker!"

Sophie's eyes flamed.

"Maybe in Smyrna, from where you come, a cook is a nothing. In America everybody is a person."

"Bolshevik!" he yelled. "Look only

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what fresh mouths the unions make from them! Y' understand me, in my restaurant one thing on a time: you cook or you think. If you wan' to think, you 'll think outside."

"All right, then; give me my wages!"

"'Do I pay you to think or to cook?'"

she retorted, flaring up. "The czar is dead. In America cooks are also people."

Sophie tore off her apron, and thrust it at the man.

To the cheapest part of the East Side she went in her search for a room. Through the back alleys and yards she sought for a place that promised to be within her means. And then a smeared square of cardboard held between the iron grating of a basement window caught her eye. "Room to let—a bargain—cheap!"

"Only three dollars a month," said the woman in answer to Sophie's inquiry.

The girl opened a grimy window that faced a blank wall.

"*Oi weh!* not a bit of air!"

"What do you need yet air for the winter?" cried Hannah Breineh. "When the cold comes, the less air that blows into your room, the warmer you can keep yourself. And when it gets hot in summer you can take your mattress up on the roof. Everybody sleeps on the roof in summer."

"But there 's so little light," said Sophie.

"What more light do you yet need? A room is only for to sleep by night. When you come home from work, it 's dark, anyway. *Gottunui!* it 's so dark on my heart with trouble, what difference does it make a little darkness in the room?"

"But I have to work in my room all day. I must have it light."

"*Nu*, I 'll let you keep the gas lighted all day long," Hannah Breineh promised.

"Three dollars a month," deliberated Sophie. The cheapness would give her a sense of freedom that would make up for the lack of light and air. She paid down her first month's rent.

Her house, securely hers. Yet with the flash of triumph came a stab of bitterness. All that was hers was so wretched and so ugly! Had her eager spirit, eager to give, no claim to a bit of beauty, a shred of comfort?

Over the potato-barrel she flung a red shawl, once her mother's, and looked through her bag for something to cover an ugly break in the plaster. She could find nothing but the page torn from the college catalogue.

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"It 's not so sunny and airy here as in your college office," she said, tacking the photograph on the wall; "but maybe you 'd be a realer man if once in your life you had to put up with a hole like this for a room."

Sophie spread her papers on the cot beside her. With tense fingers she wrote down the title of her story, then stopped, and stared wildly at the ceiling.

Where was the vision that had haunted her all these days? Where were the thoughts and feelings that surged like torrents through her soul? Merely the act of putting her pencil to paper, her thoughts became a blur, her feelings a dumb ache in her heart.

Ach, why must she kill herself to say what can never be said in words? But how did Emerson and Shakspere seize hold of their vision? What was the source of their deathless power?

The rusty clock struck six.

"I ought to run out now for the stale bread, or it will be all sold out, and I will have to pay twice as much for the fresh," flashed through her mind.

"*Oi weh!*" she wailed, covering her eyes, "it 's a stomach slave I am, not a writer. I forget my story, I forget everything, thinking only of saving a few pennies."

She dragged herself back to the page in front of her and resumed her task with renewed vigor.

"Sarah Lubin was sixteen years old when she came to America. She came to get an education, but she had to go to a factory for bread," she wrote laboriously, and then drew back to study her work. The sentences were wooden, dead, inanimate things. The words laughed up at her, mockingly.

Perhaps she was not a writer, after all. Writers never started stories in this way. Her eyes wandered over to the bed, a hard, meager cot. "I must remember to fix the leg, or it will tip to-night," she mused.

"Here I am," she cried despairingly, "thinking of my comforts again! And I thought I 'd want nothing; I 'd live only to write." Her head sank to the rough edge of the potato-barrel. "Perhaps I was a fool to give up all for this writing."

"Too many writers and too few cooks": the dean's words closed like a noose around her anguished soul.

When she looked up, the kind face of the college president smiled down at her.

"Then what is it in me that 's tearing and gnawing and won't let me rest?" she pleaded. The calm faith of the eyes leveled steadily at her seemed to rebuke her despair. The sure faith of that lofty face lifted her out of herself. She was humble before such unwavering power. "*Ach!*" she prayed, "how can I be so sure like you? Help me!"

Sophie became a creature possessed. She lived for one idea, was driven by one resistless passion, to write. As the weeks and months passed and her savings began to dwindle, her cheeks grew paler and thinner, the shadows under her restless eyes were black hollows of fear.

There came a day more deadly than death, when she had to face failure. She took out the thinning wad from her stocking and counted out her remaining cash: one, two, three dollars, and some nickles and dimes. How long before the final surrender? If she kept up her rigorous ration of dry bread and oatmeal, two or three weeks more at most. And then?

An end to dreams. And end to

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ambition. Back to the cook-stove, back to the stifling smells of *tzimmas*, hash, and *miltz*.

No, she would never let herself sink back to the kitchen. But where could she run from the terror of starvation?

The bitterest barb of her agony was her inability to surrender. She was crushed, beaten, but she could not give up the battle. The unvoiced dream in her still clamored and ached and strained to find voice. A resistless something in her that transcended reason rose up in defiance of defeat.

§ 3

"A black year on the landlord!" screamed Hannah Breineh through the partition. "The rent he raised, so what does he need to worry yet if the gas freezes? *Gottuniu!* freeze should only the marrow from his bones!"

Sophie turned back to the little stove in an attempt to light the gas under the pan of oatmeal. The feeble flame flickered and with a faint protest went out. Hannah Breineh poked in her tousled head for sympathy.

"Woe is me! Woe on the poor what ain't yet sick enough for the hospital!"

As the chill of the gathering dusk intensified, Sophie seemed to see herself carried out on a stretcher to the hospital, numb, frozen.

"God from the world! better a quick death than this slow freezing!" With the perpetual gnawing of hunger sapping her strength, Sophie had not the courage to face another night of torment. Drawing her shabby shawl more tightly around her, she hurried out. "Where now?" she asked as a wave of stinging snow blinded her. Hannah Breineh's words came back to her: "the hospital!" Why not? Surely they could n't refuse to shelter her just over night in a storm like this.

But when she reached the Beth Israel her heart sank. She looked in timidly at the warm, beckoning lights.

"*Ach!* how can I have the gall to ask them to take me in? They 'll think I 'm only a beggar from the street."

She paced the driveway of the building, back and forth and up and down, in envy of the sick who enjoyed the luxury of warmth.

"To the earth with my healthy body!" she cursed. "Why can't I only break a bone or something?"

With a sudden courage of despair she mounted the steps to the superintendent's office; but one glance of the man's well-fed face robbed her of her nerve.

She sank down on the bench of the waiting applicants, glancing stealthily at the others, feeling all the guilt of a condemned criminal.

When her turn came, the blood in her ears pounded from terror and humiliation. She could not lift her eyes from the floor to face this feelingless judge of the sick and the suffering.

"I 'm so killed with the cold," she stammered, twisting the fringes of her shawl. "If I could only warm myself up in a bed for the night—"

The man looked at her suspiciously.

"If we fill up our place with people like you, we 'll have no room left for the sick. We have a flu epidemic."

"So much you 're doing for the flu people, why can't you help me before I get it?" She spoke with that suppressed energy which was the key-note of her whole personality.

"Have you a fever?" he asked, his professional eye arrested by the unnatural flush on her face.

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"Fever?" she mumbled. "A person has got to be already dead in his coffin before you 'd lift a finger to help." She sped from the office into the dreary reception-hall.

On her way out her eye was caught by the black-faced type on the cover of a magazine that lay on the center-table.

SHORT-STORY COMPETITION

A Five-Hundred-Dollar Prize for the Best Love-Story of a Working-Girl

As she read the magical words, the color rushed to her cheeks. Forgotten was the humiliation of the superintendent's refusal to take her in, forgotten were the cold, the hunger. Her whole being leaped at the words:

Write your own love-story, but if you have never lived love, let it be your dream of love.

"Your dream of love." The words were as wine in her blood. Was there ever a girl who hungered and dreamed of love as she? It was as though in the depths of her poverty and want the fates had challenged her to give substance to her dreams. She stumbled out of the huge building, her feet in the snow, her mind in the clouds.

"God from the world! the gas is burning again!" cried Hannah Breineh as she groped her way back into her cellar-room. "The children are dancing over the fire like for a holiday. All day they had nothing to warm in their bellies, and the coffee tastes like wine from heaven."

"Wine from heaven!" repeated the girl. "What wine but love from heaven?" and she clutched the magazine more tightly to her shrunken chest.

In the flicker of the gas-jet the photograph on the wall greeted her like a living thing. With the feel of the steady gaze upon her, she re-read the message that was to her an invitation and a challenge; and as she read, the dingy little room became alive with light. The understanding eyes seemed to pour vision into her soul. What was the purpose of all the harsh expe-

"The cheapest part of the East Side"

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riences that had been hers till now but to make her see just this, that love, and love only, was the one vital force of life? What was the purpose of all the privation and want she had endured but to make her see more poignantly this ethereal essence of love? The walls of her little room dissolved. The longing for love that lay dumb within her all her years took shape in human form. More real than life, closer than the beat within her heart, was this radiant, all-consuming vision that possessed her.

"'Where did you get all this?'"

She groped for pencil and paper and wrote, unaware that she was writing. It was as though a hand stronger than her own was laid upon hers. Her power seemed to come from some vast, fathomless source. The starved passions of all the starved ages poured through her in rhythmic torrent of words—words that flashed and leaped with the resistless fire of youth burning through generations of suppression.

Not until daylight filtered through the grating of her window did the writing cease, nor was she aware of any fatigue. An ethereal lightness, a sense of having escaped from the trammels of her body, lifted her as on wings. Her radiant face met the responsive glow of understanding that shone down on her from the wall. "It 's your light shining through me," she exulted. "It 's your kind eyes looking into mine that made my dumbness speak."

For the moment the contest was forgotten. She was seized by an irresistible impulse to take her outpourings to the man who had inspired her. "Let him only see what music he made of me." Gathering tightly to her heart the scribbled sheets of paper, she hurried to the university.

A whole hour she waited at his office door. As she saw him coming, she could wait no longer, but ran toward him.

"Read it only," she said, thrusting the manuscript at the bewildered man. "I 'll be back in an hour."

"What exotic creature was this, with her scattered pages of scrawling script and eager eyes?" President Irvine wondered. He concluded she was one of the immigrant group before which he had lectured.

§ 4

She returned, to find the manuscript still in his hand.

"Tell me," he asked with an enthusiasm new to him, "where did you get all this?"

"From the hunger in me. I was born to beat out the meaning of things out of my own heart."

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Puzzled, he studied her. She was thin, gaunt, with a wasting power of frustrated passion in young flesh. There was the shadow of blank nights staring out of her eyes. Here was a personality, he thought, who might reveal to him those intangible qualities of the immigrant—qualities he could not grasp, which baffled, fascinated him.

He questioned her, and she poured out her story to him with eager abandon.

"I could n't be an actress or a singer, because you got to be young and pretty for that; but for a writer nobody cares who or what you are so long as the thoughts you give out are beautiful."

He laughed, and it was an appreciative, genial laugh.

"You ain't at all like a professor, cold and hard like ice. You are a person so real," she naïvely said, interrupting the tale of her early struggles, her ambitions, and the repulse that had been hers in this very university of his. And then in sudden apprehension she cried out: "Maybe the dean and the English professor were right. Maybe only those with long education get a hearing in America. If you would only fix this up for me—change the immigrant English."

"Fix it up?" he protested. "There are things in life bigger than rules of grammar. The thing that makes art live and stand out throughout the ages is sincerity. Unfortunately, education robs many of us of the power to give spontaneously, as mother earth gives, as the child gives.

"You have poured out not a part, but the whole of yourself. That 's why it can't be measured by any of the prescribed standards. It 's uniquely you."

Her face lighted with joy at his understanding.

"I never knew why I hated to be Americanized. I was always burning to dig out the thoughts from my own mind."

"Yes, your power lies in that you are yourself. Your message is that of your people, and it is all the stronger because you are not a so-called assimilated immigrant."

Ach! just to hear him talk! It was like the realization of a power in life itself to hold her up and carry her to the heights.

"Will you leave this manuscript here, so I can have my secretary type it for you?" he asked as he took her to the door. "I can have it done easily. And I shall write you when I 'll have time for another long talk about your work."

Only after she had left did she fully realize the wonder of this man's kindness.

"That 's America," she whispered. "Where but in America could something so beautiful happen? A crazy, choked-in thing like me and him such a gentleman talking together about art and life like born equals. I poverty, and he plenty; I ignorance, and he knowledge; I from the bottom, and he from the top, and yet he making me feel like we were from always friends."

A few days later the promised note came. How quick he was with his help, as if she were his only concern! Bare-headed, uncoated, she ran to him, this prince of kindness, repeating over and over again the words of the letter.

Her spirit crashed to the ground when she learned that he had been suddenly called to a conference at

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Washington. "He would return in a fortnight," said the model-mannered secretary who answered her feverish questions.

Wait a fortnight? She could n't. Why, the contest would be over by that time. Then it struck her, the next best thing—the professor of English. With a type-written manuscript in her hand, he must listen to her. And just to be admitted to his short-story class for one criticism was all she would ask.

But small a favor as it seemed to her, it was greater than the professor was in a position to grant.

"To concede to your request would establish a precedent that would be at variance with the university," he vouchsafed.

"University regulations, precedents? What are you talking?" And clutching at his sleeve, hysterically, she pleaded: "Just this once, my life hangs on getting this story perfect, and you can save me by this one criticism."

Her burning desire knew no barrier, recognized no higher authority. And the professor, contrary to his reason, contrary to his experienced judgment, yielded without knowing why to the preposterous demands of this immigrant girl.

In the end of the last row of the lecture-hall Sophie waited breathlessly for the professor to get to her story. After a lifetime of waiting it came. As from a great distance she heard him announce the title.

"This was not written by a member of the class," he went on, "but is the attempt of a very ambitious young person. Its lack of form demonstrates the importance of the fundamentals of technic in which we have drilled."

His reading aloud of the manuscript was followed by a chorus of criticism—criticism that echoed the professor's own sentiments: "It 's not a story; it has no plot"; "feeling without form"; "erotic, over-emotional."

She could hardly wait for the hour to be over to get back this living thing of hers that they were killing. When she left the class all the air seemed to have gone out of her lungs. She dragged her leaden feet back to her room and sank on her cot a heap of despair.

All at once she jumped up.

"What do they know, they, with only their book-learning?" If the president had understood her story, there might be others who would understand. She must have faith enough in herself to send it forth for a judgment of a world free from rules of grammar. In a fury of defiance she mailed the story.

§ 5

Weeks of torturous waiting for news of the contest followed—weeks when she dogged the postman's footsteps and paced the lonely streets in restless suspense. How could she ever have hoped to win the prize? Why was she so starving for the golden hills on the sky? If only for one day she could stop wasting her heart for the impossible!

Exhausted, spent, she lay on her cot when Hannah Breineh, more than usually disturbed by the girl's driven look, opened the door softly.

"Here you got it, a letter. I hope it 's such good luck in it as the paper is fine."

"What 's the matter?" cried Hannah Breineh in alarm at the girl's sudden pallor as the empty envelop fluttered from limp fingers.

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For answer Sophie held up her check.

"Five hundred dollars," she cried, "and the winner of the first prize!"

Hannah Breineh felt of the check. She read it. It was actually true. Five hundred dollars! In a flurry of excitement she called the neighbors in the hallways, and then hurried to the butcher, pushing through the babbling women who crowded around the counter. "People listen only! My *roomerkeh* got a five-hundred-dollar prize!"

"Five hundred dollars?" The words leaped from lips to lips like fire in the air. "*Ach!* only the little bit of luck! Did she win it on the lotteree?"

"Not from the lottery. Just wrote something from her head. And you ought to see her only, a dried-up bone of a girl, and yet so smart."

"'Here you got it, a letter'"

In a few moments Sophie was mobbed in her cellar by the gesticulating crowd of women who hurried in to gaze upon the miracle of good luck. With breathless awe hands felt of her, and reverently of the check. Yes, even mouths watered with an envy that was almost worship. They fell on her neck and kissed her.

"May we all live to have such luck to get rich quick!" they chorused.

The following day Sophie's picture was in the Jewish evening paper. The Ghetto was drunk with pride because one of their number, and "only a dried-up bone of a girl," had written a story good enough to be printed in a magazine of America. Their dreams of romance had found expression in the overwhelming success of this greenhorn cook.

In one day Sophie was elevated to a position of social importance by her achievement. When she walked in the street, people pointed at her with their fingers. She was deluged with requests "to give a taste" of the neighbors' cooking.

When she went to the baker for her usual stale bread, the man picked out the finest loaf.

"Fresh bread for you in honor of your good luck. And here 's yet an apple *shtrudel* for good measure." Nor would he take the money she offered. "Only eat it with good health. I 'm paid enough with the honor that somebody with such luck steps into my store."

"Of course," explained Hannah Breineh. "People will give you the last bite from their mouth when you 're lucky, because you don't need their favors. But if you 're poor, they 're afraid to be good to you, so you should not hang on their necks for help."

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But the greatest surprise that awaited Sophie was the letter from the professor congratulating her upon her success.

"The students have unanimously voted you to be their guest of honor at luncheon on Saturday," it read. "May we hope for the honor of your company for that occasion?"

The sky is falling to the earth—she a guest of honor of a well-fed, well-dressed world! She to break bread with those high up in rules of grammar! Sophie laughed aloud for the first time in months. Lunch at the hotel! A vision of snowy tablecloths, silver forks, delicate china, and sparkling glasses dazzled her. Yes, she would go, and go as she was. The clothes that had been good enough to starve and struggle in must be good enough to be feasted and congratulated in.

She was surprised at the sense of cold detachment with which she entered the hotel lobby.

"Maybe it 's my excuse to myself for going that makes me feel that I 'm so above it," she told herself. The grandeur, the lights, the luster, and glamour of magnificent hotel—she took it all in, her nose in the air.

At the entrance of the banquet-hall stood the professor, smiling, smiling. And all these people in silks and furs and broadcloth wanted to shake hands with her. Again, without knowing why, she longed to laugh aloud.

Not until Professor ———, smiling more graciously than ever, reached the close of his speech, not until he referred to her for the third time as having reached "the stars through difficulties," did she realize that she who had looked on, she who had listened, she who had wanted so to laugh, was a person quite different from the uncouth girl with the shabby sweater and broken shoes whom the higher-ups were toasting and flattering.

"I 've never made a talk yet in my life," she said in answer to the calls for "Speech! speech!" "But these are grand words from the professor, 'to the stars through difficulties.'" She looked around on these stars of the college world whom, after all her struggles, she had reached. "Yes, 'to the stars through difficulties.'" She nodded with a queer little smile, and sat down amidst a shower of applause.

§ 6

In a daze Sophie left the heated banquet-hall. She walked blindly, struggling to get hold of herself, struggling in vain. Every reality, every human stay, seemed to slip from her. A stifled sense of emptiness weighed her down like a dead weight.

"What 's the matter with me?" she cried. "Why do the higher-ups crush me so with nothing? Why is their smiling politeness only a hidden hurt in my heart?"

The flattering voices, the puppet-like smiles, the congratulations that sounded like mockery, were now so distant, so unreal as was the girl with her nose in the air. What cared these people wrapped in furs that the winter wind pierced through her shabby sweater? What cared they if her heart died in her from loneliness?

An aching need for human fellowship pressed upon her, a need for some one who cared for her regardless of failure or success. In a sudden dimming of vision she saw the only real look of sympathy that had ever warmed her soul. Of them all, this man with the understanding eyes had

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known that what she wanted to say was worth saying before it got into print. If she could only see him—him himself!

If she could only pass the building

"In a few moments Sophie was mobbed in her cellar"

where he was she would feel calm and serene again! All her bitterness and resentment would dissolve, all her doubts turn to faith. Who knows? Perhaps he had come back already. Her feet seemed winged as they flew without her will, almost without her consciousness, toward the place where she thought he might be.

As she ran up the steps she knew he was there without being told. Even as she sent her name in, the door opened, and he stood there, the living light of the late afternoon glow.

He was n't a bit startled by her sudden appearance. He merely greeted her, and led her in silence to his inner study. But there was a quality about the silence that made her feel at ease, as though he had been expecting her.

"I have things to say to you," she faltered. "Do you have time?"

For answer he pushed closer to the blazing logs an easy-chair, and motioned her into it.

There no longer seemed any need to say what she had planned. His mere presence filled her with a healing peace.

"And it was so black for my eyes only a while before!" She spoke aloud her thought and paused, embarrassed.

"Black for your eyes?" he repeated, leaning toward her with an inviting interest.

"You know I was first on the table by the hotel?"

His eyebrows lifted whimsically.

"Tell me about it," he urged.

"All those higher-ups what did n't care a pinch of salt for me myself making such a fuss over a little accident of good luck!"

"Accident! You have won your way inch by inch grappling with life." His calm, compelling look seemed to flood her with strength. "You have what our colleges cannot give, the courage to face yourself, the power to think. And now all your past experiences are so much capital to be utilized. Do you see the turning-point I mean?"

"The turning-point in my life is to know I got a friend. I owe it to the world to do something, to be something, after this miracle of your kindness." And at his deepening smile, "But you are not kind in a leaning-down sort of kindness. You got none of that what-can-I-do-for-you-my-poor-child-look in you."

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Her effusiveness embarrassed him.

"You make too much out of nothing."

"Nothing?" Her eyes were misty with emotion. "I was something wild up in the air, and I could n't get hold of myself all alone, and you—you made me for a person."

"I cannot tell you how it affects me that in some way I do not understand I have been the means of bringing release to you. Of course," he added quickly, "I was only an instrument, not a cause. Just as a spade which digs the ground is not a cause of the fertility of the soil or of the lovely flowers which spring forth. I cannot get away from the poetic, the religious experience which has so unexpectedly overtaken me."

She listened to him in silent wonder. How different he was from the college people she had met at luncheon that day!

"I can't put it in words," she fumbled, "but I owe it to you, this confession. I can't help it. I used to hate so the educated! 'Why should they know everything, and me nothing?' it cried in me. 'Here I 'm dying to learn, to be something, and they holding tight all the learning like misers hiding gold.'"

§ 7

President Irvine did not answer. After a while he began talking in his calm voice of his dream of democracy in education, of the plans under way for the founding of the new school.

"I see it all!" She leaped to her feet under the inspiration of his words. "This new school is not to be only for the higher-ups by the higher-ups. It 's to be for everybody—the tailor and the fish-peddler and the butcher. And the teachers are not to be professors, talking to us down from their heads, but living people, talking out of their hearts. It 's to be what there never yet was in this country—a school for the people."

President Irvine had the sensation of being swept out of himself upon strange, sunlit shores. The bleak land of merely intellectual perception lay behind him. Her ardor, her earnestness broke through the habitual restraint of the Anglo-Saxon.

"Let me read you part of my lecture on the new school," he said, the contagion of her enthusiasm vibrant in his low voice. "Teachers, above all others, have occasion to be distressed when the earlier idealism of welcome to the oppressed is treated as a weak sentimentalism, when sympathy for the unfortunate and those who have not had a fair chance is regarded as a weak indulgence fatal to efficiency. The new school must aim to make up to the disinherited masses by conscious instruction, by the development of personal power for the loss of external opportunities consequent upon the passing of our pioneer days. Otherwise, power is likely to pass more and more into the hands of the wealthy, and we shall end with the same alliance between intellectual and artistic culture and economic power due to riches which has been the curse of every civilization in the past, and which our fathers in their democratic idealism thought this nation was to put an end to."

"Grand!" she cried, clapping her hands ecstatically. "Your language is a little too high over my head for me to understand what you 're talking about, but I feel I know what you mean to say. You mean, in the new

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school, America is to be America, after all." Eyes tense, brilliant, held his. "I 'll give you an advice," she went on. "Translate your lecture in plain words like they translate things from Russian into English or English into Russian. If you want your new school to be for the people, so you got to begin by talking in the plain words of the people. You got to feel out your thoughts from the heart and not from the head."

Her words were like bullets that shot through the static security of his traditional past.

"Perhaps I can learn from you how to be simple."

"Sure! I feel I can learn you how to put flesh and blood into your words so that everybody can feel your thoughts close to the heart." The gesticulating hands swam before him like waves of living flame. "Stand before your eyes the people, the dumb, hungry people—hungry for knowledge. You got that knowledge. And when you talk in that high-headed lecture language, it 's like you threw stones to those who are hungry for bread."

Then they were both silent, lost in their thoughts. There was a new light in her eyes, new strength in her arms and fingers, when she rose to go.

"I shall never see the America which is to be," he said as he took her hand in parting; "it will not come in my day. But I have seen its soul like a free wild bird, beating its wings not against bars, but against the skies that the light might come through and reveal the earth to be."

She walked down the corridor and out of the building still under the spell of his presence. "Like a free wild bird! like a free wild bird!" sang in her heart.

She had nearly reached home when she became aware that tears were running down her cheeks, but they were tears of a soul filled to the brim—tears of vision and revelation. The glow of the setting sun illuminated the whole earth. She saw the soul beneath the starved, penny-pinched faces of the Ghetto. The raucous voices of the hucksters, the haggling women, the shrill cries of the children —all seemed to blend and fuse into one song of new dawn, of hope, of faith fulfilled.

"After all," she breathed in prayerful gratitude, "it is 'to the stars through difficulties.' A *meshugeneh* like me, a cook from Rosinsky's Restaurant burning her way up to the president for a friend!"

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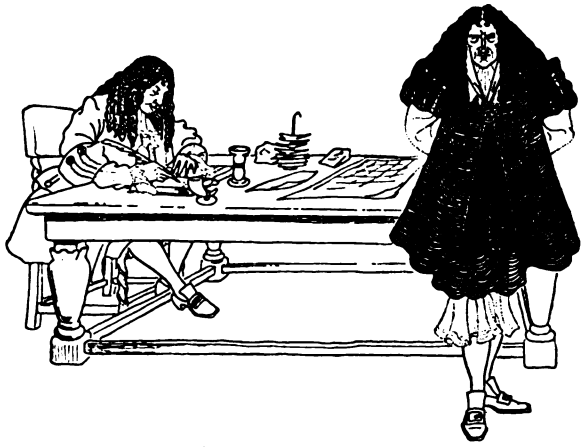

Hys Majestie King Charles ye Second dictateth hys account of ye Battle of Worcester to hys Secretarie Saml Pepys, Esquire, who writeth it down in hys tyghtnynge cypher.

Julius Cæsar's Stenographer

By JOHN ROBERT GREGG

§ 1

WHEN Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators and statesmen, in 63 B.C. rang for a stenographer, no dainty maid came tripping to his desk with note-book and pencil ready to perpetuate the thoughts of the man whose every word was pondered by the intellectuals of that day. Instead, we can imagine a dignified and scholarly man, sandaled, tunicked, and togaed, coming forward with waxen tablets and styli, the writing-implements of the time, and sitting at his feet to take dictation. But the result was the same. The living words were transfixed for future generations to read and study.

Those who have struggled with the translation of Cæsar's "Commentaries" or Cicero's orations on the conspiracy of Catiline, now that they know the means by which this form of intellectual inquisition was made possible, will a thousand times wish that shorthand had never been invented.

Startling as it may seem, shorthand was widely used in the time of the Cæsars. Its beginning is a matter of conjecture; its evolution has extended over several centuries.

The first mention of an abbreviated system is in connection with the Roman poet Quintus Ennius, 200 B.C., who used a scheme of eleven hundred signs that he devised for the purpose of writing more swiftly than was possible by the ordinary alphabet. Doubtless some method of abbreviating words was used by the Hebrews, and also by the Persians, several hundred years before Christ, though there is no evidence that shorthand characters or other special symbols were employed.

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The first definite and indisputable evidence of the use of shorthand is recorded by Plutarch, who mentions that in the debate on the Catilinian conspiracy in the Roman Senate in 63 B.C. the famous oration of Cicero was reported in shorthand.

The method of shorthand used was invented by Tiro, who was a freedman of Marcus Tullius Cicero. Like many of the slaves of that time, captives of other nations, he was highly educated, and on receiving his freedom from Cicero he adopted two thirds of his master's name and became Marcus Tullius Tiro. He then became Cicero's secretary and confidant.

When one remembers that the shorthand-writers of those days were without paper, pen, pencil, or ink, and possessed only a crude method of shorthand-writing, it is almost incredible that they could report anything. The writing was done on tablets that were covered with a layer of wax. The edges of the wax tablets were raised in order to allow their being closed without injury to the writing. These tablets were fastened together at the corners by wire, thus forming a kind of book. As many as twenty tablets could be so fastened. When the book consisted of two tablets only it was called a *diploma*, and the official appointments conferring public office were in that form; hence our word "diploma."

The instrument used for writing was a stylus, which was about the size of an ordinary pencil, the point being of ivory or steel, with the other end flattened for the purpose of smoothing the wax after a record had been made, in order that the tablet could be used again. It was with such instruments that Cæsar was stabbed to death.

Tiro must have possessed unusual skill as a shorthand-writer, for Cicero, in writing to a friend when Tiro was absent, complained that his work was delayed because, while he could dictate to Tiro in "periods," he had to dictate to others in "syllables." Cicero himself was a shorthand-writer, but evidently not a skilful one, as he writes to Atticus, "You did not understand what I wrote you concerning the ten deputies, I suppose, because I wrote you in shorthand."

In reporting the Roman Senate, it is said that Tiro stationed about forty shorthand-writers in different parts of the Curia, who wrote down on their tablets what they could. The transcripts were afterward pieced together into connected discourse. Even today, in the reporting in our own Congress, a somewhat similar method is used, except that the writers take notes in relays. It is stated that some of the Roman stenographers were trained to take down the first parts of sentences and others the closing words.

§ 2

The world is indebted to Tiro and his followers for the transmission to posterity of some of the finest bits of literature and some of the most effective orations of Roman civilization. By the grace of shorthand, we possess the opinions on the immortality of the soul of two of the famous men who lived before the Christian era. When we remember that in the days of Cicero and Cæsar the sayings of the famous intellectuals were passed on almost entirely by word of mouth, and were handed down in the same manner, the part that shorthand played in the preservation of thought was enormous.

A knowledge of the Tironian notes

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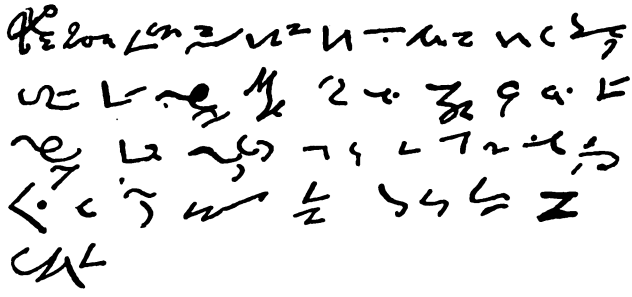
became a much-prized possession in the early days of the Christian era. Emperors, statesmen, orators, poets, and philosophers were among its devotees. References to shorthand are to be found in the works of Cicero, Horace, Livy, Ovid, Martial, Pliny, Tacitus, and Suetonius. Julius Cæsar was a writer of shorthand, and the poet Ovid, in speaking of this, records, "By these marks secrets were borne over land and sea."



Portion of a speech by Cicero in shorthand

Titus Vespasian, the eleventh of the twelve Cæsars, was so proud of his skill as a shorthand-writer that he took part in contests for wagers and personally taught the art to his stepson.

Augustus Octavianus, the first of the Roman Emperors, was an expert writer of shorthand. During his reign he appointed three classes of stenographers for the Imperial Government. It is recorded that he taught shorthand to his grandchildren, which indicates the esteem in which he held it. By decree the Senate named the month of August after him. It will thus be seen that two of the months were named after men who wrote shorthand, the other being July, after Julius Cæsar, it being his birth month.

The great orator and philosopher Seneca, the friend of Cicero, became so interested in shorthand that he used his ingenuity in improving the system originated by Tiro. He extended the Tironian notes by several thousand abbreviations of his own invention. When he returned to his native city, Cordova, he encouraged the teaching of the art.

§ 3

With the rise of the early Christian Church and the demand for a record of the exact words of the religious leaders of the day, the teaching and practice of the shorthand of Tiro received a new impetus. Pope Clement, in A.D. 196, divided Rome into seven districts and appointed a shorthandwriter for each. Cyprian, the famous bishop of Carthage, devoted much of his time to the elaboration of several thousand abbreviations to supplement the Tironian notes. These abbreviations were devoted for the main part to scriptural and proper names and to current phrases peculiar to the early Christians, thereby rendering the work "much more useful to the faithful," as he expressed it, but at the same time making the learning of shorthand much more difficult.

Certain recent historians have produced a good deal of evidence to show that the Sermon on the Mount was reported in shorthand by St. Luke. They base their assumption on the fact that shorthand was then a very fashionable and highly prized art, and it is reasonable to suppose that St. Luke mastered

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it. There is little doubt that St. Paul dictated to stenographers his epistles to the Colossians.

The famous preacher Origen (A.D. 185–253) has left on record the statement that he prepared his addresses in shorthand. He did not, however, permit the addresses to be reported until after he was sixty years of age, when he had acquired such skill as an orator that he could be certain that his orations were given in the form he wished. St. Augustine employed ten stenographers. Basil the Great (A.D. 329–379) wrote:

> Words have wings, therefore we use signs so that we can attain in writing the swiftness of speech. But you, oh, youth, must make the signs very carefully and pay attention to an accurate arrangement of them, as through a little mistake a long speech will be disfigured, while by the care of the writer a speech may be correctly repeated.

Pope Gregory the Great (A.D. 590–604), in the dedication to his famous "Homilies," mentions that he had revised them from the stenographic reports. St. Jerome had ten stenographers, four of whom took down his dictation, while six were transcribers who wrote out what the others had taken from dictation. This fact is an illustration of how "efficiency" was highly regarded even at that early time, and that shorthand had reached a commendable degree of accuracy. How many stenographers to-day can read one another's notes?

§ 4

Bearing in mind the fact that the Tironian notes consisted of thousands of arbitrary signs for words and phrases, that the famous orator Seneca developed the Tironian notes by five thousand additional signs of his own invention, and that Bishop Cyprian added many thousands of abbreviations for scriptural terms, one may have some idea of the difficulties with which the students of shorthand in ancient times had to contend. Perhaps these long lists of arbitraries were responsible for the sad fate of Cassianus when teaching shorthand. Cassianus had been a bishop of Brescia, and when he was expelled from his see, he established an academy at Imola, in the Province of Bologna, in which he taught shorthand. It is recorded that his exasperated pupils suddenly surrounded him and stabbed him to death with their styli. There is no explanation as to what they were exasperated about, but I conjecture that he had assigned them a lesson of a thousand extra arbitraries of his own invention. Fortunate indeed is the teacher of modern shorthand whose students are armed only with harmless pencils.

Marcus Aurelius Prudentius, who, in the third century, was the most famous of the Roman Christian poets, expresses regret at the unhappy fate of a shorthand-writer who was reporting a trial in court. The centurion Metellus, having been converted to Christianity, refused to remain a soldier. He was what we should now term "a conscientious objector." When the judge decided the case against him and condemned him to death, the shorthand-writer who had been employed by Metellus flung his tablets at the head of the judge. By order of the judge he was promptly torn to pieces. It was decreed that stenographers who copied the writings of the teachers of heretical doctrines should have their hands "hewn off."

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Then there is the sad case of the stenographer to a great ecclesiastic who, finding his stenographer dozing when he should have been transcribing his notes, dealt him such a vigorous blow on the ear that the stenographer died from the effects of it, and the churchman had to leave the city in order to avoid trial for manslaughter. The prevailing fashion of our stenographers of to-day in covering their ears makes such a "custom" impossible.

With the crude form of shorthand that then prevailed, shorthand-writers had enough to worry about; but we find that the Emperor Severus, in the third century, decreed that a shorthand-writer who made a mistake in reporting a case should be banished and have the nerves of his fingers cut so that he could never write again.

In 1903 archæologists discovered, one hundred miles south of Cairo, a great many ancient documents on papyri. Among them was a contract with a shorthand-writer, dated A.D. 137, whereby a boy was to be taught shorthand for the sum of 120 drachmæ (about $24.00); 40 drachmæ to be paid in advance, 40 drachmæ on satisfactory evidence of the progress of the boy in the acquirement of the art, and a final 40 drachmæ when he had become a proficient writer. Remember that this was 137 years after the birth of Christ. Shorthand was so much in demand in those days that there may have been some profiteering among the teachers of it, because we find that in A.D. 301 the Emperor Diocletian issued an edict fixing tuition fees at seventy-five denares per month for each pupil, about a dollar and a half a month. Evidently the high cost of living did not vex teachers in those days.

St. Augustine records the fact that the stenographers of Rome went on strike on one occasion and succeeded in securing their demands. Just imagine for a moment what would happen if all the stenographers of to-day went on strike. The whole world of commerce, our whole political and social life, would be disorganized.

Peocopius, who was a stenographer to the Emperor Constantine II, became a count. He attempted to seize Julius's crown, but, vacillating at the critical moment, was betrayed by his generals and put to death. A teacher of oratory, Fabius Quintilian (A.D. 35–95), in publishing his "Guide to the Art of Oratory," complained that his lectures, published by others under his name, had injured him because they had been reported by "greedy shorthand-writers who had taken them down, and circulated them." It is stated that the early Christians bribed the judicial shorthand-writers to take down the sayings of the Christian on trial. These were preserved in the archives and read at the martyrs' anniversaries in order to encourage the faithful.

§ 5

With the decline and dissolution of the Roman Empire, shorthand, like all other arts, lost favor. It was no longer regarded as a great, fashionable art. The Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, forbade his records being kept by the "catches and short-cut riddles of signs." Later, Frederick II ordered the destruction of all shorthand-characters as being "necromantic and diabolical." As the Holy Roman Empire then covered almost the entire known world, the edict of Frederick II rendered shorthand one

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of the lost arts. Then came the Dark Ages, and for nearly a thousand years the arts and sciences, among them shorthand, were banished from the world.

§ 6

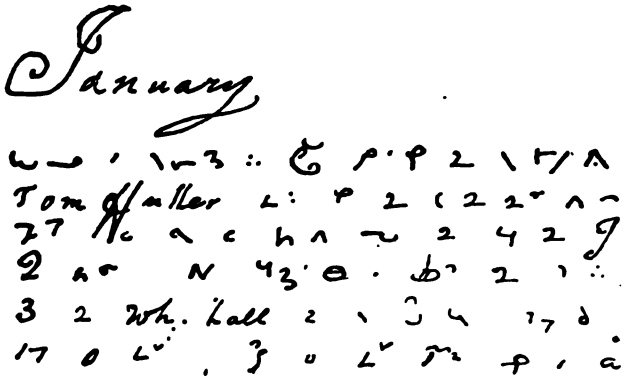
With the decline of the church, and the decay of empires and feudal powers, there came a revival of learning, and the birth of new ideals of human life and culture. There came freedom of speech, as manifested in the Renaissance in Italy and in the Reformation in Germany and England. The peoples of the earth awoke from the long lethargy of the Middle Ages. Columbus sailed the seas and discovered a new world, Copernicus became the father of modern astronomy, and Galileo, of modern science. It was a great age: Shakspere wrote, Gutenberg invented movable type, and Caxton, the printing-press.

The first evidence of the revival of shorthand that we have in the Renaissance is in the fact that the orations of the reformer Savonarola (1452–1498) were reported in some form of abbreviated writing by Lorenzo di Jacopo Viola. There are many omissions or incomplete sentences in these reports, and in parenthesis there is this quaint explanation by the reporter, "Here I was unable to proceed because of weeping." Was the reporter merely camouflaging his own inability to keep pace with the fiery tongue of the orator? Yet historians say that Savonarola's orations were so eloquent that they strung the Florentines to heights of spiritual emotion which they had never before or since attained. Let us, then, be charitable to Lorenzo Viola, who had to report when such waves of emotional frenzy were sweeping over the audience surrounding him.

§ 7

The first system of shorthand published in modern times was that of Dr. Timothy Bright, whose system of "characterie" was published in London in 1588. Dr. Bright, in the introduction to his book, said that he was inspired to devise his system through reading Plutarch's reference to the reporting of the Catilinian conspiracy.

The full title of Dr. Bright's book was, "Characterie. An Arte of Shorte, Swifte and Secrete Writing by Character." The system was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and letters patent were issued to the author by the crown, dated July 13, 1588, giving him the exclusive right to the publication and use of shorthand.



An entry from Pepys's diary for January

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The art of shorthand has been known by many titles. "Characterie" did not meet with favor, and it was superseded by branchygraphy, tachygraphy, stenography, and many other names. It is a curious thing that the first mention of the word "shorthand," by which the art is now generally known, is in an epitaph which is still to be seen in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. It is to William Laurence, who died December 28, 1661, and reads:

Shorthand he wrot, his flowre in prime did fade,
And hasty death shorthand of him hath made.

Dr. Bright was a man of rare attainments. He was a distinguished physician and an author of several books of importance. In 1586 one of his books was called "A Treatise on Melancholy," and it is believed that it suggested to Shakspere many of the pranks of mad people as set forth in his plays, and especially, "Hamlet." Shakspere was twenty-four years of age when Bright's book was published, and no doubt he was familiar with it, as it created a stir at the time; indeed, the word "characterie" is used in two of his plays. Bright's "Treatise on Melancholy" was published in 1586, and therefore long preceded "Hamlet." Recent investigators have found that several expressions in "Hamlet," which were heretofore believed to have been original with Shakspere, are to be found in Bright's book; such as "discourse of reason."

Bright's system was arbitrary and had not an alphabet that could be connected; it was simply a list of signs to be used for words. The first system with an alphabet was that of John Willis, published in 1602, and from that time on there was a steady stream of systems or modifications of systems. In the next century and a half more than two hundred systems were published.

§ 8

There was great interest in shorthand at this time. The people were eagerly desirous of preserving in permanent form the utterances of their beloved religious leaders. All textbooks of that time reflect this, because they are full of abbreviations for biblical phrases. John and Charles Wesley, the founders of the Methodist Church, were shorthand-writers. The Wesleys used the celebrated system of Dr. John Byrom.

Dr. Philip Doddridge, in his famous theological college, insisted that all students preparing for the ministry should learn shorthand first in order that they might easily take down his lectures. In 1628 Bishop Earle denounced certain "graceless" persons who did not scruple to report sermons in stenography and then palm them off later as their own.

But shorthand was used for other purposes. The most famous diary ever published was that of Samuel Pepys, which was written in the Shelton system. In this diary Pepys gives a vivid account of the Great Plague and the Great Fire of London, with many intimate accounts of the court of King Charles II. Pepys was an expert shorthand-writer, because he mentions in his diary that in April, 1680, he attended the king, by command, at Newmarket, and there "took down in shorthand from his own mouth the narrative of his escape from the battle of Worcester."

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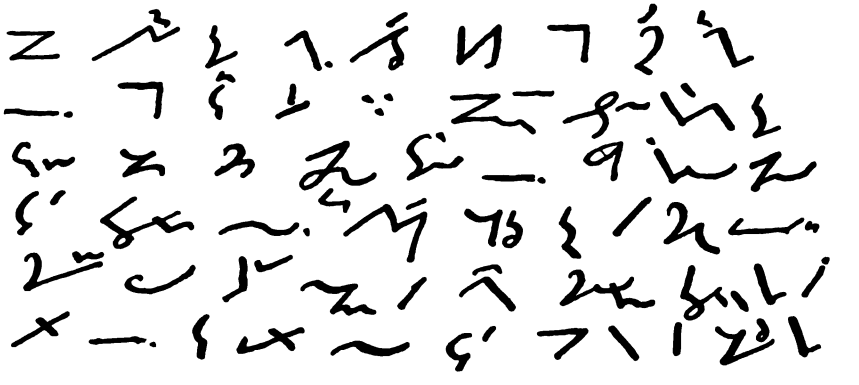
It is interesting to recall that Thomas Jefferson, in a letter to his friend Page, dated January 23, 1764, proposed that they should master Shelton's system, the one used by Pepys, so that they might have something which was unintelligible to any one else. He said, "I will send you some of these days Shelton's Tachygraphical Alphabet and directions."

§ 9

There is evidence that the art of shorthand was in use in this country within half a dozen years of the landing of the Pilgrims. In the library at Springfield, Massachusetts, there is preserved the shorthand note-books of Major John Pynchon, the son of the founder of Springfield, containing reports of the sermons of the first pastor of Springfield, the Rev. George Moxon. These sermons are dated from 1637 to 1639, seventeen years after the coming of the *Mayflower*.

A majority of the writers of shorthand in New England in the early colonial days were men of distinction. Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was a very accomplished shorthand-writer. An Indian Bible belonging to him in which are annotations in shorthand is still preserved in one of the historical societies. It is not, however, generally known that many years before coming to this country Roger Williams, at nineteen years of age, was employed by the famous lawyer Sir Edward Coke to report the proceedings of the Star Chamber in 1618.

John Winthrop, Jr., the son of the first governor of Massachusetts, and who was himself afterward Governor of Connecticut, was an accomplished shorthand-writer. When he arrived in Boston in 1631 he proceeded to superintend the settlement of the town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, while his wife Martha remained in Boston. They corresponded in shorthand, and many of these shorthand letters, which were written in 1633, are preserved by the Winthrop families under the date of that year. I mention this particularly because Martha Winthrop is the first American shorthand-writer of the gentler sex of whom we have record. As early as 1650 Sir Ralph Verney spoke of the "multitudes of women practicing shorthand in church." A discourse published in 1700 was de-



Tironian notes

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scribed as "taken down in characters from the pulpit by a young maiden."

In his autobiography Benjamin Franklin says:

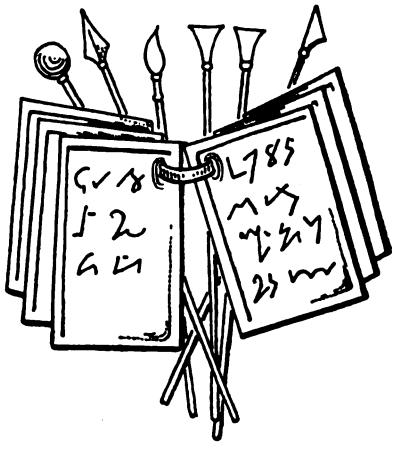
My uncle Benjamin had formed a shorthand of his own, which he taught me. He was very pious and a very great attender of the best preachers which he took down in shorthand, and he had many volumes of them. My father intended to devote me to the service of the Church. My uncle offered to give me his collection of sermons as a sort of stock in trade with which to start.

§ 10

In 1837 Isaac Pitman published a system called "Stenographic Sound-Hand," which was revived in 1840 and published as "Phonography." So great was the interest displayed in the study of the art that enormous classes were organized, and in order to avail themselves of the teaching of Pitman, many of these met at six o'clock in the morning, and others continued their work until ten in the evening.

Despite this, however, the use of shorthand did not become general. The difficulty in learning the older type of shorthand was probably the reason.

It was not until the invention of a simpler shorthand that there came the present growing interest in it as an art that should be mastered by everybody, whether they wish to make use of it professionally or otherwise. It is now a recognized subject in the curriculum of nearly every high school in the country. This growth is bound to influence its use as a utility for every one, though it is only with the interesting ancient story of shorthand that we have been here concerned.



Wax tablets and tools used by Roman stenographers

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The Hairs of the Occasion

By JAMES MAHONEY

Illustrations by George Wright

§ 1

VENTRILLON stepped aside from before the model-stand, and made a sweeping gesture, quite as if he had been a conjuror who had just produced the model upon it out of thin air. Tall and slim, with the grace of a Grecian athlete, he moved with a swift energy that belied the girlish beauty of his beardless face. It was the face of a beautiful nun, but its eyes were the eyes of a man who knew all things without having done any of them.

"Choose, messieurs," he announced. "Let me see your hands. Who wants the pose?" The great volume of his baritone voice came in arresting contrast to the womanish delicacy of his features and the youthful slimness of his active body. It was even more astounding when he swore, as he could and frequently did, like a veritable *Apache*.

From the hundred or so students, pushing and crowding about the magic circle left free for the operations of Ventrillon, not a hand went up. Ventrillon had been posing Carmen for over an hour and he was growing impatient. He shrugged his shoulders. "Then pose her yourselves!" he cried, and thrust his hands in his pockets as if about to stride away like a sulky angel.

All that was done for sheer effect. He knew how to manage them. He knew that now they would force him to choose a pose, and that every one of them, in order to relieve themselves of all responsibility by thrusting it upon him, would emphatically vote for it.

"Well, then, Ventri," said one of the "ancients," who had the right to take the initiative, "if she 's not going to stand up, don't let her lean forward like a sack of potatoes. It would be better if she would stand. She collapses the planes."

"I cannot stand, messieurs," broke in Carmen in a strange, mixed accent in which the Italian predominated over a trace of Spanish; "I could not holda the posa."

"Why not take the other?" suggested an American. The Americans always wanted pretty models. "She is younger."

"What!" screamed Carmen, "you lika better one of those young hussies than *me*, Carmen! It is true that I am not so young as I was; but regarda the torso, messieurs! The g-r-r-reatest ar-r-rtists of the world have admired that torso!" She flung her shoulders back, and thus threw into prominence a torso as fine as that of the Venus of Melos. She smiled with ineffable pride.

"Like that, Ventrillon!" *"C'est ça!"* came a roaring chorus of appreciation. But poor Carmen sagged forward again, and all that splendid, firm structure of magnificent planes and surfaces

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collapsed into bulges and creases no finer than those of a hot-water bottle or the "ancient's" sack of potatoes.

"Carmen," said Ventrillon, "you must hold yourself upright."

"It is my backbone," said Carmen; "it grows tired."

"Then take the other one," they yelled impatiently, and drew aside to make way for a girl who sat waiting on the bench by the door, a slender young girl with the face of a Greuze.

Ventrillon, who stood nearer the model than anybody else, heard a fierce whisper. Carmen had said, "If they choose that cow, I 'll *kill* her!" He looked up. He saw her now, with shoulders back, torso solid, and she carried her head like a queen.

"Messieurs," she cried, "I holda the posa!"

"Who wishes the pose?" called Ventrillon again, and every hand went up.

A model is an article of furniture. While she poses, she is no more than an easel, a stool, the stove, or a plaster-cast. Without a vestige of clothing, she is no more nude than a chair from which the summer covering has been removed. She has no shame and needs none. A woman of the world in evening clothes is far more indecorous. A model is only an object.

But Ventrillon had suddenly perceived the humanity of Carmen. Her whisper had revealed it to him. He saw her as she was, a model grown too old to pose; and he knew that she, too, knew it. As he saw the pride of her past, and the terrible need of her few sous a day to support life, stiffen her weakened back against the pain of the muscle-racking pose, his knowledge hurt him.

Carmen wrapped herself in a dirty, red dressing-gown, knotted a bit of cerise taffeta about her waist, thrust her feet into high-heeled slippers, and descended. She was like a dingy flame. She walked with a mincing step straight up to the younger model, regarded her a moment with unspeakable scorn, shrugged her shoulders, and turned away.

Ventrillon witnessed this exhibition of the terrific jealousy, the overpowering hatred of the superseded for the one who some day would supplant her.

"This Carmen is old, but she is a child," he thought; "I must do something for her. What, I do not know. I am not God. In fact, I am human; and at this moment my humanity demands satisfaction." He leaped upon a stool and shouted with all the fullness of that astounding baritone: "Messieurs, we are all great artists, it is true. Nevertheless, we are human. Let us, then, satisfy our humanity. And what, my friends, is the chief requirement of humanity? The chief requirement of humanity, O ignorant ones, is *beer*. *Allez! Hop!* A bock, *pardieu!*" He was followed by at least half of his fellow-students into the *bistrot* on the other side of the rue du Dragon.

It required great eloquence, delivered without restraint upon that unlimited baritone, to persuade them that he had invited them not to treat them, but to be treated by them, and to prove to them conclusively that it was essential to the success of their careers that each of them contribute a sou toward his refreshment.

This was imperative for the satisfaction of Ventrillon's humanity, for the hand in his trousers-pocket fingered a five-franc piece, two fifty-centime pieces, and not a little sou more. When the final fifty-centime piece

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"Ventrillon witnessed this exhibition of the terrific jealousy"

went, for a period of which the good God alone knew the length Ventrillon must starve.

§ 2

It was the contest for the hundred-franc prize, and though Ventrillon needed that hundred francs as a hungry lioness needs raw meat, he could not work. His mind was no longer upon Carmen, the object, a beautifully modeled form which he must understand and reproduce, but upon Carmen, the woman who was done for.

Little by little, as the day dragged on in the glass-roofed atelier, hot as a greenhouse, Carmen sagged farther and farther forward, only to draw herself up again and smile a crooked smile of pride against the pain.

He wondered what lay behind it all. What was this woman's life outside the atelier? He had never occupied himself with such a thought before.

"This Carmen budges always," said one.

"She does not hold the pose," said another.

"How can you expect me to draw," cried a "*nouveau*," "when, the moment I have drawn one thing, she is another!"

"That is because you cannot draw at all," said an "ancient," impartially. "Do not blame the model for your mediocrity, young man. But she makes me nervous."

Impatience increased, and the heat, growing intense, irritated them the more. Great drops of sweat formed upon Carmen and rolled to the floor. Her painted lips became thin with the pain of the pose, and even her pride could no longer strengthen her spine.

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"Carmen," one voiced at last the general discontent, "hold the pose!"

Cries went up from all parts of the atelier:

"I am not painting a cinema." "Carmen, you budge!" "She moves always!" "Go get a job with the movies!"

"Messieurs," cried Carmen, "listen. I have posed for Zuloaga, I have posed for Sorolla, I have posed for rich Americans, I have posed for the g-r-reat R-R-Rodin. If you do not believe it, I will show you some sketches he gave me. Did the great masters complain because I moved? No; never-r-r. Never-r of the lifa! They knew how to draw. R-r-rodin often said to me, 'Budge, Carmen; budge a little,' and he was har-r-rd on his models. The trouble is that you are pigs who do not know how to draw. Do you know that I have never-r before debased myself to posa in the schools? No, I am a model for gr-reat ar-rtists; but I have taken pity on you. I giva you the privilege of drawing from *me*, Carmen! Oh, how you are ingrates!" Her speech came fast and furious, and she spat her flying words at them across her knees.

"Oh, your jaw, Carmen!" cried one in disgust. "Shut up! Close your trap!"

"Your jaw, Carmen!" shouted an angry chorus.

"*Noma da dieu!*" swore Carmen with a mighty oath, "I 'll not posa a bit!" She rose and, snatching her dressing-gown about herself, started to descend from the stand.

"Carmen, be reasonable!"

"It is for the prize!"

"We have already begun to paint!"

A terrible rage took Carmen in its grasp. She swept from one side of the stand to the other, the red gown swirling at her feet. She stooped to them. She shook her hands at them, fingers wide-spread.

"*Bordella da dieu!*" she swore, "you say 'your jaw' to *me*, Carmen? Close your own traps! Pigs! *salauds!* And you think I will posa? Your jaw, Carmen! And you think I will continue to posa? Your jaw, Carmen! It is necessary to respect me, messieurs; I am the model of gr-reat ar-rtists, and must be respected. Your jaw, Carmen! Go to the devil!" And Carmen sank to the platform and burst into terrible, rasping, heartbreaking weeping.

They were petrified. They stood gaping at her, not knowing what to do.

Ventrillon alone had glimpsed the truth about this woman. "One must seize the occasion by the hairs," said Ventrillon, and thereupon saved the day.

The boy went to the prostrate Carmen and put an arm about her red-robed shoulder.

"My poor Carmen," he said, "I am sorry. It 's the nerves, is n't it? No nerves can withstand this heat. Come and talk to me. I, too, am tired."

Carmen gave him a grateful look and saw that he was sincere. She got up willingly and descended. With his arm around her he led her to the bench at the door, saying soft and foolish little words to her as one does to a child.

"Ah, Ventri," said Carmen, "you alone are good. The rest are *canaille*. It is terrible, Ventri, to losa one's figure. You have seen how mine is going. But that is not my fault. Six weeks in the country, and I should fill outa like a young woman. They hava no right to treata me in such a manner.

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If they could see me when I returna from the country, they would admire. But I cannot go to the country. It is money, Ventri, and there is yet another reason which I cannota tell; but it wrings my heart. Ventri, the lifa is hard—"

Ventrillon was inspired.

"That is it," he thought: "I shall send this Carmen to the country. In the meanwhile I shall seize the occasion by the hairs."

He leaped again upon a stool.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "behold this Carmen! She is a model, it is true; but a model is nevertheless human. What is humanity, my ancients? Humanity is that which requires a beer. A beer for Carmen, messieurs! Subscribe to a beer for Carmen, and Carmen once more will pose that magnificent torso."

"That is true, Ventri," said Carmen; "I will posa. You are kind, Ventri, and I will dance a Habanera for you. It is fine to see me dance a Habanera."

There was a clattering of sous into a hat that was passed, and a beer materialized for Carmen. Carmen drank. "*Alors*, messieurs," she cried, "the music!"

They began roaring forth that cynical studio-song which begins, "Quand on est mort on est foutu-u-u," yodeling in a screaming falsetto on the final syllable.

And Carmen danced.

When you are dead, you 're up a spout!

The rhythm was not that of a Habanera, but it was a Habanera that Carmen danced. The chorus roared on:

For love is part of life, and we all must profit by it!
(Car l'amour est dans la vie, et il faut en profiter!)

The red robe swirled, the high heels clicked, and Carmen darted, poised, and postured among the easels. It was pitiful, the inquiring glance she cast on them after each new posture.

"Do you yet admire?" it said.

Evidently they did, for there was a wild burst of applause at the end; and Carmen went back to her back-breaking pose with a smile of great satisfaction.

Now, all this was indeed great fun, but it gave Ventrillon a desire to weep.

"Ah, this poor child!" thought he, who was little more than a child himself, "I must send her to the country." It is a noteworthy fact that he had not contributed a single copper sou toward Carmen's beer. He fingered the six francs in his pocket. There was his own humanity to consider. "I *will* send her to the country. How? I do not know. I am not the devil."

§ 3

That evening Ventrillon went to dine at the Restaurant Ste. Cécile on the boulevard du Mont-Parnasse. One eats there at little tables on the sidewalk, under a striped awning, and behind little hedges of clipped box growing in cases upon rollers.

Ventrillon was sad. He had eaten no luncheon, and, in consequence, still possessed the six francs. But he dared spend no more than two francs fifty; and, according to the menu, he could spend no less. Carmen was upon his mind, and the necessity of sending her to the country. The summer breeze flowed pleasantly down the boulevard, but the forehead of Ventrillon did not cool. He was thinking.

A little gutter-snipe in a greasy raincoat entered among the tables. The

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urchin slipped off the rain-coat and dropped it on the pavement. A girl of perhaps a little over fourteen stood revealed. She wore a pair of dirty sneakers, a dirty gauze undershirt, a pair of cotton knickerbockers, which once might have been lavender, and that was all.

"Behold the little acrobat!" she cried, and put her left foot behind her right ear. "Changa of foot!" she announced, and became normal to put her right foot behind her left ear. "Changa da posa!" She lay on the pavement and clasped both feet behind her head.

Ventrillon's thoughts were upon Carmen, and he thought she had spoken. It was the same heavy Italian accent colored with Spanish. He looked at the "little acrobat," and noted the crooked smile of pride in her accomplishments. He became aware that it was strangely familiar.

"Name of a dog!" he swore under his breath, "this is astounding. There is something terrible behind all this. It is her other reason. It is why Carmen cannot go to the country. I must seize the occasion by the hairs."

"Riposa of the little acrobat!" announced the child, and placed her arms and legs in every conceivable position impossible to average mankind. The effect was ghastly.

"Put her out!" demanded a woman. "How can one eat!" cried another. The child snatched up her rain-coat to flee incontinently, but stayed rooted in her tracks when she saw La Grosse Germaine, the largest of the waitresses, advancing upon her. She trembled with terror.

"No!" shouted the terrible baritone of Ventrillon, "put out my guest, and I shall summon the police. The little one is dining with me. Come, little one. *A table! la soupe!*"

The child, as if hypnotized, moved to his table, and Germaine dared not touch her. There was danger of burning her fingers in the flame from Ventrillon's eyes.

"Shall I really sit down, sir?" said the child.

"*Tonnerre de dieu!*" swore Ventrillon, and frightened her half out of her wits. "Veritably. And you shall eat also."

She slipped trembling into a chair at the side of that beardless youth with the beauty of a Gallic archangel and the voice of a bull, in which he swore like a fishwife. The little acrobat was hungry; in fact, she was starving.

Ventrillon spent the remaining three francs fifty.

"You are human," he said to the child, who looked as if she doubted it, "and your humanity deserves a beer as well."

She attacked the little food that he had been able to buy her with the voracity of a starving hyena, and washed it down with great gulps of beer. He noted the thin, blue creases about the corners of her mouth and of her eyelids, the signs of starvation and anemia.

"Lick the plate, little one!" he cried, and the little one obeyed him to the letter.

"Now, then, since the little acrobat has finished this conjuring performance, she will tell me the name of her mother."

"*Oh, non, monsieur;* she has forbidden it."

"Look upon your benefactor, child. Is he not good? But is he God that you fear to confide in him?"

"Oh, yes, you are good, sir; I shall tella you. But you must not breathe

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it. She is Maddalena Vaccarès, and they call her Carmen."

"*Nom de dieu!* did I not say it?"

"I did not hear you, sir."

"How stupid you are, little one! I like stupidity. It is the first proof of humanity. Where do you and your mother live?"

"Oh, I do not liva with her, sir. When it is warm, I sleep in the Bois da Bologna. When it is cold, on the closed book-stalls in the Mont-Parnassa railway station. The gendarmes are good. They do not arresta me, though every few hours through the night they must force me to move. It is the law, it appears."

"Why do you not live with your mother!" he thundered.

"*Chut! chut! monsieur!*" breathed the child in terror. "Not so loud, and I will tella you. It sees itself that you are good. My mother lives with a piano-tuner, and he does not lika the children. She would not dare to let him know she has a child, and we conceal this fact. He would beat her and leave her. She hates him, sir."

"Then why does she live with him?"

"One must exist," said the child. She did not dream of all the callousness to shame her remark betrayed.

"What degradation!" said Ventrillon, with a strange chill in his chaste soul.

"Pardon, monsieur?"

"I said, 'What an observation!'" said Ventrillon.

"But we are going to the country, sir, my mother and I. She gives me all that she can steal from him, and I save it for that. When we have enough, we shall be free from him. I already have nine sous. Is n't that fine!

"O God!" said Ventrillon, "how can these things be!"

"Pardon, monsieur?"

"I said, 'It 's a pity there is no more beer,'" said Ventrillon.

"And when we come back, they will pay her more for posing. You see how that frees us from him? In the country one's figure fills out like a young woman's. And there is milk, which will do me good also."

"It is evident," thought Ventrillon, "that I *must* save these women at once." What had been a mere good-natured whim in the case of Carmen had now become a terrible stark necessity since he had talked with her daughter. "If God does not take care of His children, then Ventrillon must. That sees itself."

"Mademoiselle," he said aloud, "I adopt you."

And he felt in his pocket, in which his fingers encountered not a sou. "Now," he said to himself, "I have not only the mother, but the daughter, on my hands. In my present condition of finances I can do as much for both as for one. That is axiomatic." His fingers moved in the empty pocket.

§ 4

An excited young man with a very faint mustache ran in among the tables, and stopped at one where some men and girls were seated who were evidently friends of his.

"Figure to yourselves!" he cried. "The artists have arisen! All Montmartre is in revolt! The Cubists have declared a soviet. The Futurists are organizing. It is said that the Imagist poets have been organized for over a week. They are in full revolt, and they have declared for free beer and the socialization of the *midinettes*. It is the latest pipe. I had it from a friend who is a veritable dispenser of

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potins. It is the Revolution of Montmartre! The greatest joke of Paris is now on view. We must go! *Vivement!*"

There was a veritable sensation. A wild scramble ensued, and half the diners at the Ste. Cécile burst out upon the open boulevard to race to the boulevard St. Michel and take the omnibus to the other side of Paris.

"That will be amusing," said Ventrillon. "Little one, consider those words, free beer! Have you ever amused yourself, little one?"

"*Non,*" said the child, and Ventrillon saw that the single monosyllable conveyed an entire tragedy.

"Then we shall seize the occasion by the hairs. The amusement, at least, is free. To-night you will sleep at my quarters. Do not fear. I am a first cousin of St. Anthony's. How we shall eat I do not know; but we can amuse ourselves. Come!"

They dashed out upon the pavement. There Ventrillon stopped suddenly and struck his forehead with his hand.

"*Sacré* Ventrillon!" he cried, "we cannot take a bus; one must pay a bus. We cannot take a tram; one must pay a tram. I cannot buy one ticket on the Métro, and certainly not two. Behold! the great Ventrillon is floored. Nay, he is flattened out."

The child looked timidly up into his handsome, girlish face.

"Monsieur," she said softly, "I shall give you my nine sous."

"*Nom de dieu!* no! Ungrateful pig and very stupid little one, am I the object of your charity? Listen to my words, and you will learn wisdom. Upon every other mode of transportation one pays on entering. But in a taxi when does one pay?"

"I do notta know, sir. I have never been in one."

"Then listen to me, and remember this important fact. In a taxi one pays when one descends. Does that mean nothing to you?"

"I fear not, sir."

"Name of a name of a name!" he roared, "thou art indeed a stupid one! It means that we shall take a taxi."

§ 5

It was not until the taxi had climbed the Mount of Martyrs as far as the Place Pigalle that any signs of the demonstration became evident. There the soviet of poets was organizing for a parade to the *buttes*. A wild, long-haired, disheveled person was haranguing them from an iron railing.

"We shall abolish the use of words in poetry," he said. "Down with words! They cramp the soul of the true poet. What shall we substitute? That, it is the duty of the soviet to find. Direct action! Direct action, and we shall save poetry from the abyss of language." He toppled from the railing and fell sprawling into the midst of his audience. But he who would save poetry could not save himself. From his remaining remarks one concluded that he himself was wallowing in the veritable abyss of language.

"Look," said Ventrillon, "is that not amusing?"

"Oui, monsieur," said the girl.

The taxi sped on toward the cabaret of the Leaping Mole, which was the destination he had given. On every hand they passed processions with torches and transparencies. The people were howling, "*Vivent* the Futurist! *Vivent* the Vorticists! *Vivent* the soviets of Montmartre! *Vive* the daughter of the archbishop! *Vivent* the

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"The red robe swirled, the high heels clicked"

midinettes of the Bon Marché—and the good bottle of champagne!" and anything else which occurred to them.

The taxi-driver was becoming nervous. The sound produced by a mob has always a dangerous air. Finally, afraid to go farther into bedlam, he stopped at a crossing of streets. *"Plus d'essence!"* he shouted into the taxi. "No more gasolene!" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"We descend, then," said Ventrillon, and handed the little acrobat to the cobblestones as if she had been a

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princess. They started for the thick of the hurrying throngs. But Ventrillon's shoulder was caught suddenly in a grip of iron.

"But my fare!" screamed the taxi-driver. "Where is my fare? And I lack also my *pourboire*."

"Have you taken us to our destination?" demanded Ventrillon.

"It is impossible. There is no more essence."

"Then I do not pay."

"But you *will* pay."

"I cannot. I have not a sou."

"And you take a taxi without a sou! *Voleur!* Thief! thief!" shouted the taxi-driver. "Help! Police!"

Something had to be done. Ventrillon seized the occasion by the hairs.

He wrenched himself free from the taxi-driver, and with two bounds was upon the roof of the taxi. He pulled the girl up after him, and, standing with one arm about her, turned loose the full volume of his tremendous baritone.

"Proletariat of Montmartre," he bellowed, "I appeal to the soviets of Montmartre!"

The taxi-driver made a flying leap for the roof and caught on with his hands. Ventrillon kicked his knuckles. The driver fell sprawling, and then gathered himself again. Murder and lust for violent death gleamed in his eyes.

The taxi was at a strategic point, the intersection of two streets, and it commanded the mob in four directions. The soviet of the Celestialists had already dashed up in a body. Unorganized proletariats now came sweeping in from all directions. The taxi was surrounded almost instantaneously by a dense mass of humanity, all straining to see the new sensation. The driver leaped for his victims upon the roof, and was torn down by a hundred hands.

"I denounce this conductor of taxis," cried Ventrillon. "I am of the artist-proletariat, and I denounce him as a capitalist."

"Capitalist!" yelled the mob. "Down with the capitalists!"

"I denounce him, moreover, as a bourgeois."

"Down with the bourgeois!"

"I denounce him as a camel, as a cow, as a species of dirtiness—"

"Down with the conductor of taxis!"

"I sentence him to be drowned in a camomile tea. *A la tisane, Camarades!*"

"*A la tisane!*" they yelled, and from hand to hand the poor conductor of taxis was forced farther and farther from his vehicle, even to the very outskirts of the rapidly growing crowd about it.

"You are amusing yourself?" Ventrillon whispered to the companion in his embrace.

"Oui, monsieur, je m'amuse bien." A spot of color glowed on each of her pale cheeks, and her eyes shone with excitement.

"That is good," said Ventrillon. Then he looked down at her. "Name of a dog!" he swore, "she is pretty!"

"What did you say, monsieur?"

"I said, 'Is n't Paris a large city?'"

§ 6

Ventrillon at once became aware that he now dominated the crowd below. His coup with regard to the chauffeur had virtually put him in command. They were ready to follow this, the only leader who had arisen. He was a remarkable figure, this youth with the pure, unclouded countenance of a

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young girl, tall, slim, and beautiful, and bellowing forth with a voice which shook the windows of four streets. "Little one," said he, "we are about to lead the revolution, you and I. It is the occasion. We shall seize it by the hairs. Carmen and her daughter are already on their way to the country."

A tremendous uproar had broken out during his silence. Rival factions were vainly trying to drown out one another's war-cries, *"Vivent les Vorticists! Vivent les Noctambules!"*

An adherent of the Celestialists had climbed upon a projection of the façade of a corner building, and was screaming out his creed.

"I believe in the abolition of ideas," he screeched. "To have ideas is human, to have none is divine. God does not think; He creates. I am a Celestialist. I believe in creation without ideas. Down with those who paint objects! Down with those Futurists who would paint ideas! Long live the Celestialists, who paint neither!"

"Comrades," suddenly boomed out the voice of Ventrillon and drowned them all, "I am the revolution who speaks."

Silence fell.

"I now proclaim the commune of the soviets of Montmartre," he cried. "In union there is strength. Let us all work together. *Vive l'Union Sacrée!* We shall defy the French Government. We shall pay no taxes. We support the commune by voluntary offerings. I proclaim for all a policy of free beer and the socialization of the cabaret of the Leaping Mole."

"Vive—vive—vive la commune de Montmartre!" screamed the mob.

"Oh, how I amuse myself!" cried the young acrobat, ecstatically.

"For free beer the Government must have a treasury," Ventrillon continued; "that is obvious. Even what is free must be bought. We shall now proceed to the first collection of the voluntary taxes. I appoint myself treasurer of the soviet government of Montmartre. Pass the hat! Subscribe! Pour out your gold! America aids us."

Pandemonium reigned. It appeared that the new-found leader was a genius.

Now, for the collection of a public subscription there is nothing more vitally necessary than a pasting-up of posters. Everybody knows that. As it happened, there were no posters upon Montmartre, but Montmartre is the country where only the impossible happens. Within less than ten minutes after this announcement, men were pasting up, in all the streets of the quarter, the old government war-loan posters, with the old inscriptions replaced by new and far more piquant ones.

A hatful of money was handed up to Ventrillon, and he gave it to the girl to guard. Then came a cardboard box filled with small bank-notes, then another hat. The treasury grew.

"Now," said Ventrillon, "we have the money; but to keep it is another affair." They were surrounded in all directions by a mob which would be ready, upon any attempt at embezzling the treasury by escape, to unjoint their members.

Now, a certain person in the mob had recognized the girl upon the taxi and had made her way to it in the midst of the uproar.

"Chichetta! Chichetta!" called a feminine voice from immediately below the roof of the taxi.

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"Monsieur," said the girl, "it is the voice of *maman*."

She loosened herself from his embrace to go down on her knees and peer over the edge.

"Chichetta," said the woman below, "flee while you can. Here is a franc. I stole it from him for you. You do not know what you are doing. Have I not counseled you to avoid these men? It is better to starve—"

"But this one," said the girl, "is good, and he can do everything. I have already seen him do it."

"Carmen," cried Ventrillon, astounded, "it is you! And you do not know me, Ventrillon? Veritably, this is fate. In fact, I myself am fate. And you are my children. To the taxi, Carmen!"

He reached down and gave a hand to Carmen, who now climbed up beside them.

"O Ventri," she cried and embraced him, "I did not dreama it was you! It is really you. *Dio!* how good you are! In your case I have no fear. I giva you my Chichette. I shall be happier to know she is yours—"

"She is already mine," said Ventrillon. "Woman, behold the father of your daughter! I have adopted her. And now, *pardieu*, I adopt her mother."

The mob became delirious. They had heard nothing of all this.

"Oh," said they, "what a genius is found!" A queen of beauty was on the taxi, and she was an ugly old woman. That is the sort of jest that Paris adores.

"Behold the Goddess of Reason!" cried the mob. "Vive the Queen of Love and Beauty!"

Now it was that Ventrillon would have wept. Applauded in ridicule as she was, Carmen was smiling with the vanity of triumph. The mob screamed, and Carmen bowed right and left like a queen receiving homage. The mob yelled again. The heavens rang with laughter and the hysterical screams of women.

But Ventrillon had no time for weeping.

"Carmen," he whispered suddenly, "here are at least a thousand francs. When I give the sign, vamose with them. You are going to the country at last."

"None of this is true," said Carmen; "it cannota be."

Then suddenly a new cry arose. The hilarity stopped short, crushed into silence beneath the awful earnestness of that first distant yell. The excitement persisted, but it had become sinister. Tragedy was afoot.

"The *gens d'armes!* The police! They have guns! They are going to shoot!"

Terror struck the mob. "It is necessary to resist," yelled a voice, and a new leader had arisen. They turned away from the taxi and cried:

"Resist! We must resist! Barricades! Arm yourselves! We must have arms! Down with the gendarmes!"

Ventrillon turned pale. Was the greatest joke the city of Paris had ever known to end like this? Somebody had made a fatal mistake. It was evident that the police believed a genuine insurrection had taken place.

"Down with the gendarmes!" shrieked the mob. "Assassinate the gendarmes!" The temper of the mob did not help matters.

Ventrillon's inspiration came like a bolt from the blue.

"Comrades of the soviets of Montmartre!" he bellowed, and silence fell.

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"'Proletariat of Montmartre,' he bellowed"

"We must resist," shouted the new leader. "Annihilate the gendarmes!"

An angry murmur began again to rise.

"Silence!" roared Ventrillon, and there was silence.

"The comrade has spoken well," he said. "We must annihilate the gendarmes; but how shall we strike them? We have not the guns to shoot them down. The gendarmes are gendarmes, it is true; but they are human. Let us attack their humanity. What, comrades, is the essential requisite of humanity? You do not know, but I shall inform you. The chief requisite of humanity is *beer*. *Beer*, comrades. We shall attack them with beer! Have we not socialized the cabaret of the Leaping Mole? The beer of the Leaping Mole is ours. Let us take possession. Now, listen! Here is the plan

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of attack. Choose the prettiest girls of Montmartre. Let them carry beer into the ranks of the gendarmes. The humanity of the gendarmes will succumb, and, comrades, the gendarmes are ours!"

"*Oh, la la!*" screamed a girl, "that is amazing, that! Form a Battalion of Death! Forward march!"

"Forward, the Battalion of Death!" cried Ventrillon. "*En avant!*"

The women poured into the cabaret of the Leaping Mole and overpowered the proprietor. They issued, bearing a veritable deluge of beer—beer in bottles, beer in glasses, beer in pitchers, beer in mugs, and two stalwart women bore a keg upon their shoulders.

"To the attack!" screamed the delighted throng.

§ 7

The entire company of gendarmes had now abandoned themselves to the mob, each with an arm about a pretty private from the newly organized Battalion of Death. Everywhere the beer flowed freely. The imprecations and angry commands thundered by their officers were of no avail. The gendarmes had become socialized; they were one with the proletariat. The soviets had triumphed.

A new yell arose and spread until it was upon the lips of all.

"The man on the taxi—for dictator of the commune!"

"He calls himself Ventri," screeched Carmen.

"Ventri for dictator! Ventri who saved us! Ventri, dictator of the commune of Montmartre!"

Ventrillon put up his hand. Again silence fell.

"I accept," he said nobly.

There came a thunder of cheers.

"The power of dictator," he went on, "is, as you know, absolute. My first order will affect the disposition of this, the first collection of the voluntary tax." (Deafening cheers.) "I dedicate it to the Goddess of Reason and her daughter, the dictatress of the commune!"

For a moment there was silence. Then the sound of the anger of the thwarted mob gathered.

"*Non! non!*" they cried, "free beer!"

"Ingrates!" shouted Ventrillon, "I have saved you from mutilation and death, and you refuse to obey? Do you not know that the high position of these ladies compels them to give great fêtes to the populace?"

A tremendous appreciative roar cut him off short. Ah, this witty dictator! So that was what he meant.

Ventrillon formally presented the hatfuls of money to Carmen, who accepted it with a bow. The mob went mad.

"Dance a round!" they screamed hysterically, "*Danser un rond! Danser!*"

Somebody started to sing "The Marseillaise," another began the old "Madélon" of the war; but these two songs succumbed beneath the roaring sound of another, which seemed to spring spontaneously from the lips of every one. The revolution had found its song—the song of Montmartre, the song which more than any other expresses the whole philosophy of Paris:

> Quand on est mort, on est foutu-u-u,
> Quand on est mort, on est—foutu!

"Now, Carmen," said Ventrillon—"now is the time to go. Fly before they find out the trick I have played them, or they 'll serve us all up with potatoes. Lose yourselves! Go!"

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The crowd had formed into circles, which, holding hands, were whirling deliriously.

"Monsieur," said the daughter of Carmen, timidly, "I do not want to go. I would stay with you, monsieur."

Ventrillon looked into those shining eyes and upon those flushed cheeks and upon those delicate, half-parted lips turned up to him.

"Truly," he thought, "she is more than pretty; she is ravishing." A strange light lay upon her face, and she stood on tiptoe, pushing her lips nearer his. Ventrillon grew dizzy.

From below came the roaring of that abandoned, cynical song:

For love is part of life, and we all must
profit by it.

"Oh, what a fool was that Saint Anthony!" said Ventrillon, and his lips went down, down—

"What did you say, monsieur?"

"I said, 'I told you once that I am a first cousin to Saint Anthony,'" he cried roughly and drew himself up again. "Now go! I have protected you to-day; may God protect you to-morrow!"

§ 8

Exhausted, lonely, with a terrible thirst and without a sou, Ventrillon made his way through the mad maze of that terrific dance to the cabaret of the Leaping Mole.

He found Freddy, the proprietor, stamping dazedly about the ruined shop, tearing at his long, white beard.

"I am ruined! ruined!" mumbled Freddy.

"Saluez!" called Ventrillon.

The old man looked up.

"Oh-h-h-h, it 's you! Will you look upon what you have done! Thou camel, thou cow, thou offspring found by monkeys in a cabbage! You have ruined me! *Oh, la-la, la-la, la-la!*"

"*Nom de dieu!*" swore Ventrillon, "are you not satisfied with being the proprietor of the most celebrated cabaret in Paris! From to-night the Leaping Mole is famous. To-morrow all Paris will fight to enter here, and you can charge them what you will. Your fortune is made, and I who have this night handled a thousand francs am *forché!* I am without a sou. You should go down on your knees and kiss my hand. I, Ventrillon, have rendered you a celebrity. In return for that I permit you to offer me a beer."

But Freddy, despite this burst of eloquence, made no move for the beer. He was plunged in thought. It was true; this night's work would be the sensation of Paris. The papers would be full of it on the morrow. Every broken article in his place was an added attraction to bring to it all Paris. All Paris—that strange social unit of adventurers, idlers, sensation-hunters, people of fashion, who scatter money right and left. But there was a greater attraction yet that he might show them. Why not the dictator of the commune himself?

"Listen, my friend," said Freddy. "You say that you have not a sou. *Eh b'en;* I will pay you a hundred francs a week to exhibit yourself in my cabaret every evening—"

"*Tonnerre de dieu!*" swore Ventrillon. He had not thought of that. The offer Freddy made him revealed to him the fact that lay behind it: he, Ventrillon, himself, was now the most conspicuous figure in Paris! The President of France was nothing; he even surpassed Landru, the man who married eighteen wives and then killed

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them all. One hundred francs! It was an insult. He would make Freddy "cough up."

"One hundred francs is not enough," said Ventrillon.

"Then what would you have me do?" said Freddy. "I am not a millionaire."

"One hundred francs is not enough," repeated Ventrillon, implacably.

"Then name your terms," said Freddy. "I will do what I can and no more."

"One hundred francs," said Ventrillon—"*and*—"

Freddy leaned on the back of a broken chair to steady his nerves to meet the shock.

"Free beer!"

"Agreed!" shouted Freddy. "Free beer!"

"The first to be delivered immediately," said Ventrillon. "I have been pretending that I am God; now I shall pretend that I am human. I satisfy my humanity."

Freddy handed him a beer, and Ventrillon drank.

"As a matter of fact," said he, "I am neither. I am a political genius."

"'Oh-h-h-h, it 's you! Will you look upon what you have done!'"

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Briton Blood and Gipsy Instinct

From "The Book of Jack London"

By CHARMIAN LONDON

§ 1

I MUST speak of the spirit in which I approach the telling of the story, the full story, of Jack London's life and adventures, before I set down the facts of an ancestry that gave him his rugged soul and restless spirit. Here in his own workroom, at his own work-table, which, like himself, is deep-grained, beautiful, unshamming even to its rugged knots and imperfections, I write of the Jack London whom I knew.

"That one of us should go before the other is *unthinkable*," he often said. Or, "It is beyond my imagining that I should ever be without you. By rights we should go out together in some bright hazard—gallant shipwreck in a shouting, white gale, or shoulder to shoulder in some forgotten out-land where the red gods have called us." And again, "If I should go first, it would be for you to write of me—if you dare be honest.

"But you could hardly do it," he would add. "I fear you 'd not want to write of my shortcomings, which you know only too well, and your work would be valueless without them. Also, neither you nor I, unless it should be when I am very old and when others are gone past wounding, can write without restraint of the very circumstances and characters that helped to make or mar me. And, anyway, my dear," was his familiar conclusion, "I 'm going to live a hundred years, because I want to; and I 'm going to beat you to it some day and write my own book of myself, and call it 'Jack Liverpool,' and it 's going to make everybody sit up."

In some such fashion we would speculate, perhaps riding over the Beauty Ranch, lying on the slant deck of a ship in the trades, or tooling our alert four-in-hand across a mountain-range.

I warn, therefore, that this "Book of Jack London" is written only for those sincere and open-minded folk who want to know the real and living facts that I can tell. So unusual a man should be honored with an unusual biography, and mine is bound to be frank beyond the ordinary, since I must approach it with frankness or do a spurious piece of work. I do not minimize the criticism to which I subject myself, but my philosophy is of a sort that transcends fear on this score.

But only name him, and forthwith a thousand vivid, trenchant thoughts clamor for delivery. Even more sharply than during his life I now realize how he was eternally whelmed by surging ideas whenever his embracing mind laid hold of a theme. Often and often I have seen him near despair at the impossibility of capturing and holding for presentment to his listener the myriad related

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thoughts that crowded hard under a single impelling one.

§ 2

The material at my hand is manifold and priceless. Much of it I shall forego, lest I wound where he hesitated to wound. But within limitations, dictated by like consideration for those he spared, I must in simple justice to him bring to bear all possible illumination. If I, of all biographers, assume a "dignified," conservative, too-proud-to-explain pose concerning this intimate soul, who of his admirers, misled, or at best puzzled by popular misreport, and desiring more light upon his personality, is to acquire what only I have to offer? Since he went out in the midday of his brave years, I have sensed him with still subtler clarity. I summon the dear ghosts of all he has meant to me, all heritage from him of unclouded vision, purpose, straightness of speech; whatever I have meant to him. All these I beg to help me in my loving and difficult task. For at the outset I am appalled by the task ahead of me. Almost it looks a vain endeavor, one I should far better abandon, and confine my revelation to the commonplace, if commonplace can be found in such a life, lest I court failure by reaching too wide and deep.

In reviewing what was in our long run a rainbow trail round the curve of the world, though I shall try to write from the height of my head, making honest this document, as he would have it, without sainting his humanness, I know I shall find myself most often directed from the depth of my heart toward a bountiful estimate of his abounding lovableness, charm, and variety.

I should be glad if I could believe that he, friend, lover, and husband for a dozen rich years, were now consciously standing over me, guiding my pen, his pen, with which I begin his portrait, glad for my own sake, at the same time decrying the selfishness to stay him one moment from that Field of Ardath that ever, to him, in his fairest hours, meant dreamless rest. But since I cannot even in his loss find hope and faith in what he did not believe for himself, for me, for any one, I can yet know that what of his gift there resides in my being from those long, comprehending years together drives brain and hand to lay what I may of him "cards up on the table," as he fearlessly played his own game of living.

Shortly after his death my already awakened mettle to write of him was spurred by the remark of an American author to a common friend, "Jack London was a far greater man than some of his intimates may let us know." I at least shall not merit this curious implication.

This, then, is my goal—to strive to expound him through the evaluations he placed upon himself, which untiringly he strove to make clear to me. I crave indulgence for that I must appear somewhat profusely in my own pages. Verily, in order to make a book about Jack London, I should have to make a book about myself, which, indeed, would be all about Jack London.

Here I give to the world my Jack London, a virile creature compounded of curiosity and fearlessness, the very texture of fine sensibility, the loving heart and discerning intuitions of a woman, an ardent brain, and a divine belief in himself. And since he was

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first and foremost his own man, I render, as nearly as may be in the premises, also his own Jack London. If I prove candid to a degree, let it be remembered that he would be the first to have it so.

§ 3

In sifting and assembling the details bearing upon Jack London's origin, the keen enjoyment of serving his readers joins with a keener zest in singing his pride of race, sounding the pæan, manifest throughout his work, of his very own Anglo-Saxon breed, upon which he gambled his faith. And the pleasure increases as additional verification is uncovered bearing upon his direct British ancestry.

From the heart of the city of London there sprang two large families that bore the city's name, one of which branches was from Semitic seed, as witness Meyer London, erstwhile Socialist congressman, and many another in America; while in England one of my correspondents is a Jewess whom I address as "Mrs. Jack London."

Of the Gentile group, the first person in my available record is Sir William London, who foreswore allegiance to Great Britain and betook himself to America. Here, under General George Washington, he fought valiantly for his ideals, thereby sacrificing no mean estates in the tight little island; for these were promptly confiscated by the jealous crown, and thereafter figured conspicuously in the mill of chancery. I can remember Jack London saying, "One of my childhood recollections is of mysterious sessions held by my mother and father, from which I gathered that he had been approached across the water by the London heirs to lend a hand in fighting for his great-grandfather's seized properties."

Sir William London's son William named his son Manley, and Manley London became the sire of John London, with whom the direct life-story of Jack London begins. And these Londons, one and all, from the redoubtable knight down to and including his great-grandson John, took part in each and every warlike uprising for American liberty. It would not be out of place here to add that the last of the paternal line, nephews of Jack London, namely, Irving Shepard and John Miller, did their part on sea and land in this twentieth-century's greatest of all struggles.

John London, great-grandson of Sir William, first saw the light in Pennsylvania, on January 11, 1828. He grew up on a farm, receiving the education attainable in small rural schools nearly a century ago, while he learned the hard, practical way of agriculture at that early date.

He comes next into view, at the age of nineteen, as boss of a section gang in the construction of a great railroad system in Pennsylvania. One day, reporting at the big farm residence of an official of the road, one Hugh Cavett, the latter being absent, his daughter Anna Jane took the message. Eyes and hands struck fire, and in two weeks the pair were married; for John London was a bonnie lad, six feet in his homespun socks, square-shouldered, well-limbed, fine-skinned, with comely hands and feet, and a wealth of soft, wavy brown hair, one of Jack London's own physical characteristics. "Finest head of hair I ever barbered," old Barber Smith of San Francisco declared of John's luxuriant mane thirty years later. Like Jack's, John's

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wide-set, gray-blue, dancing eyes and sweeping ways were not to be resisted by mortal woman. What mattered it to him, when kind called to kind, that Anna Jane's father was his employer and a rich man? He was the owner of profitable farm-lands, stockholder in the Wheeling Bridge property, and an investor in various other lucrative schemes that were bringing fortunes to foreseeing men of Hugh Cavett's type. Besides, over and above the love that drew the man and maid so quickly together, was not the comely girl John's very ideal of a capable country-house mistress?

§ 4

After the wedding John London came to live for a time in the big house, where he began the founding of his own line, a generous contribution of eleven olive-branches, some sprouting twin-buds, to the family tree. He was absent frequently, sent out, I gather, by his father-in-law on business connected with the railroad. If the elder man was outraged at all by the forthright methods of the young couple in matters matrimonial, evidently he made the best of the situation and advanced the unexpected son-in-law in line with his abilities. Moreover, the sedately arriving yearly babies, beginning with Tom and Mary, could not fail to erase any last vestige of their grandfather's possible pique.

John London's lifelong gallantry is illustrated by a little incident that took place upon his home-coming from one of these trips. Finding his bride overstrained by the housewifely labor of entertaining for weeks a full complement of relatives, he expressed his solicitude by dismissing the whole tribe, stating his reasons, and then turned to and helped Anna Jane clear up after them. In quite another setting, half a century later, Jack London said to me:

"When we are married, much as I love an open house, if I cannot afford servants, we 'll live in tents, so there can't be any entertaining. No domestic drudgery for wife of mine. It 's your life and my life, first. Our need of each other lies in different ways than circumscribed domesticity."

Very congenial seem to have been John and Anna Jane. "No one ever saw Jane angry or disagreeable," reads the yellowed fragment of a letter, "nor John London cross or harsh. He was always protecting some one." A roving spirit characterized the London strain, and Anna Jane appears to have been in nowise backward in aiding and abetting its development in her spouse. From the fact that she is not mentioned in Hugh Cavett's will, and by other data, one is led to conclude that he had settled her portion upon her before she and John presently went adventuring up through Wisconsin with an eye for an abiding-place, thence drifting down to Illinois, where John's mother, a remarkable woman, managed her own stock-farm. Five sons she gave to the Civil War; meanwhile she continued to develop her holdings.

When John London enlisted in the War of the Rebellion, it was from a Missouri farm, and he, with one of his lungs out of action as the result of a combined siege of pneumonia and smallpox, left behind him Anna Jane with seven children. At the close of the war, taking his family, he migrated to a quarter section of government land in Muscatine County, Iowa, near the town of Moscow. When his wife

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was discovered with consumption, John arranged affairs so that he could devote himself to her, and it fell in with their mutual dreams to play at gipsying. For two years they moved over the prairies in a "schooner," and during this time John came into pleasant contact with the Pawnees, by whom he swore stoutly to his dying day. "Play fair with an Indian," he held, "and you can trust him with anything, anywhere. It 's wrong treatment that 's made sly devils of 'em."

With the redskins this born outdoors man hunted and trapped racoons and other prairie game, and in bee-hunting proved of keener sight than the aborigines in following to its honey store the flight of a homing worker. Later, when the Indians were camping near the farm, John branded his stock, and, unlike some of his neighbors, never lost a single head to any marauder. Play the game squarely, was his philosophy, and you stand to win.

§ 5

Early in the seventies John London found himself bereft of his mate, and with an exceptionally large family to consider. One of the sons, Charles, had been injured playing our national game, a ball catching him in the chest, and his father conceived a plan whereby he might leave the remaining youngest folk—three of the eleven had died—temporarily with the older sisters and willing neighbors, while he struck out farther West in the hope of benefiting the ailing boy. All was satisfactorily worked out, when John weakened to the wailing of Eliza and Ida, hardly more than babies. At the last moment a rearrangement was effected that included the pair, as well as two friends, Mr. and Mrs. Chase, who, in return for their expenses to California, were to assume the care of Charles and his two little sisters.

And John never again saw Iowa. Charles grew rapidly worse, and died eleven days after he looked upon his first ocean. The widower disposed of the farm, and with the proceeds established himself in a contracting business in San Francisco. Meantime he placed Eliza and Ida in the Protestant Orphan Asylum on Haight Street, paying for their living and tuition. Eliza London has always averred that the period spent in the quaint, moss-grown stone home was the happiest of her life, and with the tenaciousness of a devoted nature she had soon fastened her shy affection upon one of the teachers. Next she came to nourish a fond hope that her beloved papa would share her own adoration for "teacher," and bring to his girls a new mother. But she was doomed to secret sorrow and tears, for papa, although never blind to a pretty face and womanly traits, was even then under the influence of a wholly different person.

Many a smart beau of that winsome light-opera star of the long ago, Kate Castleton, will smile with awakened memories to learn that a sweet friendship existed between the lovable young singer and the big, quiet, long-bearded man from the Middle West who had such a way with him. But it was not she, and another ardent desire of the wee Eliza, who still wore a ring her idol had sent her, went glimmering with the first; for the lady of her father's second choice in life was not beautiful. And Eliza, who did not consider lovely her own small, expressive face, with its deep-blue, black-lashed London eyes, worshiped beauty, and little

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considered other possible attractiveness in herself or those about her.

Now, the widower, ever alert to new impressions from the world's limitless abundance, had strayed from his more or less strict Methodist outlook and observances and had become enamoured of the doctrines of a spiritualistic cult. Among the devout sisters of this group of seekers after truth he met Flora Wellman, a tiny, fair woman in her early thirties, hailing from Massillon, Ohio. Once more in the London fashion John wasted no moment in binding to him his desire.

The next visiting day at the orphanage, on which he had planned to escort his betrothed to meet his daughters, found him ill; and when the unsuspecting Eliza and Ida were bidden to the stiff reception-room, imagine their astonishment to see an unknown woman, hardly above their own height, and with short-cropped hair, rise and announce that she was to be their new mother.

§ 6

In Jack London's heritage through his mother, again the blood of Great Britain predominates, for Flora Wellman's ancestry leads back to England and Wales, and includes strains of French and Dutch.

Flora, born August 17, 1843, was the youngest child of Marshall Wellman. Her mother, Eleanor Garrett Jones, had married Marshall in 1832. Her father, a devout circuit-rider of Welsh extraction, called "Priest" Jones, well beloved and valued adviser to the country-side, had been a pioneer settler and upbuilder of Ohio when that State was thought of as the whole West. He passed away an honored member of Wooster's society, full of good works, and incidentally leaving a comfortable fortune to his heirs.

The little girl was nurtured in an atmosphere of luxury and culture; and that no due family observance might be neglected, Marshall Wellman even summoned a portrait-painter from New York, who immortalized all the members of the household on his canvases.

"Few mothers of great men have been happy women," some one has written, and Flora Wellman seems to have been no exception. Capacity for happiness may have been a part of her heritage, but fate was extraordinarily cruel. Somewhere around her thirteenth year, I have it from her, she fell victim to a fever that physically stunted her, and probably accounted for her short, sparse hair and for certain melancholic tendencies. "I cannot remember the day when my mother was not old," Jack London more than once declared, while relatives, and friends of long standing, have asserted in her advanced years, "She has always been very much as you see her now." It would seem that the fever almost entirely robbed the unfortunate young soul of youth and gladness. Her eyes were ever fixed upon decline and dissolution, or peering into the hereafter of her spiritualistic faith.

Jack London was born in San Francisco, California, on January 12, 1876. He weighed nine pounds, which was one tenth of his mother's weight. She called him John Griffith, the middle name being in memory of Griffith Everhard, a favorite nephew. The Londons having no formal church affiliations, the infant was never christened, and answered to "Johnny" until the day when deliberately he selected, and made splendidly his own, the terse

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British name that has girdled the world wherever books, adventure, and abundant life are known.

The house in which he first made himself audible was at Third and Bryant streets, occupied by the Slocums, friends of Flora, the master of the home being a prosperous member of a well-known printing establishment. Contrary to the more or less general belief that Jack London was born in a shanty on a sand-lot, the dwelling was a large and not inelegant one, for this had been a fashionable neighborhood in the changing fortunes of the gay Western metropolis, and had not yet lapsed into the subsequent "south of Market" social disfavor.

Unluckily, Flora was unable long to nourish her lusty babe, and he speedily grew thin and blue. John London looked about and discovered among the men working for him one whose wife had lost her latest born and who was willing to become wet-nurse to the white child. Mrs. Prentiss was a full-blooded negress, and proud of it. Now she became "Mammy Jenny" to an appreciative foster-son whose faithful and affectionate care she was until his death; since then I have as naturally assumed the trust, over and above the provisions of his last will and testament.

It was a veritable cherub that the black woman undertook to mother in her essential capacity, white as snow, exquisitely modeled, with dimpled hands and feet surprisingly small for his firm, plump torso. He soon became pink-cheeked, with eyes of violet, his seraphic face haloed in white-gold ringlets too fragile-fine to seem real to the worshiping African, the devotion of whose bereaved heart was instant and abiding toward the "teenty, helpless angel." In the Cloudesley Johns correspondence I find this from Jack: "Hair was black when I was born, then came out during an infantile sickness and returned positively white—so white that my negress nurse called me 'cotton ball.'"

Later, to an epidemic of diptheria was due the exodus of the Londons from San Francisco. The baby fell a victim, followed by his shadow, Eliza, agonizing doubly on his account; while the terrified mother turned to and heroically nursed the two, as when a girl she had with deathly fear courageously brought through smallpox her sister Mary's son, Harry Everhard. To this day Eliza holds that a certain mortuary suggestion from her stepmother whipped her to consciousness and a winning fight for life. Both she and Johnny were lying in what the doctor pronounced a condition bordering upon dissolution. The exhausted, but thrifty, Flora asked him if it would be feasible to bury them in the same coffin, when the aroused girl opened her horrified eyes and feebly, but unmistakably, protested.

The physician, having proved a poor judge of their resistance, dropped back upon the time-honored recommendation of a sojourn in the country, and the first lap toward this end was merely to the large San Francisco suburb of Oakland, to the east, across the bay, that wide expanse of capricious waters that set in Jack London's eyes the far look of the Argonaut. Thus Oakland, in the County of Alameda, for him came to be the center to which he always referred as his home town, from which he fared forth to the adventures in which he recaptured the spirit of romance for a growingly blasé civilization.

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Falls of Fautaua

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I Walk With a Princess

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Drawing, from photograph, by W. Fletcher-White

THE falls of Fautaua, famed in Tahitian legend, are exquisite in beauty and surrounding, and so near Papeete that I walked to them and back in a day. Yet hardly any one goes there. For those who have visited them they remain a shrine of loveliness, wondrous in form and unsurpassed in color. Before the genius of Tahiti was smothered in the black and white of modernism, the falls, and the valley in which they are, were the haunt of lovers who sought seclusion for their pledgings.

A princess accompanied me to them. She was not a daughter of a king or queen, but she was near to royalty, and she herself as aristocratic in carriage and manner as was Oberea, who loved Captain Cook. I danced with her at a dinner given by a consul, and when I spoke to her of *Loti's* visit to Fautaua with *Rarahu*, she said in French:

"Why do you not go there yourself with a *Rarahu*? Loti is old and an admiral, and writes now of Egypt and Turkey and places soiled by crowds of people; but *Rarahu* is still here and young. Shall I find her for you?"

I looked at her and boldly said:

"I am a stranger in your island, as was *Loti* when he met *Rarahu*. Will you not yourself show me Fautaua?"

She gave a shrill cry of delight, and in the frank, sweet way of the Tahitian girl replied:

"We will run away to-morrow morning. Wear little, for it will be warm, and bring no food."

"I will obey you literally," I said, "and you must find manna or charm ravens to bring us sustenance."

I had coffee opposite the marketplace in the shop of Wing Luey, and chatted a few moments with Prince Hineo, the son of the Princesse de Joinville, who would have been king had the French not ended the Kingdom of Tahiti. No matter what time Hineo lay down at night, he was up at dawn for the market and his early roll and coffee and his converse with the sellers and the buyers. There once a day for an hour the native in Papeete touched the country folk, and renewed the ancient custom of gossip in the cool of the morning.

The princess—in English her familiar Tahitian name, Noanoa Tiare, meant Fragrance of the Jasmine—was in the Parc du Bougainville, by the bust of the first French circumnavigator.

"*Ia ora nat*," she greeted, me. "Are you ready for adventure?"

She handed me a small, soft package, with a caution to keep it safe and dry. I put it in my inside pocket.

The light of the sun hardly touched the lagoon, and Moorea was still shrouded in the shadows of the expiring night. As we walked down the beach, the day was opening with the "morning bank," the masses of white clouds that gather upon the horizon

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before the trade-wind begins its diurnal sweep, to shift and mold them all the hours till sunset.

Fragrance of the Jasmine was in a long and clinging tunic of pale blue, with low, white shoes disclosing stockings also of blue, and wore a hat of pandanus weave. She carried nothing, nor had I anything in my hands, and we were to be gone all day. I regretted that I had not lingered longer with Prince Hinoe over the rolls and coffee.

We fared past the merchants' stores, the Cercle Bougainville, and the steamship wharf, and over the Pont de l'Est, or Eastern bridge, to Patutoa. The princess pointed out to me many wretched straw houses, crowded in a hopeless way. They were like a refugee camp after a disaster, impermanent, uncomfortable, barely holding on to the swampy earth. One knew the occupants to be far from their own Lares and Penates.

"Those are the habitations of people of other islands," she said. "The people of the Paumotus, the Australs, and of Easter Island settled there. They were brought here by odious labor contractors, and died of homesickness. Those men murdered hundreds of them to gain *un peu d'argent*, a handful of gold. *Eh b'en*, those who did it have suffered. They have faded away, and most of their evil money, too. *Aue!*"

The church of the curious Josephite religion was near by, and in the mission house attached to it I saw the American preachers of the sect.

"What do they preach?" I asked Noanoa Tiare.

"Those missionaries, the Tonito? Oh, they speak evil of the Mormons. I do not know how they speak of God." She laughed. "I am not interested in religions," she explained. "They are so difficult to understand. Our own old gods seem easier to know about."

We had arrived at the part of the beach into which the broad avenue of Fautaua debouched.

The road was beside the stream of Fautaua, and arching it were magnificent dark-green trees, like the locust-trees of Malta. This avenue was in the middle of the island, and looking through the climbing bow of branches I saw Maiauo, the lofty needles of rock which rise black-green from the mountain plateau and form a tiara, Le Diadème, of the French. A quarter of an hour's stroll brought us to a natural basin into which the stream fell. It was of it that Julien Viaud, shortly after he had been christened Loti, wrote:

> The pool had numerous visitors every day; beautiful young women of Papeete spent the warm tropical days here, chatting, singing and sleeping, or even diving and swimming like agile gold fish. They went here clad in their muslin tunics, and wore them moist upon their bodies while they slept, looking like the naiads of the past.

We were already warm from walking, and I, in my *pareu* and light coat of pongee silk, looked longingly at the water sparkling in the sun; but the princess took me by the hand and led me on.

"It were better to go directly up the valley and out of the heat," she advised. "We shall have many pools to bathe in."

It was at the next that I took from my pocket "Rarahu, ou le mariage de Loti," a thin, poorly printed book in pink paper covers that I had possessed

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since boyhood, and which I had read again on the ship coming to Tahiti. The princess, like all reading Tahiti, knew it better than I, for it was the first novel in French with its scenes in that island, and for more than forty years had been talked about there.

"Here at this pool," she said, with her finger on the page, "*Loti* surprised *Rarahu* one afternoon when for a red ribbon she let an old and hideous Chinese kiss her naked shoulder. *Mon dieu!* that French naval officer made a *bruit* about a poor little Tahitian girl! We will talk about her when we are at *déjeuner*."

"*Déjeuner!* Ah, my heart leaped. Whence would the luncheon come! Had this child of Tahiti arranged beforehand that she should be met by a jinn with sandwiches and cakes? I dared not ask.

We pushed on, and passed many residences of natives. They were almost all of European construction,—board cottages,—because the houses of the native sort are forbidden within the municipal limits. Beyond them we saw no houses. The Tahitian families were cooking their breakfasts, brought from the market, on little fires outside their houses. They all smiled, and called to us to partake with them.

"*Ia ora na. Haere mai amu.*"

"Greeting. Come eat with us."

They looked happy in the sunshine, the smoke curling about them in milky wreaths, the men naked except for *pareus*, and the children quite as born. Fragrance of the Jasmine answered all with pleasant badinage, and every one must know whither we were bound. They thought it not at all odd, apparently, that a princess of their race should be going to the waterfalls with a foreigner, and they beamed on me to assure me of their interest and understanding.

The broad avenue lessened into a broken road, roofed by many kinds of trees. Though the sun ascended from the ocean on the other side of Tahiti above the fantastic peak of Maiauo, it had not shed a beam upon the ferns and mosses. The guava was a dense growth. Like the lantana of Hawaii and Ceylon, imported to Tahiti to fill a want, it had abused hospitality, and become a nuisance without apparent remedy. How often man works but in circles! Everywhere in the world plants and insects, birds and animals, had been pointed out to me that had been acquired for a beneficent purpose, and had become a curse.

The mina-bird was brought to Tahiti from the Moluccas to eat wasps that came from South America, and were called Jack Spaniards. The mina, perhaps, ate the insects, but he also ate everything else, including fruit. He stole bread and butter off tables, and his hoarse croak or defiant rattle was an oft-repeated warning to defend one's food. The minas were many in Tahiti, and, like the English sparrow in American cities and towns, had driven almost all other birds to flight or local extinction. The sparrow's urban doom might be read in the increasing number of automobiles, but the mina in Tahiti, as in Hawaii, had a sinecure.

Noanoa Tiare said that the guava had its merits. Horses and cattle ate its leaves and fruit, and the wood was a common fuel throughout Tahiti. The fruit was delicious, and in America or England would be all used for jelly, but only Lovaina, the mistress of the Tiare Hotel, preserved it. The passion-

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flowers of the granadilla vines, white and star-like, with purpling centers, were intermingled with the guavas, a brilliant and aromatic show, the fruit like miniature golden pumpkins. Their acid, sweetish pulp contained many seeds, each incased in white jelly. One ate the seeds only, though the pulp, when cooked, was palatable.

The road dwindled into a narrower path, and then into a mere trail. The road had crossed the brook many times on frail bridges, some tottering and others only remnants. Habitations ceased, and we were in a dark, splendid gorge, narrow, and affording one no vision straight ahead except at intervals.

The princess named many of the growths we passed, and explained their qualities. The native is very close to the ground. The lantana, with its yellow and magenta flowerets, umbrella ferns, and *aihere*, the *herbe de vache*, and the bohenia, used by the Tahitians for an eye lotion, were all about. Palms, with cocoanuts of half a dozen stages of growth, and giant banana-plants lined the banks, and bushes with blue flowers, like violets, and one with red buttons, intermingled with limes and oranges to form a thicket through which we could hardly force our way.

We were yet on the level of the rivulet, but now, the princess said, must take to the cliff. We had come to a pool which in symmetry and depth, in coolness and invitingness, outranked all before. I was very hot, the beads of perspiration like those in a steam-room.

"We will rest here a few minutes, and you may bathe," said my lovely guide. "I have not been to Fautaua *vaimato* for several years, but I never forget the way. I will make a basket, and here we will gather some fruit for our *déjeuner* for fear there might not be plenty at the waterfalls."

I took off my tennis-shoes, hung my silk coat on a limb, and plunged into the pool. Never except in the tropics does the human being fully enjoy the dash into cool water. There it is a tingling pleasure. I dived time and again, and then sat in the small glitter of sunlight to dry and to watch Noanoa Tiare make the basket. She said she had a wide choice there, as the leaves of the banana, cocoanut, bamboo, pandanus, or *aihere* would serve. She had selected the *aihere*, the common weed, and out of its leaves she deftly fashioned a basket a foot long and wide and deep.

Although she had been in Paris and London and in New York, knew how to play Beethoven and Grieg and St.-Saëns, had had gowns made by Paquin, and her portrait in the salon, she was at home in this glade, like a Tahitian girl of a hundred years ago. The airs of the avenue de l'Opéra in Paris, and, too, of the rue de Rivoli in Papeete, were rarefied in this simple spot to the impulses and experiences of her childhood in the groves and on the beaches of her beloved island.

When I had on my coat, we gathered limes, bananas, oranges, and a wild pineapple that grew near by in a tangle of coffee and vanilla, and the graceful acalypha. The yellow *tecoma*, a choice exotic in America, shed its seeds upon the sow thistle, ear plant, and the roots, as big as war-clubs, are tubers that take the place of potatoes here. In Hawaii, crushed and fermented and called *poi*, they were ever the main food. The juice of the leaf stings one's skin.

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The princess removed her shoes and stockings, and I carried them over my shoulder. We deflected from the rivulet to the cliff above it, and there forced our way along the mountain-side, feeling almost by instinct the trail hidden by the mass of creepers and plants.

It was a real jungle. Man had once dwelt there when his numbers in this island were many times greater. Then every foot of ground from the precipices to the sea was cleared for the breadfruit, the *taro*, the cocoanut, and other life-giving growths, which sowed themselves and asked no cultivation. Now, except for the faint trail, I was on primeval ground, from all appearances.

The cañon grew narrower and darker. The undefined path lay inches deep in water, and the levels were shallow swamp. Nature was in vast luxuriance, in a revel of aloofness from human beings, casting its wealth of blazing colors and surprising shapes upon every side. We slid down the edge of the hill to the burn, where the massive boulders and shattered rocks were camouflaged by the painting of moss and lichen, the ginger, turmeric, caladium, and dracæna, and by the overhanging palms covered with the rich bird's-nest ferns.

We sat again in this wild garden of the tropic to invite our souls to drink in the beauty and quietude, the absence of mankind, and the nearness of nature. We became very still, and soon heard the sounds of bird and insect above the lower notes of the brawling stream.

The princess put her finger on her lips and whispered in my ear:

"Do you hear the warbling of the *omamao* and the *otatare?* They are our song-birds. They are in these high valleys only, for the mina has frightened them from below—the mina that came with the ugly Chinese."

"Noanoa Tiare," said I, "you Tahitians are the birds of paradise of the human family. You have been driven from the rich valleys of your old life to hills of bare existence by the minas of commerce and politics. I feel like apologizing for my civilization."

She pressed my hand.

"*Taisez-vous!*" she replied smilingly. "*Aita peapea.* I am always happy. Remember I still live in Tahiti, and this is my time. My foremothers' day is past. *Allons;* we will be soon at the *vaimato*, and there we will have the *déjeuner.*"

As we moved on I saw that the yellow flowers of the *purau*, dried red by the sun,—poultices for natives' bruises,—and candlenuts in heaps,—torches ready to hand,—littered the moss.

The mountain loomed in the distance, and the immense Pic du Français towered in shadow. Faintly, I heard the boom of the waterfall, and knew we were nearing the goal.

The cañon grew yet narrower and darker, and the crash of water louder. We had again attained a considerable height over the stream, and the trail seemed lost. The princess took my hand, and cautiously feeling the creepers and plants under our feet, we slipped and crept down the hidden path. Suddenly, the light became brilliant, and I found myself in a huge broken bowl of lava rock, the walls almost vertical. From the summit of the precipice facing me fell a superb cascade into a deep and troubled tarn. The stream was spun silver in the sun, which now was warm and splendid.

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So far it fell that much of it never reached the pool as water, but, blown by the gentle breeze, a moiety in spume and spray wet the earth for an acre about. Like the veil of a bride, the spindrift spread in argent clouds, and a hundred yards away dropped like gentle rain upon us. Verdure covered everything below except where the river ran from the tarn and hurried to the lesser things of the town. The giant walls, as black as the interior of an old furnace, were festooned with magnificent tree ferns, the exquisite maidenhair, lianas, and golden-green mosses, all sparkling in the sun with the million drops of the *vaimato*.

We withdrew a few paces from the vapor and found a place on the edge of the brook to have our fruit and, perhaps, a siesta. A carpet of moss and green leaves made a couch of Petronian ease, and we threw ourselves upon it with the weariness of six miles afoot uphill in the tropics. It was not hot like the summer heat of New York, for Tahiti has the most admirable climate I have found the world over, but at midday I had felt the warmth penetratingly. Noanoa Tiare made nothing of it, but suggested that we both leap into the tarn.

She retired behind a bird's-nest fern, on the long, lanceolate leaves of which were the shells of the mountain snail. At her feet was the bastard canna, the pungent root of which makes Chinese curry.

When she emerged, she was an amazing and enchanting personage. She had removed her gown, and wore a *pareu* of muslin, with huge scarlet leaves upon white. She was tall and beautifully formed, but she had made the loin-cloth, two yards long and a yard wide, cover her in a manner that was modest, though revealing. It was the art of her ancestors, for this was the shape of their common garment of *tapa*, a native cloth. With a knot or two she arranged the *pareu* so that it was like a chemise, coming to a foot above her knees and covering her bosom.

Her black, glossy hair was loose and hung below her waist, and upon it she had placed a wreath she had quickly made of small ferns. That was their general custom, to adorn themselves when happy and at the bath. The eyes of Fragrance of the Jasmine were very large, deep brown, her skin a coppery-cinnamon, with a touch of red in the cheeks, and her nose and mouth were large and well formed. Her teeth were as the meat of the cocoanut, brilliant and strong. Her limbs were rounded, soft, the flesh glowing with health and power. She was of that line of Tahitian women who sent back the first European navigators, the English, to rave about an island of Junos, the French to call Tahiti La Nouvelle Cythère—the new isle of Venus.

I had but to tie up my own *pareu* of red calico with white leaves in the manner Lovaina had shown me to have an imitation of our usual swimming-trunks.

"*Allons!*" cried the princess, and running toward the waterfall, she climbed up the cliff to a height of a dozen feet, and threw herself, wreathed as she was, with a loud "*Aue!*" into the pool.

I followed her, and she dived and swam, brought up bottom, treaded water, and led me in a dozen exercises and tricks of the expert swimmer. The water was very cool, and ten

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minutes in it, with our sharpening hunger, were enough delight. Fragrance of the Jasmine, as she came dripping from water and lingered a few moments on the brink, was a rapturous object. With unconscious grace she flung back her head many times to shake the moisture from her thick hair, and ran her fingers through it until the strands were fairly separated. The *pareu* disclosed the rounded contour of her figure as if it were painted upon her. She was one of those ancient Greek statues, those semi-nudes on which the artists painted in vivid tints the blush of youth, the hue of hair, and a shadow of a garment. She entranced me, and I called out to her, *"Nehenehé!"* "Beautiful!"

She ran to her boudoir behind the bird's-nest fern, and soon returned in her tunic, still barefoot, and with her *pareu* in her hand for drying on a rock. She brought two wreaths now, and put one upon me. We resumed our couches upon the greensward, and the princess laid the basket of fruit between us.

"Maintenant pour le déjeuner!" she said.

We ate the bananas first, and then the pineapple, which we cut with a sliver of basalt,—we were in the stone age, as her tribe was when the whites came, —and last the oranges. She made cups of leaves and filled them with water, and into them we squeezed the limes for a toast.

"Inu i te ota no te!" she said and lifted her cup. "A health to you! He who eats the *fei* passes under a spell; he must return again to the islands. Have you eaten the *fei?*"

"Not yet, Princess," I replied.

"There they are in abundance on the hillsides," she said. "Look! If we had fire, I would roast one for you, but to-morrow will be another day."

The *fei*, the mountain banana, the staple of the Tahitian, was there aplenty. The plant or stalk was that of the banana, but very dark at the base, and the leaves thicker. The fruit was two or three times as large, and red, and a striking difference was that it was placed on the bunches erect, while bananas hang down from the stem.

I drank to her increasing charm, and I told her how much the beauty and natural grace of the Tahitians appealed to me; how I intended to leave Papeete and go to the end of the island to be among the natives only; that I had remained this long in the city to learn first the ways of the white in the tropics, and then to gain the contrast by seeking the Tahitian as nearly as possible in his original habitat.

Noanoa Tiare took the orange-peel and rubbed it upon her hair.

"Noanoa!" she said. *"Mon ami américain*, I will give you a note to Aruoehau a Moeroa, the *tavana*, or chief of Mataiea district, and you can stay with him. You will know him as Tetuanui. He will gladly receive you, and he is wise in our history and our old customs. Do not expect too much. We ate in the old day the simple things at hand, fish and breadfruit, *feis* and cocoanut milk, mangoes and bananas and oranges. Now we eat the dirty and prepared food of the Tinito, the Chinaman, and we depend on coffee and rum and beer for strength. The thin wheat bread has no nourishment compared with the breadfruit and the *fei*, the yam

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and the *taro*. And clothes! The fools taught us that the *pareu*, which left the body exposed to the air, clean and refreshed by the sun and the winds, was immodest. We exchanged it for undershirts and trousers and dresses and shoes and stockings and coats, and got disease and death and degeneration.

"You are late, my friend," the princess went on, with a note of pity in her soft voice. "My mother remembered the days Loti depicted in 'Rarahu.' My grandmother knew little Rarahu of Bora-Bora of whom he wrote. Viaud was then a midshipman. We did not call him Loti, but Roti, our coined word for a rose, because he had rosy cheeks. But he could not call himself Roti in his novel, for in French, his language, that meant roasted, and one might think of *bœuf à la rôti*. We have no 'l' in Tahitian."

She lay at full length, her uptilted face in her hands, and her perfect feet raised now and then in unaware accentuation of her words.

"What Tahitian women there were then! Read the old French writers! None was a pigmy. When they stood under the waterfall the water ran off their skins as off a marble table. Not a drop stayed on. They were as smooth as glass."

Fragrance of the Jasmine sighed.

"Aue! Hélas!"

I had it in my mouth to say that she was as beautiful and as smooth-skinned as any of her forebears. She was as enticing as imaginable, her languorous eyes alight as she spoke, and her bare limbs moving in the vigor of her thoughts. But I could not think of anything in French or English not banal, and my Tahitian was yet too limited to permit me to *tutoyer* her. She was an islander, but she had seen the Midnight Follies and the Bal Bullier, the carnival in Nice, and once, New Year's eve in San Francisco, an Italian and a Scandinavian prince had wooed her.

I spoke of Loti again, and of other writers' comments upon the attitude of women in Tahiti toward man.

The princess sat up and adjusted her *hei* of ferns. She studied a minute, and then she said:

"The Tahitian woman makes the first advances in friendship openly, if she chooses. She arranges time and place for amours as your women do. She does not take from the Tahitian man or from the foreigner his right to choose, but she chooses herself, too. I feel sure that often an American woman would give hours of pain to know well a certain man, but makes no honest effort to draw him toward her. They have told me so."

I got up, and standing beside her, I quoted:

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing;
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice; then darkness again and a silence."

"Mais, c'est vrai," she said musingly. "The Tahitian woman will not endure that."

Her long, black lashes touched her cheeks.

"We are a little sleepy, *n'est-ce pas?*" she asked. *"B'en*, we will have a *taoto*."

She made herself a pillow of leaves with her *pareu*, and arranging her

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hair in two braids, she stretched herself out, with her face toward the sky, and a cool banana-leaf laid over it. I copied her action, and lulled by the falling water, the rippling of the pool, and the drowsy rustling of the trees, I fell fast asleep, and dreamed of Eve and the lotus-eaters.

When I awoke, the princess was refreshing her face and hands in the water.

"*A hio!* Look!" she said eagerly. "*O tane and O vahine!*"

In the mist above the pool at the foot of the cascade a double rainbow gleamed brilliantly. *O tane* is *the man*, which the Tahitians call the real arch, and *O vahine*, the woman, the reflected bow. They appeared and disappeared with the movement of the tiny, fleecy clouds about the sun. The air, as dewy as early morn in the braes o' Maxwelton, was deliciously cool.

But Fragrance of the Jasmine ended my reverie. She slapped her thigh.

"I dine and dance to-night at eight o'clock," she said. "*A rohi!* We must go! Besides, Maru, it grows cool here at night. The mercury goes to sixty of your thermometer."

We descended by the route we had come, picking up her shoes and stockings and our hats by our couch, and, with the princess leading, hurried along the obscuring trail. We passed a Tahitian youth who had been gathering *feis*, probably near the tarn, and who was bringing them to the market of the next morning. He was burdened with more than a hundred pounds of fruit, which he carried balanced on a pole over his shoulder, and with this he was to go seven or eight miles from their place of growth. He was a pillar of strength, handsome, glowing with effort, clad in a gorgeous *pareu* of red, and as we went by him, he smiled and said, "*Ia ora na. I hea? Vaimato?*"

"Greeting! Where have you been? The waterfall?"

"*E, hitahita.* Yes, we are hurrying back," the princess called vivaciously.

"Those are our real men, not the Papeete dolts," she said. "If we had time, we would catch shrimp in the river. I love to do that."

When we came to where the habitations began and the road became passable for vehicles, Noanoa Tiare sat down on a stone. She put on her pale-blue silk stockings and her shoes, and asked me for the package she had given me at starting. She unfolded it, and it was an *aahu*, a gown, for which she exchanged, behind a banana-plant, her soiled and drenched tunic. The new one was of the finest silk, diaphanous, and thus to be worn only at night. The sun was down, and the lagoon a purple lake when we were again at the bust of Bougainville.

I thanked her at parting.

"Noanoa Tiare," I said, "this day has a heavenly blue page in my record. It has made Tahiti a different island for me."

"Maru, *mon ami*, you are sympathetic to my race. We shall be dear friends. I will send you the note to Tetuanui, the chief of Mataiea, tomorrow. *Au revoir* and happy dreams."

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Bumping up to Rio

By HARRY A. FRANCK

§ 1

UP on the thirty-first parallel of south latitude, three hundred and sixty miles north of Montevideo, there is a town of divided allegiance, which is situated in both the smallest and the largest country of South America. When the traveler disembarks in it from the "Uruguay Central," he finds it is named for Colonel Rivera, the Custer of Uruguay, who made the last stand against the Charrúa Indians and was killed by them in 1832. But as he goes strolling along the main street, gazing idly into the shop-windows, he notes all at once that the signs in them have changed both in words and prices, that even the street has an entirely different name; for instead of being the "Calle Principal" it has become the "Rua Sete de Septembro," and suddenly he awakens to the fact that instead of taking a stroll in the town of Rivera, in the República Oriental del Uruguay, as he fancied, he has wandered into Santa Anna do Livramento, in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, in the United States of Brazil.

He is aware, too, that another atmosphere has suddenly grown up about him. Negroes and piccaninnies, and the unpainted makeshift shacks that commonly go with them, are scattered all over the landscape; oxen with the yokes on their necks rather than in front of their horns, each pair of animals tied together with leather thongs through holes in the ends of the horns, testify to a change from Spanish to Portuguese custom; instead of the pretty little plaza, with its well-kept promenades, its comfortable benches, and its well-tended flower plots that forms the center of Rivera or any other Spanish-American town that has the slightest personal pride, there is a *praça*, muddy, untended, seatless, and unadorned. The sun, too, has begun to bite again in a way unfamiliar in the countries of southern and temperate South America.

There is no definite line of demarcation between Rivera and Santa Anna do Livramento. The international boundary runs through the center of a foot-ball-field, and climbs up over a knoll on the top of which sits a stone boundary-post, the two countries rolling away together over plump hills densely green in color except where the enamel of nature has been chipped off to disclose a reddish, sandy soil similar to that in Asunción, Paraguay. Surely, Brazil, stretching for thirty-seven degrees of latitude from Uruguay to the Guianas, a distance as great as from Key West to the north of Labrador, with five thousand miles of Atlantic coast, and with a width of nearly as many degrees of longitude from Pernambuco to the Andes, covering considerably more space than the continental United States, is large enough so that its inhabitants need not have crowded their huts to the very edge of the boundary-line in this

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fashion, as if they were fleeing from their oppressive rulers, or were determined that little Uruguay should not thrust her authority an inch farther north.

§ 2

The daily train northward leaves Santa Anna at seven-thirty-five, which is seven by Uruguayan time, and I was dragged out of bed at an unearthly hour, in the midwinter days of June, to find the world weighed down under a dense, bone-soaking blanket of fog. The street lamps of both countries, judging daylight by the calendar rather than by the facts, kept going out just half a block ahead of me as I stumbled on through the impenetrable gloom, the streets by no means improving at the frontier. I might have crossed this without formality had I not chosen to wake the negro guard from a sound sleep in his kiosk and insist upon his doing his duty. One would fancy that an official stationed five feet from a Spanish-speaking country would pick up a few words of that language, yet these custom-house negroes professed not to understand a word of Spanish, no matter how much it sounded like their native Portuguese. At length, with a growl for having been disturbed, the swarthy guardian waved a hand at me in a bored, tropical way, drew his resplendent cloak about him again, and stretched out once more on his wooden bench.

It was a long mile of slippery mud and warm humidity to the station, where black night still reigned and where yet another African official came to *revisar* my baggage, for much contraband passes this frontier in both directions. Finally, something resembling daybreak forced its reluctant way through the gray mass that hung over and crept into everything, and our narrow-gage half-freight took to bumping uncertainly northward. What a change from the clean, comfortable, equal-to-anywhere trains of Uruguay! Even our *primeiro*, with its two seats on one side of the aisle and one on the other, was as untidy, unmended, and slovenly as the government railways of Chile, and every mile forward seemed to bring one that much nearer the heart of happy-go-lucky Latin America.

I wrapped myself in all the garments I possessed, regretting that I owned no overcoat, as we shivered jerkily onward across a wild, shaggy, mist-heavy country inhabited only by cattle and water, with all the morning no stopping-place except Rosario entitled to consider itself a town. I fell to reading the newspaper of a day or two before from Porto Alegre, the capital of this *estado gaucho*, or "cow-boy state," the southernmost of Brazil and considerably larger than the entire republic of Uruguay. As I could usually guess the meaning of the language spoken about me, so I read Portuguese as a man skates over thin ice: as long as I kept swiftly going, all was well; but if I stopped to examine a word closely, I was lost. The instant one steps over the line into Brazil he is surrounded by the Portuguese tongue, so like, yet so different from, the Spanish of the rest of South America. It is an unpleasant language to listen to, at least for the man long accustomed to Spanish, compared with which it is turgid, muddy, indistinct of sound, quite unlike the incisive, clear-cut Spanish. Yet the Brazilians are inordinately proud of it; so proud that although any Brazilian of human intelligence can understand Spanish if he

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wishes to, he frequently refuses to do so, as firms who have sent Spanish-speaking salesmen or catalogues in that tongue to Brazil have learned to their cost.

§ 3

About noon we tumbled out of our rattling conveyance at Cacequy, and took another train, on the line to Porto Alegre. It rambled in and about some very low hills, with an excellent grazing country spread out to the horizon on every hand, and at four, or, rather, sixteen o'clock, set us down at the considerable town of Santa Maria. I was privileged to occupy Room No. 1 in the chief hotel of the town, which was no doubt a high honor; but as it chanced to be situated between the front door of the building and the cobbled entrance corridor, with either window or door opening directly on crowds of impudent newsboys, lottery-venders, and servants, it was not unlike being between the devil—or at least a swarm of his progeny—and the deep sea. Indeed, it rapidly became evident that Brazilian hotels of the interior would prove no better than those in the three southern countries of South America. The meals never vary an iota, whether in the smallest backwoods town, the largest city outside the capital, or the dining-cars or station restaurants, beginning unfailingly with *fiambre*, or thin slices of cold meat, through several dishes of hot meat, down to the inevitable *dulce de membrillo*, or hard quince jelly, which is the sad ending of all meals. To increase my gloom, the thieving French madame, every glance from whom caused my thin pocket-book to writhe in agony, manipulated the items so cleverly that, though placards on the walls announced the rate as seven *milreis* a day, and I was there only from sunset until a little after sunrise, she handed me a bill for 13,500 *reis!*

Luckily, I had already weathered the first shock of the traveler who comes rudely into contact with the Brazilian money system. But as I paid the miser-faced old French proprietress in a daze, I went away to a quiet corner to figure up the exact extent of the disaster that had befallen me. On due reflection, however, it proved to be not quite so overwhelming as it had sounded. The monetary unit is the Portuguese *real*, though in theory only, for no such coin exists; hence in practice only the plural *reis* is used, and the unit is really the *milreis*, or one thousand *reis*. For some years the *milreis* had remained at the fixed value of fifteen to the English pound, or about 3250 *reis* to the American dollar. In larger transactions the unit is the *conto*, one million *reis*. Gold is never seen in circulation in Brazil. From the *milreis* to the *conto* there are paper notes, usually printed in New York, silver coins from five hundred to two thousand *reis*, and nickel pieces of four, two, and one hundred, the last the *tostão* of popular parlance. The Brazilian places his dollar-sign after the *milreis* and before the *reis*, so that 3$250 means the equivalent of a whole dollar, and the man who pays $500 for a newspaper or a small glass of iced cane-juice does not feel that he has been unusually extravagant, at least if he has lived long enough in Brazil to get the local point of view.

§ 4

The three southern states of Brazil are on an elevated plateau that makes them excellent cereal and fruit regions

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and well suited as a permanent habitation of the white race. All that portion of Brazil below Rio de Janeiro is of comparatively recent settlement. During the colonial period Portuguese energy was directed almost exclusively to the semi-tropical and tropical regions of the north, to Bahia and Pernambuco, where rich tobacco and sugar plantations could be worked with slave labor; to the gold and diamond lands of the interior, with their special attractions to impatient fortune-hunters. The splendid pasture-lands of the temperate zone were scorned by these eager adventurers; maps printed as late as 1865 bear across these southern provinces the words, "Unknown and inhabited by wild Indians."

The Germans, to be sure, had begun to appear before that. Barely had the exiled Emperor of Portugal settled down to rule his immense overseas domain in 1808, when he set about filling in its waste spaces by instituting a policy of inviting immigration which is to this day continued by the states themselves. For twenty-five years Teutonic settlers were established at many different points, chiefly in the two southernmost states. But in 1859 the German Government forbade emigration to Brazil. The original settlers are therefore long since dead, and the present inhabitants are of the third or fourth generation, born in Brazil and with little more than a traditional feeling for the fatherland. Yet this has remained much stronger and more general than in the United States, thanks both to segregation and to the weakness of the Brazilian environment. Not until 1896 was the German edict against emigration to Brazil removed, and by that time the southern states had attracted new settlers, particularly from Italy. The state of São Paulo, for instance, has built up her great coffee industry and her factory production chiefly on Italian immigration.

§ 5

The lines of southern Brazil could scarcely be made a real railroad in the American sense without complete rebuilding, for they squirm and twist and wind their way in constant agony over the lightly rolling country, seeking always the higher levels and never by any chance running for a yard straight forward. One of the employees asserted that when the line was surveyed, if a cow got in their way, the surveyors, rather than exert themselves to go and drive her off, moved the sextant. Less facetious officials explained that the engines were so weak that anything steeper than a one per cent. grade was avoided in the building. We wound so much that we had frequent views of the engineer and the fireman at their playful games in the cab; we darted from one side to the other so often that it would have been easy to suppose that they were in terror of the many wide-horned cattle scattered over the rolling landscape. The brakes were frequently called upon to keep us from running over the time-table; stations or crossings were so rare that the whistle was uncomfortably startling; at the rare places we did officially stop an extended argument usually arose between the station-master in his red cap and the trainmen in their blue ones as to when it would be fitting and advisable to push onward.

Beyond the large town of Passo Fundo appeared, first singly, then in roomy clusters, the splendid *pinheiro*,

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the slender, yet sturdy, Brazilian pine-tree, erect and entirely free from branches to the very top, from which these suddenly spread thickly out at right angles to the trunk in the form of a Japanese parasol. The *pinheiro* makes excellent lumber, being lighter, yet stronger, than our Northern pine; but above all it greatly beautifies the landscape. The rare small clumps of it in the hollows became more and more numerous until, at Erechim, we found ourselves in an entire forest of parasol pines, with an atmosphere strikingly like our Northern lumber woods.

I descended at Erebango to spend the Fourth with a fellow-countryman in charge of the construction of a branch railway line out through the "Colonia Quatro Irmãos." We boarded a hand-car pumped by four lusty Galicians, and struck out in company with the Jewish manager of the colony. Russian and Polish Jews, still in the winter garb in which they had crossed the Atlantic, were everywhere. Upon arrival, to every Jew was given a piece of land and some stock, the latter to be paid for some day, after he got his start. We pumped our way for an hour through the semi-tropical forest, here and there broken by clearings scattered with light-colored wooden houses. The unpainted little dwellings were tolerably clean, with cheap lace curtains, and some good school-houses were being built. But though some of them had been here for months, there was little evidence of any work being done by the colonists themselves. One got the impression that they preferred to live on the charity of the association and its wealthy sponsors rather than to indulge in physical exertion under the semi-tropical sun, and one wondered if it was possible to make a farmer of the Jew; whether the colonists would not have been more contented in selling things to one another.

§ 6

The tri-weekly train picked me up two days later. Hour after hour we rambled on in a leisurely tropical fashion. The water-tanks were not at the stations, but wherever streams gave a supply, thereby increasing the number of stops. At Marcellino Ramos we left the enormous "*gaucho* state" behind, and struck off across the narrow one of Santa Catharina, through which we followed the placid Rio do Peixe, or Fish River, for a hundred and sixty-five miles, passing several waterfalls. The wooded *serra* of Santa Catharina rose slightly into the sky, and on all sides the world was thickly clothed with *matta*, as jungle is called in Brazil, with here and there small clearings scattered with clusters of crude new shanties.

I was conscious of being frequently stalled on some slight grade during the night, yet when I finally awoke, in a cold, clear sunrise, we had crossed the River Iguassú into the state of Paraná, with an inter-tropical vegetation and many *serrarias*, or sawmills. Nearly all the morning we passed what I at first took to be small, wild orange-trees, some ten feet high, set in rows and trimmed, with very dark-green leaves not unlike those of the elm in shape. Toward noon I discovered that this was the *herva mate*, known to us as "Paraguayan tea," and the most important product of the states of Santa Catharina and Paraná, as cattle are of Rio Grande do Sul and coffee of São Paulo.

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The *herva mate* is an evergreen shrub which has its habitat exclusively in the temperate regions of eastern South America at an altitude of from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet. Belonging to the family of the holly, but without spiny leaves, the tree, or bush, averages some twelve feet in height, rarely reaching twice that. The only cultivation it demands is the cutting away of the groves about it. Each bush produces from its second or third year onward some two hundred pounds of leaves and branch ends, which are reduced in the *fabrica* to about half that amount. Harvest-time is from May to August, and all branches of less than half an inch in diameter are broken off, with the twigs and leaves, the mass submitted to the action of a quick fire for drying purposes and sent to the "factory." Here great sacks of sticks and leaves that have come in from the *sertão* go through a sort of stamping-mill, which beats them up almost to a powder, some of the largest sticks being removed; whereupon the product is wrapped in hundred-pound lots in wet, hairy cowhides, which shrink as they dry until the bundle is stone-hard. Great numbers of these deceptive-looking bales may be seen at the warehouses and stations in the *mate* states.

The product is cheaper than tea, though more leaves are needed for an infusion, for it has the advantage that it can be several times resteeped without loss, even with an increase in flavor and strength. Strangely enough, it has never made its way abroad, though foreigners in South America come to demand it as loudly as the natives. The concoction is a brownish-green in color, and has a bitter taste for the novice, which soon wears off. Its effect on the human system is beneficent. Though it is narcotic in influence, it has no after effects; but, on the contrary, has many medicinal properties, not the least of which are those of blood purifier, tonic, laxative, febrifuge, and stimulant to the digestive organs, annulling even the injurious effects of an exclusive meat diet. The per capita consumption of *mate* is ten pounds a year in Paraná, which exports vast quantities of it.

§ 7

The stations were usually mere stops at the foots of knolls on which were larger or smaller clearings and a few paintless, shiningly new shanties among the scanty trees and charred logs that marked the beginning of man's hand-to-hand struggle with the rampant wilderness. Line after line of the dark-green parasol pine-trees lay one behind the other, growing blue-black on the far horizon. The intense respiration of the jungle and scores of hard, red ant-hills a foot or two high suggested our growing proximity to the real tropics. Every night the sun sank blood-red into the spaceless *sertão*, the pine-trees standing out against the blushing sky after all else had turned black, the moon a silver blotch through the rising mist, or casting into bright relief all the unbroken *matta*.

Nearly one half of Brazil consists of an immense plateau between two and three thousand feet above sea-level, falling abruptly into the Atlantic, and gradually flattening away northwestward into the great Amazon basin, locally known as *Amazonia*. Though it is somewhat larger than the United States without its dependencies, Brazil has almost no mountains except the insignificant coast range, and virtually

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no lakes. Many of its rivers rise very near the Atlantic, but instead of breaking through the low coast range, they flow inland, those in the southern part of the country emptying finally into the Plata, and those beyond the divide into the Amazon. I had taken the branch line which runs eastward to Curityba, capital of the state of Paraná, with an elevation of nearly three thousand feet. From there the branch line descends to Paranaguá, on the coast. We started Atlanticward at two in the afternoon, our first-class coach bringing up the rear of a train as mixed as the population about us. Curityba, with its red-tile roofs, its brilliant white walls, its palm- and pine-trees, green lawns, and its suburban ring of wooden houses, was seen once or twice through a gouged-out hollow in the hills, then disappeared. We creaked laboriously through heavy forests toward a fantastic sky-line of mountains far to the east, as striking as if we were approaching the Andes. Mountain streams and vistas of tangled hills awakened the savage within me and invited me to plunge into the wilderness, out of sight or sound of jangling civilization. We began to follow a rivulet, our little wood-burning Baldwin spitting showers of sparks and cinders back upon us, while all at once there opened out down a great gorge the first vista of what might unhesitatingly be called "scenery" since I had crossed the Andes from Chile. A vast, rolling, heavily wooded, almost mountainous world lay far below, with little white towns here and there contrasting with the distant black of the greenness, farther off faintly seen lagoons backed by other densely blue-black hills.

Then suddenly the stream we had been following dropped headlong down a great face of rock, breaking itself into white cascades that repeated themselves a score of times before it disappeared in the chartless wilderness at a speed we dared not follow. Our train went crawling dizzily along the edges of precipices, and circling slowly, with the great caution of decrepit old people, in vast curves round and round the wooded mountain that grew ever higher above us. Through tunnels and rock cuttings, across viaducts and lofty iron bridges, along cut-stone-faced precipices, we pursued our cautious descent. A softness crept into the breeze, the feminine breath of the tropics caressed our cheeks, and we reached at length the somber, velvety valleys of Paranaguá.

The short, but decided, descent of three thousand feet ended, the train calmed down from its nervous tension into a mood in keeping with the languid, tropical-wooded, sea-level world. It had suddenly become stickily warm, clothing that had often felt too thin on the plateau above grew incredibly heavy, and as if for final proof that we had entered the real tropics once more, there fell upon us a sudden laziness and indifference to progress, and we loitered about each station, doing nothing for an unconscionable length of time. There came a sunset like a dozen pots of assorted paints kicked over by a mule, and dense, humid, tropical night settled swiftly down upon us like an impenetrable pall.

Next afternoon, to my great relief, the train began to wind itself back up to the plateau, the air taking on a grateful coolness the moment we began to climb. In the morning, when I was pulled out of bed in Curityba in time to catch the five-thirty train back

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to the main line, and on which a broken nap in an uncomfortable seat was chiefly dreams about icebergs, I would have given anything within reason for one of those scorned hot hours in Paranaguá. At every station where the train stopped for more than an instant I tumbled off with the rest of the passengers to partake of coffee and *pasteis*, or cakes. For a woman or a man of the neighborhood was sure to have a table arranged in the shade of the station, with many little white cups which he or she filled with thick black coffee as the travelers deluged down upon them. The Brazilian who is not permitted to drop off at least once an hour and drink from one to four such cups at a *tostão*, a hundred *reis* each, and rush back to the train again as the warning bell rings, would feel that he was being cheated out of his birthright.

§ 8

Nowhere from Montevideo to São Paulo had I seen an acre of sterile land, though certainly not ten per cent. of the territory was under cultivation. Now I found myself in the richest and most famous state of Brazil, the coffee-growing land of São Paulo. Sorocaba was the largest town of the day's journey, and with it the cruder rural region largely disappeared. We passed groups of unquestionably city people here and there, and São Paulo itself burst upon us around a bend, far away and strewn up along, over, and about a dry and barren ridge, then disappeared again for a time. The villages changed to urban scenes, streets began to take on names, electric cars to spin along beside us, endless lines of light-colored houses of concrete with red tile roofs appeared, and at last, five days of travel north of Uruguay, we came to a halt in a great glass-vaulted modern station in the second city of Brazil—second, that is, in population, for it is first in energy and industry, capital of the most progressive state of the union, and the first real city on the main line from Montevideo northward.

Its unexpected position as capital and metropolis of the world's greatest coffee-producing state has given this once bucolic country town so extraordinary a growth that the Cidade of the nineteenth century is now merely the central tangle of streets in the heart of town. From this nucleus run splendid avenues lined with a bushy species of shade-tree, and residence sections with dwellings of coffee kings ranging all the way from sumptuous comfort to magnificent and palatial eyesores roll away across town in various directions. São Paulo has more than half a million inhabitants, a municipal theater for opera, drama, and concerts scarcely second to any in the western hemisphere, and an up-and-coming manner which quickly establishes its claim to equality with modern cities of the temperate zone.

Of the two ways from São Paulo to Rio probably the pleasantest is that by way of Santos and an ocean steamer, chiefly because it is more fitting to enter the peerless harbor of the Brazilian capital by the harbor's mouth and at dawn than to break in at the back door by the government railway. An excellent express of the British "São Paulo Railway Company" left the industrial center at eight in the morning and raced thirty of the fifty miles to Santos across level country in less than an hour. Then we halted at the Alto da Serra for the unfailing coffee and a new engine. This was

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small, and inclosed within a sort of car with glassed-in observation platforms, for about all the work required of it was to hook us to a cable running on large wheels between the rails, two small trains counterbalancing each other at opposite ends of the cable making little motive power necessary.

Just beyond was the *apertura*, the "opening," or jumping-off place, where the world suddenly spread out far below, some of it visible, some hidden by vast banks of mist that were slowly being melted by the torrid sun. The cable let us down more than two thousand feet in a very few miles, the descending and ascending trains passing each other automatically on a switch half-way down. The road was so swift that the buildings along the way seemed sharply tilted uphill. It took as long to lower us to Piassaguera, in its banana-fields, only eight miles without stops, as it had to cover the thirty miles, with several halts, from São Paulo to the opening of the range.

§ 9

Santos is even older than São Paulo, having been founded by Thomé de Souza two years earlier. Not so long ago it was a pest-hole, noted especially for its yellow fever. Those unpleasant days are forever gone, though it is still not a health resort, and many of its people prefer to live up in São Paulo and come down daily on business. If it was not raining in torrents during my stay there, at least it was overhung by a soggy, humid heat which had nothing in common with the cool, clear atmosphere of São Paulo. Such air as arises in Santos drags its way sluggishly through its streets, and there was a heavy blue-mood temperament about the place quite unlike the larger city up the hill.

In all the business portion of Santos there are pungently scented warehouses in which coffee is picked over by hand by women and children whose knowledge of sanitary principles is embryonic, while down at the wharves the coffee-porters give the town a picturesque touch. Long lines of European laborers, dressed in undershirt, cotton trousers, a cloth belt, and a tight skull-cap, all more or less ragged, discolored, and soaked with sweat, trot from train to warehouse or from warehouse to ship, each with a sixty-kilogram sack of coffee set up on his neck, moving with a jerk of the hips and keeping the rest of the body quite rigid, their manner gayer than one expects of men constantly bearing such burdens. The law requires that each sack shall weigh exactly that amount, say, 132 pounds, that the state may levy its tax without difficulty; and the men are paid sixty *reis* for every sack they carry. In the slave days of thirty years and more ago this coffee-carrying was done entirely by African chattels, trotting in unison to the time of their melancholy-boisterous native melodies.

The steamer of the Spanish line that is owned by the Jesuits spent most of Tuesday in "leaving within five minutes," during which the passengers all but succumbed to uproar, congestion, and perspiration.

About five in the afternoon, we let go the wharf and, making a nearly complete circle in the "river" on which Santos is located, and dipping our flag to its last fort, we were soon out on the high seas, the roll of which I had almost forgotten in the two years since I had entered South America far up in Colombia.

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The Menace of Migrating Peoples

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

§ 1

IN 1868 Anson Burlingame negotiated a treaty in which the United States of America and the Emperor of China cordially recognized "the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and his allegiance." Fourteen years later our Chinese Exclusion Act made a jest of this fine flourish of American political idealism. It has now become apparent that there are other sociological lessons our people will have to learn under the harsh tutelage of facts.

§ 2

In the past the chief guaranty of stability in the relations of races and peoples has been human inertia. Most men lived and died within a few leagues of their birthplace. Under the empire of habit they bore their lot, be it never so hard, without reflecting that a brighter life might be awaiting them overseas. Only the exceptional were gifted with the imagination and courage to pluck up and wander forth in the hope of bettering their condition.

But this molluscan stage is not likely to last much longer. Since the birth of men now living, the conditions of the mass movement of peoples have been utterly revolutionized. Not only has steam on land and sea made travel swift and safe and cheap, but the long-distance carriage of human beings has been organized as never before. To-day a peasant living within sight of the rock of Prometheus or the cedars of Lebanon may buy a through ticket to a frontier point in the Canadian Northwest. For the sake of the profit to be extracted from them, penniless laborers are gathered, despatched, and cared for during their long journey to a destination on the other side of the globe as if they were commercial wares.

In the villages of southwestern Asia passenger-tickets to some remote zone of opportunity are hawked about as newspapers and apples are cried on our streets. The seller will not only incite the peasant to migrate, but will take a mortgage on his home for the passage-money or accept the bond of some relative that the migrant will within a year remit the sum advanced. Parties of "greenhorns," through-billed from their native village by a professional money-lender, are met at the right points by his confederates, coached on the answers to make to the immigration authorities, and delivered finally to some "boarding boss" in this country who is recruiting labor on commission for a construction gang.

Besides such means of detaching the limpet from his rock, local adhesions are everywhere being loosened by the spread of the capacity to read and by the prodding of the minds of the masses by the newspapers.

So, for better or worse, we have entered on the era of facile migration. No longer is population rooted like a

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tree in its natal soil. Mankind deliquesces and flows in broad streams toward any place on earth which holds out the prospect of a better living. This readiness of petty folk to up and away on slight inducement is a new thing, but there is no reason to suppose it a passing phenomenon. On the contrary, so far as we can look ahead, the means and desire of removing from one's native land to another will grow. The collecting and forwarding of human beings will become a business and, like any other business, it will be pushed.

§ 3

To-day every people desires to be a *nation*, that is, a *spiritual unit*. In the Roman Empire this ideal played no part, and there resulted an amazing hodgepodge of population. We moderns are afraid of such collections of human odds and ends as came to people Roman Africa or Syria or the valley of the Nile, because we realize that always such muddled mixing begets absolutist government. Dreading a government not subject to the collective will of the governed, we wish a people to be like-minded enough to develop a common opinion upon political questions. When private conduct and public authority are obedient to public opinion, a nation is almost able to dispense with coercion. Furthermore, spiritual oneness prevents the rise of caste barriers to association and intermarriage.

Now, cheap travel and full steerages make mock of this ideal of nationality. Any prosperous country which leaves its doors ajar will presently find itself not the home of a nation, but a polyglot boarding-house. The thriving areas of the world will come to be populated by a confused party-colored mass of divers languages and religions and of the most discordant moral and economic standards. Coolies at the breech-clout stage of attire, such as you find in the back districts of the Far East, will jostle the descendants of the Puritans. The enlightened will perforce brush shoulders with idolators, wearers of amulets, and believers in the evil eye. In the same labor market will compete those who sit at meat and those who squat on their heels about a bowl of food, those who insist on a carpet underfoot and those content with a dirt floor, those who honor their wives and those who make them chattels, those who school their children and those who exploit them.

Invariably, when elements with such incompatible traditions intermingle, castes form; so that the nation which persists in welcoming all inoffensive comers will presently find its people going asunder into closed groups. The fact is, removal from one land to another is becoming so easy that any nation which is economically well off has to choose whether it will see caste barriers rise in it or will itself rear a barrier against nonassimilable aliens.

§ 4

In the masses of the Orient, which steam has made next-door neighbors of ours, the family customs and the status of women are such that land shortage, overcrowding, and economic stress have no appreciable effect in checking the flow of babies. With these folk economic necessity does not prompt to birth control. If the excess of births over deaths cannot be taken care of by the improvement of agri-

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culture or the rise of factory industry and export trade, and the people cannot migrate, then the growth of the local population is accompanied by deepening poverty and misery until mortality rises to such a degree that human beings die as fast as they are born. At this point population is in equilibrium, and conditions need not become worse. This is "the stationary state" which the greater part of the Asiatics seem to have reached centuries ago.

Within a generation, thanks to science's conquest of disease and to the improvement of public sanitation, the death-rate of the more enlightened peoples has been cut in two. In Norway or New Zealand, for example, not over an eightieth of the population die in a year. Now, the application of these new means of saving human lives is upsetting in the Orient the ancient balance between births and deaths. The West, to be sure, sets the example of a low birth-rate as well as a low death-rate; but the influences which pull down the death-rate come into operation in the Orient much earlier than those which pull down the birth-rate. India and China get pure water, hospitals, antitoxins, serums, and modern medicine before later marriage for girls, the emancipation of wives, obligatory school attendance, and birth-control practices become established among them. During this critical interval, when Asiatics born at the high Oriental rate are dying only at the low Occidental rate, population will tend to increase rapidly, and the surplus, becoming mobile under modern inducements to migrate, will move toward any part of the world which promises an easier existence.

Various influences have spared western Europe the grim experience of the stationary state Asia has had. She never reduced her women to the hapless lot of most Oriental women. Her access to the New World afforded relief from the pressure of numbers. Improvement in the industrial arts, especially in the last century and a half, allowed population to grow without making life harder. The impending deliquescence of peoples, particularly of the congested and free-multiplying Asiatics, therefore opens to the Europeans and the descendants of Europeans who find themselves in conditions of comparative comfort in the younger regions of the world a truly appalling prospect of a human deluge.

Nor is this all. Within the last half-century a most hopeful tendency has shown itself in some parts of western Europe, in Australasia, and in North America. With the penetration of intelligence and individualistic democracy to the broader layers of the people, there appears a phenomenon which rarely, if ever, has shown itself before on any large scale. This is *adaptive fecundity*, or a birth-rate accommodated to the economic outlook for the next generation.

When foresight and self-control in respect to family size have become general, a people is in the way of attaining a degree of comfort and an amenity of life such as can never be enjoyed for long by a people of blind fecundity. For its growth is regulated by its standard of living, and with every improvement in agriculture or industry it raises its standard instead of allowing the slack to be taken up by mere increase of numbers. No limit can be assigned to the

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possible amelioration of the lot of the masses when they are canny enough to "salt down" their economic gains in higher standards of living rather than in rearing big families.

Once a people *adapts* its production of children to the economic prospect, the free inflow of blindly fecund immigrants has a most calamitous effect upon its self-perpetuation. Sensing the curtailment of its children's chances, it withholds offspring in just the degree that the alien element expands. In handing on the torch of life it seems to act on the principle, "After you, my dear Alphonse!" For this behavior the writer coined twenty years ago the phrase "race suicide," which unfortunately has come to be applied to every form of prudence in the matter of family.

For a people which has arrived at an adaptive birth-rate to admit the surplus population begotten by other peoples which multiply without taking thought for the morrow is virtually to cut its own throat. To vary the metaphor, once the camel has been allowed to put his head into the tent, the process of displacement goes on quietly, but inexorably, until the camel is the sole occupant of the tent. It is a painless death, to be sure, which extends over a century or two and proceeds without clash or scandal, but no people which foresees it will adhere to the fatal policy of the open door.

§ 5

Prudence in progeny is so much the product of circumstance and accident that it would be absurd to claim that its practicers are *ipso facto* superior types, whereas the prolific peoples are inferior. Nevertheless, it is certain that the brighter races will be the earliest to look ahead and limit the size of the family, while the dullard races will be the last to abandon the blind fecundity which characterizes the animal. During the two or three centuries that will be required for the practice of adaptive fecundity to become general among mankind, unhindered immigration, by favoring the blind breeders at the expense of the prudent breeders, would enable the stupid and inert peoples to poach on the preserves of the bright and aspiring peoples. Since the latter will not allow themselves to be elbowed off the earth by the superfluous children of the former, it is certain that every advanced nation will rear immigration barriers. Dogmas of the open door and the melting-pot become absurd in a time when population rolls hither and thither about the globe like particles of quicksilver.

The barriers with which each national comfort area will endeavor to surround itself will not obstruct the passage of culture or culture-bearers. Travelers, officials, students, scholars, merchants, and artists will be able to go anywhere without molestation. It is only the broad masses that will be hindered from migration.

§ 6

One reason for the hesitation of this and other nations about joining in a league of nations is dread of losing control over immigration. Since every people has an interest in the immigration policy of any people, a strong effort will be made in the interest of world peace to have all disputes between governments arising out of immigration submitted to arbitration. This, however, would tend to the equalization of peoples and races in

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rights of admission to each country, and would thereby prevent a people discriminating among the streams of immigrants which offer themselves. But, without such discrimination, it cannot remain in any sense a spiritual unity. Hence, it is likely that immigration barriers will be even more jealously reserved from international control than tariff barriers have been.

Will the crowded and blindly multiplying peoples tamely submit thus to be excluded from areas on which they might unload their surplus population? May they not make the rearing of such dikes a *casus belli?* Even now the Japanese show themselves restive in the presence of anything which savors of exclusion, and it is not hard to foresee a time when the peoples of India and China and Siam and Egypt may challenge the barriers which keep them out of all the more desirable markets for their labor.

Nevertheless, while the overpopulous nations are certain to become aware and resentful of exclusion, as at once an unjust handicap and an imputation of inferiority, the number of peoples resolved to withdraw from the game of competitive fecundity constantly grows. We have seen Canada, Australasia, South Africa, and several South American republics come into line with the United States in the matter of immigration. As the dense populations become more mobile, the sense of pressure will grow until, perhaps, Europe will make common cause with the younger societies in recognizing in international law the right of every nation to surround itself with such immigration barrier as seems good to it. Whether the pullulating peoples will acquiesce in any such principle is on the knees of the gods. It may be that the most terrific of all wars, which would involve, no doubt, the entire human race, will be fought on this issue.

Adversary

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"The time is passed for all these histrionics.
Boy, this is not the garden of your love.
That 's only a blue sky-piece hung above,
Wings and back-drop just canvas—old mnemonics
Used by gross nature. What you need are tonics
Of laughter, food of friendship, surfeit of
The raw repast of life—you sucking dove!
Lord! does it mean that you 're among the 'chronics'?
Oh, ludicrous!" So in my mind grown grim
Hooted old Adam, that bitter, hard gainsayer;
But bright as lightning another blazed on him
Furiously, and felled the base betrayer,
Sprang with a splendor of wings, soared through fierce flame,
Blinded all heaven with crying of your name!

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Loafing down Long Island

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

§ 1

III. GETTING ALONG TO SHINNECOCK

BETWEEN Patchogue and Bellport there is a road that dips and turns, with here and there a bridge to break the monotony of one's walk and glimpses of pools and streams to add delight to what is a charming province.

The morning we left Bayport, or, rather, the morning I got back to it after a few days' necessary absence in town, dawned beautifully bright. There were jewels on the green, opulent hedges. It was still late July, and the country wore that look of richness that comes at this gorgeous season.

I had a new companion with me this time, a young fellow named Gordon. He had been in the war, and he said that walking quietly around Long Island appealed to him after the noise and confusion of the trenches.

We got on to Bellport, that village which contains charming little houses, some of which rest neatly on the ground, as though they had no cellars, and give the impression of well-constructed scenery in a light opera. There are gates that click delightfully, old-fashioned flower gardens, paths bordered with phlox and hollyhocks. A blue bay shines in the sun, so radiant that it has been painted by many artists, notably William J. Glackens, who used to live here. Indeed, many artists have loved this quaint little village. James and May Wilson Preston still make their summer home within its quiet confines.

Many of these towns, however, have lost during the last few years that simplicity which was once one of their most cherished possessions. Evening clothes were never tolerated; it was always white flannels and the most inexpensive frocks at every dinner party or dance. But the rich creep in everywhere, lured by the easy-going spirit they would give anything to emulate; and then the inevitable tragedy occurs. They kill the very thing they love the most, and frocks and frills, laces and jewels, conventional

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costumes, are put on in the golden heart of summer, and the old simplicity goes as new complications arrive. A barn dance becomes a stately festival in an over-decorated clubhouse, and the flivver is superseded by yellow cars with magnificent names, and it 's good-by to real fun and democracy.

It 's too bad, but in America we never seem able to keep, for three or four consecutive years even, the same atmosphere we were bent on creating. We rent a lovely cottage, invite our friends into it, and then immediately run away from it. For we have heard that the next town down the road is smarter or more thrilling, and if the stock market has done well by us, we must get a bigger house and flutter a bit more, soar just a little higher.

§ 2

It is only a short walk from Bellport to Brookhaven; three or four miles at the most, I should say. You turn to the right when a wooden church comes into view, and here you strike real country roads, and are much more apt to encounter carts and wagons than hurrying motors. For Brookhaven is just what its name implies, a quiet little village where one would have time for contemplation, where there is not the slightest pretense or desire for it; a tiny side room, as it were; a pleasant place to take a nap, to write a letter, or to read a book. Several artists and writers find the summer months to their liking here, and you can't wonder at their choice. If one should not wish to keep house, there is a homelike inn where the best of food is to be obtained, and the place is near enough to New York to make commuting possible, even though not desirable. There is a bit of bay to sail or row upon, fishing, and the kind of human society a thinking man longs for. Round about Brookhaven the grass grows high, like a boy in the back country whose hair is allowed to get shaggy because there is no barber handy. And there are delicate lattice fences and trellises painted a rich blue, and all the old-fashioned flowers in the world, seemingly, peep over them and smile at you and flirt with you as you go down the road. This is the sort of village I dote

"What a place for the sunset days of one's allotted span!"

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upon, informal, gentle as a nun, but ready for a party any time the right folk come to pay it a visit.

Between Brookhaven and Mastic and the Moriches there are any number of cool back roads, and people on farms here are primitive and plain, and would exult, if they were articulate, I have no doubt, in their cold sobriety and reserve. Through places like these you can walk for hours, and apparently it is a deserted district. There are plenty of houses, but no one seems to be in them. The shutters will be drawn in the "parlor," which is kept for the company that never comes, and one can almost see those dim and shadowy, unaired rooms, with shells and plush family albums, heavy lambrequins, and faded lace curtains, carpets with big pink roses for a central design, and a filigreed wall-paper that would make the heart ache, against which crude family portraits rest in austere rows. You are aware, as you pass, that even though no one is visible, there are eyes watching you, and people with little else to do are wondering who you are and where you are going. It rained softly the afternoon we got off the beaten road, and Gordon and I had this sense of being stared at to such a degree that we got into a foolish fit of laughter.

We decided that, although there was a certain kind of doubtful privacy on these back roads, they were depressing to-day, and we would work our way back to the main thoroughfare, and get to Moriches by nightfall. So we turned to the left, encountering a pleasant-spoken farmer who insisted on our riding with him, and who thought us quite mad to be on a walking tour when the thermometer registered eighty-five degrees in the shade. "You don't *have* to walk?" he said. Even though we told him we liked going afoot, he was skeptical still, and I have the notion that he was suspicious, before he left us, of such a pair, and rather regretted the kindness of a lift. He was going to a railway station, so he dropped us at the main road, and we fared on to the next town for our evening meal.

Windmills begin to loom up around the Moriches and Eastport, dozens of them, that make you think yourself in a foreign land; and the salt air from the sea comes to your nostrils as you jog along. There is a freedom, a wildness, a beauty, about this part of the island unknown to other spots of the South Shore. And, then, to have a companion who has never been this far, and who has no idea of what a gorgeous surprise is in store for him when the foot of Shinnecock Hills is reached, adds a zest to the journey.

§ 3

The towns are much alike, however. Speonk lives up to its ugly name, and though we saw goats and calves in a few front yards here, thus going the chickens one better, occasionally we would glimpse a lovely little cottage with an old-fashioned garden and a lovely old lady among her flowers. Quogue, which is semi-fashionable and sprinkles out like a broken jewel, could lure one from the main road any day, at any season; for it has a wonderful beach, and the ocean froths splendidly and angrily all along the coast. Hidden away, tucked in corners, are villages like Remsenburg in this region, just a handful of houses sparkling in the sun, where people who are wise enough to like peace rather than stupid fashion foregather and really

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The beach at Southampton

enjoy a summer as it was certainly meant to be enjoyed. And every village, no matter how small, has its roll of honor in the public square, a record of the boys who died in France, their names inscribed forever on a tablet; and you can hardly believe that even from these tiny places soldiers went forth on a certain day.

Outside Westhampton we came upon a quaint castle, built of cement, around which a staircase wandered, like a vine. A little tower stood near it. The extensive lawns in front of these curious buildings, which looked as if they had been transported from the Rhine Valley, were thick with startling statuary, and Gordon and I, fresh from a good sleep at Eastport, a real country town with a real flavor, and knowing we could easily reach Canoe Place Inn by noon on such a cool morning, stopped to view the castle. We found the owner, a delightful man in middle life, with the blue eyes of a child, was a potter. Not only that, but a painter, an inventor, a dreamer, an architect, and a sculptor as well. His vases, which he colored through a secret process, were exquisite, and he showed us the furnaces where he heated his clay in the tower, and a rowboat on the lake behind the castle, composed of cement and wire, which he was mighty proud of, as he had made it with his own hands. A picturesque, charming gentleman, mowing the grass when we wandered in, apparently at peace with all the world, and glad of any casual visitor who evinced an interest in his quaint place with its busy enterprises.

We made Good Ground in three hours of leisurely going, and then the Shinnecock Canal, upon reaching which I wanted to watch Gordon's face.

For it is here that Nature makes a sudden and supreme gesture, as if to say: "You thought me rather stupid and commonplace up till now, did n't you? But just see what I can do!" And she lifts her hand, and presses it on the earth, and here, on prosaic Long Island, puts a bit of Scotland! It is a magical change, and for a moment you think you are living in a

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dream or a fairy-tale. Greener grass I have seldom seen; and then the scrub bay-trees, like gorse, blueberry-bushes, and goldenrod! A wonderland opens before you for several miles, with clean, curving roads running through it like devious highways of the king. Windmills extend their arms, and architects have wisely placed here only the type of dwelling that sinks naturally into the landscape. Shinnecock Bay is as blue as the Mediterranean, and on a point to your right a graceful, white lighthouse stands. I could look forever upon this scene. From an airplane the moors must look like a Persian rug, spread across the island through some miracle, fit for a beautiful queen to walk upon. There is only one flaw—the practical telegraph poles should be removed, or at least hidden in some way. We had camouflage in the war; why not in time of peace?

"By Jove! it 's great!" Gordon said, as I knew he would. "Why did n't you tell me we were coming to this?"

"Because I wanted it to take your breath away, as it has," I answered. And then we fell silent; for if there is one thing I can't endure, it is the kind of friend who raves forever over a sunset or the starry expanse of heaven and gives you no time to think of the wonder itself.

We were to lunch with friends at Shinnecock, another surprise I had for Gordon, who thought we would hurry through this paradise, and make a tramp-like entrance into thrillingly smart Southampton. He was happy over the prospect of several hours in such a spot, as well he might be. I kept from him the fact that I even hoped to be asked to sleep on the moors. "You mean the Ostermoors," said my witty young companion; and I have not forgiven him yet, though in justification he keeps reminding me what an inveterate punster Charles Lamb was said to be.

§ 4

Not very many New-Yorkers—or Long-Islanders, for that matter—realize that at Shinnecock Hills, within a stone's-throw of fashionable Southampton, there is a small Indian reservation, primitive Americans elbowing, as it were, with an overcivilized hodge-podge, lending added color to the crazy-quilt of a hectic society. A contact like this is almost unbelievable; yet there it is, and I wonder what the chiefs and squaws would think of the bathing-beach at Southampton if they took the pains to view it, as we did, on a certain Sunday morning. Here was the *dernier cri* in feminine costumes, and church was just out. The chapel is conveniently and thoughtfully placed almost next to the bathing-pavilion, in order, I suppose, that the holy innocents may emerge from one sort of spiritual bath and step into quite another. A fearless clergyman, the day we were there, had given the idle rich a severe lecture, under which many of them sat in mute unconcern, and then filed out to the glowing sands of pleasure, as though the withering words they had just listened to had never been uttered. Oh, wasted wrath and worse than wasted advice! Yellow umbrellas and pink-and-green and salmon bathing-suits seemed of far more importance than ecclesiastical visions of a solemn day of judgment, and the so-called fashionable world laughed and gossiped and frisked about as of old, before any world war rocked this

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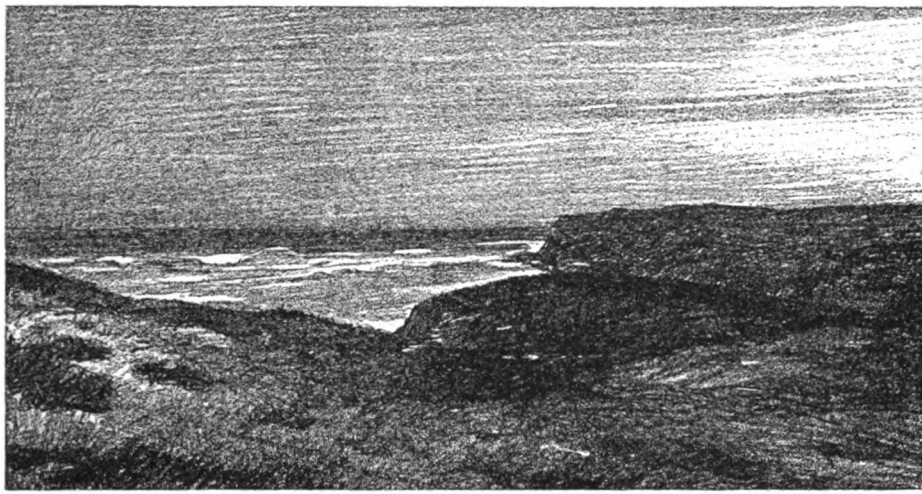

Montauk Point

troubled earth or any pious gentleman dared to speak his mind.

There are many beautiful gardens in Southampton, but I saw only two of them, each lovely in a different way. One was that of Mr. H. H. Rogers, a formal Italian thing of glory, with the sea singing almost up to its very borders, and with nothing between it and Spain but this same plunging, foaming ocean. For the narrow strip of land that begins at Fire Island ends at Shinnecock Hills, and Southampton triumphantly touches the sea itself and listens to her song all day and night. The other was the less formal garden of Mr. James Breese, back in the town proper, a riot of luxurious beauty, with vistas east and west, north and south, as in Mr. Rogers's garden, and statues and busts and fountains, and a fragrance forever arising out of the clean, opulent earth. Down such garden walks one would love to loiter through the slow summer afternoons, or see the moon spill its silver on quiet nights. The peace of gardens! The assuaging comfort they bring with the noisy world on the other side of their high walls, over which clamber green vines!

After the colorful and stiff parade of Southampton, it was soothing to get to quiet Water Mill, only a few miles away, where the dunes rise high, and where to Gordon and me, thanks to a lavish hostess, a picnic was given on the beach on a certain evening when the stars were blazing in the sky and the moon was a fragment of pearl against deep-blue velvet. If you ever pass through Water Mill, be sure that you turn sharply to the right when you come to a house set at the side of a little inlet, and make for the shore about a mile beyond. The sand has formed mighty hillocks here, and as far as the eye can see there is a noble coast-line, with spray continually veiling the shore. A few houses bravely face the thundering sea, and one or two were recently washed away, I was told, in a great storm.

The day after our picnic we went by motor to Easthampton, that lovely old town with one of the finest main streets in America, shadowed by elms, chestnuts, and maples. In the center of it, beyond the great flagstaff, is a

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quiet little cemetery rolling down to a stream, whereon a swan or two drifts and dreams the hours away, like those sleeping under the hill. It was here that "Home, Sweet Home" was written, and the house where Payne penned his immortal words is still standing, a shingled cottage with old doors and windows and cupboards, now made into a little museum. John Drew, Augustus Thomas, and Victor Harris are among those who make their summer homes in Easthampton, and there is a colony of as interesting folk as one could wish to meet. By no means so smart as Southampton, this town has a charm distinctly its own, a rich tone and color like some old volume. And it *is* an old village, for it was settled in 1649. I know of no better place to wander about. There are byways in every direction, and there is always that broad, heavenly, and shadowy main street to come back to. No wonder Payne could write his deathless poem in such a spot!

Amagansett, another old village, as fragrant as fresh hay, lies just beyond, drowsing the long summer hours away, dozing peacefully through lazy afternoons.

And then you reach a poorer hamlet, with the delightful name of Promised Land. We saw a tiny cottage here by the edge of the road that spelt serenity, if ever a house did. It was covered with thick vines, and its three stone chimneys rose like protecting bastions. The clipped lawn told of order and harmony and a sense of decent pride, and I imagined charming old ladies living here on a patrimony, content with life, happy in a hamlet with such a heavenly name. What a place for the sunset days of one's allotted span!

§ 5

Until you reach Montauk, this is the last cluster of houses before the point is finally won. Many people had discouraged us from going beyond Easthampton, saying the roads were impossible, if not utterly impassable. But do not be deceived. The cinder-path that begins almost as soon as you are out of Promised Land, and soon develops into a good dirt road, is fine and hard, equally good for foot-farers or motorists. True, it is narrow, and if you are in a car, you will have to watch out for other travelers and turn at the right spot, as trolleys must delay at given sections when there is only a single track. Beyond this there will be no difficulty, and soon you will find yourself entering a locality as bleak as that country described in "Wuthering Heights." The moon must look like this. Gaunt ribs of sand rise on the ocean side, and here and there is a lonely coast-guard hut. It is as forlorn as the devastated regions of France, with formations in the dunes like shell-craters. Only the tanks are missing, and the stark lines of telegraph poles make you think of the crosses in Flanders Fields, row on endless row.

There is waving salt grass, and once in a while a pink marshmallow rose will lift its pathetic face in the sun. The sand-dunes take on a purplish tint, and there are purple shadows like miniature caves, with the sea forever chanting and beating its tireless hands upon the lonesome shore. Scrub-pines appear, and then a little forest of scrub-oaks, until you imagine you are in Italy. A lonely railroad-track follows you on the left; and that, with a wireless station farther on, are the

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only reminders of civilization. You are suddenly and gloriously out of touch with the world; and then you realize that, through the miracle of a modern invention, you can never quite get away from the vast city you have left so far behind you.

§ 6

The island grows very thin here, and with the loud ocean on your right, you also have glimpses of Napeague Bay, Fort Pond, and Great Pond on your left. It is a constantly and curiously changing scene through which you wander. One moment you exclaim, "Why, this is Scotland!" and the next there will come a definite dip in the land, and you will discover farmers tilling the soil, and think you are in Connecticut. It is astonishing that so restricted a territory can contain so many shifting scenes.

And now the lighthouse, which has stood on the point one hundred and twenty-three years, gazing with its great eye from the edge of the world out to the limitless ocean. The present keeper has been there nine years, and his assistant told us that last winter, in a heavy storm, they were virtually cut off from the world for three months, and he and the keeper's young daughter trudged through drifts of snow to Promised Land, nine miles away, for groceries and other supplies, and had, as one can imagine, a hard time of it. This young assistant, Mr. Kierstead, had been slightly shell-shocked in the war, and he found the quiet life at the point soothing to his nerves.

"But is n't it lonely for you all?" was the inevitable question asked of every lighthouse-keeper.

"Oh, maybe, a bit; but we love it. And there are plenty of visitors in summer. In winter we can read, and we have a happy time of it."

The quarters where these two families live are as neat as wax, and I can imagine how the fresh salt air helps one's appetite. We grew hungry, seeing a delicious plate of hot cakes on the table.

Gordon and I were motored back to Southampton, and there we took a train to town. This was always an anticlimax, for no matter how tired one might be, after footing it here and there or even after motoring, one had no desire, particularly after a period of exultant freedom, to become part of a common package—a bean, as it were, joggling against other beans in a stuffy smoker or even in a parlor-car.

(To be concluded)

The Lighthouse at Montauk Point

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tree in its natal soil. Mankind deliquesces and flows in broad streams toward any place on earth which holds out the prospect of a better living. This readiness of petty folk to up and away on slight inducement is a new thing, but there is no reason to suppose it a passing phenomenon. On the contrary, so far as we can look ahead, the means and desire of removing from one's native land to another will grow. The collecting and forwarding of human beings will become a business and, like any other business, it will be pushed.

§ 3

To-day every people desires to be a *nation*, that is, a *spiritual unit*. In the Roman Empire this ideal played no part, and there resulted an amazing hodgepodge of population. We moderns are afraid of such collections of human odds and ends as came to people Roman Africa or Syria or the valley of the Nile, because we realize that always such muddled mixing begets absolutist government. Dreading a government not subject to the collective will of the governed, we wish a people to be like-minded enough to develop a common opinion upon political questions. When private conduct and public authority are obedient to public opinion, a nation is almost able to dispense with coercion. Furthermore, spiritual oneness prevents the rise of caste barriers to association and intermarriage.

Now, cheap travel and full steerages make mock of this ideal of nationality. Any prosperous country which leaves its doors ajar will presently find itself not the home of a nation, but a polyglot boarding-house. The thriving areas of the world will come to be populated by a confused party-colored mass of divers languages and religions and of the most discordant moral and economic standards. Coolies at the breech-clout stage of attire, such as you find in the back districts of the Far East, will jostle the descendants of the Puritans. The enlightened will perforce brush shoulders with idolators, wearers of amulets, and believers in the evil eye. In the same labor market will compete those who sit at meat and those who squat on their heels about a bowl of food, those who insist on a carpet underfoot and those content with a dirt floor, those who honor their wives and those who make them chattels, those who school their children and those who exploit them.

Invariably, when elements with such incompatible traditions intermingle, castes form; so that the nation which persists in welcoming all inoffensive comers will presently find its people going asunder into closed groups. The fact is, removal from one land to another is becoming so easy that any nation which is economically well off has to choose whether it will see caste barriers rise in it or will itself rear a barrier against non-assimilable aliens.

§ 4

In the masses of the Orient, which steam has made next-door neighbors of ours, the family customs and the status of women are such that land shortage, overcrowding, and economic stress have no appreciable effect in checking the flow of babies. With these folk economic necessity does not prompt to birth control. If the excess of births over deaths cannot be taken care of by the improvement of agri-

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culture or the rise of factory industry and export trade, and the people cannot migrate, then the growth of the local population is accompanied by deepening poverty and misery until mortality rises to such a degree that human beings die as fast as they are born. At this point population is in equilibrium, and conditions need not become worse. This is "the stationary state" which the greater part of the Asiatics seem to have reached centuries ago.

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Various influences have spared western Europe the grim experience of the stationary state Asia has had. She never reduced her women to the hapless lot of most Oriental women. Her access to the New World afforded relief from the pressure of numbers. Improvement in the industrial arts, especially in the last century and a half, allowed population to grow without making life harder. The impending deliquescence of peoples, particularly of the congested and free-multiplying Asiatics, therefore opens to the Europeans and the descendants of Europeans who find themselves in conditions of comparative comfort in the younger regions of the world a truly appalling prospect of a human deluge.

Nor is this all. Within the last half-century a most hopeful tendency has shown itself in some parts of western Europe, in Australasia, and in North America. With the penetration of intelligence and individualistic democracy to the broader layers of the people, there appears a phenomenon which rarely, if ever, has shown itself before on any large scale. This is *adaptive fecundity*, or a birth-rate accommodated to the economic outlook for the next generation.

When foresight and self-control in respect to family size have become general, a people is in the way of attaining a degree of comfort and an amenity of life such as can never be enjoyed for long by a people of blind fecundity. For its growth is regulated by its standard of living, and with every improvement in agriculture or industry it raises its standard instead of allowing the slack to be taken up by mere increase of numbers. No limit can be assigned to the

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Mr. Lansing's Plain Speech

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

§ 1

THE peace conference and the treaties framed by it have had their defenders, especially in the United States, where a group of what the French would call *intellectuels* has not ceased to intimate that critics of the treaties and the covenant are unreasonable and uninformed. Colonel Edward M. House organized last winter in Philadelphia a series of lectures on the Treaty of Versailles by experts and Presidential advisers attached to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. Some of these gentlemen directly, and others by inference, said that American public opinion had been misled by correspondents whose judgments were based on gossip and rumor rather than on knowledge of what actually happened.

It is difficult for the professional writer to answer this sort of charge. Although he has as much pride in his accuracy as the college professor, and is fully as careful to base statements on source material personally investigated and tested, the newspaper correspondent is unable to cite his sources and quote his authorities. He deals with history in the making. He must be discreet. He must avoid using names. When he is accused of not knowing what he is talking about and of making sweeping assertions, he has to bide his time.

I was proud of the men of my craft at Paris. Taken as a whole, the work of the American correspondents was as trustworthy as it was brilliant. Tested by wide knowledge of, and experience in, the field, as well as by training, a number of the correspondents were better qualified to acquaint their fellow-Americans with what was going on at Paris than any expert or adviser of the American commission. The experts and advisers attached to the American commission had no opportunities such as we enjoyed of knowing what was going on. Even when they participated in the work of the various committees, they were in no position to appreciate the forces at work that determined the decisions upon the very questions they were deliberating. This is why Colonel House's collection of Public Ledger Forum speeches must be taken with a grain of salt. Now, if the colonel had only written for us the frank and unreserved story of a primary witness instead of editing a volume of testimony of his subordinates, we should have had some real history. Colonel House is the American best qualified, aside from the ex-President himself, to make a contribution to the diplomatic history of America's participation in the war and peace conference.

§ 2

We have long felt that this was so. Mr. Lansing's book, "The Peace Negotiations," makes it clear that only Colonel House is qualified to write the

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inside story of Woodrow Wilson and the world peace. It was from Colonel House that Secretary of State Lansing learned of the President's decision to make him a plenipotentiary and that the President was thinking of going to Paris. After the American delegates had arrived in Paris, Colonel House again told Mr. Lansing that the President was determined to sit at the peace table. Colonel House selected the commission of inquiry. Colonel House, and not Mr. Lansing, was President Wilson's adviser and coadjutor in drafting and forcing into the Treaty of Versailles the Covenant of the League of Nations. The President consulted with Colonel House, and not with Mr. Lansing, on the terms of the armistice and the various terms of the peace to be negotiated. To get his views on the league covenant before the President, Mr. Lansing had to use Colonel House as an intermediary. Colonel House alone knows why President Wilson put into the covenant the affirmative guaranty of Article X against the advice and earnest remonstrances of his four colleagues, including the colonel himself.

As our former secretary of state puts it:

> Colonel House, the President's collaborator in drafting the Covenant, if he was not, as many believe, the real author, was the only American with whom Mr. Wilson freely conferred and to whom he confided the progress that he was making in his interviews with the foreign statesmen, at many of which interviews the Colonel was present. It is true that the President held an occasional conference with all the American Commissioners, but these conferences were casual and perfunctory in nature and were very evidently not for the purpose of obtaining the opinions and counsel of the Commissioners. . . . The consequence was that the American Commissioners, other than Colonel House, were kept in almost complete ignorance of the preliminary negotiations and were left to gather such information as they were able from the delegates of other powers, who, naturally assuming that the Americans possessed the full confidence of the President, spoke with much freedom. . . . As the House organization made no effort to hide the fact that they had inside information, the representatives of the press as a consequence frequented the office of the Colonel.

When one recalls the sphinx-like reticence of Colonel House on occasions when just a wee bit of information of a harmless nature would have been helpful to a correspondent, it is comforting to have the assurance Mr. Lansing's book gives that the colonel was no respecter of persons. The rule of silence concerning the foreign relations of the United States was not broken even when it was a case of the secretary of state. In writing of his conferences with Colonel House, Mr. Lansing says: "Colonel House did not say that he agreed with my judgment in this matter, though he did not openly disagree with it. However, I drew the conclusion, though without actual knowledge, that he approved of the President's purpose." (p. 15); "I am sure that the Colonel fully agreed with me that it was impolitic for Mr. Wilson to become a delegate, but whether he actively opposed the plan I do not know, although I believe that he did." (p. 26); "Colonel House, whom some believed to be the real author of Mr. Wilson's conception of a world union, prepared, I am informed, the draft of

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a scheme of organization. . . . To what extent it was amended or revised by Mr. Wilson, I do not know." (p. 37); "After the President's exceptionally strong address . . . on September 27, 1918, . . . I asked Colonel House what he knew about the former's scheme for a League of Nations. The Colonel discreetly avoided disclosing the details of the plan." (p. 43); "While I cannot speak from personal knowledge, I learned that the suggested changes in terms and language were put into form by members of the Colonel's office staff." (p. 122); "It was my hope that Colonel House . . . would exert his influence with the President to persuade him." (p. 79); "Objections were made to Colonel House in the hope that through him they might reach the President and open his eyes to the true state of affairs. Whether they ever did reach him I do not know." (p. 160); "It would be of little value to speculate on what took place at these interviews, since the President seldom told the American Commission of the meetings, or disclosed to them, unless possibly to Colonel House, the subjects which were discussed." (p. 214); "I was unable to find that he had talked over a plan of a treaty even with Colonel House." (p. 205).

These quotations are picked at random. They substantiate the assertions of the American press correspondents to the effect that Colonel House was the only delegate among the Americans with whom the President consulted, and they indicate the most serious limitation of Mr. Lansing's book—the inability of the author, through lack of knowledge, to write a real "inside story." Of the negotiations between the United States, represented solely by President Wilson, and the Entente powers, President Wilson can tell us fully and Colonel House partly. None other knows.

In Colonel House's Public Ledger Forum collection, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont writes:

> I am going to take this opportunity to say a word, in general, as to President Wilson's attitude at the Peace Conference. He is accused of having been unwilling to consult his colleagues. I never saw a man more ready and anxious to consult than he.

Mr. Lamont's experience with Mr. Wilson is certainly different from that of Mr. Lansing. It is different from the experience of a hundred men who have known our former President from his youth up, and who came into more intimate and continuous contact with him than did Mr. Lamont. I do not quote this statement from Colonel House's collection of expert and adviser testimony in the spirit of a reviewer who is looking for slips. Unfortunately, it is characteristic of the way the apologists of the ex-President allow themselves to be betrayed into grotesque misstatements. One respects the loyalty that prompts their panegyrics, but the consequences of the blunders at Paris are too disastrous in human suffering to permit the covering up of mistakes and the glossing over of weaknesses. The world wants to know the reasons for the failure at Paris. Euphemisms and distortions of the truth will not be tolerated.

§ 3

Since Mr. Lansing begins and ends his volume of fewer than three hundred pages with the statement that he has

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broken the silence of a year in order to place before the public the story of his differences of opinion with President Wilson, some critics will undoubtedly consider the narrative as subject to suspicion from the point of view of history. A man who writes with the avowed purpose of making a brief for himself in defense of his conduct as a public official will hardly be accepted *prima facie* as a recorder of facts. Not that critics will accuse Mr. Lansing of *suggestio falsi* or *suppressio veri*, but there will be a natural tendency to look for an instinctive and unconscious presentation of material in such a way as to make out a case for a writer who is at the same time a pleader before the bar of public opinion. The last-ditch Wilson admirers and defenders of the covenant and the Treaty of Versailles will attempt to discount "The Peace Negotiations," to dismiss and discredit the book even, by calling it special pleading and by asserting that the cabinet officer who felt that his summary dismissal was unjustified and humiliating cannot be expected to view the work and personality of the ex-President without bias.

We must remember, however, that Mr. Lansing is not making startling revelations. He is simply putting his name to what close observers of the peace conference noticed at the time. A great deal of it has already been published. With Mr. Lansing going on record as authority for the way in which the American Commission to Negotiate Peace was run, the articles of press correspondents in 1919 can no longer be regarded as "back stairs and kitchen gossip." From beginning to end "The Peace Negotiations" corroborates the story of the participation of the United States in the peace conference as it was telegraphed to New York day by day by keen and conscientious observers. What they were supposed not to know "The Peace Negotiations" proves they did know; what they were supposed to have invented or to have reported from rumors "The Peace Negotiations" proves to have been a remarkably faithful picture of what was actually going on.

Mr. Lansing's book rings true, in the first place, because it tells a story which is in every important particular what press correspondents saw themselves or were told at the time by credible witnesses. From my own experiences I am able to check up incident after incident. If Mr. Henry White and General Tasker H. Bliss write their reminiscenses, their facts will tally exactly and their opinions pretty generally with those of Mr. Lansing. In books by British and French diplomats we shall receive during the next decade corroborative testimony concerning the League of Nations, the mandates, and the relations of ex-President Wilson with his colleagues. During the peace conference several Frenchmen and Britishers told me substantially what Mr. Lansing relates, and expressed opinions of the peace treaty, the soundness of the covenant, and the working of Mr. Wilson's mind as similar to Mr. Lansing's judgments as peas in a pod.

In the second place, "The Peace Negotiations" is based on a day-by-day diary. To avoid slips of memory and the inevitable modification of judgments and interpretations of facts which perspective gives, Mr. Lansing uses his diary as source material. He goes back to it to find out how he felt

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about things at the time they happened. He quotes frequently from his own diary and from memoranda and letters sent to Mr. Wilson. With this marvelous aid to control and give accuracy to his story, Mr. Lansing can be acquitted of the imputation of viewing his relations with Mr. Wilson from the point of view of a dismissed and humiliated cabinet officer. When the friction occurred, Mr. Lansing was secretary of state, honored by all except his chief, and supposedly enjoying some authority and influence. He had not been publicly repudiated by Mr. Wilson. He wrote his diary, and made his communications and observations to the chief executive, as secretary of state.

§ 4

Mr. Lansing gives seven "principal subjects concerning which President Wilson and I were in marked disagreement." Mr. Lansing opposed the President's idea of going to Paris, and, after he got there, his decision to be a delegate; the "fundamental principles of the Constitution and functions of a League of Nations as proposed and advocated" by Mr. Wilson; the form of the covenant and its inclusion in the treaty restoring the state of peace; the treaty of defensive alliance with France; the failure to provide a definite program for the American commissioners; "the employment of private interviews and confidential agreements in reaching settlements, a practice which gave color to the charge of 'secret diplomacy'"; and the Shan-tung settlement. Mr. Lansing says that although the opposite views as to Shan-tung were more generally known and commented upon, the most important and serious disagreements were in regard to the League of Nations.

In reading Mr. Lansing's story, one finds that the secretary of state tried hard to dissuade the President from going to Paris; that, once arrived in Paris, he realized how unwise it would be for the President to act as a delegate; and that he warned him from the beginning of the impracticability, to say nothing of the folly, of many cherished features of the league covenant, notably the guaranty in Article X and the mandate scheme. Mr. Lansing advocated a speedy peace treaty with Germany, and consideration of the League of Nations afterward. He feared that the American Senate would not ratify the treaty with covenant in it, and pointed this out to the President several times.

As secretary of state, supposedly in charge of carrying out the administration's foreign policies, he begged President Wilson to decide upon a definite program for the commissioners to follow, and thought that it was impossible to accomplish anything useful at Paris unless the President consulted with his colleagues, gave them instructions, and kept them informed of the progress of his pourparlers. This seemed to Mr. Lansing reasonable not because of his own and his colleagues' *amour propre*, but because he knew that the President needed to be saved from making blunders in dealing with men who had the advantage of the constant advice and information of their subordinates.

Despite his sympathy with France, Mr. Lansing could not bring himself to agree to the wisdom of the Anglo-American additional guaranty to France. If the covenant was worth anything, this guaranty was super-

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fluous. But the principal reason was its departure from the traditional American policy of avoiding entangling alliances. Mr. Lansing believed that it would be, as he told Mr. Wilson, "the cause of serious opposition in the United States." He thought also that such a treaty would have a disastrous effect on any plan for general disarmament.

Mr. Lansing agrees with his predecessors, Mr. Root and Mr. Knox, concerning the weaknesses and dangers of the covenant, and its incompatability with American interests and ideals. Mr. Root and Mr. Knox, of course, were critics *post factum*. Mr. Lansing, however, could have saved Mr. Wilson the humiliating defeat that awaited him in the United States.

But Mr. Lansing was not listened to. It is doubtful if the President considered at all his secretary of state's recommendations. Before the peace conference assembled, on January 10, 1919, Mr. Wilson told Mr. Lansing "with great candor and emphasis that he did not intend to have lawyers drafting the Treaty of Peace." As Mr. Lansing was the only lawyer on the delegation, he had no choice but to take this remark to himself. Many a member of the Princeton University faculty will smile reminiscently when he reads this:

> Disliking opposition to a plan or policy which he had originated or made his own by adoption, Mr. Wilson preferred to consult those who without debate accepted his judgment and were in sympathy with his ideas. . . . It was a thankless task to question a proposed course of action on the ground of illegality, because he appeared to be irritated by such an obstacle to his will and to transfer his irritation against the law to the one who raised it as an objection.

Or this:

> The self-satisfaction of inventing something new or of evolving a new theory is inherent with not a few men. They are determined to try out their ideas and are impatient of opposition which seeks to prevent the experiment. In fact opposition seems sometimes to enhance the virtue of a novelty in the minds of those who propose or advocate its adoption. Many reformers suffer from this form of vanity.

Mr. White, General Bliss, and Mr. Lansing were unanimous in their opinion that China's right to Shantung should be sustained even if Japan withdrew from the peace conference. On April 29 General Bliss, in the name of his colleagues as well as of himself, sent the President a long letter, which Mr. Lansing quotes in full. It is a remarkable appeal to Mr. Wilson not to abandon the great moral principles for which the United States fought and of which he had been the exponent. The three American commissioners showed the President how disastrous such a surrender to Japan would be to American honor and interests in the Far East, and the inconsistency of opposing Italy for principle's sake while yielding to Japan in sacrifice of principle. General Bliss wrote:

> If it be right for Japan to annex the territory of an Ally, then it cannot be wrong for Italy to retain Fiume taken from the enemy. It can't be right to do wrong even to make peace. Peace is desirable, but there are things greater than peace, justice and freedom.

Ignoring this stirring plea of his colleagues, which was a last attempt

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to bring back the President to his better self, Mr. Wilson, a few hours after the letter reached him, betrayed China by consenting to the Japanese claims. Mr. Lansing heard the news after it had been given to the press. He wrote in his diary:

> I do not think that anything that has happened here has caused more severe and outspoken criticism than this affair. I am heartsick over it, because I see how much good will and regard the President is bound to lose. I can offer no adequate explanation to the critics. There seems to be none.

§ 5

From the first week of May, when the original plans of the treaty were handed to the Germans, to the last week of June, when the Germans were compelled to sign the treaty under a threat of a renewal of the war, there was plenty of time to modify its terms, and especially to avoid repeating in the Treaty of St.-Germain some of the absurd and inhuman stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles. Changes that would have made the treaty practicable were advocated by the British. Mr. Maynard Keynes told us last year that Mr. Wilson, and not Mr. Lloyd George, sided with M. Clemenceau in maintaining certain features of the treaty which no sober-minded man believed could be carried out without plunging Europe into chaos. Three of the five British plenipotentiaries told me during the last fortnight of May what Mr. Keynes later wrote. The British had imperative diplomatic reasons for not opposing France single-handed. They were bewildered by the inexplicable stubbornness of the American President, who insisted upon retaining in the treaty clauses that the American delegation had opposed from the beginning of the conference—clauses embodying conditions at total variance with his own famous Fourteen Points.

Colonel House's group of experts and advisers, in their reviews of the books of Mr. Keynes and Dr. Dillon, in their own books and articles and speeches, have assumed that the Treaty of Versailles is the right kind of treaty, or at least that it is the best treaty obtainable in the circumstances. They go so far as to assert that the treaty is in harmony with President Wilson's expression of American ideals, that it is humane, practicable, reasonable, and a distinct step forward toward a new world order and a durable world peace.

Even since the verdict of last November, these gentlemen have persisted in trying to call black white. They say that the American people were misled by politicians who, in turn, got their misconception of the league and their misinformation concerning the treaty from irresponsible press correspondents. One of them told me a few months ago that my denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles and opposition to the ratification of the League of Nations for two years in THE CENTURY was "a disheartening spectacle."

Before the peace conference ended I wrote from Paris to THE CENTURY that a number of liberal statesmen were disgusted with the treaty and believed that it would never amount to anything. At the time I was able to quote by name only General Smuts, who did not care who knew what he thought. Since then Mr. George Barnes has given his opinion for

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history. Now we have Mr. Lansing declaring that he wrote in a memorandum on May 8, 1919, that

> The terms of peace appear immeasurably harsh and humiliating, while many of them seem to me impossible of performance. . . . Examine the Treaty and you will find peoples delivered against their wills into the hands of those whom they hate, while their economic resources are torn from them and given to others. . . . It may be years before these suppressed peoples are able to throw off the yoke, but as sure as day follows night, the time will come when they will make the effort. This war was fought by the United States to destroy forever the conditions which produced it. Those conditions have not been destroyed. They have been supplanted by other conditions equally productive of hatred, jealousy, and suspicion. . . . The League of Nations . . . is an alliance of the five great military powers. . . . Justice is secondary. Might is primary. . . . We have a treaty of peace, but it will not bring permanent peace because it is founded on the shifting sands of self-interest.

Mr. Lansing's first impression, thus recorded, has strengthened with time, he tells us. Like General Smuts, Mr. Barnes and two of his own colleagues, Mr. Lansing signed the treaty because he thought that anything was better than continuing the state of war and blockade undermining the social structure of Europe. But he would have been more than human had he not let off steam. Mr. Lansing confesses that he took part in the frank exchanges of views in the Hôtel de Crillon and the Hôtel Majestic, and that he said less in criticism of the treaty to Mr. Bullitt than he did to some others. Mr. Bullitt, by an altogether unpardonable breach of confidence, let the cat out of the bag. Mr. Bullitt did what no press correspondent would have done. Mr. Lansing explains how Mr. Bullitt only partly quoted him, because the wrong impression was conveyed in Mr. Bullitt's testimony. Mr. Lansing was in favor of ratification of the treaty and acceptance of the covenant with reservations, despite glaring defects. But he could not deny *in toto* the sentiments ascribed to him by Mr. Bullitt.

§ 6

The most interesting features of "The Peace Negotiations," the features that will be most quoted and discussed, are Mr. Lansing's portrait of Mr. Wilson and his repudiation of the achievements of the peace conference, Covenant of the League of Nations as well as the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Keynes gave us a vivid portrait of the American President, based on rather superficial acquaintance, and a scathing criticism of the treaty from the point of view of an English Liberal. Mr. Lansing presents an intimate picture of a chief executive of the United States in his official relations with a secretary of state, and a judgment of the treaty and its covenant stipulations from the point of view of an American lawyer supposedly at the head of our foreign affairs.

But neither the portrayal of the personality of Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Lansing's ideas about the League of Nations is the most important feature of this book.

The thoughtful American reader will subordinate the personal side of the book and the discussion of the

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league to the lesson impressed upon him on almost every page of "The Peace Negotiations" of the shocking lack of coöperation in the conduct of our foreign affairs between the White House and the State Department. It is beside the point to advance that Mr. Wilson was singularly arrogant and Mr. Lansing singularly meek. Whatever one might think about the willingness of a man to hold the position of secretary of state under such conditions, most readers will agree that Mr. Lansing, despite the provocation and humiliation, did right in sticking to his post during the peace conference and when the question of ratification was being threshed out in the Senate. As Mr. Lansing says, a split in the American delegation, following the dramatic departure of the Italians, would have given undue encouragement to Germany, and the dissident members of the commission were unwilling to take the responsibility of prolonging the war. What startles one is the revelation that such a situation is possible.

Mr. Lansing, careful lawyer, points out several times that he does not deny Mr. Wilson's constitutional right to act as he did before he went to Paris and at Paris. Treaty negotiating power is vested in the chief executive, and the President of the United States had the authority to do as Mr. Wilson did. He could go to Paris without consulting or getting the consent of any one. He could appoint whom he pleased as plenipotentiaries, and then let them remain figureheads. He could intrust unlimited authority to a man unknown in the United States, who had never held electoral office, and who was responsible only to himself. He could refuse to draw up a program for the guidance of his associates and their subordinates, and there was nothing to compel him to take account either of the traditions or of the interests to the United States. The President could disregard the secretary of state, and refuse to receive advice or information from the State Department.

The student of constitutional history and international affairs thinks not of Mr. Wilson, with his peculiar characteristics and impaired health, but of any President of the United States, vested with the power of complete and uncontrolled exercise of treaty-negotiating functions. We are unique in democratic countries in this respect. We have no foreign policy that has entered into the national consciousness of the American people; so public opinion is no check upon the executive. We have no ministry of foreign affairs, with uninterrupted traditions and activities from administration to administration, whose inherited policies and self-functioning machinery limits the executive or sets him straight when he is inclined to follow a false path.

Of course, one may say, the last word is to the Senate. But the experiences through which we have passed and the mess we are in ought to demonstrate that the coördination in treaty-making power should begin with the negotiations. "In the counsel of many there is wisdom," said a participant in the first recorded peace parley in history. What must never happen again is our Senate confronted with a *fait accompli*, and told to ratify a treaty without change, as if our chief executive were a Bourbon King of France, coercing *parlement* in the ceremony of a *lit de justice*.

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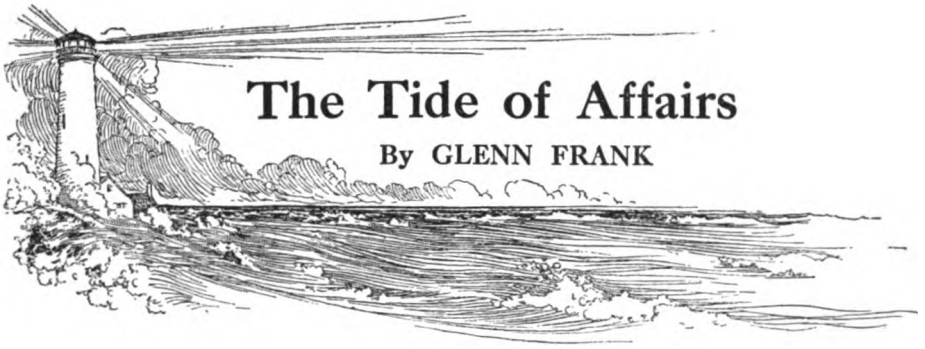

The Tide of Affairs

By GLENN FRANK

The Lost Spirituality of Politics—A Renaissance in China—A Black Ambassador—The Next Great Biography—A Jeanne d'Arc of the Laboratory.

THE LOST SPIRITUALITY OF POLITICS

I FIND myself in a singular mood as I sit down to write these columns of comment for this month. I have always conceived my function in this connection to be that of the interpretative reporter rather than the purveyor of dogmatic personal opinion. Now, the reporter, even the interpretative reporter, is supposed to start with incident and work toward an idea, to state facts and then to submit interpretation. But this afternoon, surrounded by newspaper clippings, memoranda, reports, and correspondence that mirror the month of affairs here and abroad, I find myself strangely reluctant to discuss events, strangely impelled to discuss certain abstract ideas that underlie the present posture of affairs.

Ordinarily, moves upon the chessboard of world politics, columns of industrial statistics, the rise and fall of cabinets, strategic turns in the manœuvers of labor and capital, seem the realistic things of the month. But to-day, with the news of the month before me, I seem unable to catch hold of political events, personalities, or pronouncements that have the feel of reality about them. The politics of the moment, domestic and foreign, seem singularly headless and soulless.

This is not, I think, a mere whimsy induced by indigestion or indolence, but rather an unconscious sensing of a situation into which public affairs have drifted since the war. Politics has lost its soul. Its spiritual note is not being struck to-day by any outstanding statesman anywhere. It may seem to some that politics is the last human game in which to expect a soul. It has always been, says the cynic, a very materialistic game of grab. Not always. There was a brief hour, preceding our entrance into the late war and while we fought, when politics seemed the supreme spiritual adventure of the race.

Woodrow Wilson's foreign policies now lie in ruins, a dismantled house of cards, but the historian of the future will look back upon the period from 1916 to 1919 as a time when an Ameri-

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can President turned the sinister game of diplomacy into a quest for the Holy Grail. For a few fleeting months the moral leadership of world affairs rested in Washington. World politics was a religion, and Woodrow Wilson was its prophet.

Even now, when the smoke has hardly cleared from battle-fields, we find it difficult to remember appreciatively the spiritual exaltation of those days. As the war closed, I wrote a paragraph which reminds me of the dynamic spirituality that informed the politics of the time. It ran somewhat as follows: The motivating stakes of the war were certain basic moralities, upon the vindication of which the integrity of civilization itself hinged—the principle of right as the basis of all human association, the applicability of the moral law to public affairs, and the guaranty of the weak against the lawless aggression of the strong. Regardless of the frequency with which the ghost of Machiavelli may have walked through the corridors of certain foreign offices, these were the principles that inspired alike our armies of industry and arms; these were the principles that set the tone of civilian morale; these were the principles upon which statesmen appealed to their constituencies. These principles ran through state papers and informal diplomatic pronouncements with the insistent recurrence of a motif, giving to the whole texture of international thought during the war consistent and sustained purpose.

A world debate ran parallel with the world war. The period of greatest distraction proved the period of greatest concentration upon fundamental political moralities. The studied frivolities of dinner-table conversation gave way to the serious discussion of the spiritual conflict that was going on above the battle of arms. Men who a few months before had been living narrow and self-centered lives went about like new converts with a passion for disinterested public service. Men gave and fought for peoples they had never seen, peoples whose names they could not pronounce. Men felt not so much that they were at war as that they were in a crusade. It was a time of political Pentecost. All this because men were challenged by a political leadership that had not forgotten that politics *ought* to be the supreme spiritual adventure of the race!

What is the situation now? The opposition has challenged that leadership. Mr. Wilson's policy and procedure have been attacked and defeated. With many of the details of the attack realistically minded men were and are in sympathy. The Treaty of Versailles was not a performance that measured up to the promise of Mr. Wilson's challenging addresses. But the tragic fact is that the policies of the opposition have, to date, been utterly lacking in any dynamic moral appeal to the mind of the nation. On the contrary, the opposition, however high minded and sincere, has evoked the agreement of most or all of the anti-social reactionaries, recklessly irresponsible radicals, blatherskites, and Jingoes in the country. What should have been a fundamental debate upon the best ways and means of discharging America's moral responsibility in world affairs degenerated into an ugly and disgraceful orgy of President-baiting, a chapter in American history that our grandchildren will wish might be expunged from the record! I do not mean that the honest critics of the treaty themselves angled for any such response. I charge

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only that the opposition has failed to appeal to the moral sense of the nation, and has stressed, perhaps without realization, the sinister and selfish motives in world politics.

It is a far cry from the crusading spirit of 1917–18 to the canny spirit of 1921. Will Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes evolve a foreign policy that will appeal to the best instincts of the American people, or will they content themselves with a policy of hermit isolation that will foster the narrowly nationalistic and suicidally selfish tendencies of this moment of post-war moral slump?

No American foreign policy can insure a new heaven and a new earth. We cannot foist Utopias upon the world. But any foreign policy that does not somehow stimulate in the American people a sense of their moral responsibility in world affairs, any foreign policy that reckons only with national safety, with never a word of national service, any foreign policy, in short, that does not in some degree make to the American people the spiritual appeal that the pronouncements of Mr. Wilson made, will be the product either of dull or of dangerous minds.

Politics to-day stands sorely in need of a great *moral* leader. Were such a leader to appear now, in the midst of the sterile and partizan babblings about entangling alliances, I believe the American people would flock to his standard. Is it possible that, with a world half in ruins and politically leaderless, America will have nothing better to offer than a suspiciously Prussian saber-rattling and a big navy?

So far the critics of the Wilson policies have been negative; now they must be positive. And when they approach the challenge of constructive policy they will find, I think, that the failure of Wilson was a failure in technic, not a failure in purpose. The Wilson aims were morally creative aims. They came as a sort of new birth in world politics. And once morally creative ideas are loosed in the world, they can never be recaptured or killed. They will ever after haunt, as ghosts, the council-tables of the opposition.

If Mr. Harding is to win a place in history, he must win it by *attaining* the aims of Mr. Wilson. He will never win it by *adjourning* the aims of Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson's successor does not need a better policy, only a better technic. A foreign policy for America that falls short of the war aims of America will be nothing short of moral apostasy. If the Hardings, the Lodges, and the Knoxes follow up their bitter protests against the manifest wrongs of the Versailles treaty with a constructive policy that makes for an increasingly decent coöperative ordering of world affairs, they will be remembered in history as men of singular moral vision and statesmanlike strategy. If they capitalize their present political advantage by adopting an every-nation-for-itself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindermost foreign policy, they will be remembered in history as Benedict Arnolds to the greatest adventure ever undertaken by this nation in justification of the high political morality in which it was conceived.

What shall it profit America if she keeps clear of the whole world, but loses her own soul? Here, then, is one standard, at least, by which to test the foreign policy of the Harding administration: Does it infuse politics with a sense of international morality?

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A RENAISSANCE IN CHINA

THERE is going on in China today a movement that may finally produce more profound social and political effects than any or all of the strictly social and political movements that now figure in the despatches from that ancient land. This movement is called the Renaissance, or New Thought, Movement. The phrase "New Thought" is really a misnomer when applied to the intellectual adventure in question. The movement has nothing whatever to do with the body of opinion and the attitude of mind that go by the name of "New Thought" in the United States. I use it in this connection and in passing only because it occurs frequently in the reports of foreign observers of this Chinese movement. Let us get the movement placed and then try to catch its meaning and assess its probable influence.

The National University of Peking is the largest and most important center of learning under government auspices in China. Its chancellor, Tsai Yuan-pei, is the guiding spirit of the most influential group in the intellectual life of modern China. Chinese men who were trained in American universities are, I understand, very much in power at the National University of Peking. The university has an enrollment of nearly three thousand students and a faculty of some three hundred scholars. The university turns out about twenty publications, and under its influence nearly one hundred and fifty magazines are scattered throughout China. This university is the center of the origin and activity of the Renaissance Movement.

The Movement sounds harmlessly academic. It is an assault upon the archaic style of literary writing in China. This must not be confused with the Phonetic Script Movement, which is a movement to introduce a Chinese alphabet. The Renaissance Movement represents an attempt to substitute a simple conversational style of writing for the archaic style of literary writing. At first thought this seems interesting business for professors and penmen, but hardly a movement loaded with social dynamite. But on second thought its far-reaching social implications begin to suggest themselves. It means the creation of a usable and effective medium for the propaganda of modern ideas among the Chinese people. It means in time a great increase in the Chinese reading public. It means a marked increase in the number and circulation of periodicals in China. The mere mechanical simplification of writing would do this, but add the almost missionary zeal that seems to attend this Renaissance Movement, and these results seem assured. Much that has hitherto been a sealed book to the many in China will become readable and understandable when translated into a simple conversational style of writing.

I have before me as I write a letter from one of the professors in the National University of Peking. Discussing this Renaissance Movement, he suggests that it is as if an English-speaking people, whose entire literature had been written in Latin and Greek, should start a movement for the translation of their literature in the English of the period, putting into the hands of the masses, in a form they could understand, that which had hitherto been the exclusive property of priests and scholars. From this move-

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ment, then, we may expect some Chinese Wyclif to emerge.

The secondary results of this reform of literary style are already appearing. Following up their stylistic reforms, the leaders of this Renaissance Movement have begun to apply the modern historical methods of studying history and classical literature to the study of Chinese history and literature. The principles of lower and higher criticism are being applied to the Confucian classics to test and prove the reliability or unreliability of certain portions and details of the utterances of Confucius and his disciples.

Witness a few of the results of this adventure. Three years ago, I am reliably informed, there was only one journal in China, and it was struggling along in a difficult attempt to gain an interested clientele. To-day there are nearly two hundred periodicals published in various parts of China under various auspices for various purposes, and they are all written in the conversational style of Chinese for which the leaders of the Renaissance Movement are battling. These two hundred journals, with virtual unanimity, stand for democratic ideals. There is a refreshing fearlessness in their expression of views in their tradition-ridden land. The contents pages of these periodicals show a range of subjects from Bolshevism to birth control, from the introduction of a single tax to such a subject as the historical study of Christological ideas before Jesus of Nazareth, the latter subject, by the way, written, not by a missionary or by a Chinese Christian, but by a non-Christian university scholar.

Some of the articles in these periodicals are merely translations, but many of them are products of original research. Some of these periodicals bear the modern names of "Emancipation," "Reconstruction," "The New Man," "The New Woman," and "Humanity." One of the periodicals published "A Special Number on Love and Marriage," and another, "A Special Number on the Problem of Prostitution," while still another published "A Special Number on Modern Poetry." On Labor day last year one of the periodicals published a special volume of four hundred pages dedicated to the day.

Tagore, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Oscar Wilde, and others may now be read in Chinese. It is not uncommon to see in one number of one of these modern Chinese magazines an entire play of Ibsen or Maupassant translated into an easy conversational Chinese.

These Renaissance leaders are inviting creative minds to lecture in China. John Dewey is enthusiastically received, and the National University of Peking confers upon him an honorary degree. Bertrand Russell is asked to speak, and Henri Bergson is invited to their platforms.

Here is a movement that will repay watching. In a time when the more obvious forms of leadership in politics and in industry seem to have struck a dead center, it is gratifying to know that new intellectual forces are being released in the world to create, perhaps, new leaders.

A BLACK AMBASSADOR

CHARLES GILPIN, negro actor, has made himself a sort of black ambassador to the sane America that is equally impatient with the white provokers of race hatred and the Du

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Bois type of colored leadership that batters itself into passionate rhetoric against the walls of racial integrity.

Gilpin, after playing the rôle of *William Curtis*, the negro servant in John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" throughout its long New York run, joined the Provincetown Players to play the title rôle in Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones." It was a rôle upon which the success or failure of the play hinged, for the play is simply an evening-long monologue of an erstwhile Pullman porter who has established himself as emperor in the West Indies, carries off the duties and dignities of his self-appointed office with humor and bravado, then suddenly realizes that the ominous sound of the tom-tom means the end of his adventure, and through the remaining episodes of the play stumbles tragically to his doom, by his groans and soliloquy dramatizing all the fears, passions, and superstitions that are his as an individual negro and that rush into his mind from across the centuries and out of the jungles of Africa.

His acting proved an artistic triumph. The Drama League planned its annual dinner in honor of the ten persons who had contributed most to dramatic art during the year. Voting had hardly begun before it was evident that Charles Gilpin would be among the ten artists chosen. Then some one put through the suggestion that Gilpin would not be invited to the dinner even if he were chosen by vote. Immediately, the leading artists of the theater protested. Gilpin was finally invited. He asserts that his first impulse was to decline the invitation, but that later he realized that his declination would be unfair to the men and women who had generously refused to permit the color line to be drawn in art. Accordingly, he planned to drop in to the dinner for a few moments only, thank his friends, and depart. As every one knows, his appearance was the sensation of the evening.

But all this is stale news. I have rehearsed it only to get the setting for the point of this editorial. Gilpin did not seize upon the occasion to give vent to a Du Bois diatribe against the color line in social relations. On the contrary, he made a simple and sound statement that contains much wisdom, needed just now in our consideration of the problem of color in America. He said, in commenting upon the occasion:

> I like to keep the foot-lights between me and the public. I don't go in much for sociality or hobnobbing. . . . I have my own little circle of friends and I love them. I live quietly up in Harlem (in the negro quarter) where I belong. . . . I am really a race man—a negro, and proud of being one, proud of the progress the negroes have made in the time and with the opportunity they have had. . . . If I can give any one pleasure with my acting I am very happy.

This was a speech that would have delighted Booker T. Washington's heart. He liked to think that the negro race would slowly build up a body of negro citizens who would make slow, but sure, conquest of prejudice not by propaganda, but by the silent power of good workmanship and social usefulness. If the negro was charged with incompetence on the farm and in the home, then the way to refute that charge was by training negroes at Tuskegee Institute to be skilled agriculturists and competent citizens.

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"The real thing," Washington once said, "is n't to be done by talking and agitation. It 's a matter of lives. The only answer to it all is for colored men to be patient, to make themselves competent, to do good work, to live well, to give no occasion against us."

It is in this spirit that Charles Gilpin is one of the black ambassadors, bringing the appeal of negro usefulness and attainment to the decency and sense of fair play that we like to think characterize America.

THE NEXT GREAT BIOGRAPHY

BIOGRAPHY is a reviving art. That is to say, the last few years have seen a revival of interest in the writing and reading of biographies. Among the successes of the last few publishing seasons certain biographies and autobiographies come readily to mind. Emerson suggested that institutions are but the lengthened shadows of men, and for that reason biography will always remain one of the most direct roads to the heart of the great periods and the great problems of history.

There is one biography that is sadly needed now—a biography of Jesus of Nazareth. This suggestion may not reveal its point readily in view of the fact that our book-shelves are crowded with innumerable volumes that purport to tell the story of the life and public activity of the Nazarene. But there is, I believe, an urgent social reason why another "Life" of this central figure of history should be written.

Through several centuries Christianity worked its way over a Jericho road that was infested with philosophical and theological thieves who seemed bent upon filching from it social power and human appeal. In these latter days we have been rediscovering Christianity by the grace of modern scholarship. We are beginning to see the tremendous social implications as well as the always emphasized personal aspect of Christianity. But the rank and file of laymen have not read and will not read the writings of even such readable religious writers as Walter Rauschenbusch and Francis G. Peabody, not to mention other and later writers. I mean laymen will not as a rule be attracted to such a formidable title as Mr. Rauschenbusch's "Christianity and The Social Crisis," for instance.

It would be difficult to estimate the effect upon American religion, American business, and American politics if some properly equipped writer should produce in a manner that would intrigue the interest of the vast army of readers a fresh biography of Jesus of Nazareth that would take advantage of all the work which has been done by scholars in recovering the social half of Christianity that was for many centuries lost by men who saw, or refused to see, other than the personal and other-worldly half of Christianity. Thousands would read such a biography who will never touch the existing modern volumes of religious history and theology. Such a biography should carefully discard the vocabulary that has been used in the past. The writer should take an oath that he will forego the use of any term that will involuntarily call forth preconceived notions.

Because no one has written such a book, because only the inklings of this relatively new literature about the

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social implications of primitive Christianity have reached the masses of men and women, the tremendous social dynamic of Christianity is one of the relatively unused assets of society, and Christianity is being dragged from pillar to post in defense of every social theory from the rankest reaction to the rankest radicalism.

The other day, Professor Ernest F. Scott of the Union Theological Seminary was arguing the contention that the social message of the New Testament must be examined in the social context of its age. He said:

> Not a little of the popular exposition of the social teaching of the New Testament is misleading and mischevious, and tends to identify Christianity with movements to which it is utterly repugnant. The Sermon on the Mount is mixed up with the claptrap of democracy; directions that Paul wrote to Corinth two thousand years since are construed as if they were municipal by-laws for New York. This juggling with Bible texts and phrases in the interest of some passing political fashion is no new thing. Popes and Puritans, Kings and Kaisers have all done it, and we cannot grudge the latter-day proletarian his turn.

There is no doubt that Christianity is used in one instance as a sort of spiritual cocaine by reactionary interests to deaden the aspirations of the masses, while in the next instance mass-leaders attempt to bring Christianity to the defense of their particular social revolution.

It would be a fine act of social leadership for some one to write a popular and readable biography of the founder of Christianity that would dramatize effectively the reality of his religion that was and is both a spiritual passion *and* a social program. This will be the next great biography. Who will write it?

A JEANNE D'ARC OF THE LABORATORY

WITHIN a few days, Mme. Marie Curie will sail from France to the United States. Here she will receive degrees from several universities, other recognition from scientific societies, and as the climax of her reception a gram of radium will be given to her by an American committee. This gram will be only a minute particle, but will represent a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, and in her hands it may mean the conquest of cancer. It seems strange that the woman who discovered radium must depend upon such a gift for a supply with which to carry on her experiments. But when Mme. Curie discovered radium she made no attempt to patent the element. Others have made vast fortunes as a result of her discovery, but she must to-day live upon her modest salary as a professor at the Sorbonne in Paris, and does not have means with which to buy even one gram of radium with which to further her experimentation. It is said that France possesses less than a gram of radium, all of which is being used in hospital work.

While here Mme. Curie will make a study of the amplifications that American scientists have made of her method. Her coming should mean to us more than the coming of kings and queens. She is a singularly noble and romantic figure in the world of science. She is a refreshing sight and an effective rebuke in the midst of our material-mindedness.

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From the Jarvis Collection

The Princess Vitelli

By Francia

(Timothy Cole's wood-engravings of Masterpieces)

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 102 JUNE, 1921 No. 2

The Preacher at Large

By AGNES REPPLIER

§ 1

THE spirit of Hannah More is abroad in the land. It does not preach the same code of morals that the good Hannah preached in her lifetime, but it preaches its altered code with her assurance and with her continuity. Miss More preached to the poor the duty of an unreasonable and unmanly content and to the rich the duty of personal and national smugness. Her successors are more than likely to urge upon rich and poor the paramount duty of revolt. The essence of preaching, however, is not doctrine, but didacticism. Beliefs and behavior are subject to geographical and chronological conditions, but human nature lives and triumphs in the sermon.

Hannah More was not licensed to preach. She would have paled at the thought of a lady taking orders or climbing the pulpit steps. She had no intellectual gifts. Her most intimate critic, the Hon. Augustine Birrell (the only living man who confesses to the purchase of her works in nineteen calf-bound volumes, which he subsequently buried in his garden), pronounced her to be "an encyclopædia of all literary vices"; yet for forty years she told her countrymen what they should do and what they should leave undone, in return for which censorship they paid her boundless deference and thirty thousand pounds, a great deal of money in those days.

Miss More is a connecting-link between the eighteenth century, which moralized, and the nineteenth century, which preached. Both were didactic, but, as Mr. Austin Dobson observes, "didactic with a difference." Addison was characterized in his day as "a parson in a tie-wig," an unfriendly, but not altogether inaccurate, description, the tie-wig symbolizing a certain gentlemanly aloofness from potent and primitive emotions. Religion is a primitive emotion, and the eighteenth century (*ce siècle sans âme*) was, in polite life, singularly shy of religion, reserving it for the pulpit, and handling it there with the caution due to an explosive. Crabbe, who also lapped over into the nineteenth century, was reproached by his friends for talking about heaven and hell in his sermons "as though he had been a Methodist."

From such indiscretions the tie-wig preserved the eighteenth-century moralists. Addison meditates for a morn-

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ing in Westminster Abbey, and the outcome of his meditation is that the poets have no monuments, and the monuments no poets. Steele walks the London streets, jostling against vice and misery, and pauses to tell us that a sturdy beggar extracted from him the price of a drink by pleading mournfully that all his family had died of thirst, a jest which took easily with the crowd, and might be trusted to raise a sympathetic laugh to-day. It is plain that these gentlemen felt without saying what Mr. Henry Adams said without feeling, that "morality is a private and costly luxury," and so forbore to urge it upon a bankrupt world.

§ 2

The paradox of our own time is that clergymen, whose business it is to preach, are listened to impatiently, while laymen, whose business it is to instruct or to amuse, are encouraged to preach. I open two magazines, and am confronted by prophetic papers on "The Vanishing Sermon" and "Will Preaching Become Obsolete?" I exchange them for others, and find lengthy articles entitled "Can We Control Our Own Morals?" and "Spiritual Possibilities of Business Life." Now, if a disquisition on "Spiritual Possibilities of Business Life" be not a sermon, of what elements is a sermon composed? Yet when I endeavor to ascertain these possibilities, I read that business men often refuse to listen to professional preaching because, while their democratic ideals, their enthusiasm for human values, and their passion for scientific perfection in their products "leave them not far from the Kingdom of Heaven," the church, unhappily for itself, "has not been big enough or strong enough to captivate their imagination and hold their allegiance."

This would seem to imply that business men are too good to go to church, a novel and, I should think, popular point of view. Congregations hear little like it from the pulpit, the average clergyman being unable to observe any signs of a commercial Utopia and having a tiresome and Jeremiah-like habit of pointing out defects. As for asking a group of magazine-readers if they can control their own morals, the query is a vaporous one, not meant to be answered scientifically, but after a formula settled and approved. Even the concession to modernism implied in its denial of religion as a compelling force gets us no nearer our goal. "The faith we need is not necessarily faith in any supernatural help, but only in the demonstrated fact of the possibility of controlling our own minds and morals by going at it in the right way." The tendency of a simple truth, that abstraction which we all admire, to develop into a truism is no less noticeable when set forth in the persuasiveness of print than when delivered with ecclesiastical authority.

Personally, I cannot conceive of a sermonless world. The preacher's function is too manifest to be ignored, his message too direct to be diverted. Joubert said truly that devout men and women listen with pleasure to dull sermons because they recognize the legitimate relation between priest and people, and their minds are attuned to receptivity. And if a dull sermon can command the attention and awaken the sympathy of a congregation honest enough to admit that dullness is the paramount note of human intercourse, as well developed in the listen-

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ers as in the speaker, think of the power which individual intelligence derives from collective authority. This is the combination which so fascinated Henry Adams when he speculated upon the ecclesiasticism of the thirteenth century, its nobility, lucidity, and weight. "The great theologians were also architects who undertook to build a Church Intellectual, corresponding, bit by bit, to the Church Administrative, both expressing—and expressed by—the Church Architectural."

§ 3

With the coming of the printed word, the supreme glory of the spoken word departed. Reading is the accepted substitute for oratory as for conversation, a substitute so cheap, so accessible, so accommodating, that its day will wane only with the waning warmth of the sun or the exhaustion and collapse of civilization. Yet even under the new dispensation, even with the amazing multiplicity of creeds (twenty-four religions to one sauce, lamented Talleyrand a hundred years ago), even though ecclesiastical architecture has ceased to express anything but a love of comfort and an understanding of acoustics, the preacher holds his own. There are always people interested in the relation of their souls to God, and when it happens that a man is born into the world capable of convincing them that the only thing of importance in life is the relation of their souls to God, he becomes a maker of history.

John Wesley was such a man. I read recently that, when he was preaching at Tullamore, a large cat leaped from the rafters upon a woman's head, and ran over the heads and shoulders of the closely packed congregation. "But none of them cried out any more than if it had been a butterfly." *There* was a test of the preacher's supremacy. What other influence could have been so absolute and coercive? When I was a very little girl I was taken to see Edwin Booth play *Hamlet* in the old Walnut Street theater of Philadelphia. That night a cat entered with the ghost, and paced sedately in his wake across the ramparts of Elsinore. The audience shouted its amusement, and the poignancy of a great scene, interpreted by a great actor, was temporarily lost. "Spellbound" is a word in common use, expressing, as a rule, very ordinary attention. Booth cast a spell, but it was easily broken. Wesley cast a spell which defied both fear and laughter. Nothing short of dynamite could have distracted that Tullamore congregation from the business it had on hand.

That the sermon was tyrannical in the days of its pride and power is a truth which cannot be gainsaid. Eloquence in the pulpit has no more bowels for its victims than has eloquence on the rostrum. History is full of instances that move our souls to wonder. When Darnley, new wedded to Mary Stuart, and seeing himself in the rôle of peacemaker, went to hear Knox preach in St. Giles, that uncompromising divine likened him to Ahab, who incurred the wrath of Jehovah by acquiescing in the idolatry of Jezebel, his wife. James Melville says that when Knox preached "he was like to ding the pulpit to blads, and fly out of it." Darnley, furious or frightened, or both, left the church while the victorious preacher was still marshaling the hosts of Israel to combat.

Charles II was wont to recall with

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bitter mirth a certain Sunday in Edinburgh when he was forced by his loyal Scotch subjects to hear six sermons, a heavy price to pay even for loyalty. Paris may have been worth one mass to Henry of Navarre, but all Scotland was not worth six sermons to Charles Stuart, and the memory of that Sunday sweetened his return to freedom and to France.

It is a far cry from Knox hurling the curses of his tribal God at alien tribesmen, from Wesley convicting his narrow world "of sin, and of justice, and of judgment," even from that "good honest and painful sermon" which Dr. Pepys heard one Sunday morning with inward misgivings and troubled stirrings of the soul, down to the sterilized discourse which sins against no assortment of beliefs and no standards of taste. Mr. Frederick Locker gives us in his "Confidences" a grim description of the funeral services of Mr. George Henry Lewes, at Highgate Cemetery. Twelve gentlemen of rationalistic views had gathered in the mortuary chapel, and to them a thirteenth gentleman, also of rationalistic views, but who had taken orders somewhere, delivered an address, "half apologizing for suggesting the possible immortality of some of our souls."

§ 4

This may indicate the progress of the ages, but does it also indicate the progress of the ages that the moral essay, which was wont to be satiric, is now degenerating into the printed sermon, which is sure to be censorious; that the very men who once charmed us with the lightness of their touch and the keen edge of their humor are now preaching thunderously? For years Mr. Chesterton gave us reason to be grateful that we had learned to read. Who so debonair when he was gay, who so incisive when he was serious, who so ready with his thrust, who so understanding in his sympathy? We trusted him never to preach and never to scold, and he has betrayed our trust by doing both. He calls it prophesying, but prophesying is preaching, plus scolding, and no one knows this better than he does.

The earth is a bad little planet, and we hope that other planets are happier and better behaved. But the vials of Mr. Chesterton's wrath are emptied on the heads of people who do not read him and who have no idea that they are being anathematized. Swift used to say that most sermons were aimed at men and women who never went to church, and the same sort of thing happens to-day. We, Mr. Chesterton's chosen readers, are not capitalists or philanthropists or prohibitionists or any of the things he abhors, and we wish he would leave these gentry alone, and write for us again with the old shining wit, the old laughter, the old mockery, which was like a dash of salt on the flavorless porridge of life.

Eighteen years ago Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson published the American edition of the "Letters from a Chinese Official," a species of sermon, it is true, but preached delicately and understandingly in suave and gleaming sentences, its burden of thought half veiled by the graceful lightness of its speech. American readers took that book to heart. We could not make over the United States into a second China. "Some god this severance rules." But we accepted in the spirit of reason a series of criticisms which were reasonably conveyed to our intel-

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ligence, and a great deal of good they did us.

Much has happened in eighteen years, and few of us are so light-hearted or so reasonable as of yore. Is it because we have grown impatient of strictures that Mr. Dickinson's sermons now seem to us a trifle heavy, his reproaches more than a trifle harsh? We did not mind being compared adversely to China, but we do mind being blamed for Germany's transgressions. When, as the mouthpiece of suffering Europe, Mr. Dickinson says, "America is largely responsible for our condition," a flat denial seems in order. America did not invade Belgium, she did not burn French towns, she did not sink merchant ships. It seems to be Mr. Dickinson's impression that our entrance, not without provocation, into the war "prolonged" the struggle, to the grievous injury of the Allies as well as of the Central powers. There is a veracious paragraph in one of Mr. Tarkington's "Penrod" stories which describes the bewilderment of an ordinary American boy who does something he cannot well help doing, and who is thrashed or rewarded by an irate or delighted father according to a point of view which is a veiled mystery to him. So the ordinary American adult gapes confusedly when a British pacifist tells him that by fighting the war to a finish he and his nation are to blame for the economic ruin of Europe.

§ 5

There is the same misunderstanding between unprofessional as between sectarian preachers, and the same air of thoughtful originality when they deal with the obvious and ascertained. When I see a serious essayist hailed as "the first wholly realistic and deductive moralist" that the country, or the century, has produced, I naturally examine his deductions with interest. What I find is a severe, but well-merited, denunciation of the civilized world as hypocritical because its practice is not in accord with its profession. Readers of the New Testament will recall the same divergence between the practice and the profession of the Jews two thousand years ago. It has been neither unknown nor unobserved in any age, in any land, amid any people since.

There were a great many clergymen preaching in Hannah More's day, and there are a great many clergymen preaching now. Churches and temples and halls of every conceivable denomination, and of no conceivable denomination, are open to us. There is something fair and square in going to a place of which sermons are the natural product, and hearing one. There is also something fair and square in taking a volume of sermons down from the shelf and reading one. I am not of those who believe that a sermon, like a speech, needs to be spoken. A great deal of quiet thinking goes with the printed page, and the reader has one obvious advantage over the listener. He can close the book at any moment without disedifying a congregation. But just as Hannah More intruded her admonitions into the free spaces of life, so her successors betray us into being sermonized when we are pursuing our week-day avocations in a week-day mood, which is neither fair nor square. It is the attitude of the nursery governess (Hannah was the greatest living exemplar of the nursery governess), and there is no escape from its unauthorized supervision.

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When a hitherto friendly magazine prints nine pages of sermon under a disingenuous title suggestive of domestic economy, and beginning brightly, "What right has any one to preach?" we feel a sense of betrayal. Any one has a right to preach (the laxity of church discipline is to blame), but a sense of honor or a sense of humor or a sense of humanity should debar an author from pretending he is not preaching when he writes like this: "If we have a desire that seems to us contrary to our duty, it means that there is a conflict within us; it means either that our sense of duty is not a sense of the whole self, or that our desire is not of the whole self. . . . This then is to be aimed at,—the identity of duty and desire." And so on and so on through nine virtuous pages. The reluctance on the part of magazine preachers to refer openly to God tends to prolixity. Thomas a Kempis, reflecting on the same situation, which is not new, briefly recommends us to submit our wills to the will of God. Monk though he was, he understood that duty and desire are on opposite sides of the camp and refuse to be harmoniously blended. This is why living Christians are called, and will be called to the end of time, the church militant.

A sanguine preacher in "The Popular Science Monthly" holds out a hope that duty and desire may be ultimately blended through an adroit application of eugenics. What we need, and have not got, is a race which instinctively and spontaneously does right. Therefore it behooves us to superinduce through grafting and transplanting "the preservation and perpetuation of a human stock that may be depended upon to lead moral lives without the necessity of much social compulsion." It sounds promising; and though Mr. Chesterton loudly asserts that eugenics degrade the race, we are too well accustomed to these divergencies on the part of our preachers to take them deeply to heart.

Mr. Chesterton has also used strong language (understatement is not his long suit) in denouncing "the diabolical idiocy that can regard beer or tobacco as in some sort evil or unseemly," and I am disposed, in a mild way, to agree with him. Yet when some time ago I read a pleasantly worded little sermon on "An Artist's Morality," being curious to know how a moral artist differed from a moral chemist or a moral accountant, the only concrete instance of morality adduced was the abandonment of tobacco. As soon as the artist resolved to amend his blameless life, he made the discovery that its chief element of discord was his pipe. "As a thing of sudden nastiness, I threw it out of the window, drawing in, almost reverently, a deep breath of cool October air."

§ 6

It is possible that the American public likes being preached to, just as Hannah More's British public liked being preached to. This would account for the little sermons thrown on the screen between moving-pictures, brief admonishments pointing out the obvious moral of the drama, deploring the irregularity of masculine affections and the soulless selfishness of wealth, asserting with colossal impudence that the impelling purpose of the entertainment is to bring home to the hearts of men an understanding of the misery they cause. As it is the

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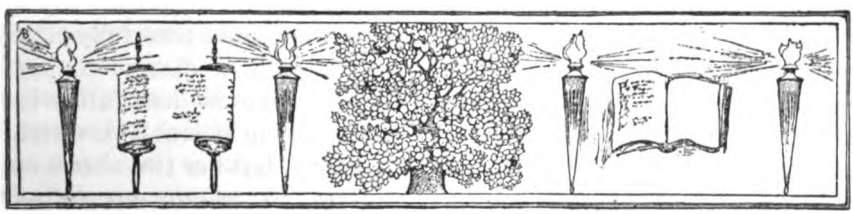
rule of moving-picture plays to change their scenes with disconcerting speed, but to leave all explanatory texts on the screen long enough to be learned by heart, these moral precepts dominate the show. The franker its revelations, the more precepts are needed to offset them. Rows of decent and respectable men who accompany their decent and respectable wives are flattered by being accused of sins which they have never aspired to commit.

"I must acknowledge that some writers upon ethical questions have been men of fair moral character," said Sir Leslie Stephen in a moment of expansion which was no less wise than generous, seeing that he was himself the author of two volumes of lay sermons, originally delivered before ethical societies. Didacticism can go no further than in these monitory papers. There is one on "The Duties of Authors" which is calculated to drive a light-minded or light-hearted neophyte from a profession where he is expected in his most unguarded moments to influence morally his equally unguarded readers. But Sir Leslie played the game according to rule. A plainly worded notice on the fly-leaf warned the public that the sermons were sermons, not critical studies or Alpine adventures. If they seem to us overcrowded with counsel, this is only because they are non-religious in their character. When religion is excluded from a sermon, there is too much room left for morality. Without the vast compelling presence of God, the activities of men grow feverish, and lose the "imperious sweetness" of sanctity.

If our preachers are trying to recivilize humanity, it behooves us, perhaps, to be more patient with their methods. All civilizing formulas are uneasy possessions. Ruskin evolved one, and no man could have been more sincere or more insistent in applying it. So painfully did he desire that his readers should think as he did that he grew to look upon the world with a jaundiced eye because it was necessarily full of people who thought differently. Even Hannah More had a little formula for the correction of England, but it gave her no uneasiness, because she could not conceive of herself as a failure. Advice flowed from her as it flows from her followers to-day. There was but one of her, which was too much. There are many of them, and great is their superfluity. The "Vanishing Sermon" has not vanished. It has only changed its habitat; it has forsaken the pulpit, and taken up quarters in what was formerly the stronghold of literature.



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A Childhood in Kentucky

By CAROLINE OWSLEY BROWN

Drawings by John Wolcott Adams

A LITTLE girl of seventy years ago! As I write these words, it seems a long way to look back; and yet as I look, I grow shorter in stature, recollections rush freshly through my mind, and the Kentucky home in which my earliest years were passed stands bright against its background of sugar maples and green sod. My grandfather, Harry Hawkins Owsley, sheriff of Lincoln County, Kentucky, married the heiress of the country-side in the year of 1815. He was a bachelor of thirty, and she, a maiden of fifteen. I had heard so often of my grandmother's wealth that once, moved by the spirit of curiosity, I asked the amount of her dower, and was told that it was thirteen thousand dollars in cash and a farm. Such were the modest ideas of fortune held by our ancestors.

The bridegroom built a fine red-brick house on his wife's estate, to which he brought his own inherited and acquired slaves, and proceeded to rear to womanhood and manhood a family of nine fair daughters and two sons, losing one son in infancy. The home was truly a patriarchal mansion, such as the people of to-day can scarcely comprehend and few would wish to emulate.

But I have always been glad that I had the experience, and in some lesser degree could imitate the mother I lost in her beautiful young womanhood. While my grandfather rejoiced in nine daughters, he had had only two sons; so when he felt he needed my father, my mother quite cheerfully closed her own home in a distant county, and went to live in her father-in-law's house, taking not only her two little daughters, but her two sisters and her brother, to whom my father was guardian. Seven is not a small addition to a family already fourteen in number. It seemed an altogether

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natural and satisfactory state of affairs, however, and I never heard it questioned.

The house was of the usual colonial type, with a big porch in front, opening into a hall, with rooms on each side and other rooms opening out of these —a house that had evidently been added to in a rambling way as the family needs increased. True, the thought will occasionally intrude: Where did we all sleep? I can answer only for my sister and myself, as I distinctly recall that we slept in a trundle-bed, a low bed on rollers that modestly retired during the day under the big mahogany four-poster in which my parents slept, and was discreetly hidden from view by a deep, white valance that had a knotted fringe adorning it.

This was the day of the melting black eye, the marble brow, and raven curl, all of which my sister possessed. I think, had any one been daring enough to invest a heroine of fiction with auburn locks, he would have been hooted out of the country. Not only was the hue not admired, but it was counted almost a disgrace. A gentle pity was shown me whenever the subject of hair was mentioned, and my father early gave me a lead comb warranted to turn my ruddy locks to a dark brown. Sisters were always dressed exactly alike, and, as my sister Anne was a beauty, the delicate rose pinks that brought out her loveliness did not enhance her older sister's color scheme.

My grandfather and my father together had over a hundred slaves, and it was a great task to keep them employed. My grandfather did not believe in slavery, indeed was one of the earliest antislavery men of the South, and as his principles did not allow him to sell any of the negroes, and the law did not permit him to set them free, he was in a state of much difficulty. I can clearly recall, too, the dread with which we viewed a county deputation who waited on him to say that no more negroes on his place should be taught to read. On inquiry it was found that a young aunt of twelve had taught the farm carpenter his letters. On grandfather's promising that no such crime should be committed again, some of Kentucky's native beverage was handed round, and the gentlemen withdrew.

Many devices, both from economy and to furnish employment to the negroes, were resorted to. We had a house with two big looms in it where all the home-spun,—we called it "jeans,"—woolen, cotton, and flax, was woven that clothed the negroes. There was a big dairy, a cool, lovely place, built over a running stream, where the red crocks were balanced on flat stones to anchor them safely. Next to this was a cheese-room, where great round cheeses ripened. Beyond the field stood a blacksmith-shop and a shoemaker-shop, where Uncle Eli, as black as the ace of spades, was kept busy all the time making shoes. There was a carpenter-shop also.

What if housewives of to-day possessed a hundred helpless people whom they had to see were fed and clothed, or nursed in illness; had to weigh all household supplies both for the family and the slaves; cut out all the clothing, see that the women sewed it, and apportion it to each family according to the needs of each; go to the store-room and measure out the flour, sugar, cornmeal, starch, pickles, and preserves; look into the smoke-house to see that its varied contents of ham, side meat, and sausage were all right; go into the

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"She had dealings with the evil one"

fruit and vegetable cellar to learn if the apples did not need looking over or that the potatoes were not rotting? If any one thinks that a Southern woman trod a primrose path, let him remember that all this had to be done by the mistress of the house or by one of her daughters. My grandmother had a big medicine-box from which she dispensed pills and powders, and liberal doses of castor-oil and calomel, for ordinary ailments, and then, if these failed, the doctor was called to bleed the patient. It was the heroic age of medicine.

One of our favorite amusements was to run down to the big gate, climb to the top of the fence, and watch the passers-by. There was an almost endless procession of white, cloth-covered wagons, and some one of us never failed to sing out, "Where are you going to and where did you come from?" I can still hear, "Comin' from Posey County, Indiana, and goin' back to South Ca'liny." They were an unhealthy, yellow-complexioned lot of people. Often they craved leave to camp "thar and git water and water the critters," which my gentle old grandfather always allowed, and would send corn-meal and eggs and milk down by the ready hands of the children. If any one was sick, my grandmother went down and administered pills and powders to the patient. Once, I remember, a vender of patent medicines, passing down the turnpike, had the misfortune to have his horse die in front of the house, and traded many hundred boxes of Halloway's pills in exchange for a charger to replace the one lost. My grandmother was wrathful at first at my grandfather for taking them, saying that she preferred to mix her own blue mass; but the boxes bore a most enticing list of all ills under the sun which they were warranted to cure, and really they must have been harmless, for we took them for all diseases, and none of us died.

Not all the passers down that winding pike were cheerful ones, for I can recall long lines of negroes chained two

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by two to an iron chain that clanked as they slouched along, a sorrowful, sometimes a ferocious, procession of men and women going down to the cotton- and tobacco-fields of the South. How my heart swelled with pity for them! I did not know exactly what "going down South" meant, but something dreadful, I feared; for if at any time a servant was disobedient or lazy, the threat, "If you don't do better, you will be sold South," was sufficient to tame the most refractory. Even negro mothers would quell a crying child by saying, "Old marse will sell you Souf if you holler so loud."

"She was too small to do anything but tag around after me"

This dread of the South was exceeded only by the fear of being sent to Liberia. About this time the Liberia Colonization Society was trying to solve the problem of slavery. It was a very expensive experiment, for not only was there the cost of the long journey, but the colonist must be fitted with a settler's outfit and means to maintain himself until there was some return from his crops. Such dark tales came back of fever and snakes and alligators "that jes waited to gobble you down befo' you could git on shore," that it was a brave negro indeed who could be persuaded to purchase freedom at such a price. My grandfather sent two, but could not induce any more to follow.

The gold fever of 1849 struck Kentucky, and my father's elder brother, having an adventurous spirit, took five men and started on that long journey across the plains. The negro men were to have their freedom after two years of work. The news came back of their safe arrival and of their having struck gold, and the negro carpenter whom my aunt had taught to read sent her the first gold he mined, which she had made into a ring and wears today. But, alas! my uncle shot himself while hunting, and died, and California was far away in those days, and we never heard what became of the negroes. We did hear that Sam, the carpenter, tried to buy his wife, who belonged on a neighboring plantation. But her owner, who was a notoriously mean man, asked him two thousand dollars for her; and Sam wrote him he could buy a wife in California cheaper than that, and made no further effort.

The quarters for the negroes were built at a distance from the house, and from the turnpike had the appearance

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of a small village. Each house had a little garden where a few vegetables and flowers were cultivated, and sometimes a small patch of tobacco. As I remember them, the negroes seemed a jolly, laughing, care-free race, singing, patting Juba, and dancing what they called a "hoe-down." One old woman called a Guinea negro was held in great awe by the rest of the negroes; they regarded her as having some supernatural powers. She was a tall, slender old woman of a bright-yellow color, always trimly dressed, with slender hands and feet. She claimed that she came from Africa and that her father was a king. Certainly she made no effort to disclaim that she had dealings with the evil one, and we children stood in great fear of her. The negroes lived principally on fat pork and corn-bread, beans and potatoes, and such vegetables as were in season. They had a woman, Aunt Rosy, who cooked for them alone. They could never bear to have white folks watch them eat, and I can recall being sent into the house on such occasions.

Convenience could not have been a prime factor in Southern life, since all kitchens were fully forty or fifty feet away from the dining-room and in a separate building. Hot dishes for meals were borne in by waiters who ran at full speed, carrying the dishes in their uplifted hands.

"To be a lady, you must play on the piano"

Very often on the birth of a baby, a negro child near its own age was given to it, and the two were not only inseparable companions in childhood, but the association lasted through later years, the slave becoming the maid or body-servant of the mistress or master. I never heard the word valet used in Kentucky; it was always body-servant. My father was much attached to William, his body-servant, and brought him to St. Louis when we came to Illinois; but there he had to leave him, as the law did not permit a man to bring a negro into a free State. William was left with instructions to steal his way across the Missis-

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sippi, and it was nearly a year before we heard a knock one morning, and in came a smiling black face, with "Here I is, Marse John." William had arrived. I am sorry to add that William fell a victim to the charms of a "yaller gal" whose name was Rose and whose character was far from good, and they reared a numerous progeny. I often hear of persons bearing the family name being taken up in Jacksonville and Decatur for petty larceny.

A negro girl of about my own age was given to me. I tyrannized over her, but I loved her. I do not think I should have loved her if I could have helped it, for even at that early age I was fully aware of the difference in our positions; but little Liz was so devoted to me that I could not help but love her in return. She was too small to do anything but tag around after me, and many were the interesting happenings we saw in that complex household.

Every morning we all gathered at the horse-block to see my aunts and the numberless house guests go on their daily rides, and I can recall how jealous every maid was of the beauty and horsemanship of her own lady. My aunt Susan's maid once said: "I bet you none of them ladies can beat my Miss Suse. Law! you ought to see her r'ar back on her trinity and ride off lak a queen!" I do not recall ever sitting at the first table with the white folks. Such honor was not for my years. In those ante-bellum days children were always served at a second table after the grown people had finished. What anguish filled our hearts at the frequent announcement, "White folks done et all de biscuits; you chillen got to eat co'n-bread." But such was our awe of Aunt Rindy, the big, fat black genius who presided over the kitchen, that no murmur against her providing ever reached her. Indeed, I think that even my grandmother did not correct Aunt Rindy much. I do recall a tradition that my grandfather once passed Aunt Rindy leaning against a door and pushed her aside.

"Whut you pushin' me fur, Marse Harry? I ain't doin' nothin'," declared the colored autocrat.

"Just what I am pushing you for, Rindy," answered her master.

Our house was in a yard filled with trees, and a winding road led down to the turnpike. On one side was the garden, my grandmother's garden. Delectable place! There was a plant called ambrosia, a long, green wreath-like affair, with tiny balls of a bitter, aromatic odor. It was a lovely plant, and lent itself to any scheme of decoration. I can recall one special occasion when a young aunt wove it into a bridal wreath for Jane, a tall, black housemaid who was to be "nunited in merriage" to Mesty, the butler. At least he would be called the butler now, for he served in the dining-room; but we called him "You Mesty." My aunt was a young woman of original conceptions, and placed three tiny red tomatoes in the very front of the wreath as a crowning point of beauty. We called them "love apples," but they are more prosaically known as "cherry tomatoes." It was the first wedding of my memory, so no wonder I can recall every detail of Jane's dress, which was of a stiff white muslin. As Jane was very tall and very thin and the shade of ebony, she must have looked lovely. I remember feeling hurt because mammy said Jane was skinny. I think mammy did not like the match.

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Mesty's full name was Mephistopheles, a name given to him by a young uncle home from college whom mammy had entreated to "name de baby." Marse Will had been asked to give "a real gran', highfalutin name," and mammy was much pleased with the result. "De onliest fault wid dat name is it don't come handy to your mind," she said; so she called him "Mesty" for daily use, asking occasionally, "Marse Will, would you min' sayin' dat chile's name over ag'in?"

In my grandmother's garden there were beds of a mossy green plant that bloomed in hundreds of yellow and white and red satiny blossoms every day, and had tiny silvery seeds that burst from their pointed caps when you tried to pick them. These satiny blooms had a long name, portulaca, which captivated my ear by its romantic foreign sound. And there was a great bed of petunias. Never were blossoms more loved. You could do so many things with them! You could make lovely dolls. First, you picked the petunia, and after you had pulled the green stem off and sucked the honey out, you could slip any number of other blossoms on the long, slender flower-stalk, thus forming a flounced gown, finishing the whole effect by sticking a bud on top for a head. When you had exhausted the daily novelty of Madam and the Misses Petunia, you could blow elfin music through the dainty purple-and-white trumpets. Lastly, you could watch the bees and bumblebees that came buzzing and droning about before creeping into the sweet, sticky cups of your favorites; and as the day declined, humming-birds hovered on swift wings over the blossoms and dipped their long, slender bills down into the very depths of their chalices, while great gray moths, looking like first cousins to the humming-birds, fluttered after them. In the lower end of the garden a shallow stream swept with swift current over its rocky bed, and tall iris blossoms waved purple banners amid their lance-like leaves. Silver-stemmed alder-bushes bore great fronds of creamy white blossoms that made lovely parasols to play lady with, and later, as their beauty waned, the white blooms changed into dark wine-red clusters of berries that served the same purpose. There were many useful things in my grandmother's garden; poke-berries, for instance. I wager no belle on Broadway ever felt more perfectly attired than I, with my cheeks painted a glowing poke-berry red, a horse-radish leaf for a fan, and my auburn locks shielded from the sun by an alderberry sunshade. At each end of the porch-steps stood great tubs of hydrangeas that had fairylike flowers that were green one day, white the next, then blushed into a faint pink that in time gave way to a delicate lavender. I have seen many hydrangeas since, but they were just hydrangeas, with nothing magical about them, and I had not the least inclination to stand watching them for hours in the hope that some time the magical changes would take place while I was looking.

While little Liz had no regular occupation, there were two offices she sometimes unwillingly filled, in neither of which, truth compels me to admit, was she a success. She sometimes fanned my grandmother during her afternoon nap, but she would get sleepy herself, and hit my grandmother on that august feature of her face, the nose. Then, too, when she kept the flies off the table, she would dip the fly-brush

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"My grandmother's governesses always came from Brattleboro, Vermont"

into the butter. I clearly remember the glories of that fly-brush. It was made of peacocks' feathers, which glowed and gleamed like jewels as little Liz slowly waved it to and fro. We had no flowers in the middle of the table in that early time. A silver castor, holding tall cut-glass bottles for vinegar, pepper, mustard, and catsup, occupied the place of honor. This was flanked by a silver dish, set rather high on four legs, in which reposed a huge lump of yellow butter. When I read that passage in Judges where Jael "brought forth butter in a lordly dish," I think of the butter-dish of my childhood.

All my father's sisters took music lessons, and my mother played and sang also, as did her two sisters. I know there were three pianos in the house, one in the parlor, one in the sitting-room, and one in the schoolroom. Perhaps this may account for my father's detestation of the instrument; then, poor man, he had no ear for music and could not turn a tune.

In those days music was a necessary accomplishment to ladyhood. If you had any talent, well and good; if not, still well and good. To be a lady, you must play on the piano, and down you sat on the piano-stool and practised and counted your "one and two and three" through your weary daily hour. It was the same way with poetry. You might have no taste for it, but a lady should like poetry, and consequently we memorized whole books. I could at one time repeat "The Lady of the Lake," entire reams of Thomas Moore, many of Mrs. Hemans's shorter poems, an occasional fragment of Byron, who was thought terrifically wicked, and was consequently a great favorite. I did not begin Tennyson until much later in life, at the mature age of sixteen.

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My grandmother's governesses always came from Brattleboro, Vermont. That may seem queer, but one succeeded the other from that town. The ladies, once imported, shared the family life out of school hours, and in due time married. Beside my grandmother's daughters, several young granddaughters and nieces came to school, so the big school-room built just across the court from the back porch was a gay scene. The last year we lived in Kentucky, for some reason we had no governess, and all the children drove into Stanford to school in what we called a rockaway. Once out of sight of the house, a young aunt, famous for her handling of the whip, stood up in the front of the carriage and drove with the driving of Jehu, so as to distance two boy cousins who rode to school on their ponies. The Lord was surely very good to us, for I do not recall that any were killed or maimed.

A room called the "lower room," because it was reached by steps from my grandmother's room, was where all the children congregated in the evening to crack nuts, eat apples, pop corn, and tell stories. The advantages of all these amusements for a lady of my years was questionable, as the "raw head and bloody bones" with which one young relative embellished her narration occasionally disturbed my sleep even at that time of my life, though it was delightful. Here I heard the story of the tar baby thirty years before *Uncle Remus* told it. And we sang many a hymn, which mammy called a "hime." In one the words ran thus:

Some said dat John de Baptist
War nothin' but a Jew,
But the Bible doth inform us
That he was a preacher, too.

(Chorus)
I been listenin' all the night-time,
Been listenin' all the day,
Been listenin' all the night-time,
To hear some sinner pray.

Others were:

Who am dese dat am dressed in red?
Day is dem dat is riz from de dead.
Who am dese dat am dressed in white?
Day is de chillen of de Israelite.

Holy, Holy, my Lord 's Holy!
Holy, Holy, blood off the land!
Christian has a right to shout,
Blood off the land!
He 'll improve it, I 've no doubt!
Blood off the land!

In more mature years it has dawned on me that "blood off the land" may have been intended for "blood of the lamb," but the negroes sang "Blood off the land."

Saturday night was a time of great festivity for the negro. It was then that he went up to the big house to get his pass. If he was married to a woman who was owned on a neighboring place, he was permitted to stay all night, returning before seven o'clock Sunday night. Or perhaps he was merely "co'tin' Marse Tom Breckinridge's Sallie," in which case he must return by twelve o'clock Saturday. Anyway, it was fatal to be caught out without a pass. My father always had a great distaste for men who called on Saturday or Sunday night. He said that a gentleman (laying great stress on the word) had leisure to call during the week. Forty years after slavery was done away with, to him they were still negro nights.

In such a composite household, in a State noted for its hospitality, there were, of course, a great many guests coming and going. The big bedroom

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opening out of the parlor was called the "beaus' room," for every one who came at night was asked to stay all night. We lived about fifteen miles from Danville, and seven from Stanford, and though the turnpike made the house easy of access, the beaus were nevertheless always asked to stay all night, and this room, with two big beds in it (for four might elect to stay), was always kept in readiness for them. I can recall the mortification of my younger aunts, after we moved to Illinois, because my grandfather, with his old-fashioned Southern hospitality, would come into the parlor and ask their beaus to stay all night.

Of course there were carriages on the place. I can recall the glories of a stately, satin-lined closed carriage sacred to my grandmother. It had a set of four folding-steps that a negro man, seated beside the driver, let down when he opened the carriage-door. A barouche and a rockaway were for more common use, but all the young women of the household rode on horseback. When they went to church they buttoned a linen riding-skirt round their slender waists, put on a cape to keep

"It was then that he went up to the big house to get his pass"

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off the dust, and rode to church, to be met by a dozen gallant hands eager to hand them down at the church horse-block. They slipped off the linen riding-skirt and cape, hung them on the horn of the saddle, and were all ready to be escorted up the aisle by the favored swain, who of course came home to dinner and perhaps stayed all night.

My mother was married in Jamestown, a Cumberland Mountain village. The roads were cut from the solid rock of the mountain-side, and so steep was the winding way that her piano had to be brought twenty-five miles from the river by men who carried it on their shoulders. I have heard her sisters say she wore a white book muslin, made with a double skirt, with a wide hem to match the lower hem. She was married in April, and had the lovely white dogwood for her wedding blossoms. The next morning the bride of eighteen started with her husband, who was twenty years old, to ride on horseback to his father's home, where the "infare" was to be held, taking her trousseau in a pair of saddle-bags swung across the groom's horse, and a carpet-bag hung from the horn of her own saddle. She had a leghorn bonnet, tied modestly under her girlish chin by a pink ribbon. This leghorn bonnet was a bonnet worthy of the name; it was no ephemeral adornment for a single season. Costing the great sum of thirty dollars, it was expected to last a goodly time; and although it was my mother's wedding bonnet, I remember it well.

Ordinarily, a much-ruffled white sunbonnet guarded the ladies' complexions from spot or stain. These were the days when the complexion really flourished; no modern powders or paints would be countenanced. To say a girl painted was to condemn her as deficient in some moral as well as physical sense, and Madam Grundy permitted only a starch bag, as a sort of compromise measure. I remember I used to get so hot, with my sunbonnet tied tightly under my small chin to preserve my too easily freckled cheeks, that I would push the bonnet back; but my mother was determined that I should at least preserve the one alleviation for my hair, and she worked a buttonhole in the top of my sunbonnet, drew a long, red curl through it, and pinned or tied the curl so that it would cruelly pull if I tried to push the bonnet back.

Young ladies took great care of their hands, wearing gloves at night and often during the morning hours. I heard of one who used to put iron thimbles on her fingers at night, draw on gloves, and sleep thus, in the effort to gain the much-admired tapering fingers. Curls were much admired. A girl whose hair could be curled in numberless rows of curls was counted a fortunate woman. I do not think that people paid as much attention to what was becoming or fitting as they do now. There were, to be sure, certain broad rules that one never transgressed. A fair-skinned person had to wear blue and green; a dark one, pink and red.

People became old much sooner then than now. I often wonder what my grandmother would think of my uncovered white head. I fear she would feel it quite immodest. Grandmother put on caps tied in a big bow under her chin when she was thirty. But it was not the fashion to have white hair. If nature silvered her locks, certain secret hours spent alone in her own room sent grandmama forth with shining dark bands peeping from the snowy folds of her muslin cap.

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Dr. Adrian Hale Hellmuth*

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

YOU have never heard of him. Naturally. He was one of the most valuable citizens of our day. He saved innumerable lives. He taught others how to save more innumerable lives. But, our civilization being what it is, he could live in distinguished obscurity for twenty years, in New York city itself, within hailing distance of all the newspaper presses and publicity agents and notoriety factories of the metropolis, and you would never hear of him.

I never heard of him myself until Dr. Ward spoke of him to me—Dr. Lucius Freeman Ward.

"Hellmuth was the best surgeon that America has turned out," Dr. Ward said. "I 've seen students come out of his clinics almost with tears in their eyes—tears of admiration and a sort of despair, like young pianists from a Paderewski concert. He worked as if he were clairvoyant, as if he had eyes in the blade of his knife. And when he came to one of those abdominal operations where you have to depend on your fingers to tell you what you can't see, and you 're wearing rubber gloves, he had a sixth sense. I 've never seen anything like it; never."

I believe it was this suggestion of clairvoyance that really interested me. Occultism in a surgeon! It was like being told that the stock exchange at its noisiest hour was haunted.

I asked for evidence and instances, and, of course, it began to appear that Dr. Hellmuth's magic was just surgical legerdemain. He had devoted himself to his profession with such singleness of determination that he had developed, as it were, special sense organs in his hands. He could shut his eyes, spread his fingers, and tell you to the sixty-fourth of an inch how far his finger-tips were apart. He could separate his hands in the same way, and give the exact distance between his forefingers, blindfold.

"He had a grip like a pipe wrench," Dr. Ward said. "He could pull a cork with his second and third fingers.

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They closed on it like a pair of pliers. He could take hold of your wrist in that way and fairly bruise it. They were n't fingers; they were steel calipers." The cords in the backs of his hands played freely back and forth over the knuckles, and he could expand and contract the width of the hand as if the bones in it were the ribs of a fan. "He was n't altogether born that way," Ward explained. "He had purposely acquired it, like a contortionist, as part of his training."

Ward had known him from boyhood. Both had been born in the New England town of Primpton, Massachusetts, but they came of families separated by such a distance in the social scale that it was not until they arrived in the same class at college that they became intimate. Ward had intended to study law. Hellmuth persuaded him to go into medicine.

"It was like a religious enthusiasm with him," Ward said. "He converted me. There 's no other word for it. And that was one of the things that puzzled me about Hellmuth until quite lately—what had given him this fanatical feeling about medicine."

Hellmuth's father owned the textile mills at Primpton, and Hellmuth, as the eldest son, should have succeeded him in the business. The grandfather had been an immigrant weaver who married a Massachusetts girl; the father married one of the New England Hales; there had never been a doctor anywhere in the immediate family.

"You 'd have expected Hellmuth to be a parson, if anything," Ward said. "The old people were as devout as Jonathan Edwards. They had a fine old religious feeling against science as atheistic, and he had a fight for it before they let him go to the medical school. How do you suppose he beat them? Well, he persuaded them that he had 'a call' to medicine—like a minister's call. And he had. I found out just lately how the call came. It 's one of the most curious things I ever ran across."

"Tell me about it," I said.

He did not respond at once. He sat sunken in his arm-chair, pinching his chin between thumb and forefinger, and looking through me thoughtfully, with one eyebrow higher than the other and his eyes not focused. It gave him a melancholy expression.

He had just heard that Hellmuth, in charge of a field hospital unit, had died from exposure in the Serbian retreat over the mountains of Montenegro, somewhere between Petch and Scutari, in December, 1915. Or, rather, he had just had a confirmation of the cable news of Hellmuth's death, in a letter from his assistant, a Dr. Rogers. It was this letter that had moved Ward to speak of Hellmuth to me.

"Tell you about it?" he said at last. "I don't know how to tell you about it. It 's too long a story. It 's the story of Hellmuth's whole life."

He thought it over in a sort of mute wonder.

"The Greeks would have called it fate," he said. "And it shows what this thing is sometimes—the thing that we call fate." He nodded to himself. "Well," he concluded, "I 'll tell you the parts that are more or less significant."

HE began to tell me about the time when Hellmuth and he had been interns together at the Old St. Luke's; and his reminiscences, after the manner of such, were concerned more with

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riotous doings out of hours than with duties in the hoεpital. Hellmuth had two enviable qualifications for leadership in their young medical convivialities: he could drink as much beer as a German student, and he played the piano like a rhythmical baboon.

"He 'd spent a year abroad," Ward explained, "chiefly in Vienna. He came back with a prejudice against the Germans, due to their operating on charity patients without giving them anesthetics, as far as I could make out, and another prejudice against their music. He called it melodic suicide, tonal pessimism. He would never play anything but dances and rag-time. He said he had taken up the piano to develop his hands. I don't believe that. He had a gift for music, if he had cared to follow it, but he would n't. He would n't surrender to his emotions. He never went to concerts or operas. If an orchestra started anything at all moving, he 'd get out."

The gang to which they belonged had found a little Hungarian restaurant where they could get table d'hôte dinners cheap and have the freedom of a good piano. It was the resort of another clique also, a group from the under-world, and among these were two who became involved with Hellmuth.

One was a thin-lipped young crook whom they nicknamed "the Jackdaw" because of his color and his sinister air; and the other was the Jackdaw's "skirt," a silent and adoring child of the streets, so blonde and chalk-faced that they called her "Angel Mary." They did not know the real names of either.

"We 'd noticed them together several times at a table in the back of the joint," Ward said, "and for some reason Hellmuth took a scunner to the Jackdaw on sight."

He had very sleek and glossy black hair and a bony nose, and a round, unwinking eye that looked at you sidewise like a rooster's. The girl used to sit and wait for him, without eating until he came; and she would give him a searching, frightened glance as he entered, to see what his mood was. If he came in with his hat on the side of his head, swinging his bamboo cane, she brightened as if the sun had risen. They sat and talked over their food, with their heads together, so that you could never hear what they said; and at the end of the meal she paid the check and went out cheerfully, and left him to smoke over his empty plate, pleased with himself.

More often he entered, dragging his stick, his hat down on his nose; and he sat without looking at her, and spoke to her only out of the side of his mouth, sourly. Then she would eat her meal as quickly as possible, and pay the check and slink away as dejected as a disappointed child.

"We knew a lot of policemen, from our ambulance work," Ward explained. "Hellmuth asked them about the Jackdaw, and found out that he was one of Chick Allen's cadets. Probably a pickpocket and petty con-man, too. The girl was on the streets, helping to support him."

One night they sat at a table directly behind Hellmuth and began their meal quietly, but ended it with a quarrel about a ruby brooch that the Jackdaw wanted to give her and she was afraid to take. Hellmuth was listening; the others were not. And when the crook, in the midst of a hoarse, whispered controversy, sud-

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denly slapped her face, Hellmuth spun around and struck him an open-handed blow on the side of his head that toppled him off his chair. He sprang up and tried to rush Hellmuth, and Hellmuth knocked him down.

That started a "free for all." There were several of the medical clique in the café, and at first they had all the best of it; but more of Chick Allen's gang kept coming in, with brass knuckles and blackjacks, and the students had to defend themselves with chairs and carafes and anything else they could snatch up. Some one called in the police, and that saved them.

"Hellmuth and I were cornered," Ward said, "behind a table that we had overturned, beating off three or four toughs who were trying to disfigure us. And behind us was the girl. When the police stopped the fight, Hellmuth saw that she had the brooch in her hand—the brooch that she and the Jackdaw had quarreled about. She had caught it up when the table overturned. Hellmuth said, 'Here, don't let them see you with that,' and he snatched it away from her. Then when the cops were lining us up, he held it out to the Jackdaw and said, 'I think this is yours.'

"Of course a plain-clothes man grabbed it at once. He demanded:

" 'Where did you get that?' and Hellmuth explained.

"The detective took out his handcuffs.

" 'I guess this 'll do for you,' he said to the Jackdaw, and arrested him for burglary.

"I forget the details of that part of the business. Some one confessed, and the Jackdaw went up the river for five years. All I remember is our end of the affair. The desk sergeant did not hold Hellmuth or me, but he held the girl, and Hellmuth went down to court next day and paid her fine. I knew this at the time, but I did n't know that he took her uptown, got her a place to live, and found work for her to keep her off the streets. And I did n't know that he continued seeing her.

"Chick Allen's gang were looking for us, and we had to keep away from their end of the town. That broke up our parties for a while. I thought that Hellmuth was spending his off hours with a girl named Helen Kane, Dr. Kane's daughter. You remember Kane? He had a fashionable practice —Madison avenue. Helen was a handsome, big girl, athletic. Hellmuth used to ride with her in the park. I thought he was seeing her whenever he went off without me.

"Well, he was n't. He was having some sort of affair with 'Angel Mary.' I did n't suspect it even when she came looking for me, one night at the hospital, in a pouring rain, soaking wet. I was n't there, and she did n't ask for Hellmuth, and she went away without leaving any message. They had had a quarrel, as I learned later, and she was trying to find him. He never said a word.

"Two or three days afterward she came to the dispensary for medicine, and they turned her into the free ward with a bad attack of pneumonia. One of the nurses came to me from her. She did n't mind involving me, but she was game about protecting Hellmuth. 'Tell him I 'm here,' she said, 'but don't tell any one I know him.'

"I told him, but he did n't say anything. He used to get into the ward to see her without letting any one but

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the nurse know. I was with him there at other times, but Angel Mary did n't give either of us away by so much as a look that any one would notice, not even when she was dying. She was a game kid all right.

"I did n't know what had been going on until Hellmuth asked me to see that she was n't buried in Potter's Field, and gave me money for the undertaker. Even then I had to guess the truth from the change that came over him. He began to be queer. He stopped riding in the Park; said the crows there gave him the 'willies.' And then he dropped Helen Kane; said he hated dark women, anyway. And then he quit St. Luke's and went back to Vienna, and I lost track of him for a long time.

"It seems he took his holidays in the Balkans while he was over there, and he learned to speak some of the languages, Serbian at least. That 's why he volunteered for service with the Serbian Relief—that and his feeling about the Germans. Well—"

Ward paused and cleared his throat as if he were going on at once, and then fell silent, leaning forward in his chair and looking at his feet. I supposed that he had suddenly become aware that he was rambling in his narrative and getting nowhere, and it had the effect of a flash of thought transference when he looked up at me to ask:

"Did you notice the significance of all that?"

"Of all what?"

"Of all those incidents? The Jackdaw, the blonde Angel Mary, the crows that gave him the 'willies'?"

I shook my head, finding it empty. He smiled.

"I did n't either at the time. I did n't even suspect that there was any significance in them at all until just before he sailed for England to volunteer for work in the Balkans. He came to Washington to see the British embassy and he dropped in to call on me."

Here Ward drifted off into another long digression. It seems that when he left St. Luke's he went into general practice, and became dissatisfied with his inability to cure anything but the simple germ diseases, and caught at a new theory of the effect of the internal glands on the body as the cause of much ill health, and made himself a sort of specialist in the functions of these glands and their disorders. Then he found that the glands were affected by emotions to such a degree that in many cases he was merely treating, in the glands, the symptoms of a disturbance in the patient's mind, and this took him into the field of mind-cure and psychology. By the time that Hellmuth returned from his surgical studies abroad Ward had lost his faith in the knife as anything but a pruning-hook, and Hellmuth had arrived where he would open a patient as inevitably as a watch-repairer opens a watch. He perfected a new technic of sacral suspension, and brought the operation for appendicitis to the point of being as safe as pulling a tooth, and performed prodigies of skill in cutting diseased areas from essential organs without stopping the watch. To Ward he was merely treating symptoms by removing the results of disorders which he did nothing to cure. They did not exactly quarrel about it. Ward was practising in Washington, and Hellmuth in New York, and they were both too busy to write controversial letters; they exchanged monographs

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on their pet subjects and agreed to differ in a silence that was not friendly. So, when Hellmuth came to Washington in the spring of 1915, and telephoned from his hotel to Ward, Ward accepted his invitation to dinner with natural misgivings.

"We had a whale of a fight," Ward said. "He 'd been the big frog in his surgical puddle for fifteen years, and he looked on me as a disciple who had gone astray. It took me till midnight to make him feel that he was n't divine intelligence instructing an insect. Nobody had dared to argue with him for ten years, probably. We had a gory time."

The upshot of it was that Hellmuth came to see him on the following day, in his office.

"He had a challenge for me," Ward said. "He wanted to know why the sight of the purple grackle in Lafayette Park that morning had given him such a depression that instead of going on to the British embassy, he turned back to his hotel and went to bed. If there was anything in my theories about emotions and their origins, where did this emotion come from?"

In reply Ward started to "dig," as he put it. When had Hellmuth first felt this depression at the sight of a black bird?

He had always felt it. For years, if he saw a crow on his way to an operation, he could n't help but feel that it meant bad luck.

Yes? And before that?

Well, he remembered meeting a girl at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and having a fit of the blues when he saw a painting of some battle-scene in which vultures or some other black birds were settling on the dead.

"I did n't ask him whether this girl was Helen Kane," Ward said, "and I did n't remind him that he had given up riding in the park because the crows gave him the 'willies.' And I did n't recall to him that he had dropped her because he disliked 'dark women,' and that he had hated 'the Jackdaw' on sight and got himself into that mess with 'Angel Mary' as a result, and all the rest of it. I was afraid that he 'd blow up and accuse me of being crazy on my own dope. I said:

"'This thing probably traces back to your early childhood. Do you remember any crows or blackbirds at home?'

"He replied that there were always crows in the pines on one side of the house, and they always depressed him.

"'The house was a gloomy old hole, anyway,' he said. 'I was always glad when my holidays were over and I could get back to school. There was too much prayer and Puritanism at home.'"

Ward asked:

"Had it any other depressing associations? Had anybody died there —any one that you were very fond of?"

"Yes," Hellmuth said, "a cousin, when I was about seven; a little girl, an orphan. My parents had all but adopted her."

"Was she dark or fair?" Ward asked.

"She had long, yellow curls," Hellmuth said. "I remember that. And I remember that when she took sick they would n't let me into the room to see her even for a moment. And when they were all asleep one night I sneaked down-stairs and got into bed with her." He laughed contemptuously. "I remember the row they raised when they found us asleep together in the morning."

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"'And all the mourners came trooping around like black birds'"

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"They were afraid you 'd get ill yourself?" Ward asked.

"It was n't only that. They had nice, clean Puritan minds, and poor little Fanny was three or four years older than I was,—'old enough to know better,' as they said,—and they treated the whole incident as a nasty scandal. Really! There had been something the matter about her mother; I never knew what. But they saw 'the bad blood' coming out in Fanny, and one of my maiden aunts was quite relieved when the illness killed her. I heard her saying so, with tears, of course, and sanctimoniously, arguing that it was probably 'all for the best' to have her taken away from the sins and temptations of this world. Lord! how I hated her!"

Ward had been struck by the parallel between this incident and the death of 'Angel Mary' in the hospital, and with that parallel in his mind he asked cryptically:

"Where did 'the Jackdaw' come in?"

Hellmuth answered:

"It was n't a jackdaw. It was a raven." And then he asked, astonished, "How did you know?"

"I did n't," Ward evaded him. "Tell me about the raven."

It was a stuffed bird, under a glass bell, on the mantelpiece of the room in which Fanny was laid out for burial. Hellmuth was taken in there by the family to join in funeral prayers, and he could not bear to look at Fanny's face; and he would not look at any of the family because he felt that they were all, like his aunt, glad that she had died. So he stared sullenly at the bright-eyed bird on the mantelshelf, with its head cocked on one side like some pert imp of Satan.

"It looked like my aunt in her black dress," Hellmuth said, "and it looked like the undertaker, and all the mourners came trooping around like black birds. I ran away and hid in the orchard and would n't go to the funeral. And I hated them all and I hated the house and I hated the crows."

WARD, relating it, settled back in his chair and spread his hands as one says, "And there you are!"

"But do *you* mean to say—" I began.

"I mean to say," he interrupted, "that because of those incidents in his childhood, the black bird became associated with death in Hellmuth's mind to such a degree, and so unconsciously, that whenever he saw a crow or a purple grackle, it gave him a depression, a fear, and a sense of failure that he could n't fight against. Any black bird was a symbol of death to his instinctive emotions. It was this fear and hatred of death that made him a doctor. His ambition to study medicine began almost immediately after his cousin died. That was where 'the call' came from. He wanted to fight death as a divinity student wants to fight sin. It was a real call, and it made him a great surgeon. But it also set his limitations as a physician. He had to have tangible causes and results; hence surgery. With the knife you know pretty well what you want to do, and you have only to acquire the necessary skill in order to do it; hence Hellmuth's drive to develop his hands. And I 'm willing to bet it was his fear of death and of melancholy thoughts of death that made him hate any kind of sad music. And I 'm not ashamed to say that I believe some of his hatred of Germany

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probably came of that two-headed black bird, the imperial eagle, or whatever it is. And when war broke out, he saw it as the triumph of death, and he gave up everything to fling himself into it."

"Did you tell him so?"

"I did not," Ward said grimly. "It would have sounded as fantastic to him as it does to you. You people can't stand to have the childishness of your apparently intelligent mental processes exposed to you. I simply connected his black-bird depression with his first knowledge of death, and let it go at that. I 'm sorry now that I did n't tell him the whole truth. I might have saved him."

"Saved him how?"

"Saved him from being killed by a blackbird."

I MUST have shown my amused incredulity. Ward got up and took a letter from the clutter of papers on his desk, and sat down with it, turning the pages.

"The cable from London," he said, "reporting Hellmuth's death, announced that his hospital unit had arrived at Brindisi without him, and was held there in quarantine. I cabled to Rogers, his assistant, asking for confirmation. I got this letter from him after he reached Paris. Listen, now."

He began about page three.

"'Hellmuth showed no signs of strain up to the night we left Kraguyevatz. We were retreating before the Germans under Mackensen, with the Austrians off to our left, I think, and the Bulgarians pressing in from the other flank to cut us off. Our orders were to get ourselves and our ambulances to Prishtina by way of—'"

He waved it aside. "I can't pronounce those names. It 's immaterial."

"'We understood that at Prishtina we might expect to meet the Allied forces on their way north to block the Bulgars. The road from Kraguyevatz to Prishtina took us down the entire Serbian line that faced the Bulgars, and we had the German guns behind us, where our division was fighting rear-guard actions, and the Bulgarian guns coming in nearer and nearer from the east. At first we had plenty of work, lots of wounded, wherever we pitched our hospitals tent, but as the retreat became more of a rout, the day's wounded could not be gathered up for us. They had to be left where they fell. It was this, I think, that first depressed Hellmuth. He was always miserable when he had no work to do.

"'The weather was cold—late in October—and rainy. The roads were full of refugees, mostly women and children, some of them mere tots, carrying bundles, driving their sheep and goats through the rain and mud; and these were all mixed up with army convoys and retreating troops. Desolate country. The villages through which we passed had all been evacuated. There was, of course, no food to be bought anywhere. We were all right. We had our supplies. But these women and children! We could see them sleeping in the bare fields at night, around little camp-fires, without shelter, in the rain, hundreds of them. Whenever we halted, Hellmuth used to go and try to talk to them. Then one day he asked the major how many of them would starve to death. This was just before we got to Prishtina, and we knew that every inch of Serbia

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was lost. The major said that, all told, he thought about half a million refugees would perish. After that, Hellmuth never looked at them.

"'Just outside of Prishtina he seemed to be all in. We had come through a gorge in the mountains, riding day and night, except when a jam of traffic held us up. We were on ponies. Very cold. I had on three pairs of heavy socks, boots, and overshoes, but even so I had to wrap my feet and my stirrups in straw and bandages. We came to a high plateau, with mountains on all sides, snow, and a moon shining. Everywhere dead horses, dead oxen. The retreat had been going on ahead of us for days.

"'This plateau, the major said, was a famous battle-field. I remember he waved his hand at it,—he wore gray woolen socks over his gloves,—and he turned to Hellmuth to explain in a shout that five hundred years ago the Serbs were defeated there by the Turks, at the battle of Kossovo Polye,

"'Then I realized that he was dead'"

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which means, "the field of blackbirds." Hellmuth had been in a sort of daze. All of a sudden he looked up at the sky as if he saw an aëroplane swooping down on him, and he began to kick his heels into his horse and beat it with his fists and yell at it. It broke into a staggering gallop and then stumbled and fell. He was n't hurt. He was thrown clear of the horse and lay unconscious. I thought at the time that he had been knocked senseless by the fall. I found that he had only fainted. It scared me a good deal.'"

Ward looked up at me significantly, but made no comment, and went on with the letter.

"'At Prishtina'—no, we can skip that. He says the allies did n't arrive. and instead of going on south toward Salonica, they were ordered to turn west to Petch, at the foot of the mountains of Montenegro.

"'We knew this meant the annihilation of Serbia. Two hundred thousand men, with all their convoys, and Heaven knows how many hundred thousand refugees with all *their* carts and cattle had to squeeze through—'

"Yes. Well, let 's see: 'Of course there were n't roads enough. We had to take to the fields, following any sort of track, through swamp and bush, scrub-oak and boulders. The motor-ambulances could just make it and no more. It was slow going, pulling them out of mud-holes with ox-teams, cutting brush to get them across bogs, riding ahead to find tracks they could travel on, and coming back to lead them. It began to be evident that we 'd have to abandon them if we were to get away at all. Hellmuth would n't hear of it. It meant losing all our hospital equipment. He worked like mad to save them.

"'Then, at Petch, the P. M. O. of the division told us it was impossible to get farther with cars. We could n't even make it with carts, he said. We 'd have to pack what we could on the horses, and leave the rest. This was really a blow to Hellmuth. He got a lot of the instruments out of their cases and put them in his rug bag, but of course he could n't take them all. We had n't pack-saddles enough, and we needed all the available room for food.

"'We had to leave our tents, beds, clothes, cooking-dishes, the whole field kitchen, all our hospital equipment—everything but food and blankets and the clothes we could put on. Hellmuth seemed to regret nothing but the surgical things. He turned away from them without a word, and as a matter of fact he spoke very little from that time on. We were getting away from the sound of German guns, but he kept watching the sky for airplanes.'"

Ward looked up at me. I had nothing to say. He went on:

"'He kept watching the sky for airplanes, though, as a matter of fact, we saw none until we were bombed by them after we were safe in Medua, on the other side of the mountains, and Hellmuth was no longer with us by then. He died between Petch and Roshai, if I remember. It 's all as confused as a nightmare to me. I did n't make any entries in my diary after we left Petch. Even if I had n't been too tired at any time to think of it, my fingers were always too stiff with cold to hold a pencil. You see, we were n't going through the mountains by the passes. Those were so full of refugees that it was impossible to get through them. We followed trails right over the ranges, through

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the woods, wading the streams, and lying down to sleep wherever the nights overtook us, often without fires even, and sleeping with our feet against boulders so we would n't slide down the mountain-side and roll over a precipice.

"'We were in no danger of losing our way. Hundreds of straggling soldiers and thousands of peasants were toiling along before and behind us. And the dead lay all along the track. Worse than the dead were the dying—men and women and children, sometimes in groups, sometimes a man or a woman alone, too weak to crawl any farther. We had to pretend we did n't see them, and hurry by. Hellmuth no longer paid any attention to them. He was terribly despondent about the war, about everything. I spoke to him about the awful loss of life, and he said: "All the years that we 've been fighting to save lives, and they throw away more here in an hour! What is the use? Our lives have been wasted!" Most of the time we were too dazed and tired to talk.

"'His death happened this way. At dusk on the fifth or sixth of December we were climbing along the side of a slope, with a wood below us, and below the wood was a stream-bed. We decided to camp for the night in the dry bed of the stream, and the order was given to turn aside and drop down through the wood and reassemble in the stream-bed. It was every man for himself. There was from a foot to three feet of snow among the trees, and under the snow were boulders and fallen tree-trunks.

"'It was dark before I got to the bottom. Cameron was standing on a rock. The bed of the stream was not dry; it was full of half-frozen mud, and he was blowing his whistle and shouting to guide the rest of us to him. We all arrived except Hellmuth. We started to search for him after a while, but we had oil enough only for one of our lamps, and we took turns, two or three of us going together in shifts. I don't know about the others, but I was so tired that I just walked in my sleep. I had to give it up and lie down by the camp-fires; but I woke at daybreak, and, hearing he had not been found, started right out again.

"'The sun was up when I came on him, sitting against a boulder beside his dead pony. It had evidently fallen under him, but he had got up and walked five or six feet before he sat down. We could not find any sign of injury on him. He was sitting hatless, with his hands thrust deep into the snow on each side of him, staring ahead of him. I came crawling right up a steep place toward him without seeing him. I was looking for his tracks, and I climbed up over a boulder and stopped to examine the print of a bird's feet in the snow on top of the boulder. I was interested, because we had not seen any birds large enough to be worth shooting, and this was evidently a big one. Then I raised my eyes and saw him watching me. I thought by his look that I had frightened him. He was staring right at me. I said: "What 's the matter, Doctor? Did I scare you?" Then I realized that he was dead. He looked as if something had scared him to death. He had been dead about twelve hours, I should say. Heart failure, Cameron said, due to exhaustion and exposure.'"

Ward laid down the letter.

"Well?"

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James Huneker

By H. L. MENCKEN

§ 1

I THINK of him, in these days of his recent passing, not primarily as artist, but as man. There was a stimulating aliveness about him always, an air of living eagerly and a bit recklessly, a sort of brittle resiliency, if you can imagine it. In his very appearance something provocative and challenging showed itself, a sort of insolent singularity, obvious to even the most careless glance. That Roman profile of his was more than simply unusual in a free republic consecrated to good works; to a respectable American, encountering it in the lobby of the Metropolitan or in the smoke-room of a *Doppleschraubenschnellpostdampfer*, it must have suggested inevitably the dark enterprises and illicit metaphysics of a Heliogabalus. More, there was always something rakish and defiant about his hat, —it was too white, or it curled in the wrong way, or a feather peeped from the band,—and a hint of antinomianism in his necktie. Yet more; he ran to exotic tastes in eating and drinking, preferring occult goulashes and *risibisis* to honest cuts from the joint, and great floods of Pilsner to the plain beverages of God-fearing men. Finally, there was his talk, that cataract of sublime trivialities, gossip lifted to the plane of the gods, the unmentionable bedizened with an astounding importance and even profundity.

In his early days I was at nurse and too young to have any traffic with him. When I encountered him at last he was in the high flush of the middle years and already eminent in the little world that critics inhabit. We sat down to luncheon at one o'clock; I think it must have been at Lüchow's, his favorite refuge and rostrum to the end. At six, when I had to go, he was bringing to a close *prestissimo* the most amazing monologue that, up to that time, these ears had ever funneled into this consciousness. What a stew, indeed! Berlioz and the question of the clang-tint of the viola; the inner causes of the suicide of Tschaikovsky; why Nietzsche left Sils Maria between days in 1887; the echoes of Flaubert in Joseph Conrad, then but newly dawned; the precise topography of the warts of Liszt; George Bernard Shaw's heroic, but vain, struggles to throw off Presbyterianism; how Frau Cosima saved Wagner from the Swedish baroness; what to drink when playing Chopin; what Cézanne thought of his disciples; the defects in the structure of "Sister Carrie"; Anton Seidl and the musical union; the complex and moony love affairs of Gounod; the early days of David Belasco; whether a girl educated at Vassar could ever really learn to love; the exact composition of chicken paprika, the correct tempo of the Vienna waltz; the style of William Dean Howells; the abstruse international scandals at Bayreuth in 1886; what George Moore said about

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the woods, wading the streams, and lying down to sleep wherever the nights overtook us, often without fires even, and sleeping with our feet against boulders so we would n't slide down the mountain-side and roll over a precipice.

"'We were in no danger of losing our way. Hundreds of straggling soldiers and thousands of peasants were toiling along before and behind us. And the dead lay all along the track. Worse than the dead were the dying—men and women and children, sometimes in groups, sometimes a man or a woman alone, too weak to crawl any farther. We had to pretend we did n't see them, and hurry by. Hellmuth no longer paid any attention to them. He was terribly despondent about the war, about everything. I spoke to him about the awful loss of life, and he said: "All the years that we 've been fighting to save lives, and they throw away more here in an hour! What is the use? Our lives have been wasted!" Most of the time we were too dazed tired to talk.

"'His death happened this way. dusk on the fifth or sixth of Dece we were climbing along the side slope, with a wood below us, and t the wood was a stream-bed. decided to camp for the night i dry bed of the stream, and the was given to turn aside and drop through the wood and reassemb the stream-bed. It was every for himself. There was from a to three feet of snow among the and under the snow were boulder fallen tree-trunks.

"'It was dark before I got t bottom. Cameron was standing rock. The bed of the stream wa dry; it was full of half-frozen mud, and he was blowing his whistle and shouting to guide the rest of us to him. We all arrived except Hellmuth. We started to search for him after a while, but we had oil enough only for one of our lamps, and we took turns, two or three of us going together in shifts. I don't know about the others, but I was so tired that I just walked in my sleep. I had to give it up and lie down by the camp-fires; but I woke at daybreak, and, hearing he had not been found, started right out again.

"'The sun was up when I came on him, sitting against a boulder beside his dead pony. It had evidently fallen under him, but he had got up and walked five or six feet before he sat down. We could not find any sign of injury on him. He was sitting hatless, with his hands thrust deep into the snow on each side of him, staring ahead of him. I came crawling right up a steep place toward him without seeing him. I was looking for his tracks, and I climbed up over

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James Huneker

By H. L. MENCKEN

I THINK of him, in these days of his recent passing, not primarily as artist, but as man. There was a stimulating aliveness about him always, an air of living eagerly and a bit recklessly, a sort of brittle resiliency, if you can imagine it. In his very appearance something provocative and challenging showed itself, a sort of insolent singularity, obvious to even the most careless glance. That Roman profile of his was more than simply unusual in a free republic consecrated to good works; to a respectable American, encountering it in the lobby of the Metropolitan or in the smoke-room of a *Doppelschraubenschnellpostdampfer*, it must have suggested inevitably the dark enterprises and illicit metaphysics of a Heliogabalus. More, there was always something rakish and defiant about his hair. It was too white, or it curled too long way, or it was parted in the band, or in h... exot... efer... sis... gre... b...

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German bath-rooms; the true inwardness of the affair between D'Annunzio and Duse; the origin of the theory that all oboe-players are crazy; why Löwenbräu survived exportation better than Hofbräu; Ibsen's dislike of Norwegians; the best remedy for *Katzenjammer;* how to play Brahms; the degeneration of the Bal Bullier; the sheer physical impossibility of getting Dvořák drunk; the last words of Walt Whitman.

I left in a sort of fever, almost a delirium, and it was two days later before I began to sort out my impressions and formulate a coherent image. Was the man allusive in his books—so allusive that popular report credited him with the actual manufacture of authorities? Then he was ten times as allusive in his discourse—a veritable geyser of unfamiliar names, shocking epigrams in strange tongues, unearthly philosophies out of the back-waters of Scandinavia, Transylvania, Bulgaria, the Basque country, the Ukraine. And did he, in his criticism, pass facilely from the author to the man, from the man to his wife, and to the wives of his friends? Then at the *Biertisch* he began long beyond the point where the last honest wife gives up the ghost, and so, full tilt, ran into such complexities of elective affinity that a plain sinner, content to go to hell placidly under Rule VII, could scarcely follow him. I try to give you, ineptly and grotesquely, some notion of the talk of this man, but I must fail inevitably. It was, in brief, chaos, and chaos cannot be described. But it was chaos made to gleam and coruscate with every device of the seven arts; chaos drenched in all the colors imaginable, chaos scored for an orchestra that made the great band of Berlioz seem like a fife-and-drum corps. One night a few months before the war I sat in the Paris opera-house listening to the first performance of Richard Strauss's "Josefs Legend," with Strauss himself conducting. On the stage there was a riot of hues that swung the eyes round and round in a crazy mazurka; in the orchestra there were such volleys and explosions of tone that the ears (I fall into a Hunekeran trope) began to go pale and clammy with surgical shock. Suddenly, above all the uproar, a piccolo launched into a new and saucy tune, in an unrealted key! Instantly and quite naturally, I thought of the incomparable James. When he gave a show at Lüchow's he never forgot that anarchistic passage for the piccolo.

§ 2

I observe a tendency to estimate him in terms of the content of his books. Even Frank Harris, who certainly should know better, goes there for the facts about him. Nothing could do him greater injustice. In those books, of course, there is a great mass of perfectly sound stuff; the wonder is, in truth, that so much of it holds up so well to-day: for example, the essays on Strauss, on Brahms, and on Nietzsche, and the whole volume on Chopin. Now and then one strikes a false note and even a falsetto note; for example, in the treatise on Ibsen's "symbolism," that phantasm of the primordial drama-leaguers of twenty years ago, and in the too facile nonsense about Maeterlinck: but that is not often. The real Huneker, however, never got into these books, if one forgets "Old Fogy." They were made up, in the main, of articles written for the more intellectual magazines of their era, and they represented a conscious striving to qualify for respect-

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able company. So born, they came to their growth under the shadow of a publishing tradition that was even further from the Hunekeran instinct; it was hospitable and intelligent, but it surely did not foster *héliogabalisme* for its own sweet sake. Under the same tradition there had to be room also for the gospel of art for the soul's sake. Not, to be sure, that Huneker ever put on robes that were not his own. Nowhere in all his books will you find him doing the things that all right-thinking critics are supposed to do: essays on Coleridge and Addison, discussions of the relative merits of Booth and Macready, solemn disquisitions upon the relations of Goethe to the romantic movement, dull scratchings of exhausted and sterile fields. Nay, such enterprises were not for James; he kept himself out of that black coat. But I am convinced that he always had his own raiment pressed carefully before he left Lüchow's for the temple of Athene, and maybe changed neckties, and put on a boiled shirt, and took the feather out of his hat. The simon-pure Huneker, the Huneker who was the true essence and prime motor of the more courtly Huneker, remained behind. This real Huneker survives in conversations that still haunt the rafters of the beer-halls of two continents, and in a vast mass of newspaper impromptus, thrown off too hastily to be reduced to complete decorum, and in two books that stand outside the official canon, and yet contain the man himself as not even "Iconoclasts" or the Chopin book contains him; to wit, the "Old Fogy" aforesaid and the "Painted Veils" of his last year. Both were published, so to speak, out of the back door, the former by a music publisher in Philadelphia, and the latter in a small and expensive edition for the admittedly damned. There is a chapter in "Painted Veils" that is Huneker to every last hitch of the shoulders and twinkle of the eye—the chapter in which the hero soliloquizes on art, life, immortality, and women. And there are half a dozen chapters in "Old Fogy," superficially buffoonery, but how penetrating! how gorgeously flavored! how learned! that come completely up to the same high specification. If I had to choose one Huneker book and give up all the others, I 'd choose "Old Fogy" instantly. In it Huneker is utterly himself. In it the last trace of the pedagogue vanishes. Art is no longer, even by implication, a device for improving the mind. It is wholly a magnificent adventure.

This notion of it is what Huneker brought into American criticism, and it is for that bringing that he will be remembered. No other critic of his generation had a tenth of his influence. Almost single-handed he overthrew the esthetic theory that had flourished in the United States since the death of Poe, and set up an utterly contrary esthetic theory in its place. If the younger men of to-day have emancipated themselves from the puerilities of the Puritan esthetic, if the schoolmaster is now palpably on the defensive, and no longer the unchallenged assassin of the fine arts that he once was, if he has already begun to compromise somewhat absurdly with new and sounder ideas, and even to lift his voice in artificial hosannas, then Huneker certainly deserves all the credit for the change. What he brought back from Paris was precisely the thing that was most suspect in the America of those days; to wit. the

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capacity for gusto. Huneker had that capacity in a degree unmatched by any other critic. When his soul went adventuring among masterpieces, it did not go in Sunday black; it went with vine-leaves in its hair. The rest of the appraisers and criers-up—even Howells, with all his humor; nay, even such fellows as Meltzer—could never quite rid themselves of the professorial manner. When they praised, it was always with some hint of ethical, or, at all events, of cultural purpose; when they condemned, that purpose was even plainer. The arts, to them, constituted a sort of school for the psyche; their aim was to discipline and mellow the spirit. But to Huneker their one aim was always to make the spirit glad—to set it, in Nietzsche's phrase, to dancing. He had absolutely no feeling for extra-esthetic valuations. If a work of art that stood before him was honest, if it was original, if it was beautiful and thoroughly alive, then he was for it to his last corpuscle. What if it violated all the accepted canons? Then let the accepted canons go hang. What if it lacked all purpose to improve and lift up? Then so much the better. What if it shocked all right-thinking men and made them to blush and tremble? Then damn all right-thinking men forevermore.

The theory had its defects. It was a bit too simple and often very much too hospitable. Huneker, clinging to it, did his share of whooping for the sort of revolutionist who is here to-day and gone to-morrow; he was fugleman, in his day, for more than one cause that was lost almost as soon as it was started. More, it made him somewhat anesthetic at times to the new men who were not brilliant in color, but respectably drab, and who tried to do their work within the law. Particularly in his later years, when the old gusto began to die out, and all that remained of it was habit, he was apt to go chasing after strange birds, and so miss seeing the elephants go by. I could put together a very pretty list of frauds that he praised. I could concoct another list of genuine *arrivés* that he overlooked. But all that is merely saying that there were human limits to him; the professors, on their side, certainly sinned far worse and in both directions. Looking back over the whole of his work, one must needs be amazed by the general soundness of his judgments. He discerned the new and the important long before most of his contemporaries discerned it, and he described it habitually in terms that were never bettered afterward. His successive heroes, always under fire when he first championed them, almost invariably moved to secure ground and became solid men, challenged by no one save fools: Ibsen, Nietzsche, Brahms, Strauss, Cézanne, Stirner, Synge, the Russian composers, the Russian novelists. He did for this Western world what George Brandes was doing for Europe, sorting out the new-comers with sharp eyes, and giving mighty lifts to those who deserved it. Brandes did it in terms of the old academic bombast; he was never more the professor than when he was arguing for some hobgoblin of the professors. But Huneker did it with Gallic verve and grace; he made it not schoolmastering, but a glorious deliverance from schoolmastering.

As I say, his influence was enormous. The fine arts, at his touch, shed all their American lugubriousness, and became provocative and joyous. The spirit of senility got out of them, and

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the spirit of youth got into them. His criticism, for all its French basis, was thoroughly American, vastly more American, in fact, than the New England ponderosity that it displaced. Though he was an Easterner and a cockney of the cockneys, he picked up some of the Western spaciousness that showed itself in Mark Twain. And all the young men followed him.

§ 3

A good many of them, I dare say, followed him so ardently that they got a good distance ahead of him, and often, perhaps, embarrassed him by taking his name in vain. For all his enterprise and daring, indeed, there was not much of the fighter in him, and though he was the greatest of all the enemies that the guardians of tradition had to face, it was seldom that he tackled them directly. Something of Mark Twain's timorousness hung about him; he was always loath to set himself directly against a concrete champion of orthodoxy; he could never get quite rid of the feeling that he was no more than an amateur among such gaudy doctors, and that it would be unseemly for him to flout them too openly. I have a notion that this timorousness was born in the days when he stood almost alone, with the whole faculty grouped in a pained circle around him, and that modesty prevented his throwing it off after all logical support for it had vanished. He was always, as I have said, somewhat book-shy. Often I have heard him talk of his first book and of the glow that warmed him when he got news that an old and eminent publishing house was to print it. There was no vanity in this, but a sort of grotesque awe. He could never quite understand the view that this publishing house had done honor to itself by printing him; to the end he was a bit amazed that no catastrophe had followed its temerity and that it remained eager to do his successive volumes. Perhaps this fear of wading out beyond his depth, of exposing himself too recklessly to the attack of the orthodox *intelligentzia*, explains his fidelity to the newspapers, and the strange joy that he always took in his forgotten work for the "Musical Courier." In such waters he felt at ease. There he could disport without thought of the dignity of publishers and the eagle eyes of campus reviewers. Some of the connections that he formed were full of an ironical inappropriateness. His discomforts in his "Puck" days showed themselves in the feebleness of his work; when he served the "Times" he was as well placed as a Cabell at a colored ball. Perhaps the "Sun," in the years before it was munseyized, offered him the best berth that he ever had, save it be his old one on "Mlle. New York." But whatever the flag, he served it loyally, and got a lot of fun out of the business. He liked the pressure of newspaper work; he liked the associations that it involved, the gabble in the press-room of the opera-house, the exchanges of news and gossip; above all, he liked the relative ease of the intellectual harness. In a newspaper article he could say whatever happened to pop into his mind, and if it looked thin the next day, then there was, after all, no harm done. But when he sat down to write a book, —or, rather, to compile it, for all of his volumes were reworked magazine, and sometimes newspaper, articles,— he became self-conscious, and so knew uneasiness. The tightness of his style,

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its one salient defect, was probably the result of this weakness.

The fact is that the growth of Huneker's celebrity in his later years filled him with wonder and never quite convinced him. He was certainly wholly free from any desire to gather disciples about him and found a school. There was, of course, some pride of authorship in him, and he liked to know that his books were read and admired; in particular, he was pleased by their translation into German and Czech. But it seemed to me that he shrank from the bellicosity that usually got into praise of them, that he disliked being set up as the opponent and superior of the professors whom he always vaguely respected and the rival newspaper critics whose friendship he esteemed far above their professional admiration or even respect. I could never draw him into a discussion of these rivals, save, perhaps, a discussion of their historic feats at the beer-table. He wrote vastly better than any of them and knew far more about the arts than most of them, and he was undoubtedly well aware of it; but it embarrassed him to hear this superiority put into plain terms. His intense gregariousness probably explained part of this reluctance to pit himself against them; he could not imagine a world without a great deal of easy comradeship in it, and much casual slapping of backs. But under it all was the chronic underestimation of himself that I have mentioned—his fear that he had spread himself over too many arts, and that his equipment was thus defective in every one of them. "Steeplejack" is full of this apologetic timidity. In it he constantly takes refuge in triviality from the harsh challenges of critical parties. It is the biography of a man who came to the end of his life harboring doubts of his own chief accomplishments, and a bit intimidated by his own fame.

More than once, indeed, the book sinks to downright banality; for instance, in the Roosevelt episodes. Certainly no one who knew Huneker in life will ever argue seriously that he was deceived by the Roosevelt buncombe, or that his view of life was at all comparable to that of the great demagogue. He stood, in fact, at the opposite pole. He saw the world not as a moral show, but as a sort of glorified Follies. He was absolutely devoid of that obsession with the problem of conduct which was Roosevelt's main virtue in the eyes of a Puritan and unimaginative people. Nevertheless, the sheer notoriety of Roosevelt, the general acceptance of his tosh as immortal wisdom, had its effect on Huneker, and so he was flattered when Roosevelt took notice of him, and accepted gravely the pious nonsense that was poured into his ear, and even repeated it without a cackle in his book. To say that he actually believed in it would be to libel him and the human intelligence with him. It was precisely such hollow pieties that he stood against in his rôle of critic of art and life; it was by exposing their hollowness that he lifted himself above the general. The same timorousness induced him to accept the accolade of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. The offer of it to a man of his age and attainments, after he had been passed over year after year in favor of all sorts of cheap-jack novelists and tenth-rate compilers of college text-books, was intrinsically insulting; it was almost as if the Musical Union had offered to admit a

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Brahms. But with the insult went a certain gage of respectability, a certain formal forgiveness for old frivolities, a certain abatement of old doubts and self-questionings; and so Huneker accepted. In later years, reviewing the episode in his own mind, he found it the spring of doubts that were even more uncomfortable. His very last letter to me was devoted to the matter. He was by then eager to maintain that he had got in by a process only partly under his control, and that, being in, he could discover no decorous way of getting out.

§ 4

But I devote too much space to the elements in the man that worked against his own free development. They were, after all, grounded upon qualities that are certainly not to be deprecated—modesty, good-will to his fellow-men, a fine sense of team work, a distaste for acrimonious and useless strife. These qualities gave him great charm as a man. He was not only humorous; he was also good-humored; even when the crushing discomforts of his last illness were upon him his amiability never faltered. And in addition to humor there was wit, a far rarer thing. His most casual talk was full of this wit, and it bathed everything that he discussed in new and brilliant lights. I have never encountered a man who was further removed from dullness; it seemed a literal impossibility for him to open his mouth without discharging some word or phrase that arrested the attention and stuck in the memory. And under it all, giving an extraordinary quality to the verbal fireworks, there was a solid and apparently illimitable learning. The man knew as much as forty average men, and his knowledge was well ordered and instantly available. In his books the display disconcerted many a reader, and so it was not uncommon to hear the doctrine that his tremendous allusiveness was largely affectation—that he invented authorities to adorn his tale. But there was, as I said earlier, precisely the same allusiveness in his conversation. He had read everything and seen everything and heard everything, and nothing that he had ever read or seen or heard quite passed out of his mind.

Here was the main virtue of his criticism—its gigantic richness. It had the dazzling charm of an ornate and intricate design, a blazing fabric of fine silks. It was no mere pontifical statement of one man's reactions to a set of ideas; it was a sort of essence of the reactions of many men—of all the men, in fact, worth hearing. Huneker discarded their scaffolding, their ifs and whereases, and presented only what was important and arresting in their conclusions. It was never a mere *pastiche;* the selection was made delicately, discreetly, with almost unerring taste and judgment. And in the summing up there was always the clearest possible statement of the whole matter. What finally emerged was a body of doctrine that came, I believe, very close to the truth. Into an assembly of national critics who had long wallowed in dogmatic puerilities, Huneker entered with a taste far surer and more civilized, a learning vastly greater, and an address vastly more engaging. No man was less the reformer by inclination, and yet he became a reformer beyond compare. He emancipated criticism in America from its old slavery to stupidity, and with it he emancipated all the arts.

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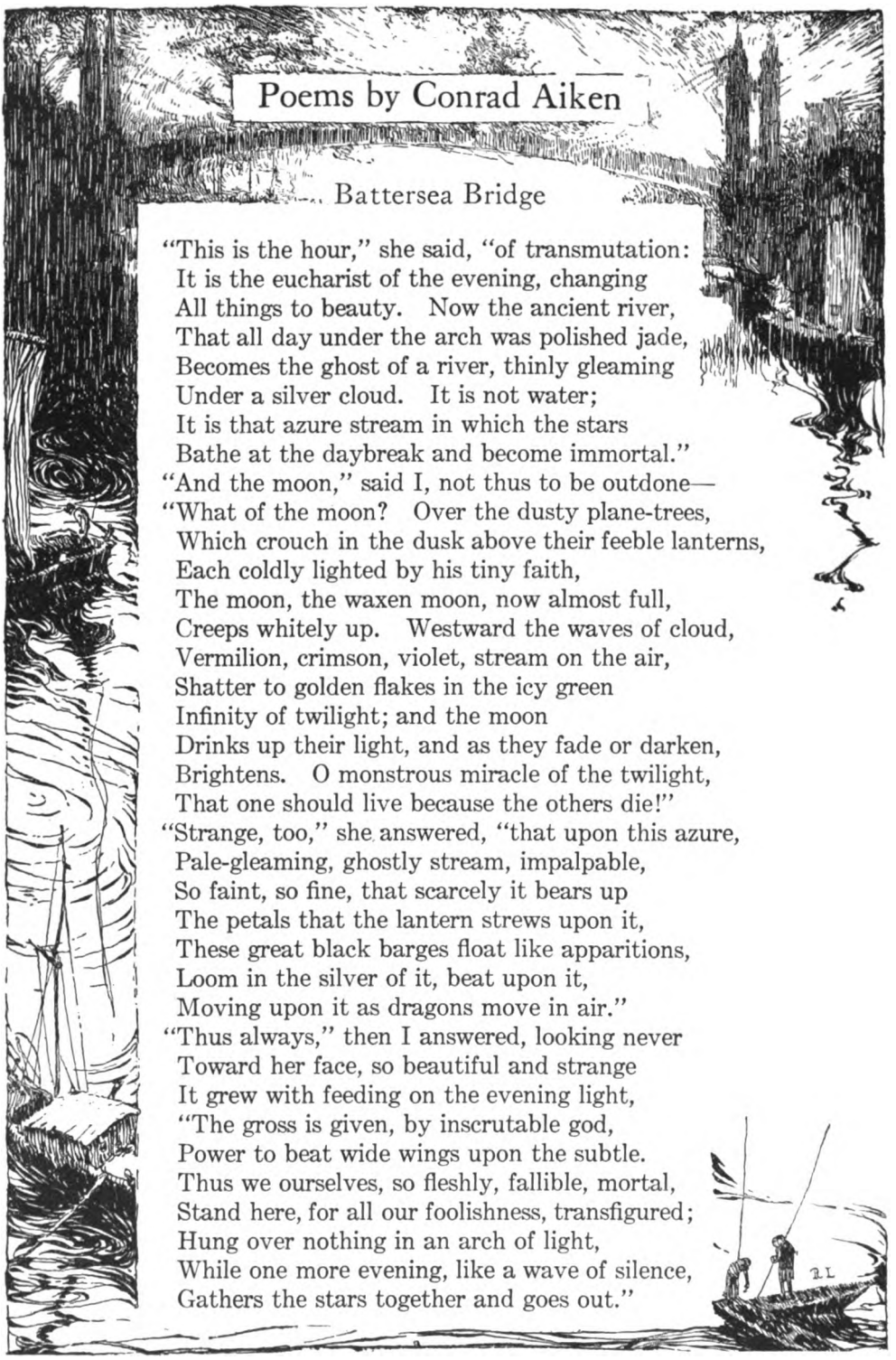

Poems by Conrad Aiken

Battersea Bridge

"This is the hour," she said, "of transmutation:
It is the eucharist of the evening, changing
All things to beauty. Now the ancient river,
That all day under the arch was polished jade,
Becomes the ghost of a river, thinly gleaming
Under a silver cloud. It is not water;
It is that azure stream in which the stars
Bathe at the daybreak and become immortal."
"And the moon," said I, not thus to be outdone—
"What of the moon? Over the dusty plane-trees,
Which crouch in the dusk above their feeble lanterns,
Each coldly lighted by his tiny faith,
The moon, the waxen moon, now almost full,
Creeps whitely up. Westward the waves of cloud,
Vermilion, crimson, violet, stream on the air,
Shatter to golden flakes in the icy green
Infinity of twilight; and the moon
Drinks up their light, and as they fade or darken,
Brightens. O monstrous miracle of the twilight,
That one should live because the others die!"
"Strange, too," she answered, "that upon this azure,
Pale-gleaming, ghostly stream, impalpable,
So faint, so fine, that scarcely it bears up
The petals that the lantern strews upon it,
These great black barges float like apparitions,
Loom in the silver of it, beat upon it,
Moving upon it as dragons move in air."
"Thus always," then I answered, looking never
Toward her face, so beautiful and strange
It grew with feeding on the evening light,
"The gross is given, by inscrutable god,
Power to beat wide wings upon the subtle.
Thus we ourselves, so fleshly, fallible, mortal,
Stand here, for all our foolishness, transfigured;
Hung over nothing in an arch of light,
While one more evening, like a wave of silence,
Gathers the stars together and goes out."

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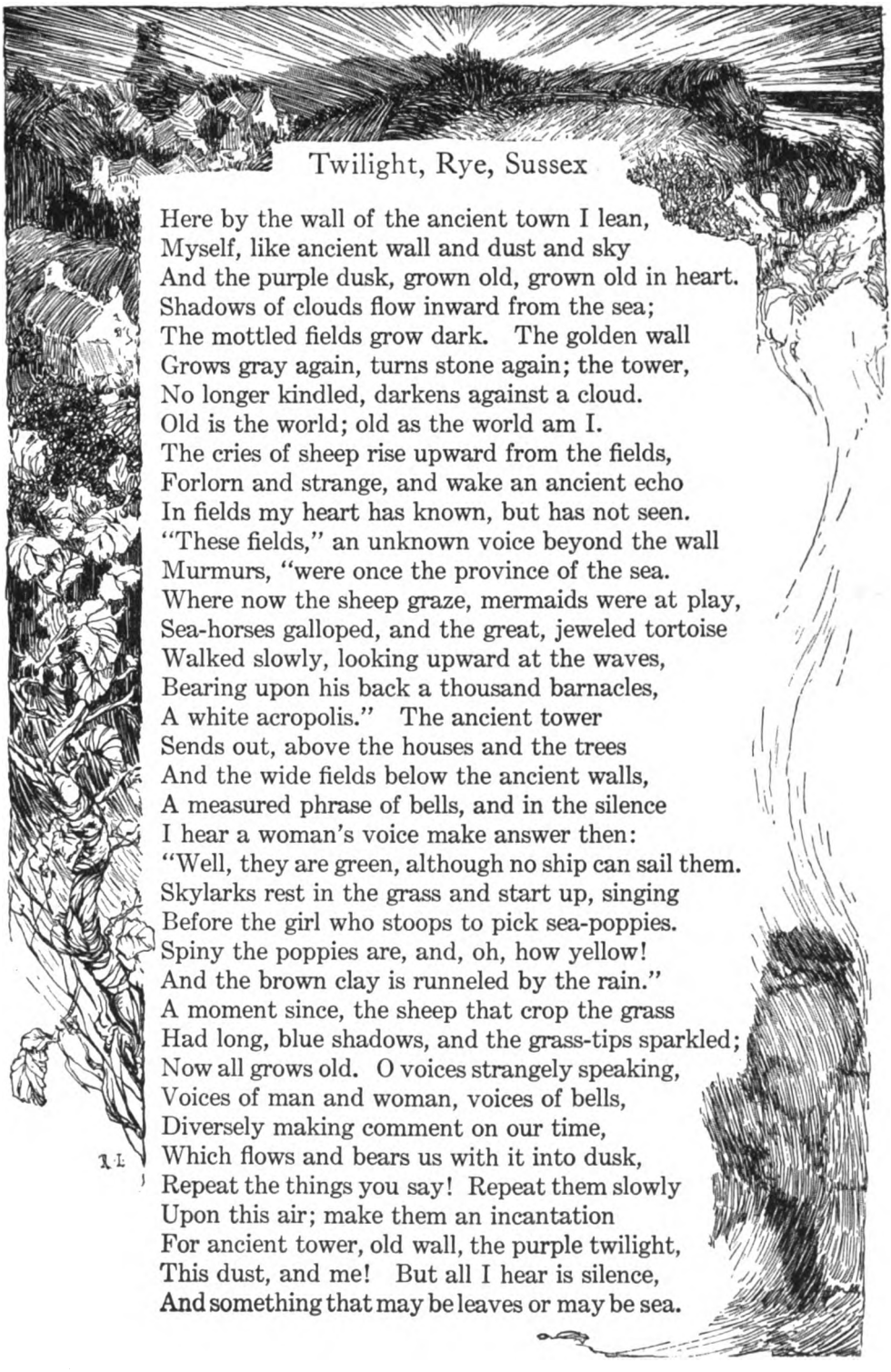

Twilight, Rye, Sussex

Here by the wall of the ancient town I lean,
Myself, like ancient wall and dust and sky
And the purple dusk, grown old, grown old in heart.
Shadows of clouds flow inward from the sea;
The mottled fields grow dark. The golden wall
Grows gray again, turns stone again; the tower,
No longer kindled, darkens against a cloud.
Old is the world; old as the world am I.
The cries of sheep rise upward from the fields,
Forlorn and strange, and wake an ancient echo
In fields my heart has known, but has not seen.
"These fields," an unknown voice beyond the wall
Murmurs, "were once the province of the sea.
Where now the sheep graze, mermaids were at play,
Sea-horses galloped, and the great, jeweled tortoise
Walked slowly, looking upward at the waves,
Bearing upon his back a thousand barnacles,
A white acropolis." The ancient tower
Sends out, above the houses and the trees
And the wide fields below the ancient walls,
A measured phrase of bells, and in the silence
I hear a woman's voice make answer then:
"Well, they are green, although no ship can sail them.
Skylarks rest in the grass and start up, singing
Before the girl who stoops to pick sea-poppies.
Spiny the poppies are, and, oh, how yellow!
And the brown clay is runneled by the rain."
A moment since, the sheep that crop the grass
Had long, blue shadows, and the grass-tips sparkled;
Now all grows old. O voices strangely speaking,
Voices of man and woman, voices of bells,
Diversely making comment on our time,
Which flows and bears us with it into dusk,
Repeat the things you say! Repeat them slowly
Upon this air; make them an incantation
For ancient tower, old wall, the purple twilight,
This dust, and me! But all I hear is silence,
And something that may be leaves or may be sea.

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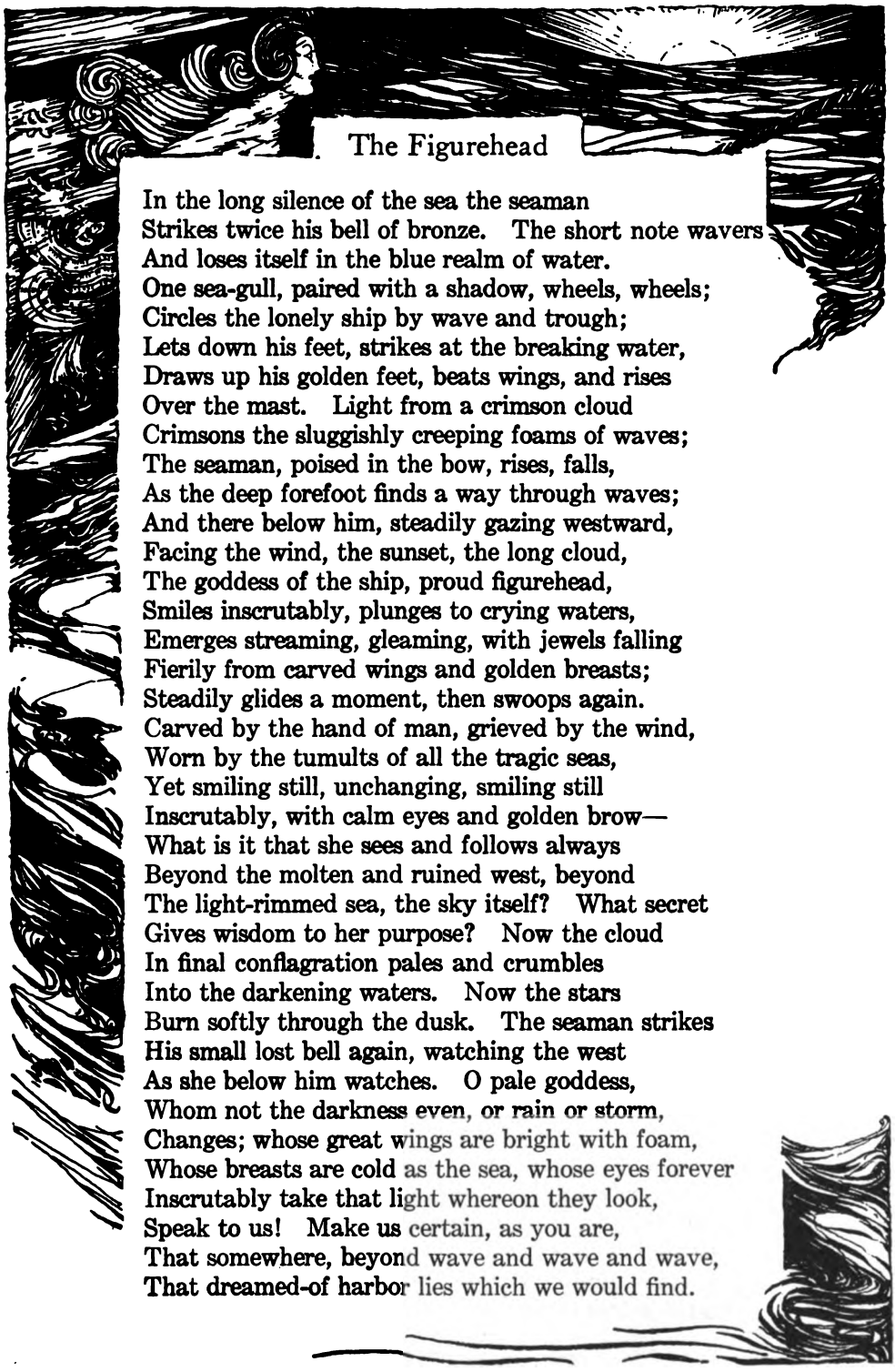

The Figurehead

In the long silence of the sea the seaman
Strikes twice his bell of bronze. The short note wavers
And loses itself in the blue realm of water.
One sea-gull, paired with a shadow, wheels, wheels;
Circles the lonely ship by wave and trough;
Lets down his feet, strikes at the breaking water,
Draws up his golden feet, beats wings, and rises
Over the mast. Light from a crimson cloud
Crimsons the sluggishly creeping foams of waves;
The seaman, poised in the bow, rises, falls,
As the deep forefoot finds a way through waves;
And there below him, steadily gazing westward,
Facing the wind, the sunset, the long cloud,
The goddess of the ship, proud figurehead,
Smiles inscrutably, plunges to crying waters,
Emerges streaming, gleaming, with jewels falling
Fierily from carved wings and golden breasts;
Steadily glides a moment, then swoops again.
Carved by the hand of man, grieved by the wind,
Worn by the tumults of all the tragic seas,
Yet smiling still, unchanging, smiling still
Inscrutably, with calm eyes and golden brow—
What is it that she sees and follows always
Beyond the molten and ruined west, beyond
The light-rimmed sea, the sky itself? What secret
Gives wisdom to her purpose? Now the cloud
In final conflagration pales and crumbles
Into the darkening waters. Now the stars
Burn softly through the dusk. The seaman strikes
His small lost bell again, watching the west
As she below him watches. O pale goddess,
Whom not the darkness even, or rain or storm,
Changes; whose great wings are bright with foam,
Whose breasts are cold as the sea, whose eyes forever
Inscrutably take that light whereon they look,
Speak to us! Make us certain, as you are,
That somewhere, beyond wave and wave and wave,
That dreamed-of harbor lies which we would find.

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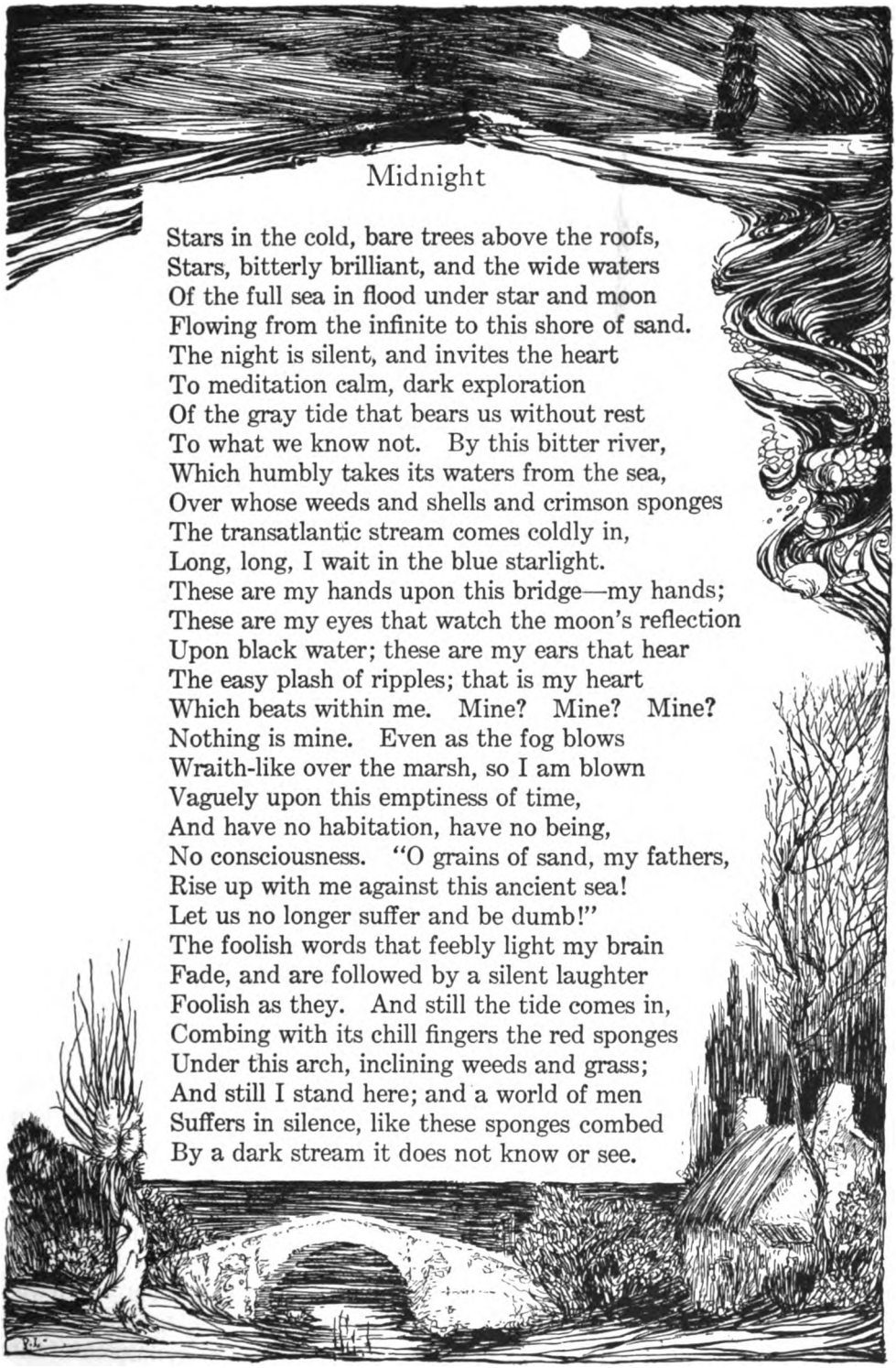

Midnight

Stars in the cold, bare trees above the roofs,
Stars, bitterly brilliant, and the wide waters
Of the full sea in flood under star and moon
Flowing from the infinite to this shore of sand.
The night is silent, and invites the heart
To meditation calm, dark exploration
Of the gray tide that bears us without rest
To what we know not. By this bitter river,
Which humbly takes its waters from the sea,
Over whose weeds and shells and crimson sponges
The transatlantic stream comes coldly in,
Long, long, I wait in the blue starlight.
These are my hands upon this bridge—my hands;
These are my eyes that watch the moon's reflection
Upon black water; these are my ears that hear
The easy plash of ripples; that is my heart
Which beats within me. Mine? Mine? Mine?
Nothing is mine. Even as the fog blows
Wraith-like over the marsh, so I am blown
Vaguely upon this emptiness of time,
And have no habitation, have no being,
No consciousness. "O grains of sand, my fathers,
Rise up with me against this ancient sea!
Let us no longer suffer and be dumb!"
The foolish words that feebly light my brain
Fade, and are followed by a silent laughter
Foolish as they. And still the tide comes in,
Combing with its chill fingers the red sponges
Under this arch, inclining weeds and grass;
And still I stand here; and a world of men
Suffers in silence, like these sponges combed
By a dark stream it does not know or see.

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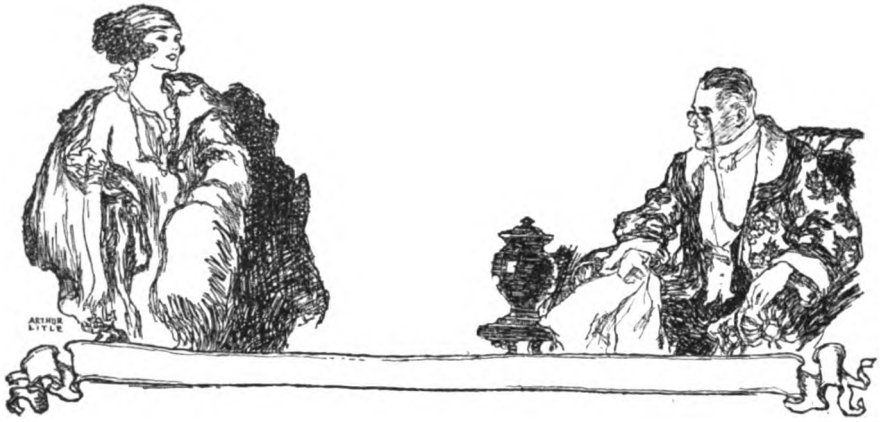

"Patchwork"

By STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY

Illustrations by Arthur Litle

ON West Twelfth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, is a house. Had you thought there were many houses there? No, there is only one. All the other houses have become apartments. Of course you would expect a queer person to live in this only house, and you would be quite right. A queer person lived there. If he had not been queer, his house would have been an apartment, too, for that is the way to wealth.

But Dr. Carrington Starr did not care much for money. One does not when he has enough. Most of the doctor's was inherited, and the rest was the goods of life which adhered to a famous specialist by the time he was fifty-two. If one does not know Dr. Carrington Starr, one does not read the "Medical Journal" on the subject of preventive serums or go very far into the "S's" in the Social Register. Of course every one knows him.

There is something about the murk of rainy autumn evenings in Twelfth Street that suggests smudgy etchings of Europe's weary cities, an oppressive grayness that quickens toward the warm comfort of shaded lamps, richly colored rugs, and heavy chairs. Dr. Starr did not even wait for the chauffeur to open the door. He jumped out as soon as the car stopped, and hurried up the steps.

In the hall waited a smooth and silent little Japanese, whom the doctor, casting anatomy to the winds, addressed as *Cho Cho San*. Not that the menage had no need of a feminine touch of some sort. It had, but that takes you into the doctor's private history, buried, lo! these ten long years.

"Dinner about ready, Cho San? I 'm very honorably hungry."

"When the pleasure wishes," cooed the perfect one.

"As soon as I dress, then." He was a swagger soul, Dr. Carrington Starr, distinguished, vigorous, dominant, and

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perhaps he liked himself pretty well in his dinner-jacket.

"You will have your letters now?"

The doctor was already on the stairway.

"Give them to me with coffee, Cho San."

There was something at once romantic, pathetic, tragic in that picture of the master of the house dining alone, but sympathy is wasted on this one. Years ago there had been a reasonably satisfactory wife across the table, and a bit of a daughter beside him, thin and nervous, but still a daughter. They had not died. They had just left, departed to Europe with the feeling that marriage might be a greater success across the Atlantic than across the dinner-table.

The doctor was satisfied. He heard of them, now in Geneva, now in Munich, and then in London or Paris. And then he did not hear. It was all very well. If it had not suited him, he would have been different when they were on Twelfth Street.

Yes, he was very queer, the doctor, and the surprising thing was that Doris took so long to find it out. And as for the daughter—well, she was her mother's. He was doctor enough to understand that.

Ten years of it made him almost forget that he was not a bachelor. His place in the profession, his connections, his friends, clubs, and golf made up a life. Nothing more was necessary.

"Cho San! My assistant 'phone this evening?"

"Dr. Dickinson have not called." Cho San performed deftly the rite of coffee service.

"Well, why has n't he, the young blackguard? I told him to." He took the two letters which Cho San presented on a tray. "What 's this? Oh, yes, the mail. Only two?"

"Perhaps Dr. Dickinson have written," suggested Cho San.

"No, I am honored by Mrs. Parsons. Dear Mrs. Freddie—" He was already smiling over the missive. "Her lumbago—rot! She likes to talk to me, I fear. Well, I enjoy it. What 's all this? For heaven's sake! what do I care about her daughter Judy or her daughter Judy's début? Cho San, I think I 'll have to sever all these medico-social connections. I 'm not a social adviser. Don't they know I stand for something serious in this world?"

"Mrs. Fred very nice lady," declared Cho San.

"She is indeed, Cho San. Diverting, too, and that 's more than a doctor has a right to expect, perhaps. Oh, my Lord!" He was staring at the second envelop. "Clear out, Cho San! Quick! Get out!"

Cho San melted.

All this excitement over a letter from one's wife! Still, there are circumstances. Dr. Starr's growling monologue displayed his annoyance at being upset.

"Well, Mrs. Starr, what can I do for you now? Positively not another sou! If you can't make your Midi season on what you have, you 'll have to languish in Paris. Blamed if I don't associate trouble with your handwriting."

But the letter was a greater shock even than he had expected. He read it twice without comment. Then he began again:

Dearest Carry:

Several times in the last few years I 've caught myself feeling sorry for you.

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You must be getting old, and such horrible loneliness is sure to be depressing. Even the great and magnificent Dr. Starr cannot rise above it.

So I have decided to grant you a great boon, nothing less than your daughter. Her name is Cynthia, if you will remember.

You and Cynthia will have difficulty in understanding each other at first, but I 'm sure that will pass. I 've told her just how to take you. Please give her a chance.

The practical motive behind my generosity is a desire that Cynthia may live an American life. This expatriation, especially since the war, is not all that could be desired.

You will find Cynthia quite changed from the little nine-year-old brat who troubled you so. In fact, after the Continental idea, she is delightfully cultivated—trust me for that—and a little talented.

You, my precious Carry, have entrée enough to present her socially in the proper way and experience enough to keep her romances free of artists, writers, *dramatis personæ*, and doctors. Love her a little if you can.

Lest you offer some absurd objection to this act of kindness, you will not receive this until Cynthia is almost with you. Expect her any minute.

My love still warm,

DORIS.

Dr. Carrington Starr wilted in his chair.

"It 's criminal," he groaned. "This is an outrage. Oh, this is—a scrawny débutante on my hands, and I just ready to enjoy my middle age! I think I 'll need a bit of—yes, a drop of a liqueur."

And then, after a minute, he almost smiled because of that Doris. Confound her! she had a way of doing things. "No complaining wails from Doris—say that for her." Well, he 'd have to see Mrs. Parsons about this.

The afternoon sun flooded a pleasant, chintzy room in the Parsons home in Greenwich. Mrs. Freddie, very well done *en négligée*, received Dr. Starr's card with an indolent wave and a little smile, tossed aside her magazine, and rested back comfortably and charmingly against the pillows of the lounge.

"Judy," she called, "Doctor Starr 's coming up."

"Oh, the precious old lamb!" called back Judy from the next room. "I do want to see him."

"Hello, Carrington," greeted Mrs. Freddie when the doctor bowed in the doorway. "How is New York's most distinguished?"

"Lumbago is my greatest blessing, my dear," he replied. He was a famous specialist. Then he drew his chair up to the lounge and began writing quickly on a pad. "Here, get this. And have your maid rub it every night, and go to bed earlier. You 'll lose your looks if you don't."

"You should be an authority on that," replied Mrs. Freddie. "I 'll vow you look thirty-eight."

He waved this aside as an exaggeration.

"Well, what have you been doing these days?"

"Oh, Judy's party. This is her year to be 'among the most popular,' you know. We are debating whether it should be a tea or a dinner and a ball in town. Teas are rather out, don't you think?"

"Oh, I should say so. And right on that subject—"

"Judy should do awfully well," went on Mrs. Freddie. "She has all the equipment."

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"Absolutely, my dear," agreed the doctor. "Have you decided upon an objective? Who is it?"

"An utter dear, though not a regular in the social way. Judy has already met him—Barrett Dickinson. You must know him, because he 's a doctor. And so different from these dear, but impossible, boys."

"Yes, I know the young scoundrel well, and I pity the girl who gets him. But this matter of débuts," persisted the doctor "—I wonder if you would do me a tremendous favor."

"I 'd jump at the chance, dear Carrington. What on earth could it be?"

"I happen to have—um—a daughter, as you know—"

"Yes, and a wife," she added.

"Yes," he continued, "and a wife, to be sure. But this is about the daughter. She 's to be with me this winter, and I want her to be introduced in the regular way. I thought, perhaps, that we could swing a double affair. Good Lord! Mrs. Freddie, don't you see? What do I know about débuts? It 's simply up to you to do it. She can tag on to Judy's skirts without being noticed much. And her mother insists on the thing."

Mrs. Freddie considered a minute.

"I see no reason why not, Carrington. I 'll be glad to sponsor her. Let 's see what Judy says."

Judy seemed truly delighted when she heard. Her impudent little face expressed it. It was something to be associated with the Starrs, and, besides, contrasts help a lot.

"It 's a perfectly adorable idea," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "When does the dear child arrive? I 'll adore her to death—if she is anything like her father."

"That 's good of you, Judy. I know you have been having a busy time getting ready." The doctor was free of a load.

"Oh, it 's been hectic," replied Judy. "The clothes, the invitations, all the intense people who must be asked. If it was n't for mother—"

"A sentiment I share, Judy."

"Mother 's just divine, that 's all. I wish you 'd heard her talking to that intense decorator this morning. He had the most hectic ideas."

Mrs. Freddie accepted these offerings gracefully, and they chatted on for a time. Finally the doctor departed, climbed into his hectic car, directed his intense chauffeur, and started on his perfectly divine way back to town. Ye gods, a daughter!

The living-room at Twelfth Street was as perfect as a man can make a living-room. A red-white log whispered in the fireplace. Shaded table-lamps spread a soft, warm glow about them, leaving in shadow the two rather good oils and the long, old-fashioned mirror on the walls. The setting served beautifully as a background for the doctor, at his ease now with a knee-length dressing-gown thrown over his dress clothes and reclining in an enveloping sort of chair.

The frequency of the little smoke bursts from his cigar indicated a certain impatience, and finally he sat up and jerked out his watch.

"Doctor Dickinson does n't take his appointments very seriously. He should have been here thirty minutes ago. I distinctly said nine o'clock."

His back to the door, the doctor did not notice Cho San until he heard his soft-voiced announcement.

"Some one is to see you, sir. A—"

"Yes, yes; right in here, Cho San. I 've been waiting an hour." He did

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not rise from his chair, but lay back and watched in the wall mirror the reflection of Cho San as he returned to the hall.

And then there was another image in the mirror, a very lovely image, a picture of all the youth in the world and half the beauty. Leaning forward in his surprise, he did not, perhaps, catch the sweep of dark hair across her brow or the clear whiteness of that brow or the light of excitement in her wide eyes or the elusive rightness of her hat and suit. Possibly she was only a pretty girl, but in that semi-darkness she was unbelievable.

When he had quite recovered himself, the doctor rose abruptly and turned. He was irritated now.

"Just like her," he growled out. "I might have expected it. Do you think she said you were pretty? No, indeed. That might have pleased me. And now you come here pretty. Great heavens! don't you see that changes everything?"

"Mother says I 'm not very pretty." It was the voice which should go with such a one, soft and low. And the words had that perfection of English which is learned.

"Your mother does n't know what she is talking about. I could have told you that before." Then, partly because he was a little ashamed and partly because he saw the faintest suggestion of panic, the doctor subsided. "Well, that is n't a very pleasant welcome, Cynthia. I 'm really very glad to meet—that is, I 'm really very glad to have you back again."

She came into the room.

"I think I 'm happy to be home," she said "—and—and I 'm accustomed to being kissed by my parent."

"What? I beg your—um—" stammered the doctor. Then, because there was nothing else to do, he bent quickly and kissed her. What a strange little creature!

For an awkward second he found her hand in his, until suddenly it seemed the most natural thing in the world, the very place for her hand to be, now that he thought of it. Was n't she his? Did n't he have a right to her? Even if he had n't appreciated—well, he 'd make up for that.

And so Cynthia Starr began to add to her possessions one old house on Twelfth Street, one closed car, one sport car, one country club, one City of New York, and one grouchy old doctor.

"You are such a young father," she said as he took her coat and hat, "that it will be just the same as having a brother to play with. Won't it? Mother said you would be like that."

"Oh, she did?" His pleasure was evident. "You don't say so!" They sat together by the dying fire. "Tell me all about your mother, Cynthia. Still beautiful, I suppose?"

"Oh, exquisite! You 'd love her."

"Of course, naturally; that is, of course she 's a very lovely person. Great pity she could n't seem to understand me, is n't it?"

"Yes, a great pity; but so much is expected of a woman!" This she said in a sad, soft little way.

He glanced at her with quick suspicion.

"So! Well, Cynthia, I 'd rather talk about you this evening. I 've such tremendous plans for you. We can play for a few weeks, and then you will be introduced. After that I shall see you occasionally at breakfast. I know something of these men."

"And I so little of them," she said

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wistfully. "You will have to tell me."

He watched her minutely for a moment, holding in check his appreciation of that charm which comes of clear white and delicate shadow, and trying to see something of the workings of a dubiously subtle little head. By George! he was n't to be played with, and it was good to remember that this was the daughter of Doris. "Your mother has doubtless told you more about men than I shall ever know," he said guardedly. "She has probably advised you about a lot of things."

"Only a very little," replied Cynthia.

"And about what?"

"About getting married."

"Well, I 'll do all the advising on that subject and—what did your mother say about it, anyway?"

"She said, if you must marry, don't marry a—"

"A what?"

"A doctor." She seemed afraid to say it.

He stared into the fire for some time. Perhaps he saw there little flickering pictures of the past.

"She ought to know, I suppose," he admitted finally. "See that you follow her advice." Then he shook off the seriousness of the moment. "However, there is much fun to be had before we get to that."

"Yes, years of it," she said laughingly. "And by that time I shall probably know more about doctors than even mother does."

They went on talking and planning and laughing together. The mystified and curious Cho San heard them when he went in to announce Dr. Dickinson. It was all honorably strange.

"Tell Doctor Dickinson I 'm engaged," called the doctor over his shoulder. "Say I 'm busy. It 's just my assistant, Cynthia," he explained, turning back to her. "Now go ahead. What happened then?"

But that was not counting upon a viking-like young doctor with a temper of his own. One needed a temper to associate with the famous Dr. Starr. And so he stormed by Cho San and into the living-room.

"I know you 're not busy, sir. I 'll not be disciplined as a silly boy just to soothe your irritation. I could n't help being late." Then he saw. "Oh, I 'm sorry; I did n't really mean to intrude. If you will pardon—"

"Well, now that you 're here, Barrett, come in," invited the doctor, reluctantly. "And don't look so confoundedly shocked. Do you dare to think—my boy, you flatter me. Dr. Barrett Dickinson—my daughter Cynthia."

"Your daughter Cyn—"

"Yes, my daughter Cynthia. That is precisely what I said. And why embarrass her by staring? Can't a man have a daughter without—"

Perhaps Dr. Dickinson was staring. He did not care if he was. He would like to stare indefinitely. He was thirty.

And Cynthia had never seen such a level gaze in her life. She liked to be looked at in that way. It made her tingle, like diving into a wave on the beach at Arcachon.

Dickinson finally recovered himself enough to bow.

"My apology, Miss Starr, is your father. Could you tell me, perhaps, why in his infrequent references to his family he has deliberately given me a false impression?"

"Father is very odd," was Cynthia's comment. "He must be understood,

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"Dr. Starr, returning . . . found them sitting together on a piano-bench in the music-room"

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and I am not sure that he ever has been."

"Which may be fortunate or unfortunate," concluded his assistant.

"Enough!" roared the doctor. "I 'll not be discussed. At least not by my daughter and my assistant. What do you want to see me about, Barrett?"

"I—I just wanted to tell you my engagement for to-morrow evening is broken. So I shall be able to dine with you, after all, and go over that hospital arrangement."

A gleam of understanding shot into the doctor's eyes.

"How nice!" he said flatly. "Very glad to hear it. I was beginning to fear your social demands were making you forget professional ambitions. Only yesterday I heard of your interest in one of the season's young ladies, Miss Judy Parsons."

"What, Judy Parsons! Oh, my dear chief, you must n't take Mrs. Freddie's symptoms too seriously."

"I 'm sure father and I shall be glad to have you to dinner, Dr. Dickinson," said Cynthia, soothingly.

Dickinson did not say, "There, I guess that will hold you, old boy," but he meant it, and Dr. Starr knew that he meant it. They had fought their way into each other's affections, these two. They would hate to be misunderstood.

Two weeks is a strange length of time. It may be fourteen days or it may be fourteen years. Barrett Dickinson considered it a veritable epoch. In the first decade he had achieved the transition from "Doctor Dickinson" to just plain "Barrett." In the second he made her understand how delightfully different she was from other girls he knew—from all other girls, in fact. In the third he introduced her to the city, and they became comrades in adventure. In the fourth—but he had n't the nerve. It was really only fourteen days.

Dr. Starr, returning from having given of his wisdom to a distinguished gathering, found them sitting together on a piano-bench in the music-room. Cynthia had been singing certain little *chansons françaises* that reduced Barrett to absolute slavery. She did them charmingly, knew and sang a hundred that she had chosen from the amorous laments of jongleur days and even from the more respectable of tavern tunes. Barrett would have thrilled to "Au clair de la lune," if Cynthia sang it. He was really "intense," though she had not yet learned that useful adjective.

Dr. Starr was not blind to the direction of events. He was quite upset about it. Doris would never forgive him if he did not stop it; but as he stood in the doorway watching them, he did not just see the way to do it. None of his preventive serums was quite applicable. He could, however, have a very serious consultation with Dr. Dickinson.

"I 'd like to see you before you go, Barrett," he called in.

"All right, sir; but Cynthia has promised to sing one of Villon's. Then I 'm going to send her to bed."

The doctor smiled faintly over this as he smoked in the living-room. Barrett was going to send her to bed! Barrett had a lot of nerve. He, Dr. Carrington Starr, would send his daughter to bed if anybody did.

But she slipped up-stairs of her own accord, and Barrett joined his chief in the living-room.

"Now, sir, what do you wish done?

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I feel as though I could accomplish almost anything."

"It 's something I wish undone, Barrett. Sit down."

Dickinson had a sense of impending unpleasantness. He lighted a cigarette to gain time.

"Well, sir, let 's have the worst. Found a new assistant?"

"Nonsense! It 's about Cynthia. I don't want her falling in love with you. Understand?"

Barrett exhaled slowly a thin, blue cloud of smoke.

"No, I don't understand. Why not?"

"Because, in the first place, you 're a doctor and the same bad-tempered, unbearable sort of doctor that I am. If you were n't, I 'd have no use for you. In the second place, my wife Doris told Cynthia not to marry a doctor, and, by George! she does n't marry a doctor. She can marry a bricklayer with a sweet disposition, but she can't marry a doctor. Is that clear?"

"Well," began Barrett after a moment, "assuming that I want to marry Cyn—"

"What!"

"Assuming that I want—"

"Assuming confounded rot! Don't you suppose I can see? And you 'd be a fool if you did n't."

Barrett laughed.

"And I 'm no fool," he declared. "Nor am I foolish enough to let such a silly little idea stand in the way, assuming, if you please, that Cynthia would give me half a chance."

"It 's not a silly little idea," persisted the doctor. "Ten years ago I drove my wife and daughter to Europe; made a mess of things for myself and a worse one for them. You are now precisely the domineering, impossible sort I was then. And no man is going to treat Cynthia the way I treated Doris. I want you to see that."

"But I don't," retorted Barrett, flaring up. "Why in the name of Heaven should I be a brute just because you were—the sins of the specialist visited upon his assistant? It 's absurd. If Cynthia's mother was like Cynthia, you ought to be shot. But what has that to do with me?"

"How do I know you won't do the same that I did? Besides, Doris said —said—" The doctor began to stammer. "Oh, get out of here! You can't talk sense."

Barrett threw his cigarette into the fire.

"I can see this, sir. It is n't fair for me to presume upon my position here. I think we 'd better not work together any further."

"Oh, good Lord, Barrett! don't bring in non-essentials. You 'd throw me over for a girl, I see. You be at the office to-morrow morning at nine sharp, young man. I need you. And don't you dare say anything to her until she has seen a few other men. Good night."

The sound of the front door closing brought a slippered elf in a blue kimono hopping down-stairs. She quite ignored her parent's disapproving glance, and sat right on the arm of his chair. When her arm stole slyly out of the kimono and about his neck, he was putty.

"Now, Father—" she began coaxingly.

"Now what?" "Father" was not sufficiently familiar.

"Now, Doctor Starr—" tremulously.

"Now, *what?*" he exclaimed angrily.

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"Now, Daddy—" laughingly.

"That 's better. What do you want, you brat?"

"What were you and your assistant talking about?"

"None of your sweet little business," he said with determination.

"Was n't it? I thought maybe—it was."

"Cynthia!" He looked at her sternly. "If you were listening, I 'll—wring your neck!"

"Oh, but I was n't. I could n't hear—hardly anything."

"Ye gods! why in thunder did n't your mother come with you? What does she think I know about this business? Now, Cynthia, see here. I want you to promise that you won't listen to him until your party, until you have seen all the others."

"How long is that now, Daddy? Eight days, is n't it? Well, I 'll try."

"All right. And in the meantime I 'll take a hand. I know him, dear. He 'd treat you abominably. Your mother is right."

DRAMA does n't happen in the crowd, even in the dazzling, iridescent, music-mad dancing crowd of a début ball. It is the little places, little groups, little flames, that hold it all.

Harley Burroughs and George Crane sat on a table at the foot of the double stairway which ascended to the famous ball-room and talked it over. It was the sixth début ball that they had talked over in the same way, in the same spot, this same season. Naturally their cigarettes hung limp.

"Mrs. Freddie 's putting it on all right," said Harley. "I did n't think the roll Parsons left her would stand it."

"Doc Starr 's shouldering half, I guess," said George.

They were silent when a blond and straight-gazing young man dropped into a chair near them. A swelling blast from the orchestra reached them, and their feet tapped time on the floor. Crane leaned over and whispered.

"That 's young Doctor Dickinson, Mrs. Freddie's candidate for Judy, I hear."

"Not if I know Judy," thought Harley. And then aloud: "But Judy 's playing second lead. This Cynthia Starr is a knockout. Where 'd she come from, anyway? A convent?"

"Search me, Harley. Nobody ever heard of her until last week. Old Doc Starr picked three of us up at the club one night and took us down to his old place on Twelfth Street. There she was, a lyric. Well, you danced with her. Different, too. Knows nothing of things here. Anyway, since that night her program has been full for two months. She 'll have a terrible whirl."

The blond young man had to relight his cigarette. It did n't seem to taste too well, warmed over, for he threw it away and went up to the ball-room.

"Seems worried," said Harley. "Some one must be giving Judy too much of a rush to suit him. He does n't look very fast."

And in one of the south balcony-boxes, overlooking the brilliant and abandoned last hour down below on the dancing-floor, a waiter served black coffee to Mrs. Freddie and Dr. Starr. The ordeal of the receiving-line was over; two daughters were "out"; the thing was a success; the strategic generals rested. "I 'll not forget this kindness, Mrs. Freddie," declared the doctor. "Doris, my wife, must think I 'm a superman."

"Oh, nonsense, Carrington! Cynthia has carried the party. Dear little

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self-sufficient Judy could n't have done it." She looked over the rail. "By the way, why did n't you tell me Dr. Dickinson was mad over Cynthia?"

"Because I intended to break it up." He laughed. "And I did, by George! A little diplomacy on my part, and the young men just crowded him out. He 's really not fit for Cynthia or Judy or any other girl; he is too much like me. And, besides, Cynthia marries no doctor. Doris said—"

"Where is Cynthia now?" asked Mrs. Freddie, innocently.

He looked at her quickly.

"You don't think— Well, I 'll settle him!" The doctor rose abruptly.

"Perhaps you did n't notice him cutting in if any one danced two consecutive seconds with her."

"No, I did n't. I could n't follow her all over the floor, even if I tried to. But I 'll look into this. You can't know how distracted I 've been, Mrs. Freddie. Have n't thought of anything else since I was fool enough to let them meet. But what can you expect? A man ought to work up to a daughter gradually. Doris's own fault. Why did n't she come with her?"

But he would n't have been likely to find them. They did n't intend to be found, especially since Barrett had gone to the expense of subsidizing an attendant to show him that curtained nook behind the north balcony.

Of course it was all over now. They had already been there three quarters of an hour. What would you suppose? That 's time enough.

In fact three quarters of a minute was enough.

"Well—" Barrett had said.

"Yes?" replied Cynthia, and only a faint flush of color told of the drumming of her heart.

"Now you 've seen 'em—all the men in the city."

"All the men in the city! I saw only one solitary man."

It is how a girl looks when she says things that counts, not what she says. Barrett was stunned at first, as is every real man when he has put it to the touch—and won. He stood trembling an instant.

The rest was direct action. It was a pity to muss her, like crushing a butterfly. But beauty is for joy. Cynthia thought so, too. And what they said about "for ever and ever" and "happiest in the world"—well, you know, it has been said before.

Dr. Starr lay back in a chair in the dim-lighted living-room. It was five A.M., but he had been forced to go home alone. He could not find her. So his attention was quick when he heard soft steps and saw a rush of silvery white as she started silently up the stairway.

"Cynthia!"

There was silence for a moment, then she rushed down to him.

"Now, Daddy, I saw every one of them first. You cannot say I did not keep my promise. And look, Daddy, look! Is n't it beautiful!"

He saw Barrett's glittering ring on her outstretched hand, fingers extended like a child's.

"What 's this! What 's this! Take that thing off!"

He spluttered and stormed and swore, even when her arms twined about him and she murmured:

"Oh, no, Daddy. No, I could n't."

He was a die-hard, old Carrington Starr. By heaven! he was n't going to fail Doris in everything. She would think she was right in going away.

"Keep it on, then," he said, fuming,

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"but go to bed and let me think. And remember, I don't consent." He was very decided.

"Yes you do, Daddy," she insisted. From half-way up the stairway she added, "I wonder where mother got that foolish idea about doctors."

A cigar quieted the doctor's nerves. Then he went to the writing-desk and wrote briefly a message suitable for cablegram. He hesitated when it was finished.

"Hum, I suppose I 'll have to find out."

A minute later he knocked on his daughter's door.

"Cynthia!"

"Yes, Daddy. Oh, I knew you loved him almost as much—"

"I do not. I never will. What is your mother's address?"

"Oh, you 're writing to her? But there is no need, Daddy." Her joy bubbled into her voice until it was like silver.

"What?"

"No, she will be here day after tomorrow. She knew no man could manage me."

"The devil!" raved the doctor. "Well, she 'll get a cold reception. If she thinks she can run away from me for ten years and come walking in at her pleasure—" He stormed down the hallway to his bedroom.

And Cho San, returning from laying out pajamas and turning down the bed, spied a crumpled scrap of paper in the hall. He was a perfect servant, Cho San, so he picked the paper up.

But because he was n't too perfect, he smoothed it out when he reached the light. Of course he could n't understand it. Who could? *"Come quick. I give up, I can't stop her. She 's to marry the only doctor in sight."*

Fugitive

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

Is it the wet June night,
The stifled echo of a far footfall,
Fog on the river-bank,—an impalpable wall,
Casting gray spells on the familiar place,
To stir such a secret terrible delight,—
Working a wonder on your unseen face?
This is a snare.
We should escape
Hurriedly, undeceived, into the light;
Look into sane eyes sanely meeting,
With only heartless laughter for the flight
That left our panic hearts so bitterly beating.

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The Breadth of the Narrow-Minded

By RICHARD ROBERTS

§ 1

IT is to take one's life in one's hands to say a good word for the Puritans. He who professes to descry any good in their religion or their morals, *ipso facto*, writes himself out of the best society. The Puritan hash was settled long ago, and we have the episode safely and finally classified. Puritanism was a grim, dour, solemn, ugly, ill-favored, and impertinent intrusion on the joy of life, which did sad damage to art, which arrested the normal evolution of culture, and so forth. In honesty we are compelled to add a few mitigating foot-notes to this summary judgment. Milton, for instance, may be held to count for something to art and culture, and Milton was a Puritan. Our genre pictures of Puritan life are, moreover, incomplete without the fun and the fine bravura of Lady Brilliana Harley's letters to her son at Oxford. Then, too, there was Lucy Apsley, with her "eight tutors in various qualities; languages, music, dancing, writing and needlework," and her husband, Colonel Hutchinson, most loyal of Puritans and lover of art, who was, according to Richard Baxter, "of a sanguine complexion, naturally of such a vivacity, hilarity and alacrity as another man hath when he hath drunken a cup too much." But a handful of swallows do not make a summer. The Puritans were—well, Puritans, and the writer of "Comus," the mother of Edward Harley, and the Hutchinsons had somehow strayed into the wrong galley.

It is probably true that we should not find the Puritans a folk easy to live with, though it does not by any means follow that it would be all their fault. A Puritan critique of our way of life might not be agreeable, but it would be a gross and unintelligent blunder to pass it by as negligible or contemptible. And who are we, anyway, to speak disrespectfully even of their theology who have gravely discussed the new Calvinism, the economic determinism of Karl Marx? As for their morals, which is, of course, the real bogie, well, have we moderns evolved a technic of life which is proving as fruitful as theirs did? The Puritan theology went bankrupt, but so do all theologies in time, and Calvinism had a longer innings than most. But we have no theology at all, which some people may consider a sign of progress. So, perhaps, it might be if we had enough theology to know that we had none; for the paradox of this matter is that one must be a theologian before one can intelligently repudiate theology. At least the Puritans knew where they stood; they made some attempt to define their relation to the universe; they had a principle of valuation, of criticism, of selection; they had a program. We moderns have none of these things, and we do not even know that we have n't.

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§ 2

Henry Adams, mourning the lost unity of the Middle Ages, has seemed to this generation a figure slightly ridiculous, but he was not without reason in his lamentation. With the Middle Ages departed a glory; something passed out of life which we have ever since been trying to hunt down and recapture—something vital and indispensable. Our dull and uncritical servility to the monstrous and enervating imposture of progress is the measure of the spiritual emptiness which the disruption of the medieval world left behind it, and which is still here with us, agape and stiffly refusing all substitutes. There was a leprosy, too, in that world, which was at last its undoing; but at its best it achieved a miracle of unification. It evolved a program and a technic for the whole of life by which it rose to those high things in religion, art and literature in which, though dead, it yet speaketh.

But the great disintegration came, and it was tragic and complete, as, indeed, it was inevitable. The Protestant Reformation is commonly interpreted as one incident among others in the debacle. Actually, it was an attempt to arrest it and to establish a new principle of unity. Martin Luther was much less interested in repudiating the traditional center of authority in the vicar of Christ than he was in affirming its true center in Christ Himself. Similarly, Calvin found his center of unity in his doctrine of the divine sovereignty, and sought to prove his point by converting the city of Geneva into a theocracy. In their several ways Luther and Calvin were restating the medieval dream of a "city of God." But the forces of dissolution were too powerful to be arrested by shifting the theological center of gravity, and the new principle of unity, whether in the Lutheran or the Calvinistic form, being from its very nature an affair of the individual conscience and intellect, became in the circumstances a disintegrating influence and helped to complete the rout.

The *disjecta membra* of the empire and the church made a sorry and tragical spectacle. But the greater tragedy was of a more subtle, less palpable kind. It lay in a certain social demoralization, and this was especially the case in England. On the European mainland the Reformation had begun as a revival of religion, and for a considerable time it exercised a saving moral discipline. But the Reformation in England was an affair of lawyers, and its main feature was the substitution of Henry VIII for the Bishop of Rome as the head of the church. Notwithstanding all its charitable concessions to human frailty, the church had always exercised a certain moral control over its people; but with the uxorious Henry in the seat of spiritual and moral authority, the old restraints functioned less vigorously. So began a general debasement of the moral currency, which the Marian interlude did nothing to check, Mary being more engrossed in cutting off heads than in improving morals. "The spacious days of Elizabeth" were spacious in more senses than one—rather too spacious to be healthy; and they came to the natural conclusion of their logic in the profligacy and wantonness of the Carolinian years.

It is against this background that we must set the Puritan, and it is as a biological rather than as a theological

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phenomenon that he should be treated. His theology was largely incidental to the historical purpose which he served, for men with other theologies have served the same purpose in other days. The Franciscan movement and certain early monastic movements were essentially Puritan in their intention, and the phenomenon is not peculiar either to Christianity or to the West. Round about them our Puritans saw life running to waste, having broken through and swept away the channels in which it had formerly run, and losing itself in the desert sand. The moral sanctions, the checks and restraints, the decencies and economies, which the experience of life had proved to be essential to its survival, the landmarks and guide-posts which the toiling wisdom of the ages had raised for the guidance of life—all these were being borne away on a noisy and riotous flood. And in the midst of this desolation the Puritan set himself to a work of salvage. It was his business to save this incontinent life by canalizing it, by building a new river-bed, and by constraining the wayward and prodigal waters into it. The Puritan was life itself on the defensive, stripped and girt for the desperate task of its own rescue.

The channels which the Puritan proposed were, it may be said, unduly narrow. Perhaps; but that was an excess of virtue natural in the circumstances, and the price of the excess had to be paid, in England, dramatically, by the restoration of the Stuarts, and in America more slowly in a long recoil from the Puritan austerity. Nevertheless, consider the positive achievement. In England Puritanism made the Stuart tradition impossible, gave the *coup de grâce* to the divine right of kings, paved the way for the peaceful Revolution of 1680, and furnished some ingredients of that "English liberty" which Professor Santayana has admirably described. And in America? Well, the survival of the New England enterprise would hardly have been possible without the stern economy of life which the Puritans had learned to practise at home. In an unknown land, under strange climatic conditions, surrounded by a thousand unpredictable dangers, and required to make for himself a home, to provide food, clothing, shelter for his women-folk and children, the Puritan knew that he had no energy to spend upon things that he could forego. He abstained and required others to abstain from practices which involved a profitless expenditure of vital strength; and if he pushed his prohibitions into regions which it had been better to leave alone, it was only because he could and would take no chances. Laugh, if you will, at his "blue" laws; yet if the Puritan had not practised this stern economy of life, it is at least arguable that these United States might never have existed.

This is not meant to be an *apologia* for the Puritan, but rather an attempt to define the historical rôle he was called to play. Nor is it pretended that he stated the problem to himself in the terms which we are now using. He was aware of a vocation to conserve certain values which he believed to be in jeopardy, and his perception of these values was a part of his peculiar religious experience. When he came to rationalize his experience and to define the values, he did them much less than justice by construing them in the terms of an imported theological

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system; however he did the best he knew.

The Puritan's *differentia* in his day was a quickened sense of the sanctity of life, which led him to protest both against political and ecclesiastical institutions that imprisoned it and against a moral profligacy which wasted and destroyed it. So he became at once the protagonist of public liberty and the apostle of personal self-discipline, though, being human, he was apt to forget the logic of the former in his zeal for the latter and to substitute a public discipline for a private, not understanding that the willing self-discipline of ten men has more moral worth and greater survival value than the enforced conformity of a thousand.

The Puritan morality was a technic of life fashioned for a given purpose at a particular point of time. In detail it was often perverse and ill conceived, but its substance was sound and true. The Puritan, because he lived in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, over-sharpened his definitions. But he had somehow learned that without economy of life there could be neither survival nor efficiency of life. Had he been called to justify his "narrowness," he might have appealed to good authority. The gospel picture of the two ways, the broad and the narrow, does not refer primarily to vice and virtue. It is a warning against spreading out the stuff of life too thin and an affirmation that economy and concentration are needful to the realization of life. Even if things so good as a hand or an eye tend to hinder the achievement of life, then, we are told on good authority, it is better to get rid of them. It is a narrow way that leads to life.

§ 3

So far, then, for the Puritan's morals, his scheme of practical conduct. It was a system of moral thrift, evoked by the urgencies of his situation, and it is beside the point to blame it for its esthetic poverty. One must live before one can live beautifully, and the Puritan was, as he believed not without reason, defending the inmost citadel of life, the soul. But of his narrowness of mind there can be no such justification, though even here we may plead extenuating circumstances. He failed in toleration, but that was a common failing in his day. Yet it was a Puritan who wrote the "Areopagitica." In fact, John Milton meets us at every turn to confound our critical generalizations about the Puritans. Moreover, let it not be forgotten that the Puritan had a deep and genuine respect for scholarship, and the Royal Society was a Puritan foundation. He understood that life without learning was a poor thing, and that religion without knowledge was but sounding brass.

And there is something to be said even for intellectual "narrowness," so it be of the right kind. Our good-humored indulgence of "the single-track mind" and "the man of one idea" may do credit to our hearts, but it may also do damage to our heads. The great things of life are very often the achievement of the narrow-minded. "Robert Owen," says Leslie Stephen, "was one of those intolerable bores who are the salt of the earth." Hazlitt made fine fun of him, and Sydney Smith jeered at his "parochial parallelograms." But Robert Owen did more than any other man of the last century to purge the industrial system of its

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brutalities, to quicken in the worker his moribund self-respect, and so to set afoot the great modern task of social reclamation. In this kind of narrowness there is nothing incompatible with boundless charity of mind and hospitality of heart. In thought, also, there is a narrow road that leads to life, and the problem of the thinker, especially if he be teacher or preacher as well, is to combine a definite narrowness with a wide tolerance. It may be pleasant to stand

> Embracing no form of creed,
> But contemplating all,

but it is also remarkably futile. Eclecticism will build no "city of God."

Soon or late, if thought is not to lose itself in the sand, it must canalize itself. The thinker is bound to state himself, to settle down to definition, else his travail of thought will evaporate in a profitless mist. Definition, of course, entails exclusion, which is always painful to a generous mind; but not to risk the pain is to court sterility. Exclusion, however, need not mean eclipse, setting up in the mind what Blake called a "limit of opakeness"; nor does it require a habit of intolerance. I may surely serve the truth I see without supposing it to be the only truth there is, for we have learned very little indeed if we do not yet understand that it is going to take all of us, *and all of us together*, to come at the whole truth.

Take, for instance, the present case of religious thought. Religious liberals have been a good deal more concerned with their liberalism than with their religion. In our eagerness to deliver religion from the bondage of old dogma, we have almost overlooked what it was we had set out to deliver, and we have made a gospel of our liberalism. Religion has in consequence become an affair of generalities, of large vague loyalties—to what we are not quite sure. It was good and necessary to undertake this liberation, but the liberty was no end in itself. "Liberty," says Mr. Santayana, "is not an art; liberty must be used to bring some natural art to fruition." Similarly, liberty from credalism is not religion, but a condition under which we may essay a truer definition of religious experience. For the moment, the religion of the liberal stirs no dead bones; while the religion of the illiberal, which is also the religion of the illiterate, the peripatetic revivalist, has still extraordinary power. There can be no question that this power is due to its definitions, to its theology, even though it be a bad theology—a theology wholly impossible to a mind which is endowed with a reasonable ethical insight and which looks upon life with a measure of realism. Religion cannot live long as a general spiritual culture; it must be a crusade, a propaganda, a holy war, with its own program and its own strategy. All this it was to the Puritan, and despite his handicaps he made his voice heard and did great things. Religious liberals must make up their minds to renounce the pleasant and bland habit of vast generalization and work out a fiery evangelism of their own, if their religious impulse is not to run out and religion itself is to be saved from the strangling hands of traditionalists and cranks.

But this, it may be said, is merely to lay the foundations of a new dogmatism. That is a real danger, admittedly. But it is largely offset by our

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new understanding of the psychology of the religious life, and we are less likely than our forefathers to impose confessional tests on religious faith. But the religious liberal has meantime to choose between the danger of definition and the danger of disappearance.

§ 4

At the present time we appear to be confronted by a situation not unlike that in which the early Puritans found themselves. It is evident that there is afoot a process of active and ominous social disintegration. One of the monthlies has in recent months allowed us to follow a vigorous disputation which has diverted or sobered us according to our several inclinations. It seems that the young people have taken the bit between their teeth and are running wild. They are wholly contemptuous of the traditional controls and show no disposition to impose a speed limit upon themselves. Fond parents, maiden aunts, all the amateur censors of morals, are at their wits' ends. They are shouting voluminous warnings after the runaways, but the pace only gets hotter. And the end is not in sight. Nor is this our only trouble. We have our crime waves, our building scandals, the anarchy of the resistance to the eighteenth amendment, and a score of other disorders which seem to show that the customary social controls are falling to pieces.

It is quite clear that something has happened, but nobody seems to know just what. It is vaguely felt that the war is somehow to blame for it, and to some extent it undoubtedly is. We are not so sure about the "bracing" effect of war as we were, though we shall no doubt hear it all over again and believe it when the next war scare comes along. But the most expensive casualty of war is an inevitable lowering of moral tone—inevitable because we cannot successfully wage war without schooling ourselves to a disregard of truth and personality. We have to put on the shelf the very values upon which all human growth depends; and though we may intend to take them down when the unpleasant business is over, we shall find it none so easy to do so. It is absurd to habituate a people for any length of time to lowered standards of moral judgment and practice, and then to be surprised that at the end of it they are not so good as they ought to be. We may believe that what we waged war for was worth the price of this moral damage; in which case it is unreasonable to wail about it.

But the war is not wholly to blame for the present lapse into folly and moral anarchy. At the worst, it did no more than complete a disintegration that was active long before

The problem of the early Puritan in England was one of survival—of saving not alone his own soul, but the soul of his people. But though the New England Puritan had escaped from the public dangers that threatened the life of the spirit, he was faced with the problem of survival in another form—the temporal survival of a young society set in "the midst of many and great dangers." For this task he stripped himself "bare to the buff," and evolved an austere and arduous technic of life. Now, it required all the strength of the Puritan motive to sustain the rigor of the Puritan technic, and naturally, when social survival had been assured, it became increasingly difficult to justify the

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Puritan ethic to the ordinary man. In circles where the Puritan morality was believed to have the specific and awful indorsement of the word of God, it survived for a considerable time and gave us the New England conscience. But as the Puritan theology decayed, the sanctions of the Puritan morality became more dubious; and in the end nothing but the shell of the old technic remained, imposed upon one generation after another by domestic tradition, religious exhortation, and public opinion. In the circumstances it was inevitable that the Puritan ethic should lose its grip upon the ordinary man, especially as there was no compensation for the loss of the Puritan motive through the discovery of another incentive of equal power.

Not that the modern world has been without an incentive, but it has not been an incentive capable of exercising a genuine moral discipline. It has been said that nationality is a good thing while it is being struggled for; but that once it has been attained it becomes a dangerous thing, the danger being, of course, its efflorescence into imperialism. In the same way it may be suggested that once the temporal survival of the young society of New England was secure, its eyes passed on from security to prosperity. And with a natural logic, it has been assumed that the sort of moral practice which conduced to survival would likewise lead to prosperity. So it has come to pass that prosperity has been held up to aspiring youth as the incentive and reward of piety and virtue, and the New Testament has been warmly commended for its sound business principles. Mr. Santayana says that he heard a president of Yale say to a body of students, "Be Christians and you will be successful." And there are still voices among us who repeat the advice, "Be good and godly, and you will be prosperous." But all that this really amounts to is to say that the world is so made that if you play the fool or the knave, you are likely to have your fingers burned. It is good policy to be honest and to be a good sportsman. The gospel of prosperity exercises just as much moral discipline, and not one whit more, as we may find necessary in order to make a pile of money with a maximum of safety in a minimum of time, and the quantity of virtue required is not excessive. It is undoubtedly true that the gospel of prosperity has proved an incentive to industry and has led to the development of a technic. This, however, is not a technic of life, but a technic of business, and the other interests of life are reduced to foot-notes and postscripts. The consequence has been a hypertrophy of the acquisitive instincts and of commercial faculty, with a corresponding arrest of growth in other regions of the mind. The critic of business has become a critic of life; the meat is exalted above the life, and the end is subordinated to the means, the whole of life to the least thing in life, which is absurd. We are standing on our heads.

Thus our present disintegration finds us unarmed and helpless; we have no resistance to offer to the drift. Vainly shall we bid wayward youth to call a halt; they will ask why they should, and we have no answer to give. They will challenge the validity of our decalogues, and it is useless to talk to them of prosperity. For they are not out after prosperity, but after

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what they think is the joy of life. The rising generation has trodden all that was left of the Puritan technic to powder.

§ 5

The old scripture that "where there is no vision, the people perish" is rendered in the revised version of the Bible, "Where there is no vision, the people cast off restraint." No doubt it comes to the same thing in the end, but in its new form the saying registers an acute piece of social observation, and is perhaps a sound diagnosis of our trouble. We certainly have no vision, and we have certainly cast off restraint.

Vision that is not still-born creates its own restraints in its own defense. "Poetry," I read the other day, "acquires new life only as it feels new moods; and these create their own expressive forms": that is, their own channels and modes of stating themselves, their own technic. Art has its own discipline, and the esthetic life its peculiar austerities if it is to save its soul alive. It is a narrow way that leads to life.

Now, the inner story of the Puritan, as I understand it, is this: he had, first, a vision, a perception, however dim and partial, of "the realm of ends." In the vision was a principle of valuation, which was also a principle of criticism, of selection, and of discrimination. And so he developed a technic of life which would enable him to pursue the ends he had seen under the particular conditions of his day.

That we do not see his vision is neither sin nor misfortune. We need our own vision, our own perception of the ends of life. And as sure as we see our vision, we shall discover our own principle of valuation and develop our own technic of life, which shall be no poor copy of his.

We shall escape some of his misfortunes—those stiff categories of protest under which he interpreted his world, the persecutions which hardened him, the hardships and struggles of his pioneer life, his isolations and insecurities. By so much our vision should be clearer, our principle of valuation surer, and our technic more positive and creative than his.

So we should prevent the tragedy that befell the world he passed on to his children. We have no traditional theology to be an incubus on our children, nor will they, if we can help it, capitulate to a crude gospel of prosperity. We should build mansions more stately, more spacious, more abiding than he. But shall we?

We shall—when our vision comes. The vision is not yet in sight, but there is a sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees.

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Casanova's Alibi

By RAFAEL SABATINI

Illustrations by R. F. Heinrich

THERE can be little doubt, although it is not explicitly so stated in his memoirs, that it was the sight of the mast of a fruit-boat before the window of his prison that first aroused the notion in his fertile brain. But let us begin at the beginning of this story of one of the earliest exploits of that Jacques de Casanova who has been aptly called the prince of adventurers, and whom some have accounted the very prince of scoundrels.

He was at the time in the eighteenth year of his age, but with the appearance of at least five and twenty, extremely tall and personable, and already equipped with that air of a man of the great world which later, and coupled with his amazing impudence and his undoubted talents, was to stand him in excellent stead in his exploitation of his fellow-man. To Casanova this was perhaps the most critical age of his life. The career of the priesthood, for which he had been intended by his mother, and for which surely there never lived a man less suitable, had rejected him. The seminary at Padova, in which he had been qualifying for holy orders, outraged by the wildness of his almost pagan nature, had just expelled him. He had taken his expulsion in that spirit of philosophy for which he was remarkable, accounting all things for the best. In this instance, no doubt, he was justified. He had doffed his seminarist's cassock, replacing it with a laced coat bought at second hand and the ruffler's steel-hilted sword. Thus arrayed, he had returned in the summer of that year, 1743, to Venice, the city of his birth, intent upon following his destiny—*sequi deum*, as he puts it himself. There by gaming he had eked out the slender allowance which his mother made him out of her earnings on the trestles of a theater at Warsaw, and we perceive already the beginnings of that extraordinary success of his at faro and other kindred games of cards—a success so constant that despite his emphatic and repeated

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assurances, we cannot avoid a suspicion on the score of the methods he employed.

But that is by the way. His trouble came to him through one Razetta, a Venetian of some substance and importance, of whom he has many evil things to say, some of which we are disposed to believe. In what Razetta first provoked his hostility we are not permitted to perceive. But we do know that such was his hatred of the man that although the fellow must undoubtedly have been considered an excellent match for Casanova's sister, our young adventurer would have none of him. His sister dwelt, as did Casanova himself in the early days of that sojourn of his in Venice, at the house of the Abbé Grimani, the kindly old tutor appointed to the pair by their absent mother.

At this house Messer Razetta was a constant visitor, and our shrewd-eyed ex-seminarist was not long in perceiving the reason for this constancy, and not long in deciding that it must end. He began with his sister, whom he addressed in that pseudo-philosophic strain peculiar to him, if his memoirs are a faithful mirror of his utterances, a habit of speech acquired, no doubt, in the course of his preparations for a pulpit which, fortunately, he was never destined to disgrace. He reduced her to tears, he says, which is not in the least surprising. Indeed, we marvel that any one should ever have listened to him without weeping. Then he flung out after her lover, who had just taken leave of Grimani.

He overtook him on the Rialto, as he was crossing the bridge, preceded by a servant carrying a lantern. He desired two words in private with him, and bade the servant place himself out of ear-shot. Razetta, a corpulent and uncomely gentleman of some five and twenty, deeming it as well to use civility toward the brother—and such a brother!—of the lady to whose favor he aspired, confirmed his order. The servant drew off, beyond the bridge, leaving the twain alone together in the gloom, which was relieved by the lights streaming from the windows of a neighboring house.

Casanova used, as was the fashion with him, many words and little tact.

"It afflicts me, Signor Razetta," said he, "that a gentleman of my condition should be reduced to the necessity of discussing so delicate a matter as his own sister with an animal of your state; but the fault, sir, is not mine. You have been wanting, as, after all, perhaps, was but to be expected, in that fine feeling which might have saved us both from the humiliation inseparable from this interview."

"Sir," roared Razetta, his great face aflame, "you insult me!"

"I congratulate you upon a susceptibility to insult which I should never have suspected in a man of your deplorable origin and neglected breeding," said Casanova. "Since it is so, you give me some hope that we may yet understand each other without the necessity on my part of proceeding to harsher measures."

"Not another word, sir," blazed the other. "I will not listen to you further." And he swung upon his heel.

But Casanova took him by the shoulder. I have said that he was tall. It remains to add that he was of a prodigious strength. Razetta's soft flesh was mangled in that iron grip, his departure arrested. Casanova swung him round, and smiled balefully into his empurpled face.

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"It is as I feared," he said. "Indeed, until you spoke of insult I had not conceived that words could be of the least avail with you. Nor, indeed, was I prepared to use with you any argument whatever. My sole intent was to command you never again to show your face at the Abbé Grimani's while my sister is in residence there, and to assure you that in the event of a disobedience, a folly to which I implore you not to commit yourself, I shall be put to the necessity of thrashing you until there is not a bone left whole in your body."

Razetta shook with blended rage and fear.

"By the Madonna!" he swore, "I go straight to the seigniory to inform the *saggio* of your threats and to demand his protection. You shall be laid by the heels for it, my fine cockerel. There is law and order in Venice, and—"

"Alas!" Casanova interrupted, "you precipitate the inevitable."

He raised his cane and set himself to belabor the unfortunate Razetta. Razetta struggled, struck out in self-defense as best he could, and bellowed for his servant. Over the kidney stones of the bridge the man came clattering to his master's aid. Casanova, ever gripping his victim's shoulder, pulled him back to where there was a gap in the parapet at the foot of the bridge, and flung him into the canal.

When the servant came up, Casanova was straightening his cravat and smoothing his ruffles. He pointed quite unnecessarily to the water, where Razetta was floundering and gurgling in danger of drowning.

"You 'll find your master down there," said he. "No doubt you will wish to fish him out for the sake of what wages he may owe you; but you would be doing a noble service to humanity by leaving him where he is."

He went home to supper, feeling that he had borne himself with vast credit, though deploring that in the absence of gloves necessity had put it upon him to soil his hands by the contact of so low a fellow.

The sequel was of course inevitable. Razetta, rescued from drowning, smarting with pain and choler, went to lay his plaint before the chief notary, the *saggio della scrittura*, who was responsible for the preservation of order in the republic.

Next morning Casanova awakened to find the officers of justice in his chamber. They haled him into a large black gondola, and so to the palace of the seigniory and the presence of the magistrate.

There Razetta poured out his tale with a volubility punctuated by frequent sneezings, and his servant affirmed on oath the truth of it.

"What have you to say?" quoth the *saggio*, turning to Casanova.

Casanova's swarthy, masterful face was a study in scorn, his full, red lips curled contemptuously.

"I have to say, Excellency, that these villains make a mock of your justice and abuse your credulity. Let me throw light upon their motives. That rogue Razetta there permits himself the effrontery to pay his addresses to my sister. I have signified to him my distaste of this, and my desire that he shall set a term to it. His retort, Excellency, is basely to employ you to serve his own ineffable purposes. His lackey there he has bribed and suborned to confirm the lies with which he has insulted you."

That was only the beginning. His

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volubility was never at fault, and whatever the church may have gained when he was expelled from the seminary, there can be little doubt that she lost a famous preacher. He was of a fervor that carried conviction, and he would have carried it on this occasion but for the testimony of Razetta's back and shoulders, which were still black and blue from last night's drubbing. The *saggio* inquired sardonically whether Messer Casanova would suggest that his accuser had had himself belabored especially to the end that he might add weight to his accusation.

He was taken back to the black gondola. This headed toward the Lido and brought up half a hour later at the steps of the Fortress of Sant' Andrea, fronting the Adriatic, on the very spot where the *Bucentaur* comes to a halt when the doge goes on the feast of the Ascension to wed the sea. A year's sojourn in this prison was the penalty imposed upon Casanova in expiation of his offense against the peace of Venice.

The place was garrisoned by Albanian soldiers brought from that part of Epirus which belonged to the Serene Republic. The governor was a Major Pelodero, by whom Casanova was amiably received, and given the freedom of the entire fortress. The major, it would seem, took a lenient view of the offense that the young man was sent to expiate, and came no doubt under the influence of that singular charm or personal magnetism which was one of this rogue's chief assets. He was given a fine room on the first floor, with two windows, and it was from these that he first espied the masts of those fruit-sellers' boats, and so, after a week's residence in the fort, came to conceive the first notion of enlisting their service to enable him to effect his escape.

That, of course, was no more than the first crude, germinal, and somewhat obvious idea that leaped to his mind. Another in his place might have lacked the wit to go beyond acting upon it. Not so Casanova. He considered that if he was to make good his escape, the circumstance could profit him, after all, but little. Perforce he must remain a fugitive from justice, hunted perhaps, certainly unable ever again to show his face in Venice without the certainty of being dealt with in a fashion far more rigorous than was the case at present. A door was open to him, and he were a fool not to avail himself of it; yet he were a fool to avail himself of it in the crude fashion that had suggested itself. He sat down to think, and the fruit of his thoughts was that when soon after dawn on the morrow the gentle splash of an oar reached him from below, he slipped from his bed and gained the window. The single mast of a fruit-barge came level with it at that moment.

Casanova put his head between the bar and the sill, and called softly to one of the boatmen:

"*Olà*, my friend! I want to buy peaches."

"Peaches, Excellency? At once." And while one of the men steadied the boat against the wall of the fort, the other swarmed up the stout, short mast, with a basket on the crook of his arm. This he held out as far as he could, and Casanova on his side stretched out to reach it. He emptied the peaches on to the floor of his room, put a gold coin into the basket, and returned it to the man, who broke into

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protestations of gratitude at such munificence, and summoned every saint in the calendar to come and watch over this princely consumer of peaches.

"That," said Casanova, indicating the glistening ducat, "is a fruit culled from the Tree of Wisdom. So that you are wise, you may fill your pannier with them, and undoubtedly they are worth more than peaches."

"Show me but where the tree stands, Excellency!" cried the fruiterer.

"What would you do for ten ducats?" inquired the prisoner, and in naming that amount he named all the money he had in his possession.

"Anything short of murder," replied the other, dazzled by the mention of a sum which to one of his modest estate seemed a veritable fortune.

Casanova looked at him, smiled, and nodded.

"Be here at ten to-night," he said. "Now go."

Protesting that he would not fail, the boatman slithered down his mast again, and the barge moved on past the fort toward the city, suffused now by the horizontal rays of the sun newrisen from the Adriatic.

Casanova looked at his peaches, and his first notion was to send them as a present to the governor's wife. But he thought better of it. They might afford a trace, however slender, to what he had planned should follow. So one by one he dropped them into the water below.

Later that day, as he was taking the air with the major's aide-de-camp, he happened to leap down from one of the parapets of the bastion. As his foot touched the ground he cried out, staggered, and fell in a heap, clapping his hand to his knee. Stefani, the aide, ran immediately to his assistance.

"It is nothing," said Casanova, and sought to rise unaided, but found the task impossible. He availed himself then of the hand solicitously held out to him, and came to his feet, or, rather, to his left foot; for he found it quite impossible to put his right to the ground. He must have wrenched his knee, he declared, clenching his teeth to help him master the pain from which Stefani perceived him very obviously to be suffering. Then leaning upon his cane on one side and the aide's on the other, he hobbled painfully within doors and straight to his room, where presently he was attended by the surgeon of the fort. His knee was examined, and although no swelling was visible as yet, it was undoubtedly extremely sensitive, for the patient winced and cried out when the surgeon pressed upon the cap.

"A slight strain of the muscles," the latter concluded. "Not very serious, but undoubtedly painful. You have had a narrow escape, M'sir. As it is, a few days' rest and bandages according to a fashion of which I possess the secret, and you will be yourself again."

Thereafter the knee was tightly bound in bandages, soaked in camphorated spirits of wine, and Casanova sat for the remainder of the day with the ailing limb stretched across a chair. The major and some other officers of the garrison, taking pity upon his helpless plight, spent a portion of the evening at cards with him, and whatever the condition of his leg, his wits had suffered no damage, for despite the small points for which they played, he contrived to win six ducats from them. When they left him, toward

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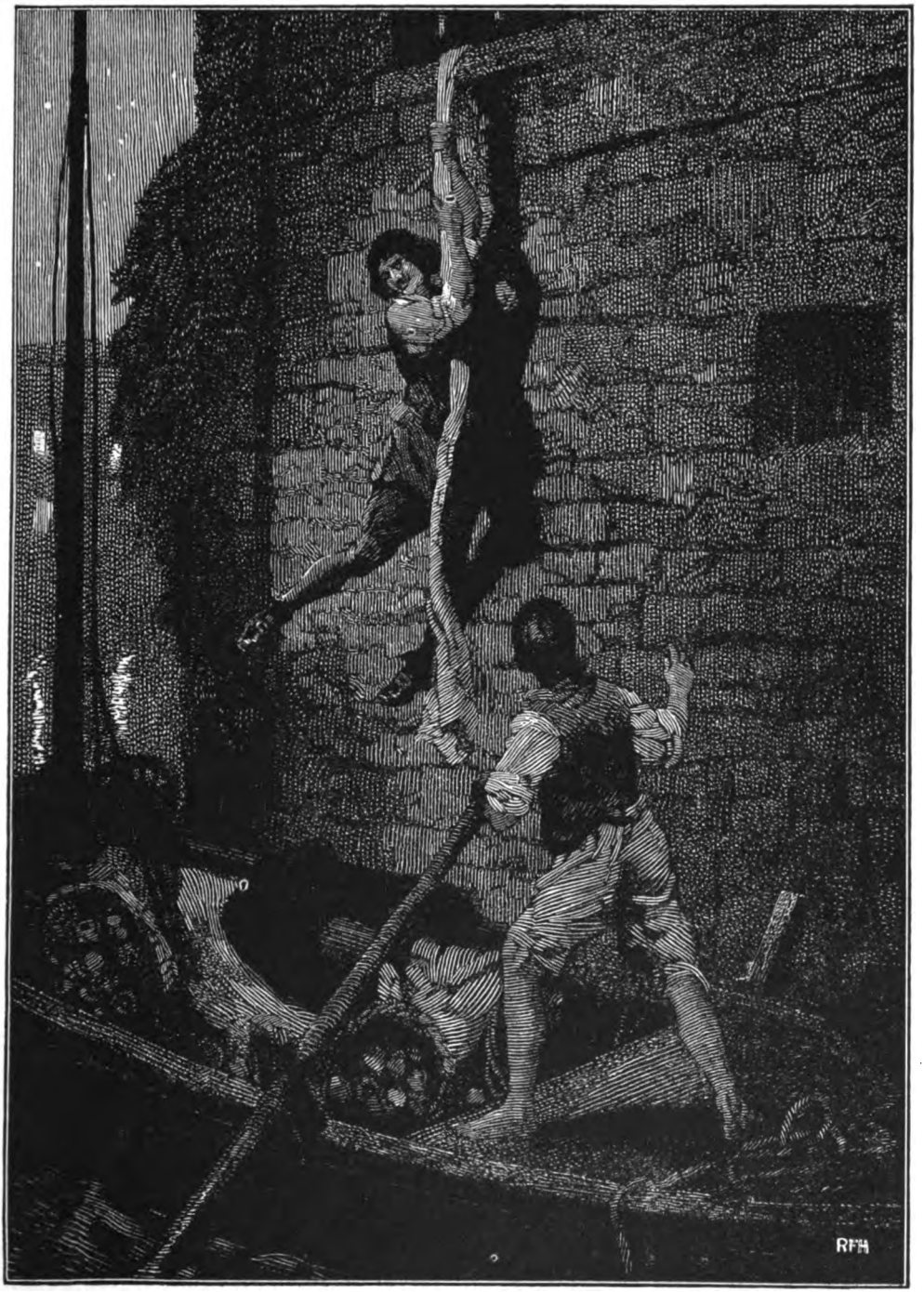

The Escape

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eight o'clock, he begged that his servant might be sent to him, and permitted to spend the night in his room, lest in his present crippled state he should need assistance.

This servant was a new acquisition of Casanova's. He was a temporary valet, one of the soldiers of the garrison whose services the prisoner was permitted to hire for a few coppers daily. The fellow's chief recommendation to the ex-seminarist lay in the fact that he had been a hair-dresser before enlisting, and Casanova's hair, as he tells us himself, required to be rescued from the effects of the neglect which it had naturally suffered in the seminary. It is obvious to any reader of his memoirs that he was at all times extremely vain of his personal appearance, and it is easy to imagine how highly he valued, and how assiduously he employed, the services of this fellow. On the present occasion it would seem that the sometime hair-dresser had another quality which recommended him to his temporary master: he was a famous drunkard. Casanova, in a more than ordinarily indulgent mood, now afforded him the means to gratify his inclination on that score. He gave him money, and bade him procure three bottles of a full-bodied Falernian from the canteen. Further he insisted that the fellow should drink them, although I confess that "insisted" is hardly the right word in which to describe such mild persuasion as he found it necessary to employ.

By half past nine the soldier-valet was snoring most unpleasantly, reduced to a stupor by the contents of the now empty bottles. By ten o'clock the whole fort was wrapped in slumber, for strict discipline prevailed, and early hours were kept. By five minutes past ten came the splash of an oar under Casanova's window, and but for the darkness a mast might have been seen to come to a halt before it.

Casanova slipped from his bed and into his clothes with a nimbleness that was miraculous, and more miraculous still was the cure that appeared to have been effected; for as he crossed swiftly to the window there was no slightest sign of lameness in his agile gait. There was a single bar set horizontally across this window, but there was room for a man of ordinary proportions to pass above or below it, and Casanova, though tall and strong, was of slender, almost stripling, proportions at this time of his life. He tied a sheet to the bar, twisted it into a rope, slipped through, and a moment later he was standing amid the decaying vegetable matter in the barge. There he found only one man, the fruiterer with whom he had that morning come to an understanding. He pressed five ducats into the rogue's hand.

"The other five when the thing is done," said he. "Now push off."

The boatman plied his single oar gondolier-wise in the stern, and stood off from the fort.

"Whither now, Excellency?" he inquired.

"Hoist your sail," said Casanova, for the breeze was fresh, "and steer for Venice."

They had words, of course. The boatman had conceived that the fugitive, as he naturally supposed Casanova, would desire him to make the open sea beyond the Lido, and so head for the mainland. This going to Venice seemed to him fraught with

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danger, and he spoke of the risk of being sent to the galleys if he were caught assisting the evasion of a prisoner.

Casanova took up a stout oaken cudgel that he found in the bottom of the boat. He was ever a violent man, and one who from threats proceeded swiftly to deeds when the occasion demanded. This was not one of those occasions. His threats were sufficient, especially as they were seconded by a reminder that ten ducats were worth some risk. By his directions the boat came to moor at the Schiavoni. He leaped ashore, bidding the fruiterer await him there. Thence he walked quickly to San Stefano, roused a dozing gondolier, and had himself borne to the Rialto.

It was striking eleven when he stationed himself upon the cobbles of the bridge to wait. It was a little before the hour at which Razetta usually returned home from an obscure café which he frequented, and whither he was commonly wont to go upon leaving the Abbé Grimani's. Leaning upon the parapet, Casanova waited patiently, smiling grimly down at the black, oily water in pleasurable contemplation of the business that was to do.

He had not long to wait. At about a quarter past eleven he beheld his victim emerge from one of the narrow side streets on the right of the bridge, accompanied, as on another similar occasion, by a lackey bearing a lantern. Casanova quitted his position, and moved down to meet him. They came face to face at the foot of the bridge, Casanova walking in the middle of the road, and receiving the full glare of the lantern as he advanced.

He halted, and Razetta stared at him, first in incredulity of what he beheld, and then in obvious terror.

"Do you bar my passage?" Casanova thundered truculently, affecting to conceive himself beset, and a whirling blow of his cudgel shivered the lantern into a thousand atoms.

"Seize him!" cried Razetta to his lackey. But his lackey was deaf to the command. His hand was still tingling from the blow that had swept the lantern from it. "Body of Satan! you 've broken prison! You shall go to the galleys for this, sir."

"You mistake me, I think," said Casanova.

"Mistake you? You are that rascal Casanova. Seize him, I say!"

"If you will insist upon hindering me, I must defend myself as best I can," replied Casanova, and plied his cudgel.

On the occasion of their last meeting he had been armed with a slender cane capable of comparatively light punishment, but the stout oaken club he wielded on this occasion went near to endangering Razetta's very life. Its smashing blows fell upon his shoulders, upon his limbs, and finally upon his head. He screamed, and his servant roared for help, until the matter ended as it had ended on that other occasion: Razetta was knocked into the canal. Casanova flung his cudgel after him, and in a voice of thunder ordered the servant to be silent.

"Instead of squawling there, go and fish him out," he said, "so that I may have the pleasure of throwing him in again some other evening."

Steps were approaching down the street by which Razetta had come. Casanova waited for no more. He flung himself swiftly over the bridge, and down a narrow by-lane. He made

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a detour that brought him out where his gondola was waiting. He jumped in, and was carried back to San Stefano, the pursuit meantime having been arrested by the more urgent need to rescue the drowning man.

So quickly had he acted that in less than ten minutes after flinging Razetta into the water he was once more aboard the fruit-barge, speeding toward the Lido and the fort of Sant' Andrea. Before midnight had struck he was climbing back through the window of his prison. Another five minutes and he was in bed, considering his soldier-servant, who lay back, still asleep in his chair. To rouse him, Casanova flung first one boot at him and then the other, cursing volubly the while and in his loudest tones.

The fellow awoke with a yell when the heel of the second boot caught him a blow that started blood upon his forehead.

"What is it, sir? What is it?" he babbled, still half bewildered from sleep and wine.

"What is it, you drunken dog?" roared Casanova in a mighty passion. "Do you think you were sent hither to spend the night in slumber? I suffer. My knee burns. I have a fever and I cannot sleep. Go fetch me the surgeon. Tell him I am in agony."

The soldier protested that it was midnight—through the stillness of the night came the booming of the hour from St. Mark's even as he spoke—and that the surgeon would be abed. But Casanova was so fierce and bloodthirsty in his reply that the man departed at a run. He was back in five minutes, accompanied by the surgeon in nightcap and dressing-gown.

Casanova now lay back moaning, his eyes half closed. The haste that he had made had drenched him in a perspiration, which admirably answered his present purposes, and his general agitation set up an irregularity in his pulse sufficient to deceive the incompetent man of medicine at the fort.

"Do you suffer?" quoth the surgeon, sympathetically.

"Like the damned," groaned Casanova through clenched teeth. "This bed is become a bed of pain. I burn, my knee throbs, I cannot sleep. If I could but sleep!"

The surgeon departed to go mix a drug. On the way he roused the governor, and announced to him the fact that Messer Casanova was taken seriously ill. The governor cursed Casanova and the surgeon jointly and severally for disturbing his rest, and went to sleep again most unsympathetically.

Casanova swallowed the drug when it was brought him. The surgeon sat with him until he announced that he felt easier, and that if the light were extinguished he thought he might now be able to sleep.

In the morning he was much better. Supported by his servant on one side and leaning on his cane on the other, he hobbled to breakfast in the major's dining-room, for the major had made him free of his table, and he congratulated the surgeon in very graceful and flattering terms upon his skill and the efficiency of his drug. His fever had entirely abated, and his knee was much less painful. The surgeon recommended care and rest for a few days yet, when he was sure that all would be well.

But it would seem that there was to be no rest for Casanova just yet. They were still at breakfast when a soldier came with the announcement

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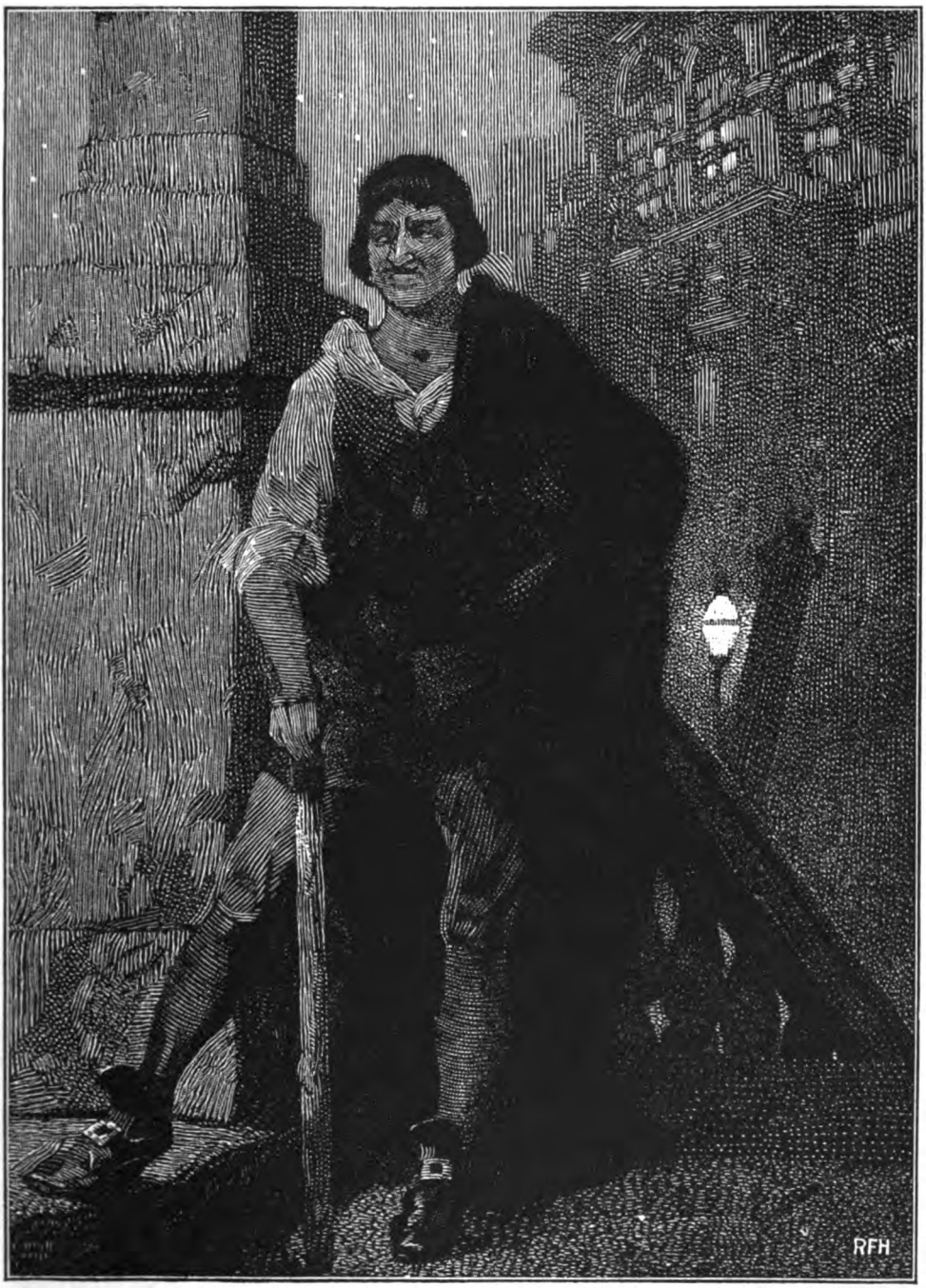

"Casanova waited patiently, smiling grimly"

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that an officer sent by the chief notary of Venice had just arrived at the fort. The governor rose instantly and went to receive the envoy.

"His excellency the *saggio*, sir," said the officer, "has sent me to receive your explanations of a circumstance by which he is greatly exercised. He desires to know how it happens that news of the evasion of your prisoner, Signor Giacomo di Casanova, should have been communicated to him by others than yourself."

The officer's tone was extremely frosty; the major's reply was of the hottest. His face empurpled with anger.

"What the devil may be the meaning, sir, of these impertinences? I resent your air, and as for your news, it is as silly, apparently, as its bearer."

"Sir!" quoth the officer in a very big voice.

"Bah!" The major swung on his heel. "Desire Messer Casanova to attend us here," he bade an orderly.

The officer's eyes grew round, his mouth itself kept them some sort of company.

"Do I understand that Messer Casanova is still here?"

"You shall see," was the peppery governor's curt answer.

Casanova came in, hobbling and assisted, and, looking from one to the other of those present, announced himself their servant. The major sneered at the officer and waited for him to speak. The officer stared from Casanova to the major and said nothing. It was Casanova himself who at last broke the silence.

"May I hope, sir, that your presence here and the major's request for my presence signify that the truth of the matters with which I am charged has at last been brought to light, and that you are come to announce me my release. Since I am suffering in health, as you may see, such news were very welcome, though considering that I had the misfortune to twist my knee yesterday morning, and that I am quite unable to walk, I am less vexed at the moment by incarceration than I might be at another time."

"I—I don't understand," stammered the officer.

"It is as I had feared, then," snapped the major.

"Perhaps—perhaps I had better explain," said the officer.

"I confess it is not unnecessary," agreed the major.

Forth came the explanation. Razetta and his servant had been before the *saggio* that very morning to lay a second plaint against Casanova, the details of which the officer made known.

Casanova's face was blank when he had heard.

"But this is quite incredible!" he said, and shrugged at last contemptuously.

"Not merely incredible, but impossible," said the governor, still smarting under the memory of the tone the officer had taken at the outset of their interview.

"Would it not be best that I should go before the *saggio* at once, sir?" said Casanova.

It was of course the only thing to do. The prisoner accompanied the officer back to Venice, and with them went the governor, the surgeon, and Casanova's servant.

Casanova's arrival in such company at the palace of the seigniory surprised the *saggio* as much as his appearance in the fort had surprised the *saggio's* envoy.

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Casanova bowed as gracefully as his crippled condition would permit him; a twinge of pain crossing his features as he did so. The *saggio* was solicitous, and ordered a chair to be set for him. He sank into it, gently, assisted by the surgeon and the governor, his leg stretched stiffly in front of him. Then he made one of his famous speeches to the bewildered chief notary. Somewhere in his voluminous memoirs he protests that a gentleman should never have recourse to anything but the truth save only when he has dealings with rogues, with whom truth would be unavailing. It would seem to follow that he had a good many dealings with rogues in his time, and it looks in this case as if the *saggio* was included in that category.

"I understand, Excellency, that it is alleged by Messer Razetta and his servant that last night near the bridge of the Rialto, at about midnight, I fell upon him with a cudgel, belabored him, and flung him again into the canal—all, in fact, precisely as before."

The *saggio* nodded without interrupting, and Casanova proceeded.

"When last before your excellency, I had the honor to inform you that your credulity was being abused and your high office mocked by those two lying villains who sought my ruin. It is not for me to blame your excellency for having been their dupe. They were two, and I was only one, and the law, of which you are so exalted and worthy an administrator, runs that the testimony of two persons must outweigh that of one. But there is another justice more discerning and far-reaching than that human justice of which your excellency is so noble and shining a dispenser. This justice, it would appear, has caused these villains to overreach themselves, that they might thus betray their falsehood. If your excellency's renowned perspicuity should ever plumb the depths of this infamy, it will, I have no doubt, be discovered that Messer Razetta, misled by some false rumor that I had broken prison, and actuated by his hatred of me to spur you on to effect my recapture, has come to you with this fresh lie."

"And yet, sir," the *saggio* interrupted, "Messer Razetta's condition and the testimony of several other witnesses proves beyond all doubt that he was most cruelly beaten and thrown into the canal."

"In that case I can only suppose that he is in error—an error quickened by malice. I do not need to plead my case to-day. The facts plead for me more eloquently and irrefutably than would be possible to any words. Not only, as your excellency sees, have I not broken prison, but I have been crippled these four and twenty hours, unable to walk without assistance. If more were necessary, this good fellow here, who tended me all night, can inform your excellency that precisely at the hour at which I am accused of having committed this offense on the Rialto I was in bed in my prison at Sant' Andrea, in extreme pain and beset by a fever. And further, this learned doctor will tell you that, summoned by my servant, he came to ease my sufferings at that hour, and the governor here will add to it that he was informed of my condition at the time. I will leave it to them to add what may be necessary, and to your excellency's acute penetration to lay bare the truth of this affair."

The *saggio* heard the other three in

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turn, each and all of them emphatically bearing out Casanova's statement.

"It is enough," he said in the end. "It is but logical to assume that, whatever the motives that may have actuated him, since Messer Razetta was mistaken in his assailant last night, he must similarly have been mistaken on the former occasion."

"Mistaken?" quoth the rogue Casanova, with a wry smile.

The *saggio* said nothing in answer. He took up a pen and wrote rapidly.

"You will be restored at once to liberty, Messer Casanova," he announced, "and Messer Razetta shall be dealt with. You are free to return home."

But Casanova had not yet quite reached the end of his rascally purpose.

"I go in such dread of the rancor of this villain Razetta," said he, "that I shall implore your excellency to afford me the state's protection until I am restored to such vigor as will enable me to protect myself. I shall be eternally grateful for your permission to return with the major to Sant' Andrea until my knee is completely mended, a matter of a week or so, as the doctor here informs me."

His excellency graciously gave his consent to this, and would thereupon have dismissed them, but that still Casanova had not done.

"I most respectfully submit to your excellency that some amend is due to me for what I have suffered morally and physically, the indignity, extremely hurtful to a man of my sensitive honor, the duress in which I have been kept, and, finally, my present crippled condition directly arising out of my imprisonment."

"The state, sir—" the *saggio* was beginning coldly.

"Ah, sir, your indulgence!" Casanova interrupted him. "It is not from the state that I suggest any amend should come. It is not the fault of the state that these things have come to pass. The fault is entirely Razetta's, and I submit, most respectfully and humbly, that it is from Razetta should proceed the adequate compensation which I solicit."

The *saggio* reflected.

"It is only just," he agreed at last. "At what sum do you estimate your inconvenience?"

Casanova sighed reflectively.

"It is not in ducats and sequins, Excellency," said he, "that a gentleman of my condition can estimate the hurts that he has suffered in honor and in body, nor can I so dishonor the one or the other. Not, then, to compensate me so much as to punish Razetta do I suggest that he should be mulcted in my favor to the extent of—shall we say a hundred ducats?"

The *saggio* pursed his lips.

"I should say," he answered deliberately, "that fifty ducats would be a just fine."

"Your excellency is the best judge," said Casanova, with angelic submission. "Fifty ducats be it, then, to teach him the way of truth and honesty in future."

Thus ended the matter despite all that Razetta had to say, which was a deal, and some of it so offensive and profane that it only confirmed the *saggio* in his conviction that he was dealing justly.

With the fifty ducats Casanova set up a faro-bank, and prospered so well that in the end Venice became dangerous for him, and he was compelled to seek fresh pastures for the nourishment of his splendid talents.

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Leaves from a Cow-puncher's Sketch-Book

By Ross Santee

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The Poet's Religion

By SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

§ 1

CIVILITY is beauty of behavior. It requires for its perfection patience, self-control, and an environment of leisure; for genuine courtesy is a creation, like pictures, like music. It is a harmonious blending of voice, gesture, and movement, words and action, in which generosity of conduct is expressed. It reveals the man himself and has no ulterior purpose.

Our needs are always in a hurry. They rush and hustle, they are rude and unceremonious, they have no surplus of leisure, no patience for anything else but fulfilment of purpose. At the present day in our country we frequently see men utilizing empty kerosene-cans for carrying water. These cans are emblems of discourtesy, they are curt and abrupt, they have not the least shame for their unmannerliness, they do not care to be even slightly more than useful.

The instruments of our desire assert that we must have our food, shelter, clothes, comforts, and convenience; and yet men spend an immense deal of their time and resources to contradict these assertions, to prove that they are not a mere living catalogue of endless wants, that in them there is an ideal of perfection, a sense of unity which is in harmony with its parts and with its surroundings.

The quality of the infinite is not in the magnitude of extension; it is in the *advaitam*, the mystery of unity. Facts occupy endless time and space, but truth, comprehending them all, has no dimension: it is one. Wherever our heart touches the one, in the small or the big, it finds the taste of the infinite. In beauty the harmony of the one is realized.

I was speaking to some one of the joy we have in our personality; it is because in it we are made aware of a unity within ourselves. I was answered by my companion that he had no such feeling of joy about himself. I was sure that he exaggerated. In all probability he had been suffering from some break of harmony between his surroundings and the spirit of unity in him, proving all the more strongly its truth. The meaning of health comes to us in a painful force when disease disturbs it—the health which is the unity of vital function in us and therefore joyful. Life's tragedies occur not to demonstrate their own reality, but the eternal principle of joy in life, which they shake up. It is the object of this oneness in us to realize its infinity by perfect union of love with others. All obstacles to this create misery, giving rise to our baser passions, which are expressions of finitude, of our separateness, which is negative and therefore *māyā*.

The joy of unity within ourselves seeking expression becomes creative, whereas our desire for fulfilment of needs is constructive. The water-vessel as a vessel raises the question,

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"Why is it at all?" Through its fitness of construction it offers apology for its existence; but where it is a work of beauty, it has no question to answer: it has nothing to do but to be. It reveals in its form a unity to which all that are various in it are so related that in a mysterious manner it strikes sympathetic chords to the music of unity in our own being.

§ 2

What is the truth of this world? It is not in the masses of substances, not in the number of things, but in their relatedness, which neither can be counted nor measured nor abstracted. It is not in the materials, which are many, but in the expression, which is one. All our knowledge of things is knowing them in their relation to the universe—the relation which is truth. A drop of water is not a particular assortment of elements; it is the miracle of their harmonious mutuality in which the two reveal the one. No amount of analysis can reveal to us this mystery of unity.

In fact, matter is an abstraction; we shall never be able to realize what it is, for our world of reality does not acknowledge it. Even the giant forces of the world, centripetal and centrifugal, are kept out of our recognition. They are the day laborers not admitted into the audience-hall of creation. But light and sound come to us in their gay dresses as troubadours singing serenades before the windows of the senses. What is constantly before us, claiming our attention, is not the kitchen, but the feast; not the anatomy of the world, but its countenance. There is the ring-dance of seasons; the elusive play of lights and shadows, of wind and water; the many-colored wings of erratic life flitting between birth and death. The importance of these is not in their existence as mere facts, but in their language of harmony, which is the mother tongue of our own soul, through which they are communicated to us.

We grow out of touch with this great truth, we forget to accept its invitation and hospitality when in quest of external success, and our works become unspiritual and unexpressive. This is of what Wordsworth complained when he said:

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
> Little we see in Nature that is ours.

But it is not because the world has grown too familiar to us; on the contrary, it is because we do not see it in its aspect of unity, because we are driven to distraction by pursuits of the fragmentary. But when some great revelation of beauty or surge of overwhelming love suddenly lifts us on to a high peak of experience, the world appears before us with its communication of the one.

Materials as materials are savage, they are solitary, they are ready to hurt one another. They are, like our individual impulses, seeking unlimited freedom of wilfulness. Left to themselves, they are destructive. But directly an ideal of unity raises its banner in their center, it brings these rebellious forces under its sway, and creation is revealed—the creation which is peace, which is the unity of perfect relationship. Our greed for eating is in itself selfish and ugly, it has no sense of decorum; but when

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brought under the ideal of social fellowship, it is regulated and made ornamental, is changed into a daily festivity of life. In human nature sexual passion is fiercely individual and destructive, but dominated by the ideal of love, it has been made to flower into a perfection of beauty, becoming in its best expression symbolical of the spiritual truth in man which is his kinship of love with the infinite. Thus we find it is the one which expresses itself in creation, and the many, by giving up opposition, make the revelation of unity perfect.

§ 3

I remember, when I was a child, the row of cocoanut-trees by the side of our garden wall, with their branches beckoning the rising sun on the horizon, gave me companionship as living as I was myself. I know it was my imagination which transmuted the world around me into my own world—the imagination which seeks unity, which deals with it. But we have to consider that it was true, that the universe in which I was born had in it the element which was profoundly akin to my own imaginative mind, that it wakens in all children's nature the creator whose pleasure is in interweaving the web of creation with his own patterns of many-colored strands. In fact, it is something similar, and therefore harmonious, to our imagination, which produces before us water out of two gases. This is *māyā*. Call it illusion or reality; it matters not. When we find some strings vibrating in unison with others, we know that this sympathy carries in it an eternal reality. The fact that this world stirs our imagination in sympathy tells us that this creative imagination is a common truth both in us and in the heart of existence. Wordsworth says:

> I 'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

In this the poet says we are less forlorn in a world which we meet with our imagination. That can be possible only if through this imagination is revealed, behind all appearances, the reality which gives touch of companionship; that is to say, something which has its affinity to us. An immense amount of our activity is engaged in making images not for serving any useful purpose or formulating rational propositions, but for giving varied responses to the varied touches of this reality. In this image-making the child creates his own world in answer to the world in which he finds himself. This child in us finds glimpses of its eternal playmate from behind the veil of things, as Proteus rising from the sea, or Triton blowing his wreathèd horn. This playmate of his is the reality that makes it possible for him to find delight in activities which do not inform or bring assistance, but merely express.

The dream persists; it is more real than even bread, which has substance and use. The canvas is durable and substantial, it has for its production and circulation a whole array of machines and factories. But the picture which no factories can produce is a dream, a *māyā*, and yet it, and not

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the canvas, has the meaning of ultimate reality.

A poet describes autumn:

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn.

Of April another poet sings:

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter:
Then the moment after
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But the moment after
Weep thy golden tears!

This Autumn, this April, are they nothing but fantasy?

Let us suppose that the man from the moon comes to the earth and listens to music in a gramophone. He seeks for the origin of the delight produced in his mind. The facts before him are a cabinet made of wood and a revolving disk producing sounds; but the one thing which is neither seen nor can be explained is the truth of the music, which his personality immediately must acknowledge as a personal message. It is neither in the wood nor in the disk nor in the sound of the notes. If the man from the moon be a poet, as can reasonably be supposed, he will write about a fairy exiled in that box, who sits spinning fabrics of songs expressing her cry for a far-away magic casement opening on the foam of a perilous sea, in a forlorn faery-land. It will not be literally, but essentially, true. The facts of the gramophone make us aware of the laws of sound, but the music gives us personal companionship. The bare facts about April are alternate sunshine and shower; but the subtle blending of shadows and lights, of murmurs and movements, in April gives us not mere shocks of sensation, but unity of joy, as does music. Therefore when the poet sees the vision of a girl in April even a downright materialist is in sympathy with him. But we know that the same person would be angry if the law of heredity or a geometrical problem were described as a girl or a rose or even as a cat or a camel. For these intellectual abstractions have no magical touch for our lute-strings of imagination. They are no dreams, as are the harmony of bird-songs and rain-washed leaves glistening in the sun, pale clouds floating in the blue. The ultimate truth of our personality is that we are no mere biologists or geometricians, but "we are the dreamers of dreams, we are the music-makers." This dreaming or music-making is not the function of the lotus-eaters; it is the creative impulse which makes songs not only with words and tunes, but with stones and metals, with ideas and men.

§ 4

I have been told by a scholar friend of mine that by constant practice in logic he has weakened his natural instinct of faith. The reason is that faith is the spectator in us which finds the meaning of the drama from the unity of the performance, but logic lures us into the greenroom, where there is stagecraft, but no drama at all, and then this logic nods its head, and wearily talks about disillusionment.

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But the greenroom, dealing with fragments, when questioned, either looks foolish or wears the sneering smile of Mephistopheles; for it does not have the secret of the unity, which is somewhere else. It is for faith to answer, "Unity comes to us from the One, and the one in ourselves opens the door and receives it with joy." The function of poetry and arts is to remind us that the greenroom is the grayest of illusions, and the reality is the drama presented before us with all its paints and masks, pantomimes and pageantry. The ropes and wheels perish, the stage is changed; but the dream which is drama remains true, for there remains the eternal dreamer.

Thus poetry and the arts cherish in them the profound faith of man in the unity of his being with all existence, the final truth of which is the truth of personality. It is a religion directly apprehended, and not a system of metaphysics to be analyzed and argued. We know in our personal experience what our creations are, and we instinctively know through it what creation around us means.

When Keats said in his "Ode to a Grecian Urn,"

Thou silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity,

he felt the ineffable which is in all forms of perfection,—the mystery of the One,—which takes us beyond all thought into the immediate touch of the infinite. This is the mystery which is for a poet to realize and to reveal. It comes out in Keats's poems in struggling gleams through consciousness of suffering and despair:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases: it will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.

In this there is a suggestion that truth reveals itself in beauty. For if it were mere accident, a rent in the eternal fabric of things, then it would hurt, would be defeated by the antagonism of facts. Beauty is no fantasy; it has the everlasting meaning of reality. The facts that cause despondence and gloom are mere mist, and when through it breaks out beauty in momentary gleams, we realize that peace is true and not conflict, love is true and not hatred, and true is the one, and not the disjointed multitude; we realize that creation is the perpetual process of harmony between the infinite ideal of perfection and the eternal continuity of its realization, and that so long as there is no absolute separation between the positive ideal and the negative obstacles to its attainment, we need not be afraid of suffering and loss. This is the poet's religion.

§ 5

Those who are habituated to the rigid framework of sectarian creeds will find such religion too indefinite

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and elastic. No doubt it is so; but only because its ambition is not to shackle the infinite in order to tame it for domestic uses, but to help our consciousness to emancipate itself from materialism. It is as indefinite as the morning and yet as luminous; it calls out thoughts, feelings, and actions into freedom and feeds them with light. In the poet's religion we find no doctrine or injunction, but the attitude of our entire being toward a truth which is ever to be revealed in its own endless creation, in gospel of beauty and love.

In dogmatic religion all questions are definitely answered, all doubts are finally laid to rest. But the poet's religion is fluid, like the atmosphere round the earth, where lights and shadows play hide and seek, and the wind, like a shepherd boy, plays upon its reeds among flocks of clouds. It never undertakes to lead anybody anywhere to any solid conclusion, yet reveals the endless spheres of light, because it has no walls round itself. It acknowledges the facts of evil; it openly admits "the weariness, the fever and the fret" in this world, "where men sit and hear each other groan." But despite all, there is the song of the nightingale, and "haply the Queen moon is on her throne."

But all this has not the definiteness of an answer; it only has the music that teases us out of thought and yet fills our being.

In Shelley we clearly see the growth of his religion through periods of vagueness and doubt, struggle and searching. But he *did* come to a positive utterance of his faith, though he died young. Its final expression is in his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." This hymn rang out of his heart when he came to the end of his pilgrimage and stood face to face with the Divinity, glimpses of Whom had already filled his soul with restlessness. All his experiences of beauty had ever teased him with the question as to what was its truth.

This question, even though not answered, carries a significance. A creation of beauty suggests a fulfilment, which is the fulfilment of love. We have heard some poets scoff at it in bitterness of despair; but it is like a sick child beating its own mother: it is sickness of faith which hurts truth, but proves it by its very pain and anger. This faith is, that beauty is the self-offering of the One to the other one.

The prevalent rites and practices of piety, according to a poet, are like magic spells: they only prove men's desperate endeavor and not their success. He knows that the end which we seek has its own direct call to us, its own light that guides us to itself. And truth's call, according to the poet, is the call of beauty.

§ 6

For man the best opportunity for such realization has been in his society. It is a collective creation of his, through which our social being tries to find itself in its truth and beauty. Had our society merely manifested its usefulness, it would be inarticulate, like a dark star. But unless it degenerates, it ever suggests in its concerted movements a living truth as its soul, which has personality. In this large life of social communion man feels the mystery of unity as he does in music. From the sense of this unity men came to the sense of their God, and therefore every religion began with its tribal god.

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The one question before all others that has to be answered by all civilizations is not what they have and in what quantity, but what they express and how. In a society, production and circulation of materials, amassment and expenditure of money, may go on in an interminable prolongation of a straight line if they forget to follow some spiritual design of life which curbs them and turns them into an organic wholeness. For growth is not that enlargement which is merely adding to the dimensions of incompleteness. Growth is the movement of wholeness toward a fuller wholeness. Living things start with this wholeness from the beginning of their career. A child has its own perfection as a child; it would be ugly if it appeared as an unfinished man. Life is a continual process of synthesis and not of additions. Our activities of production and enjoyment of wealth attain that spirit of wholeness when they are blended with a creative ideal. Otherwise they have the insane aspect of the eternally unfinished; they become like locomotive-engines that have railway lines, but no stations, which rush on toward a collision of fiery passions or to a sudden breakdown of the overstrained machinery.

Through creation man expresses his truth, through that expression he gains his truth in fullness. Our society is for the best expression of man, and this expression, according to its perfection, leads us to our realization of the divine in humanity. When this expression is obscure, then our faith in the infinite in man is weak, then our aspiration cannot go beyond the idea of success. Our faith in the infinite is creative, our desire for success is constructive; the one is our home and the other is our office. With the overwhelming growth of necessity civilization becomes a gigantic office to which home is a mere appendix. The predominance of the pursuit of success gives our society the character of what we call *shudra* in India. In fighting a battle the *Kshatriya*, the noble knight, had his honor for his ideal, which was greater than victory itself; but the mercenary *shudra* had success for his object. The name *shudra* symbolizes a man who has no margin round him beyond his bare utility. The word denotes classification, which includes all naked machines that have lost their completeness of humanity, be their work manual or intellectual. They are like walking stomachs or brains, and we feel, in pity, urged to call on God and cry, "Cover them up, for mercy's sake, with some veil of beauty and life!"

This great world, where it is a creation, an expression of the infinite, where its morning sings of joy to the newly awakened life, and its evening stars sing to the traveler, weary and worn, of triumph of life in a new birth across death, has its call for us. This call has ever roused the creator in man and urged him to reveal truth, to reveal the infinite in him. It is ever claiming from us, in our own creation, coöperation with God, reminding us of our divine nature, which finds itself in freedom of spirit. Our society is to remind us through its various voices that the ultimate truth in man is not in his intellect or in his possessions; it is in his illumination of mind, in his extension of sympathy across all barriers of caste and color; in his recognizing this world not merely as a storehouse of power, but as a habitation of man's spirit, with its eternal music of beauty and inner light of divine presence.

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Making the Presidency Responsible

By LINCOLN COLCORD

§ 1

THE growth of centralization in our form of government, bringing with it a constant increase in the isolation and irresponsibility of our federal executive, is a matter of common knowledge and criticism. The American public recognizes the fact and understands the danger, but sees no clear way out of the difficulty. A condition has arisen which was not properly guarded against in the Constitution. This fact is not surprising, for the Constitution was written in a day when states' rights were paramount; to the citizen of that day, wherever he might live along the Atlantic seaboard, the State represented the whole force and ideal of government. The federation proposed in the Constitution had yet to be created both in spirit and in practice. The growth of the federal spirit, in opposition to the spirit of states' rights, as the American citizen gradually transferred his primary political interest from the state government to the Federal Government, has marked the development of the United States as a nation.

Our forefathers could not, however, within the sphere of practical statesmanship, have provided for a period when the doctrine of states' rights would sink to its present level; when the authority of the state governments, directly dependent on the interest of the people, would become wholly subordinate, and when the country would turn to Washington for final decision and power in every primary governmental problem. For the writers of the Constitution to have anticipated such a development would have seemed chimerical, and would have ruined their reputations as statesmen; the allegiance of the citizen to the State, then the only political reality, could be trusted to forestall the encroachments of the federal executive. Accordingly, the Constitution gave this executive potentially enormous powers, subject only to the control of the electorate at four-year periods. Time and events have given to the federal machinery a violent swing toward centralization; the powers which in a day of paramount states' rights were merely potential have now become actual and active and it appears that in practice the Constitution has set up an irresponsible executive.

The question thus assumes a profound and far-reaching importance, touching the essential principles of our form of government. Shall we continue the practice of periodical elections, or shall we make the life of the administration dependent upon the will of the majority in the national legislature, adopting the principle of a responsible ministry, and incurring a change of administration whenever the policies of the executive fail to meet with a majority support of the Congress?

This view of the problem, however

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natural it may be from the point of view of the student of history, is nevertheless open to the charge of being both academic and impracticable. It is based on a purely theoretical conception of the function of government, and does not take into account the divergencies in practical development as between nations, and the strength of the political traditions engendered by these divergencies. In America the practice of electing a President every four years has become part of the political life of the land; to change from this to the system of a responsible ministry would require a fundamental departure, amounting almost to political upheaval, in the thought of the electorate.

§ 2

By a strange chance of political development, it happens to be possible for the President of the United States of his own volition to make his office and administration really responsible. In no other country in the world, under no other form of government, could such a fundamental step in organic progress be taken so freely by the chief executive. He need do no violence to the Constitution; he need raise no question of amendment or organic change; he need antagonize no political force either of the opposition or of his own party. Most important of all, he need present to the mind of the electorate no hostile or incongruous idea. On the contrary, the country could be depended on to support the plan with outright approval.

Briefly, it would only be necessary for the President to make an arrangement with the Congress, so that one afternoon a week, or a portion of an afternoon, would be set aside for interpellations of the executive by the legislative branch of government. On this afternoon both houses of Congress would gather in the House of Representatives, and the President and his cabinet would appear before them to receive and answer questions as to public policy.

Nothing more would be necessary to bring about a remarkable mitigation of the present evil; the press and public opinion would attend to the rest. There seems to be no obstacle anywhere to the accomplishment of this simple, but vital, step, once the President of the United States were to exercise his volition in the matter. Congress certainly would not refuse the request; the cabinet would have little to say about it. Those who think the country would in any way disapprove have failed to sound the temper of present-day America. And once the precedent were established, no succeeding administration would dare ignore it. By unwritten consent the practice would become incorporated in our form of government.

One can imagine the scene as the President and his cabinet submitted to the interpellations of the national legislature. For practical reasons the questions would probably be written and presented in advance. If some means, however, could be found to permit free interpellations from the floor, to be answered without preparation, we would have taken a much longer step toward actual executive responsibility. There would be questions in every department, especially in the department of foreign policy. Some of them would be wise and some of them would be foolish; some of them would be pertinent and some of them would be futile. There would

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be as much variety in the answers as in the questions. A good share of the answers would be patently evasive. No compulsion, of course, would rest on the executive to reveal diplomatic or military secrets; compatability with the public welfare would be the recognized criterion, and the cloak of executive majesty could often be drawn about a naked and shivering error.

In fact, the net result of the occasion might be the production of a scanty amount of actual information; this is the experience wherever ministerial responsibility of an oral nature is found. Yet something would have been accomplished, and that something would have been fundamental in its character. The executive branch of the Federal Government would have been called out of its sanctum. It would have been brought before the bar of public opinion, and that not after, but at the time of, the event. It would have been forced publicly to defend its policies against authoritative criticism, to justify its activities, to account for its expenditures. Let the questions be wise or foolish, let the answers be candid or evasive, the press-gallery would be crowded on that interesting afternoon. Pencils would be busy, and long reports of the proceedings would go out over the wires. These reports would have news value; the papers would print them, the country would read them, and the present almost sacred isolation of the federal executive would be shattered beyond repair.

§ 3

No one who candidly observed the operations of government in Washington during the war can doubt the dangers of centralization and executive irresponsibility that confront us. In the Federal Government authority has divorced itself from responsibility, the man whose office it is to execute can evade any unfavorable result of his action, and "passing the buck" has come to take the place of rendering a plain and adequate account. This, as every man of business knows, or as every citizen ought to know, is an open invitation to inefficiency and disaster. Unless authority and responsibility are placed under one and the same head in business, things rapidly fall in disorder, and the business goes to pieces. Unless they are vested in one and the same office in government, extravagance and error have free rein, and the country suffers for the fault of the institution.

It is not putting it too strongly to say that our executive branch of government during the war lived and moved in a little world of its own, apart from the vital thought of the country, immune from natural restraint, each department running its own publicity bureau and giving out eulogistic and even unfaithful reports of its own program, but flatly refusing to accept responsibility for any untoward development in its bailiwick. Only those whose business it was to study and report the activities of this closely knit piece of bureaucratic machinery can realize the extent of the executive isolation, or appreciate the depth of the disdain with which administrative officialdom looked on the least effort to question its policies and procedure. Neither through the press nor through the powers of Congress could final responsibility be lodged in any important issue. Such was the immunity in which executive authority spent the billions of the war.

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There are those, of course, who argue that it is right and proper for the executive branch of government to be independent of popular control, especially in time of war; that this is the only way to attain efficiency of administration. It may seriously be questioned if such men believe in democracy at all. No one would quarrel with efficiency in its proper relation, but it is first necessary to establish correctly what we are being efficient about. The efficiency of general policy must always be paramount to the efficiency of execution. This is peculiarly true of the administrative function of government. Democracy holds that the strength of any government lies in the vigorous opposition of the minority, that the salvation of any project rests in the measure of honest publicity that can be brought to bear upon it, that the efficiency of any official depends as much on advice and criticism as on his native ability, and that it is not safe for any public servant to walk alone. On a basis of fact and experience it was not administrative efficiency which was gained by the isolation of the federal executive during the war, but rather it was administrative inefficiency which was covered up.

It would be an entire error, however, to suppose that the isolation and irresponsibility of our federal executive reach the danger-line only in time of war, or to attribute them, in the recent experience, wholly to the personal equation in the Wilson administration. President Wilson unquestionably was an arbitrary man, and his nature led him to utilize to the full the independence of his great office. The administration took his cue; it was under his leadership that this fault in our governmental machinery reached acute proportions. But, nevertheless, the fault lies in the institution itself. President Wilson could not have been the autocrat he was, had he been subjected to the democratic procedure of answering publicly for his acts and policies. Finally, as citizens, we must realize that the fault lies with the nation. We have steadily increased the power and authority of the federal executive without seeing to it that its responsibility was correspondingly increased, until our form of government has now reached the condition of a periodically elective autocracy.

As the case stands to-day, the only check on executive action is the congressional investigation, and this, as every candid member of Congress knows, is no check at all. The congressional investigation has a negative, not a positive, function. It comes after the event, after the money has been spent or the government has been committed to the policy in question. Public interest cannot be aroused over past errors; the public feels, and feels rightly, that such criticism is merely destructive in its nature, that it lacks both the virtue of timeliness and the courage of conviction. The congressional investigation does little more than rake over the ashes for political embers; if it finds none, it quickly abandons the project.

We must face the fact, furthermore, that the vote gives no adequate check on the rapidly growing independence of the federal executive. The vote, like the congressional investigation, comes after the event. We have entered a period in world history when four years is too long a time to wait for an expression of the public will on

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governmental policy. A tragic illustration of this truth has just been closed in Washington. After two years of waste motion, as it were, the country has repudiated Mr. Wilson's policies. Public opinion was forced to come to this conclusion through an agony of agitation and misinformation and with a perilous loss of time. It could not get the facts. The isolation of the Presidency, combined with the vast powers of propaganda which this isolation entailed, rendered public opinion virtually helpless save for its instincts and intuitions. It seems obvious that the American people would have made up their minds very quickly had the executive branch of government been responsible to the country, had official criticism been operative while policy was in process of formation, had the facts been available at the time. Instead, we have had to wait two years for a change of policy, and those two years have wrought chaos to the life of America and of the world.

§ 4

The chief task of statesmanship, then, for the incoming administration would seem to be the correction of this evil, which for a number of decades has been draining the strength and perverting the purpose of the American Government. If Mr. Harding fails to institute a reform in this province, he will be courting disaster in the same sense that Mr. Wilson courted disaster. The practical political sense of the Republican party, the sense of enlightened self-interest, should lead the administration immediately to take the necessary steps to limit its own isolation. For the danger works both ways; if the executive leaves the people, the people will at the next election leave the executive. This also has just been forcibly illustrated. Mr. Harding cannot foresee, and we cannot foresee, exactly what conditions his administration is destined to meet, except that we know beyond question that it faces serious affairs. With the best of intentions and convictions, if he permits the autocratic powers of his office to remain unimpaired, he sooner or later will find himself called upon to exercise them or forced to take refuge in them. Authority always is developed and used. Latent power inevitably becomes active power. These are basic functional laws of administrative government.

Looking back over the war period in Washington, it seems plain beyond denial that what would have helped most to clear up the situation, to keep American policy true to its course, to guarantee the prosecution of this policy with the utmost vigor, and to insure for the Government the ultimate confidence of the people, would have been an increase in the responsibility of the executive to the legislative branch. Such a responsibility would have corrected at the source, through the simple virtue of publicity, many of the crying errors of the war administration. It would have made both the prosecution of the war and the negotiation of the peace an entirely different story.

Publicity is a sovereign remedy, which works in unexpected ways. Faith in publicity is only another form of faith in democracy. Publicity is the bridge between the people and the government, across the chasm of autocracy. Without it there can be no informed public opinion and no true democracy.

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Devils and Four Gold Cups

By THEODORA DU BOIS

Drawings by B. N. Salg

§ 1

DO you know those houses of the last generation, red brick, with broad slate-gray verandas and trimmings and porte-cochères? Usually, they have a bulging bay-window sort of room above the piazza, and about the roof, perhaps, a pinnacle or two. They are set in the midst of smooth, broad lawns, and about them are neat shrubs and exclusive, ornamental trees. Trim privet-hedges fence them in from the world outside, and unruffled rivers of blue gravel wind among green lawns up to the doors. Inside, those houses are warm and close, and so still that the ticking of clocks fills the dim rooms with a penetrating undertone of ceaseless rhythm. The boom of the striking hours throws lonely, muffled echoes from thick rugs to high, decorated ceilings and elaborately papered walls. Those houses are full of shadows—deep shadows in the portières, in the corners, behind the heavy furniture, beside the grandfather's clocks; but the darkest, most shadowy places of all are the long, winding back stairs that lead from the basement kitchens up to the attics, where are the rooms of the maids.

Kathleen McFinn was the new waitress in just such a house, the Jamesons' house in Ashleigh Park. It was not easy for Mrs. Jameson to keep her "help." They said it was "too lonesome." Mrs. Jameson never could understand.

"I should think a home like this would be a godsend to them," she said time and again to her friends. "Out of all their squalor and sordidness, in a comfortable home in a beautiful place—this wonderful view and the trees. And they have the best food I can buy, with the church right at the bottom of the hill."

It was all true; nevertheless, Kathleen McFinn thought it the loneliest place she had ever known in all the seventeen years of her life.

On her first night there she could hardly force herself to climb the black back stairs to the attic. To her the dark was always full of menace. Besides, she had almost never had to face its hidden terrors alone; she came of a class whose nights are as populous

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as their days. She had never slept in a room alone in all her life, and now she must climb up these steep, endless stairs, which were like steps to the moon. And the saints only knew what would jump out at her on the way, or what she would find in her room when she got there. She caught her breath and hurried upward. Suddenly, at the first sharp turn, a mop clutched her by the ankles and threw her forward, and a dust-pan, released, went banging joyously down the stairs. Kathleen screamed and sat down, trembling. She thought some direful thing had seized her.

Below, the door opened, and the cook peered up into the gloom.

"Don't be afther knockin' the house down. They got company," she ordered irately.

"It was that dark I could n't see a foot before me face. An' some one had a right to of told me them brooms was there." Kathleen defended herself, tremulously.

"I never seen no brooms there before; you must of left them there yourself."

The cleaning woman had left them, as it happened; but that is neither here nor there. The cook tried to slam the door, but the dust-pan wedged itself in the way. The cook jerked it angrily out, muttering, "These young girls, always makin' more work," and succeeded in slamming the door.

A broom, jarred from its precarious position, slipped slightly, and tilted over against Kathleen. She stifled another little scream. "Them brooms is possessed," she thought, and close at the heels of the thought there danced a furtive, mocking fear, grotesque, fantastic, but in the strange darkness swelling every moment to a terror that would not be put down. Perhaps the brooms were really possessed by evil spirits.

At home in Donegal the old women remembered such a thing. There had been a demon who turned himself into a big, black frying-pan. He spoiled everybody's dinners, and finally tumbled off a shelf and killed a woman, and then went hopping away down the road, singing in a spluttery voice,

"Evil and death I fry, I fry;
Every one here must die,"

until he met the priest. And the priest made the sign of the cross over him, and the frying-pan turned into a demon again, and ran shrieking away into the hills. Now here beside her hovered the malicious brooms. Gasping, feeling the stairs with her feet, she stumbled down as quickly as she could.

She would sit in the kitchen until the cook and the laundress went to bed. It did n't matter if they were old and cross and treated her as if she were a bit of potato-peeling that they wanted to sweep away. Perhaps they would n't "speak rough" to her, she thought wistfully, if she sat quite still on one of the brown chairs against the wall and said never a word to bother them. They did n't seem to like to talk, and as for laughing, she did n't think they would laugh if they were young and it was spring and they were dancing on the hills at sunrise. She was hungry to hear some one laugh or to hear a friendly word. But, anyway, cross or not, she would not go up those stairs again, no matter what. She opened the kitchen door softly, and stood there in dismay.

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The cook and the laundress were playing cards. They were sitting at the kitchen-table, hunched over it, absorbed in their hands. And Father O'Malley, at home, had held that card-playing was a sin, a wicked, wicked sin. And the cloth of the kitchen-table was red, the devil's color. Better the long, black stairs, with their waiting terrors, than looking on at sin. She turned and fled, climbing into the darkness, shutting her mind to clamorous, pursuing fears. Her heart beat wildly, and she tripped four times on her skirt; but she reached her room at last, and turned on the beneficent light.

§ 2

It was a nice room. Mrs. Jameson was always very particular about her servants' rooms. It was small, of course, and in the summer it was hot, and in the winter it was cold. It had, too, an odd smell of mingled matting and moth-balls and cheap perfumery. Still, it was a nice room. The paint was gleaming white, and the bed was gleaming white, and the walls were newly calcimined a bright blue. There were two gorgeous-colored pictures of saints in pale-gold frames. The furniture was golden oak, banished from better days below. There were only two drawbacks. One was that it was rather dark. A branch of the maple-tree outside almost covered the small window. The other drawback was the mirror. It was possessed of the spirit of a reformer: it existed to humble vanity and pride. It was the most depressing mirror in the world.

When Kathleen looked into it she saw a wild-eyed young person with distorted features and a complexion of unpleasant green. The unwonted sight filled her with fresh woe and alarm. In the cracked little mirror at home in Ireland she had always seen herself with the pinkest of pink-and-cream skin and the bluest of sea-blue eyes and the curliest of curly black hair. At least her eyes and her nose and her mouth had been put straight in her face. People had liked her face. Shan McNeill had said it was like the face of morning over the hillsides and the moors. That was the time he had wanted to kiss her under the quicken-tree by the fairy pool. She had not let him, although he had wanted to very much. But now he would not want to, she knew. She had grown too ugly for any one even to want to look at. She did not know that the cause of the trouble was the officious mirror. She thought it might be the black uniform dress, which she hated; but more, she thought, it was that she herself had changed in this strange land.

She turned from the bureau forlornly and went to the window to look at the moon. Across the long lawns and beyond the road were the lights of the nearest house; but it was not near enough for any one there to hear you in this if you screamed, no matter how loud you screamed, no matter what was happening to you. She shivered, hurried her clothes off, turned out the light, and got into bed.

But she could not sleep. The wind cried about the house. Outside the windows, the maple-tree rattled its branches like bones. A twig tapped against the pane. Perhaps it was not a twig; perhaps it was the devil, red suit, horns, cloven hoofs, and all. Perhaps he was crouched out on the window-ledge that instant, trying to get in, tapping the pane with a long,

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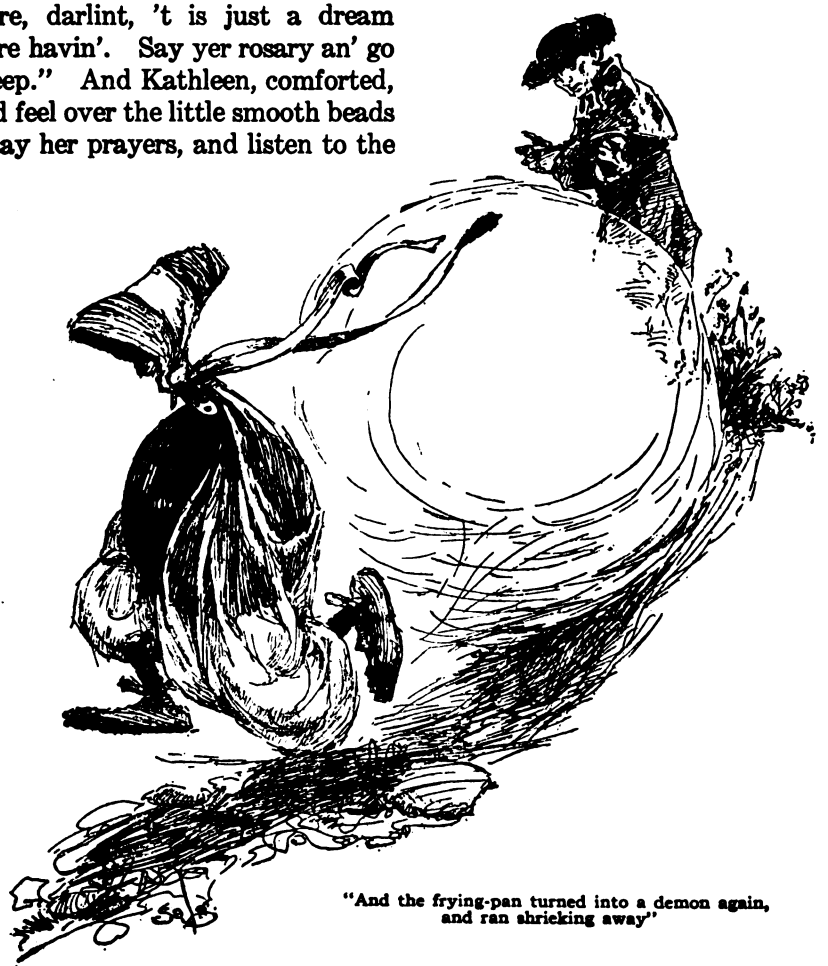
crooked finger. She could almost see him, huddled black against the glass.

A train shrieked in the darkness. She pulled the bed-clothes over her head and sobbed and shivered. Stark terror clutched her, shook her. She wanted her mother, far away in Ireland. She wanted her so much that her throat ached and choked with the wanting. When she had dreamed there, bad dreams of the little people or witch ladies or demons, and had cried out in the darkness, her mother had always come to her. She had smoothed her hair with her rough, kind hand and soothed her with: "There, darlint, 't is just a dream you 're havin'. Say yer rosary an' go to sleep." And Kathleen, comforted, would feel over the little smooth beads and say her prayers, and listen to the quiet breathing of her six little brothers and sisters and the distant, rhythmic breathing of the sea, and fall asleep. But here she was alone. There was no one to come to her, no matter what frightful thing should happen. She would never dare shatter the silence of the sleeping house. To waken Mr. and Mrs. Jameson, aloof, impersonal, as old as kings and queens, was a possibility as incredible as infinity. She was alone in the quivering darkness, and on the window-ledge something was trying to get in. Suddenly across her paralyzing



"And the frying-pan turned into a demon again, and ran shrieking away"

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terror flashed the thought of what her mother had always told her—her rosary! It was under her pillow. She clutched it tensely, breathing deep, frightened breaths. At least, if she held it tight, the devil could not push up the window and climb in and come near. The devil could not touch her if she held the little gold cross and said her prayers over and over again. At the twenty-first "Hail Mary" she fell asleep, and her dreams were merciful. They were dreams of the America she had hoped to find.

§ 3

She had left her home in Ireland to make things easier for her mother. Seven children are hard to feed when one has no man to help. Kathleen had never had enough food in all her life. There had always been a smaller child who had stood hungrily by her chair and looked with eager eyes at her piece of bread. And Kathleen had always shared. Perhaps that was why she was so small and slender, why her eyes were so large, and why she had no strength to fight her fears.

"The cook and the laundress were playing cards"

It takes more than a diet of tea and bread and potatoes to build calm nerves and self-control, and good red corpuscles in the blood. Kathleen was no match for the terrors that came to molest her, slithering, squirming out of the dark closets of her mind. She had so many terrors, boxes and boxes full of assorted horrors from all the fantastic superstition and folk-lore of her race! And added to those she had brought with her from Ireland were still worse horrors she had acquired here.

Her aunt had given them to her. Her aunt was a mental scavenger; she greedily read all the yellow papers for noxious bits of crime. Kathleen had gone to this aunt straight from Ellis Island. In fact, it was her uncle who had sent the money, an old debt, that had made it possible for Kathleen to come. And she had come from Ireland with all her dreams and visions clean.

To her America was the laughing island of old legends, the fairy-land, the island of the blest. Here would be friends who would walk with her on Sunday afternoons along beautiful roads, by houses as grand as palaces of kings. There would be movies, wonderful, glorious, in places all rich with gold, with chairs of gold. And people would laugh and sing, and all would be kind. And she would wear dresses of

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red silk and green silk and blue silk, and have a chain of bright gold beads, and perhaps she would sometime have a fur coat as soft as a kitten's neck!

She did not find these things. She went straight from the ship to her aunt's squalid little flat in a squalid little city near New York. There were cousins near her own age, and they went to the factories and the shipyards every morning, and loitered about the streets and shows and ice-cream parlors after work. The girls were astonishing, with stylish clothes and jewelry, and their hair was puffed over their ears. They, it is true, were always laughing and giggling, or chewing gum; but they laughed at her, at her clumpy shoes and her old plaid dress and awkward ways. They said things that hurt for days afterward. And the boys were even worse. And no one would take her to the movies, although her cousins went almost every day. "Gee! do ye think I 'd be seen with that Jane!" they said, and roared at their wit. So Kathleen stayed in the flat with her aunt and washed dishes and dusted and swept. And her aunt, a squirrel-faced little woman, garbed in a blue-satin boudoir-cap and a bedraggled "bungaloo" apron, sated her with the choicest horrors of the day—of desperate criminals who hid in woods and crept into houses at night with masks and knives and pistols, of girls who went to the red-front stores and never were seen again. And everything was told her for her own good. "This is what happens to girls here who goes bad and who takes up with fellers they don't know," her aunt would warn her. But, with the smug reticence of her class, she never told Kathleen anything definite, and to Kathleen a bad girl was a girl who was careless and who did not do as she was told, who did not go to mass every Sunday, who sometimes lost her temper and sometimes talked back. Now burglars and murderers and kidnappers had joined the throng of demons, banshees, and devils in her mind.

§ 4

It was a burglar that caused the dire catastrophe of the coffee-cups, or at least an imaginary burglar, which was worse than a real one by far. Kathleen had been at Mrs. Jameson's a month when there occurred a dinner party. The day began on a depressing tone of ill omen when Kathleen walked under the ladder of the woman who was cleaning windows. From then the hours rose in a crescendo of calamity and woe. There was a grinding rush of preparation. The whole first floor had to be swept and garnished and dusted in every corner. And, to make it harder to see the dust, it was a dull, gray day outside. The wind blew, and the crows cawed about the place like lost souls, and inside every one was very cross. Even Mrs. Jameson was exceedingly annoyed at lunch when Kathleen passed the potatoes on the wrong side. "I hope you will be able to remember your left from your right to-night, Kathleen," she said in exasperation. And Kathleen looked and felt as if she had been lashed with a knout.

All afternoon, at her silver cleaning, Kathleen thought of the disgrace if she should forget and pass the vegetables at the right instead of the left of the guests. By six o'clock she was so nervous and exhausted that she wanted to weep when any one spoke to her. There was a bright pink spot in each

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cheek, and she was enchantingly pretty in her fresh black dress and crisp white apron. No one could have known that she was suffering torments of dread.

After all, the dinner went off smoothly. There was an experienced waitress who came in before dinner and who bore the brunt of the responsibility, and Kathleen remembered her left from her right, and passed vegetables and changed courses as in some warm and vivid dream. It was all very unreal. The gleaming white table, the glasses, the silver, the creamy naked backs of the women, the smooth heads of the men, the laughter and talking, and the smell of flowers dazed and drugged her senses. As she passed the crackers for the salad, she joggled one of the men's elbows. A cracker slid silently to the lap of a lady in shiny green. It was a sickening moment. Kathleen's knees and elbows became weak. She had a feeling that the lady, who reminded her vaguely of a fancy, green perfumery-bottle, would turn and rend her on the spot. Instead, she calmly picked up the cracker and ate it, and the dinner went on. It was afterward that the cataclysmic disaster occurred.

She had to serve coffee in the library, and she wanted to hurry to get away to church. There was late service there that night. She took the tray safely from the first waitress and started down the hall, her eyes on the old gold-luster cups, to keep them balanced. They were beautiful cups. She had always admired them, sitting in state in the glass cabinet in the dining-room. They had belonged to Mrs. Jameson's mother, and Kathleen regarded them with veneration and awe. To her they were like beautiful, sacred chalices, to be approached with reverent eyes.

From the pantry to the library a long hall must be traversed. She was safely past the dining-room when suddenly something rustled in the shadow by the stair. Something was moving, huddled behind the newel-post.

She reached the library door, and looked to see where Mrs. Jameson sat. Every one was grouped about the fire, and Mrs. Jameson was away at the other side, as far away as the end of infinity. Every one was looking at Kathleen, and the women were smoking. She wondered dully if they knew where they would go to when they died. She hurried forward by the straightest path to Mrs. Jameson, between and before the guests. She tripped over the fringe of the rug and fell flat.

The tray shot out of her hands. The cups, the beautiful gold-luster cups, lay in fragments before her, four of them shattered completely. The coffee was running out of its long silver spout, mingling with the cream in a dreamy brown-and-white puddle in the middle of a rose-colored lion on the rug. A spark jumped out of the fire at her as if in rage. She wanted to die, she prayed to die, and she shut her eyes and moaned, "My God! my God."

But the people were very kind. The gentlemen helped her up, the ladies picked up the coffee things, and Mrs. Jameson said: "There, there, child, don't cry! Are you hurt?" Mr. Jameson mopped up the puddle with his handkerchief, and said he hoped the coffee would n't over-stimulate the lion, it was rampant enough as it was. Then everybody laughed, and Mrs. Jameson sent Kathleen back with the ruins to get more coffee.

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But Kathleen could not bring it; the other waitress had to. Kathleen sat in the kitchen, with her curly head on her arms on the table. She shook and sobbed in bitter, scorching humiliation and remorse. About her were pots and pans not yet washed from dinner, and above her stood the cook, brandishing, like a revengeful demon, a broken golden cup.

"Look at this, will ye! Look at this —the clumsiness of ye! Bringin' disgrace on the house before them people, an' these cups that Mrs. Jameson has had since her mother was born—pure gold, an' costin' more than ever you could pay her in all yer life. Ain't they, Sarah?"

And Sarah, the laundress, drinking tea in the doorway, agreed, and said that Kathleen would get her when the company went home.

And Kathleen, goaded nearly to a frenzy, leaped to her feet.

"I 'm goin' out! I 'm goin' away! I can't stand it no longer!"

"Where you goin'? You can't run mad through the woods." The cook and laundress were frightened at her eyes.

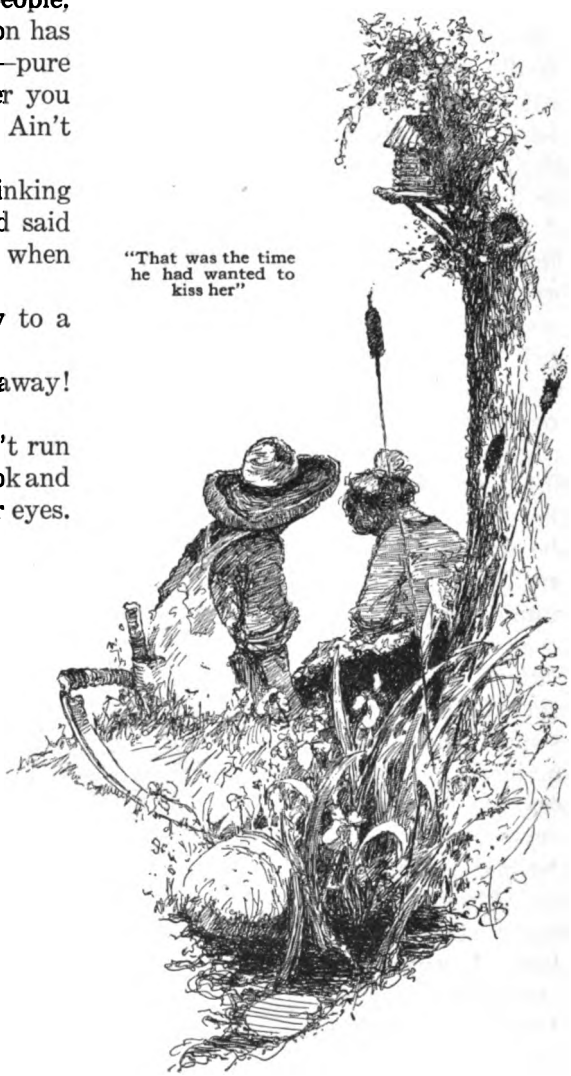
"I 'm goin', I 'm goin', I 'm goin'," she cried incoherently. "She 'll half kill me over them gold cups. Let me go!"

They told her that she must n't, that there was nowhere for her to go, that it was n't right for a young girl to be out at that time of night alone. The cook put a heavy, restraining hand on her shoulder, but she wrenched herself free.

"Sit down now and be a good girl and have a cup of tea," the cook pleaded desperately. "It ain't safe to go out now. I would not, if you give me a million dollars, on account of the man by the old pine."

"What man?" Kathleen asked defiantly, arrested for the moment.

"There 's a man was murdered by the bend of the road," the cook went on in swift improvisation, "and every night, late, he rolls his head up and down in them bushes—every night



"That was the time he had wanted to kiss her"

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late. Some says he 's a man, an' some says he 's a devil. Sarah an' I seen him one night, did n't we, Sarah?"

"Yes, we seen him," Sarah lied.

"An' if he hits you with his head, you—you—" She paused, her powers of narration worn thin.

"It don't matter if he does hit me with his head," Kathleen cried, and, dodging past the cook and the laundress, fled out of the kitchen door.

§ 5

Kathleen ran blindly down the path toward the side gate, her whole being centered on the misery of the last hour. Then a forsythia branch, brushing across her face with its gentle, adventurous blossoms, brought her a little to herself. She realized that she was cold, that she was out without hat or coat, running, crying in the darkness. There was nowhere for her to go. A church-bell rang in the distance; it was for the late service to which she had meant to go. After all, she might still go to that. It was only a mile away, down the hill. She could throw her apron over her head and slip in at the back of the church, and out again before any one else was coming out. And perhaps the blessed saints would tell her where to go and what to do then.

She ran, hardly seeing the road or the night about her. Before her eyes was the torturing vision of the broken golden cups.

Finally, in the church, she knelt in a pew at the back and prayed. The dimness, the incense, the soft droning of the service, the flickering of the candles, soothed her soul. She prayed a long time, little, vague, fragmentary prayers: that the good saints would forgive her for breaking the beautiful golden cups, that the good saints would tell her where to go when she must leave the church, that they would be watching her from heaven and keep her safe from the man who rolled his head, that sometime they would send her a friend who would laugh with her and go to the golden movies with her and walk along the beautiful roads by houses as rich as palaces of dreams. Her visions of America were not quite dead. She had loved them so that she could not bear to let them die. Even fear had not quite choked them all.

"She went straight from the ship to her aunt's squalid little flat"

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Finally she had to go, for the people would soon be coming out; they must not see her without her coat and hat. They would think she had lost her wits. She went outside the church and stood for a moment irresolute; then she turned toward the road up the hill. She did not know the other roads well. She would not go back to Mrs. Jameson. She might, though, go up the road and then along the side road to the trolley, take that, and then change for her aunt's. It would be very late, almost morning, before she got there. But with almost physical revulsion she dreaded the thought of the sordid, crowded little flat. It would be better to stay out of doors all night and die. Then the thought of spending the night beneath some tree again brought the terrors swarming, leaping, dancing into her brain. For a few minutes she had forgotten them; the peace of her prayers had remained. But now they came in black, overwhelming numbers, and there, beyond the road before her, was the tall, black pine. Beneath it something was crouching, a figure—a figure without a head! Something, some round, black object was bumping fast over the grass toward her. She screamed, turned, and ran. Looming behind her in the road there was a man!

§ 6

"Say, what 's the matter?" he asked.

"There 's a devil!" she gasped, sobbing in utter panic. "He 's rollin' his head at me down the hill."

The man laughed.

"I 'll make him quit," he said reassuringly. "I 'll learn him to roll his head at a lady." He strode off across the road and up through the long, dry grasses. He was tall and thin and walked as the soldiers walk. The ghastly, round thing jumped at his feet and bounded away with a loud "Miaw." The man laughed again.

"Say, listen. It 's the Wrights' cat, and your devil 's this bush here. See."

But Kathleen did not see. She leaned her forehead against a telegraph pole and shook and sobbed; it seemed as though she never could stop.

The man came back, and stood beside her, awkwardly.

"It was n't a devil," he repeated.

But she sobbed the louder.

"That don't matter. I have n't a right to be talkin' to you. I don't know ye, and it 's awful to take up with a feller ye don't know."

"You must think I 'm a swell sort of guy, thinkin' I 'm worse than devils," he said. "Come away from that pole; you 'll get your face full of splinters." He took her firmly by the shoulders and pulled her away from the pole.

Her legs nearly sank under her at his touch. He gave her a little shake.

"Come, quit it!" he said. "Gosh! how cold your hands is! Put on me coat."

He took off his coat, and shoved her thin little arms into his flapping sleeves. It was warm and thick and smelled faintly of tobacco, and it seemed to impart to her a feeling of protection and calm. And the man had told her to "quit it" in a tone of command. She choked the next sob and looked up. Then, to her unutterable relief, she saw that he was not a stranger at all; she had seen him often and often in church. She had liked to look at him. Why, she was not afraid of him at all. It was only "strange fellers" of whom one had to be afraid.

"That 's the dope," he said. "You

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don't want to cry no more. Come on; I 'll see you home."

"I 'm not going nowheres. I was praying the saints to send me some one to tell me where to go for the night."

He stopped and looked down at her. Her face was very white, and her eyes were very deep and dark in the moonlight. It seemed an endless time before he spoke. Then he whistled softly.

"Gee!" he said, "they have a right to send one of them chaperonies out at night with you, kid. The best little old place for you to-night is back at the Jamesons'. You can get another job in the morning if you like. What 's made you sore at them, anyway?" He pulled her arm comfortingly through his and led her along the road. "Did they treat you mean?"

The sympathy made his voice sound a little like her mother's, and his eyes were like Father O'Malley's at home, only younger and jollier and nicer by far. He looked down and smiled.

"I 'm Jim Thomson, Morton White's chauffeur," he said. "I followed ye up the hill to see ye got home all right. It 's dark for a kid like you. What was the row about?"

She told him. It was so wonderful to have some one look at her like that! She told him the whole, hideous thing. She could never face Mrs. Jameson again as long as she lived; she had broken the beautiful, beautiful golden cups.

Then, to her amazement and utter bewilderment, he laughed. He laughed kindly and patted her hand. She felt suddenly as if the saints above had smiled and given her expiation of her bitter sin.

"It 's a shame all right they was broken," he was saying, "but you act as if ye 'd killed the old man by beaning him with 'em. Then she 'd have some kick. She won't kill ye for four gold cups. She knows ye did n't go to do it. Ye may get a call; but you should worry."

Before his calmness, his laughter, and his common sense her world shifted from its pinnacle of distorted values and fears, and settled on a base of fact. After all, four gold cups—it was not, as he said, as if she had killed Mr. Jameson by throwing them at him in rage. The picture of it was delightful. She laughed. How she laughed! She had been starved for laughter.

Suddenly she saw that the night was beautiful. There were stars, and a thin little moon was hanging in the sky. Somewhere in a pond in the woods frogs were cheeping. There was a smell of fresh-turned earth, and the air was full of the vibrant thrill of spring.

"What give you that idea of a devil rollin' his head?" he asked suddenly.

She told him about the cook and the laundress and what they had said, and she told him a little about what her aunt had told her, too.

"I 'd like to knock their blocks off," he said grimly, "scarin' a kid like you to death. Them old hens!"

The joy of his wrath flamed through her. There in the moonlight, in his white shirt-sleeves, with set jaw and angry young eyes, looking down as if he owned her, he was a figure to set any one's heart aflame.

"Then them things ain't true?"

"Naw. There 's no ghosts or devils or nothin' of them things in America. It ain't healthy for 'em here; this is a free country."

Exorcised by his contemptuous de-

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nial, the horros and terrors scuttled frantically away from her mind.

"But burglars and murderers and kidnappers?" These, too, might go before his wrath.

"Say, listen," he said, stopping and looking down. "There 's some bums; there 's no gettin' around that. There is. But the police system is some system, and if a girl is straight, see, the bums don't bother her—if a girl is straight."

She did n't know what he meant, but instinctively she felt sure that she was straight. An inexplicable little feeling of gladness rose in her that she had not let Shan McNeill kiss her that day under the quicken-tree. She held her head proudly in the moonlight and looked into Jim's eyes.

"I guess I 'm straight."

He looked at her, and their eyes met. Suddenly the night and the darkness and they themselves seemed swept with a strange, exhilarating, pulsing joy.

"I 'm straight, too," he said roughly, and grasped her shoulders. "It 's a fool thing to say, but they 'll be doing their darndest to scare you off me. And you kin take it from me I 'm straight. You come home to Jameson's now, and Thursday I 'll take you to the movies."

She gave a little skip of sheer joy.

They were at the Jamesons' back door before they realized it. They had forgotten that there existed anything in the world such as kitchens and kitchen gardens and back doors; but suddenly the door opened before them, and the cook, angry and frightened, appeared.

"'And every night, late, he rolls his head up and down in them bushes'"

"Out with a feller," she cried, "at this time of night, and Mrs. Jameson half crazy with the worry!" Her tongue ran on in raucous, incoherent upbraidings.

But Kathleen took off Jim's coat slowly and handed it to him. Then she turned to the cook.

"Don't you be puttin' no harm into it," she said with dignity. "I been to church."

Jim added:

"You tell Mrs. Jameson I seen her home. And you cut out the rough stuff now; she 's my girl."

And Kathleen went up the dark back stairs humming a little song of joy.

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Sea-blue Eyes

By ELINOR WYLIE

I stare at you, Ianthe, since you ask,
Because your eyes look, brimmed with fervid blue,
Like disks of crystal in a tinted mask
Which the intense Ægean gazes through.

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Rio and the Cariocas

By HARRY A. FRANCK

§ 1

I AWOKE at dawn just as we were entering the harbor of Rio. At the extreme points of land on each side crouched two old-fashioned fortresses; back of one of them, scarcely a stone's-throw away, rose the sheer rock of the "Sugar Loaf," like a gigantic thumb; and a moment later I saw the sun rise red over a great tumble of peaks along the shore, among which I recognized the "Hunchback," stooping broodingly over the almost invisible city. A haze hid all of this except for a long line of little houses, like children's blocks, along the foot of great cliffs. Then bit by bit, as the sun sponged up the mists, the scene spread and took on detail, until it established itself beyond all question as the sublimest spectacle of nature my eyes had yet fallen upon in all the circuit of the earth, a sight not only incomparable, but one which obliterated the disappointment that is inherent in all long-imagined and often-heralded scenes.

The vast bay, of irregular shape and everywhere dotted with islands, was walled on every side by a tumultuous labyrinth of mountains, some sheer rounded masses of bare rock and precipitous cliffs on which nature had not been able to get the slightest foothold, the majority a chaotic maze of ridges, peaks, and fantastic headlands covered with the densest vegetation, terminating in lofty Tijuca and with a dim, dark-blue background of the range called "the Organs." The city itself, of many striking colors reflected in the blue-green sea along which it stretched in endless public gardens and esplanades skirting the water-front, was strewn in and among these hills as if it had been poured out in a fluid form and left to run into the crevices and crannies, the scum, in the form of make-shift shanties, rising to the tops of the many *morros* which everywhere bulked above the general level, the more important of them crowned by picturesque old castles that stood out sharp-cut against the green background. The frame, on a scale befitting the grandeur of the picture, was of that oppressive giant strength of nature which dwarfs puny man playing ant in between the tumbled rocks. Yet how inadequate, how absurd are mere words as a medium in which to copy the scenic beauties of Rio de Janeiro!

Old Rio was crowded together in medieval congestion on the principal point of land jutting into the harbor, and in time this portion became so densely populated with business and so inadequate under modern traffic conditions that nothing but surgery could save it. The major operation of cutting a broad avenue through the compact old town was intrusted to the Baron of Rio Branco, and it still officially bears his name, running with geometrical precision from the inner harbor to the Monroe Palace on the

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edge of the Beira Mar, with the "Sugar Loaf" set exactly at the end of the vista. Stroll where one will on either side of it, to the arsenal, the ministries, the place where the last emperor of the western hemisphere had his official residence up to little more than thirty years ago, or to the heavy and not particularly striking cathedral, one is sure to drift unconsciously back, and find himself wandering aimlessly along in the human stream that surges incessantly through the Avenida Rio Branco. But this *avenida* is not designed to be merely a passageway from somewhere to somewhere else. It *is* somewhere itself, a lounging-place, a locality in which to show off at one's best, a splendid site for café chairs and tables. By late afternoon it is often so blocked that passage along it is a constant struggle; in the evening clumps of coffee-sippers and groups of men fill the broad sidewalks almost to impassability.

The pace of life slows down noticeably in twelve degrees of latitude, and street crowds are not only slower, but much more stagnant, in Rio than in Buenos Aires. With sunset—at least during what Rio likes to refer to as winter—the temperature grows delightful, and it is from then on until a new day warms again that one gets the full tropical fragrance, the un-Northern *dolce far niente* that makes the Brazilian capital so enticing to the wandering stranger. The newcomer soon learns to stay up most of the night and enjoy the best part of the day. Not even Paris was ever more brilliantly lighted than downtown Rio, not even Parisian boulevards are more scented than the *avenida* and its adjacent streets with the pungent odor of mercenary love.

§ 2

All minor personal troubles, of prices, lodgings, ships, etc., were lost sight of in exploring Rio's marvelous beauties and in hunting out the strange types that live in her out-of-the-way corners. Larger in extent than Paris, broken everywhere by savage, rocky, wooded *morros*—virgin jungled hills rising in the very heart of town and which, peeled of their thick scalp of vegetation, proved to be made of solid granite—stretching away in great green mounds and ranges standing high into the peerless tropical sky, Rio was as entrancing as Buenos Aires is commonplace. The level parts of the city were flat indeed—flat as if the sea had washed in its debris until it had flooded these valleys with houses.

Nor did the building stop there. Spreading everywhere into the interstices of its hills, the town was here and there chopped back into them, or, if the reddish, thickly wooded *morros* set sheer rock faces against the intrusion, it climbed upon and over them, until its many-colored houses lay heaped into the sky or spilled down great gorges and valleys beyond. Then always, from whatever point of vantage, the scene was backed by its peerless sky-line: the Pico de Gavea, with its square head like the conventional workingman's symbolic cap; the "Sleeping Giant," showing nature's most fantastic carving; hollow-chested Corcovado, the "Hunchback," peering down upon puny man below; the admirable "Sugar Loaf," keeping eternal watch over the entrance to the bay; the ridges and wooded summits of Tijuca, backed far off by the "Organ" range, protruding like broken columns above the distant horizon.

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"Vedete Napoli e poi more" might with many times more justice be said of Rio.

I passed frequently along the most marvelous boulevard in the western hemisphere, Beira Mar, the "Edge of the Sea," stretching for miles along the harbor's edge so closely that the ocean spills over upon it on days when it is *brava*. Between the shady Passeio Publico behind the Monroe Palace and the heroic statue of Cabral on the green Largo da Gloria, the foot-hills crowd in so closely that there is room for only one street to pass, and right of way is naturally given to the chief pride of the city. Here converge the pleasure-seeking traffic and that of business, to split again presently on the rocky Morro da Gloria, crowned by its quaint little medieval church, the one stream to hurry away through the Rua do Cattete, the other to follow with more leisure the serpentine Beira Mar. This, lined by splendid trees and portentous residences on the land side, outflanks another rocky hill that would cut it off, by passing between walls of man-scarred granite behind it, skirts another arm of the turquoise-green harbor, with a closer view of the gigantic "Sugar Loaf," then bursts out through a long tunnel upon the ocean-front, where marvelous beaches and a succession of boulevards continue for miles through what is rapidly developing into the finest residential portion of the Brazilian capital.

The Beira Mar is the show-place of Rio and of Brazil. The eagerness of its people to impress the visitor with the undoubted splendor of their glorious seaside driveway is sometimes as if one were asked to admire a costume without seeing more than the lace along the bottom. Yet there are many other strips and corners of the city that are well nigh as sumptuous or as picturesque; the difficulty is to hunt them out among the *morros* and foot-hills that everywhere divide the capital into almost isolated districts. Walking is all very well, but perspiration flows quickly and copiously in Rio, and a perpetually drenched shirt is not entirely conducive to pleasure; while the city is so incredibly extensive that even tramway exploration becomes serious to the man with a weak financial constitution.

§ 3

All Rio is a marvelous botanical garden. Greater wealth of vegetation has been granted no other city of the world, so far as I know it. Date-palms, cocoanut-palms, and a multitude of other varieties, each more beautiful than the other, grow in profusion down to the very edge of the sea, all to be in turn outdone by the peerless royal palm. They call it the "imperial palm" in Brazil because João VI of Portugal, first European emperor to cross the sea to reign in his American domain, to which he fled before the conquering Napoleon, caused this king of trees to be brought from the West Indies, and decreed that all the seeds that could not be used by the royal family should be burned, lest they fall into the hands of the common people. Slaves stole the surplus seeds turned over to them for destruction, however, and sold them to any one who cared to buy, and to-day the imperial palm is the crowning glory of nature along all the coast of Brazil. In Rio it is never absent from the picture. It grows in the courtyards of *cortiços*, those one-story tenement blocks of the Brazilian cap-

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ital, in the patios of decaying mansions of former Portuguese grandees; it stretches in long double rows up many a street and private driveway; it shades the humblest hovels and the most pompous villas of the newly rich with that perfection of impartiality which only nature attains; it thrusts itself forth from between the rocks along the seashore wherever waves or wind have carried a bit of sustaining soil; it clusters in deeply shaded valleys and climbs to the summits of the encircling mountains, there to stand out in regal isolation above the tangle of tropical creepers and impenetrable jungle that are constantly threatening to invade the kingdom of man below.

This great city-dwelling forest is one of the chief charms of the Brazilian capital. It seems to grasp the city in its powerful embrace, now affectionately, as if its only purpose were to beautify it; then again seemingly bent on thrusting man back into the sea whence he came, insinuating itself into every open space, spreading along every street like the files of a conquering army, invading the parks and the interior courts of houses, where marble pavements in mosaics of bright colors gleam amid great masses of jungle flowers, gigantic, cool ferns, and fragrant orange-trees, always overtopped by the majestically rustling royal palm. It is illegal to cut down a tree within the limits of Rio, and the forest makes the most of its immunity by crowding the heels of the human creatures who soft-heartedly spare it. Trees, shrubs, bushes, lianas, creepers, a veritable tidal wave of forest and jungle, sweep from the edge of the sea to the summits of the encircling hills, like multitudes gone to demand of the sun the renewal of their strength and energy.

§ 4

The slums of Rio are on the tops of her *morros*, those rock hills which, each bearing its own musically cadenced name, rise everywhere above the general level. The *Carioca*—for the inhabitant of Rio is more apt to call himself by this name than by the more formal term *Fluminense*—hates physical exertion, such as the climbing of hills, and the flat places of the city are in great demand for residential as well as business sites. A few sumptuous villas clamber a little way up the sides of the hills, within automobile reach, but the upper flanks and the summits of the *morros* are left to the discards of fortune. Here the poorer classes congregate, to build their shacks and huts of anything available,—fragments of dry-goods boxes, flattened-out oil-cans, the leaf base of the royal palm,—every shape and description of thrown-together shanties, inhabited by washerwomen, street hawkers, petty merchants, dock laborers, minor criminals, and habitual loafers. Barely two blocks back of the justly admired Municipal Theater there rises such a hill, so densely crowded with make-shift dwellings that only men of moderate girth may pass comfortably along the dirt paths between them. It would take a persistent walker weeks to investigate all these congested hilltop towns within the city. There the stroller from below finds himself in quite another world than on the *avenida* at his feet—a world whose inhabitants stare half-surprised, half-resentfully at the man with even a near-white collar, yet many of whom have such a view from the doors of their decrepit shanties and such a sea breeze through the

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cracks in their patch-work walls as the most fortune-favored of other lands may well envy.

The excursion most unavoidable for all visitors to Rio is, of course, the ascent of the "Sugar Loaf." One travels out to the end of the Beira Mar, continuing on around the harbor instead of dashing through one of the tunnels leading out upon the open Atlantic, until one comes to a station beyond the ministry of agriculture, set on this rocky neck of land, no doubt, that the ministers may have a constant sea breeze and catch no scent of the tilling of the soil. On the way the massive "Sugar Loaf," here suggestive rather of a loaf of French bread stood on end, grows more and more gigantic, the long span of cable to the summit swinging across the sky like an enormous cobweb, and the timid have often been known to turn back at this point rather than risk their lives in the aërial journey before them. There are many of these *pãos d'assucar* along the coast of Brazil; that striking form of granite monolith, so sheer as to be wholly free from vegetation, being almost numerous, though of them all Rio's "Sugar Loaf" is probably the most dramatic.

The cage was similar to a small closed tram-car, with wire-grated windows, the end ones open, a locked door, and benches on the sides, except that instead of having wheels beneath, there were rollers above, which ran on two cables of about two inches in diameter. Sliding calmly upward at a nearly forty-five-degree angle, the first car carried us to the top of a big rock hill called the Penedo da Urca, 220 meters high, where we were let out to walk a few hundred yards, and given ample opportunity to quiet our nerves with beer and sandwiches. From this another car swung us across the bottomless wooded chasm between the two peaks, on a cable that sagged considerably of its own weight, and set us down on the bald rock top of the *pão d'assucar*, 1250 feet above the sea.

The view is in some ways the most magnificent on earth, though when a spot becomes so accessible that even chattering old French women with triple chins and other signs of affluence may visit it, much of the romantic charm is rubbed off. If one could have the place entirely to oneself, and could push the German beer garden and pavilion, which sit on the summit like a "Happy Hooligan" hat, off into the sea, where they belong, and cut the cable and build oneself a thatch sun-shelter and a lounging-place! As it is, the cars, tourists, beer garden, waiters, and their tip-seeking philosophy of life have utterly commercialized the spot, and only those with the envied power of detaching themselves from their immediate surroundings can enjoy the panorama below as it is capable of being enjoyed.

At this late afternoon hour the "Sugar Loaf" casts its own shadow far out across the entrance to the harbor. The city is apt to be a bit hazy, but its hills and the countless islands of the bay appear like solid rocks with woolly wigs of forest and bushy jungle. The ferry crawling across the bay to Nictheroy, ocean-going steamers creeping in and out of the harbor, leave their paths sharp-cut and clear across the sea behind them, as the trail of a comet shooting across the sky. Almost directly below, the Morro Cara de Cão ("Dog's Face") stretches upward in a futile effort to rival the giant above it. On its projecting nose the

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Fortaleza São João faces that of inaccessible Santa Cruz, on the Nictheroy side opposite, while midway between them is a little island bearing the Fortaleza da Lage, and still farther in the fortified island of Villegaignon, named for the Frenchman who once installed his forces here and disputed possession of the bay with Mem da Sá, completing the quartet of watch-dogs that guard the entrance to Brazil's chief harbor. One can look as directly down into every activity of São João Fortress as from an airplane, the roll of drums rising half muffled to one's ears as its tiny ants of soldiers, drilling in squads, take minutes to march across the two-inch parade-ground. As the sun goes down behind the bandage of clouds along the lower horizon, the scene clears somewhat of its bluish dust-and-heat haze, and discloses the myriad details of the vast, spreading city, strewn in and out among its *morros* until it resembles some fantastic and gigantic spider. Evening descends with indescribable softness, the world fading away out of sight through a gamut of all known shades of color, the wash of the sea on a score of sandy beaches and on the bases of rocky islands and hills coming up like a half-hushed celestial music. Then a light springs up out of the void about one, another and another, quickly, yet so gradually as to seem one of nature's processes, until at length all the city and its suburban beach towns, the very war-ships in the harbor, are outlined in twinkling lights—for each and all of them do distinctly twinkle—like sparkling gems on some fantastically shaped garment of dark-blue stuff, of which nothing else is seen but the dim, jagged silhouette of the mountain background, whence blows the caressing air of evening. But only the foolhardy would attempt to paint such scenes in words; like all the regal beauties of Rio, they reveal themselves only to those who come to look upon them in person. With sunset another flock of visitors had arrived, and our descending car carried seventeen persons, of whom at least five out of six were bent on impressing the rest with their own peculiar and unique reactions to the splendid moods of nature. Luckily, the cost of the ascent is high, or one's own impressions would be completely obliterated by the cackling of those without any.

§ 5

As late as 1850, according to an old chronicle, "the habits of the rich of Rio de Janeiro were distressing and those of the lower orders abominably filthy. Monks swarmed in every street and were at once sluggards and libertines. The ladies of that time usually lolled about the house barefooted and bare-legged, listening to the gossip and scandal gathered by their favorite body-women." Even at the beginning of the present century Rio was far different from what it is to-day. The narrow, cobbled streets were worse than unclean, dawdling mule-cars constituted the only urban transportation, and yellow fever victims were often so numerous that there were not coffins enough to go round. Those who were obliged to come to Rio made their wills and got absolution for their sins before undertaking the journey. In 1889, when the monarchy was overthrown, it was seriously contemplated moving the capital away from Rio because of the constant scourge of "yellow Jack."

Rio was sanitated by a native doc-

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tor at the cost of years of incessant labor that would have disheartened any ordinary man, until to-day it is as free from yellow fever and its kindred forms of sudden death as New York, and has as low a death-rate as any large city in the tropics. The doctor began his struggle in 1903 by act of congress, organizing a sanitary police charged with clearing away all stagnant water within the city limits, whether in streets, parks, gardens, rain-pipes, gutters, sewers, or, most astonishing of all in a Latin-American country, even inside private houses. This policy, together with the building of new docks and avenues in the congested lower city, and the tearing down of many infected old houses, virtually did away with the breeding-places of the deadly stegomyia mosquito. Deaths from yellow fever dropped from thousands to hundreds in one year, to tens in the next, and to none long before the end of the decade. To this day the sanitary police strictly enforce their regulations, though the man who framed them has gone to repeat his work in the states bordering on the Amazon, and no dwelling can be rented or reoccupied, be it a negro hovel or a palace, until the owner has an official certificate of disinfection. The best of electric cars have taken the place of the creeping mule-trams; monks have become rare, if not models of propriety; the broad *avenida* has taken the place of a score of noisome little streets; the waterfront has become the peerless Beira Mar instead of a dumping-place for garbage; and last, in her furore for reform, Rio did *not* level her picturesque *morros*, as an American city might have done in the interests of business and "efficiency." To-day the population of the Federal District, which includes little more than the capital, is estimated at 1,130,080, "based on a count of houses and crediting each residence with ten inhabitants," which is perhaps a fair enough guess, for Brazilian families are seldom small; and it would of course be hot and uncomfortable work, as well as an intrusion upon "personal liberty," really to take a census in Brazil or its capital.

§ 6

Among the thirty million people imputed to the country, even in the fraction thereof credited to Rio, there is every possible combination of African and Caucasian blood, with but slight trace of the aboriginal Indian and only a sprinkling of other races. Brazil is indeed a true melting-pot, far more so than the United States, for it mixes not merely all the European nationalities intrusted to it, but crosses the most diametrically opposite races with perfect nonchalance. Is color prejudice so slight there because the Spaniard and the Portuguese, mixed with the Moors, often by force, during their conquest of the Iberian peninsula, have completely lost the color feeling, at least for centuries? The Portuguese man and the negro woman get along domestically very well in Brazil; even the Portuguese woman frequently joins forces with a black man; and the number of young half-breeds sprawling about the poorer houses of the immigrant sections, or standing in the doorways of Portuguese shops in the serene nudity of bronze figures, show how general is this point of view.

Many Brazilians seriously believe that their freedom of interbreeding is producing a new type of humanity, un-

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der the combined influences of climate, immigration, and the fusion of many stocks by no means all Caucasian, that can endure the heat of the tropics and at the same time retain some of the energy and initiative of the temperate zones. All sentiment or repugnance aside, it is possible that the catholic cross-breeding sanctioned by the Iberian creed may prove economically more profitable to tropical America than the Anglo-Saxon's instinctive aversion to fusion with the colored races. Yet humanly, it seems to the outsider, the results are not so promising; it looks less as if Brazil were solving the color question than as if color were dissolving Brazil. The citizen produced by the intermixture of Portuguese with negroes is not visibly an improvement on the parent stocks. The mulattoes or quadroons are often brighter, quicker of intelligence, than either the ox-like Portuguese or the full-blooded Africans; but it is widely agreed even in Brazil that they have neither the moral nor physical stamina, that, as usual, they take on most of the faults, and retain few of the virtues, of their ancestors.

This mixture of races gives Rio a society entirely different from Buenos Aires, its elements more distinct, more complex, more primitive, much less European. It is probably the African blood in his veins, even more than his Latin ancestry, that gives the *Carioca* the emotion and unexpected violences which often carry the individual or the population to excesses. The Brazilian character may be said to consist of Latin sensibility tinged with the African traits of superstition, fatalism, slovenliness, indiscipline, a certain happy-go-lucky cheerfulness, and an almost total lack of initiative; and to these the country owes most of its social and economic afflictions. Though he is often quick of intelligence, the *brazileiro* seldom shows continuity of effort or any other sturdiness of character. He is exceedingly susceptible to flattery, and highly incensed at any mention of the faults which even he sometimes recognizes.

The average Brazilian is an excellent illustration of the fact that mankind must be disciplined. There is far too much liberty, too much *laissez-faire* (or *deixa fazer*, to use the native tongue), in Brazil, as in Spanish and Portuguese life everywhere. No one in the country seems to recognize that liberty may easily slop over into license, that the liberty of the one may go so far as to interfere with and even wholly annul that of many others. To force children to go to school or apprentice them to a trade would be considered by almost any Brazilian a dreadful violation of "our constitutional liberties." It is the Brazilian, as it is generally the South American, way never to correct any one or anything unless it is absolutely unavoidable, until a confirmed democrat comes to wonder whether the human race must always have kings or dictators to rule over it rather than ever learn to rule itself. Then one recalls that Brazil has been a democracy even nominally only since 1889, and it is not so strange that she has not yet come to see that there may be a seamy side even to liberty.

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The Crystal Heart

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "The Dark Tower"

Illustrations by Norman Price

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–III. From the beginning Joy Featherstone smiled unexactingly at a universe that she loved. She was nine when Rosemary, last of a large family, was born, and Joy knew she could never love anything so much again, not Maude, her companion sister, or Nicolas Pennant, who loved her better than any one else, despite Maude's desire for first place in his affections. On her fourteenth birthday Joy promised him that as she might no longer kiss him, she would only kiss relatives until he should return four years later from India. After that promise she could n't feel quite like a little girl again.

IV

FOUR years pass quickly to country people in a country place. A storm, a drought, a shipwreck, or a drunken blunder, assuming the importance of crime, stands out with a vividness unknown to places where the traffic is great and the landmarks few.

Joy turned from childhood to womanhood with no outward event to crystallize her consciousness. Her dresses became a little longer, and one day when she put her hair up for fun, twisting it into two thick plaits around her head, her mother suggested that she should keep it up. Lessons dwindled into classes, but there was never any lack of things for Joy to do. The boys came home for holidays, the horses and dogs had to be exercised daily, her mother liked occasional help in the house, and there was always the village.

Rock Lodge did not "run the village," because the village would never have dreamed of running; it moved, if it moved at all, with a quiet gait peculiarly its own, and Rock Lodge moved beside it, and helped backward persons over stiles.

Maude sometimes complained that they had no neighborhood; she needed more tennis in the summer and more dancing in the winter. But, then, Maude had a naturally indolent nature; she wished to do what there was not, because she did not wish to do what there was. She had to be taken out of herself by the strenuous efforts of others, and never found her time filled to the brim by any such altruistic intentions in herself.

There was only one employment to which Maude would willingly have applied both her time and her strength; she could have entertained young men. But there were very few men of the necessary type to be found in Lynton, and when Joy was there, they seemed to wish their entertainment to come from her. Maude was perfectly loyal to Joy, and she knew that her sister did not purposely attract young men; on the contrary, Joy preferred Rosemary and the moors.

But men seldom study the prefer-

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ences of women; they study their own. "If only Joy would marry young, like Margaret," Maude thought to herself, "sensibly and go away, I should have heaps of fun; but I suppose she 's waiting till Nicolas comes back." And Maude sighed. She herself would have liked to wait till Nicolas came back.

But Joy was n't waiting for Nicolas. She would be glad when he came back, and she knew that he belonged to her; but she had never felt in any sense that she belonged to him. What did not belong to her mother and to Rosemary belonged to her. A great deal of Joy belonged to Rosemary because Rosemary needed Joy's love.

Mrs. Featherstone had a curious coldness of feeling toward her youngest child. She would n't have owned that she did n't love Rosemary as well as any of the others, but she was accustomed to sound, strong children, rosy and solid, with straight backs and beautiful, sturdy limbs. This flabby little creature, who cried much of its time and betrayed a despicable tendency to rickets, irritated her pride.

Rosemary had n't steady nerves, and when she grew older, she did n't stop crying. She was pretty in a frail and fluctuating way, but she did n't eat quantities of bread and butter and look one straight between the eyes. Nothing could induce her to ride, even the mildest and broadest of Exmoor ponies. She screamed so shrilly and violently that she had to be removed from its back. She was punished, of course (to Mrs. Featherstone there was something indecent in the idea that any child of hers should not be able to ride), but though Rosemary shrank under the punishment, she repeated the offense. It was very dreadful to be conquered by the screams of a naughty child, but riding had to be given up.

Mrs. Featherstone often had to give up making Rosemary do what she would have made any of the other children do not because the child's will was strong, but because it was so weak that it broke in the effort to obey. Mrs. Featherstone was neither cruel nor tyrannical, but she was not adaptable, and when she found that her ordinarily successful methods of bringing children up failed with Rosemary, she half unconsciously avoided her, and more and more handed the child over to Joy.

Joy could manage Rosemary. Tears stopped, and a thousand pretty graces, hidden by fright, came out in Rosemary when she was left to Joy. Joy taught her, and she learned swiftly; played with her, and she grew braver over her play; loved her, and in return received the child's passionate adoration.

But not even Joy could supply Rosemary with the armor necessary against the clumsiness of life. She was too sensitive, too intense a child. The flame of her little spirit shot up beyond the power of her frail outer being to control it. Fear tormented and devoured her; even love was as sharp to her as the edge of a knife. Pleasure brought tears of troubled ecstasy to her eyes, and pain demoralized her.

There was no padding between her raw nerves and a family which Mrs. Featherstone had brought up on the simple principles that they were never to make a fuss and never to tell a lie. Mercifully, there had always been Patch, who took a less definite view of morality, and Joy, who never seemed to find morality get in her way at all.

Joy never remembered when it was

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"But Rosemary did recover from the measles, to pass a weak and querulous summer"

that she first felt anxious about Rosemary's health. Rosemary took longer, Mrs. Featherstone asserted, than she ought over the measles, and Patch explained to Joy afterward that if Mrs. Featherstone had n't said one could n't be very ill with measles, she would have thought Miss Rosemary was very ill. But Rosemary did recover from the measles, to pass a weak and querulous summer; it was only when the winter came again that Joy wondered how many colds it was perfectly natural for a little girl to have, and when she speculated out loud, not to her mother, but to Patch, she discovered with an access of alarm that Patch was anxious, too.

Patch was sewing in the nursery when Joy opened the question. There was still a nursery, though Rosemary was nine years old. Institutions like nurseries lingered on in Rock Lodge, slipping gradually from one use to another. Patch would always be there and she would always be called "Nurse," even though she had no nursling left, and acted as the family sewing maid.

When Joy said, "Nurse, I think Rosemary is getting very thin," nurse did not say, "Chickens is thin when they lose their fluff," as Joy had half expected; she bit violently at her cotton and said thoughtfully, "Her li'l' clothes du hang round her sure-lye."

"Yes," agreed Joy, reluctantly, "and she says she has pains all over her, and gets so flushed in the evenings. You don't think there 's anything really *wrong*, do you, Nannie?"

Patch looked at her with troubled eyes.

"I don't like it, Miss Joy dear," she said at last. "It 's been on the tip of my tongue to tell 'ee that times without number, but my 'eart failed me. The child eats less nor a bird, and at night I du hear her cry out in her sleep, and there 's times when, late as the night may be, the child is n't asleep."

Joy rose with a quick movement of her shoulders.

"Something must be done about it, then, at once," she said with the relief of youth in action. "I shall get Dr. Armstrong to see her."

Patch did not share her quick relief.

"It might be well, could 'ee get mistress to do that," she agreed, but she sighed when Joy ran out of the room on her errand. She was an old woman, and she knew that you cannot stop everything, no matter how quickly you run to do it.

There is a natural antagonism in the sanest hearts against the portents of

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edge of the Beira Mar, with the "Sugar Loaf" set exactly at the end of the vista. Stroll where one will on either side of it, to the arsenal, the ministries, the place where the last emperor of the western hemisphere had his official residence up to little more than thirty years ago, or to the heavy and not particularly striking cathedral, one is sure to drift unconsciously back, and find himself wandering aimlessly along in the human stream that surges incessantly through the Avenida Rio Branco. But this *avenida* is not designed to be merely a passageway from somewhere to somewhere else. It *is* somewhere itself, a lounging-place, a locality in which to show off at one's best, a splendid site for café chairs and tables. By late afternoon it is often so blocked that passage along it is a constant struggle; in the evening clumps of coffee-sippers and groups of men fill the broad sidewalks almost to impassability.

The pace of life slows down noticeably in twelve degrees of latitude, and street crowds are not only slower, but much more stagnant, in Rio than in Buenos Aires. With sunset—at least during what Rio likes to refer to as winter—the temperature grows delightful, and it is from then on until a new day warms again that one gets the full tropical fragrance, the un-Northern *dolce far niente* that makes the Brazilian capital so enticing to the wandering stranger. The newcomer soon learns to stay up most of the night and enjoy the best part of the day. Not even Paris was ever more brilliantly lighted than downtown Rio, not even Parisian boulevards are more scented than the *avenida* and its adjacent streets with the pungent odor of mercenary love.

§ 2

All minor personal troubles, of prices, lodgings, ships, etc., were lost sight of in exploring Rio's marvelous beauties and in hunting out the strange types that live in her out-of-the-way corners. Larger in extent than Paris, broken everywhere by savage, rocky, wooded *morros*—virgin jungled hills rising in the very heart of town and which, peeled of their thick scalp of vegetation, proved to be made of solid granite—stretching away in great green mounds and ranges standing high into the peerless tropical sky, Rio was as entrancing as Buenos Aires is commonplace. The level parts of the city were flat indeed—flat as if the sea had washed in its debris until it had flooded these valleys with houses.

Nor did the building stop there. Spreading everywhere into the interstices of its hills, the town was here and there chopped back into them, or, if the reddish, thickly wooded *morros* set sheer rock faces against the intrusion, it climbed upon and over them, until its many-colored houses lay heaped into the sky or spilled down great gorges and valleys beyond. Then always, from whatever point of vantage, the scene was backed by its peerless sky-line: the Pico de Gavea, with its square head like the conventional workingman's symbolic cap; the "Sleeping Giant," showing nature's most fantastic carving; hollow-chested Corcovado, the "Hunchback," peering down upon puny man below; the admirable "Sugar Loaf," keeping eternal watch over the entrance to the bay; the ridges and wooded summits of Tijuca, backed far off by the "Organ" range, protruding like broken columns above the distant horizon.

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disaster. They will admit that accidents happen, but they will not go out to meet them. Mrs. Featherstone resisted Joy's anxiety with something very like anger. She did not love Rosemary enough to notice that she was thinner, but she loved Joy enough to see that Joy noticed it and could not stop noticing it.

Joy pressed the need of advice upon her mother with an unfaltering persistence; she followed her about like a dog from the harness-room to the pantry. Mrs. Featherstone listened to her with compressed lips and quiet disapproval. At last, rather surprisingly to Joy, she yielded.

"You may do as you wish," she said, "and send for Dr. Armstrong. I think you are mistaken, but, after all, if you are not, my mistake would be the worst disaster of the two. Remember, though, that if Dr. Armstrong agrees with me, there must be no more fussing. It is very silly and bad taste to think so much about health. When I was young, if I said that I was ill, I was told that I might go to bed if I liked, but that I should be given nothing to eat until I got up and came downstairs. I always recovered promptly."

At first Dr. Armstrong seemed to share Mrs. Featherstone's light diagnosis; he could n't find anything wrong with the child. But though he said this at once and sent Rosemary out into the garden to play, he asked Patch a great many questions. Joy and Patch were alone with him, for Mrs. Featherstone had remarked that she was not going to have anything to do with so silly a business. When Patch had told him all she could, he met Joy's anxious eyes consideringly. "No," he said gravely, "I can't honestly say that I am satisfied about the child. I don't know that anything is the matter, but I suspect it. Children have tricky constitutions. I 'd be better pleased if your parents would let some big man come down from Exeter and take a look at her. There 's Eames, a first-rate fellow and a children's specialist. I should like Eames to see her."

It took a load off Joy's mind to know that there was Eames. Dr. Armstrong was good; he had brought them all into the world and was to be depended on for their brief and easy ailments: but Joy had already gone so far along the road of suspense as to admit to herself that Rosemary's trouble was not likely to be brief or easy.

Joy found her mother more inclined to accept the need of a second opinion than Mr. Featherstone. Mr. Featherstone said that he was surprised and shocked with Joy for making such a suggestion. Modern life was perfectly lawless; it had become like a jungle. It was not probable that Mr. Featherstone was intimately acquainted with jungles, as he had lived his entire life in Devonshire, which is not a close parallel to the tropics; but "jungle" has an unhallowed sound, and Joy's urgency appeared to her father to tamper with his prerogative as a parent. If there was to be any anxiety, it should be his; and he was not yet anxious.

Mrs. Featherstone answered him with her usual studied patience.

"We had better see this thing through now," she said. "One swallow does not make a summer, nor need two doctors imply a serious disease. Pray let us drop the subject until there is something definite to be faced."

It comforted Joy to hear her mother dismiss anxiety. Her mother was so often right, and so long as all the safe things were going to be done, it was re-

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assuring to be told that they were not necessary.

Dr. Eames arrived on a cold, gray day. The light from the sea was pale and fixed. There was neither movement nor promise in the still and bitter air; the kind and fruitful earth was held lifeless and as hard as stone in the grip of frost.

The two doctors found Joy playing dolls with Rosemary before the nursery fire. Dr. Eames was clever with children, and understood the way to handle dolls. Joy's heart beat up in her throat while this formidable man went on his knees beside the dolls' house and made suggestions about real coal being put in the dolls' fireplace.

Suddenly she understood that there were dreadful things which might happen, even if all the proper things were done at the proper times. But she kept her eyes unafraid and her hands from trembling. She entered with apparent light-heartedness into the game of a child's hospital, where Dr. Eames stethoscoped first the dolls and then Rosemary, to keep them, as he explained, up to the mark.

Dr. Armstrong stood over by the fireplace tapping the frost flowers on the glass. He had been a great deal in that nursery and he had a nursery of his own.

Rosemary looked several times at Joy to see if she could n't be frightened, but Joy had such quiet, smiling eyes, and so evidently thought that they were having great fun, that Rosemary decided that nobody could be going to hurt her; and neither of the doctors did hurt her. Dr. Eames made her a red flower and a flower-pot out of some colored paper he found on the floor, and then went away into another room and did n't come back again, and Joy went on playing with her till Patch came up from her tea. Then she kissed the top of Rosemary's head rather hurriedly and ran down-stairs.

But when Joy was outside the dining-room door, where the doctors were, she pulled herself up short, as if she were driving in a narrow lane and had met something so large that there was not any room for her to pass it. Then she dragged herself into the dining-room.

Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone were with the doctors. Mrs. Featherstone sat in an arm-chair, but she was not leaning back; she sat very erect, and looked just as usual. Mr. Featherstone was leaning forward over the table, with his head buried in his hands. Dr. Eames stood in front of the fire, with his hands behind him, and Dr. Armstrong had gone back to the window again as if to see how the frost looked from down-stairs.

Joy found that her lips had grown difficult to move; they did n't tremble, but they seemed heavy, and she said, "What is it?" in a curious voice, and without realizing that it was too short a sentence to sound quite polite.

Dr. Eames looked sharply from her to her mother, and Mrs. Featherstone said:

"Yes, you may as well tell her. She 's old enough to know and she has always taken care of the child."

"I am not perfectly certain what is the matter with your sister," said Dr. Eames, "but I am inclined to think, and Armstrong here agrees with me, that she has a very obscure and rare disease. I need not bother you with its name, but it is not—" He paused a moment to choose his words, but Mrs. Featherstone chose them for him.

"It is not curable," she said firmly.

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"Patch was sewing in the nursery when Joy opened the question"

"Do you mean that she is going to die?" asked Joy. She felt as if her body was a wire string of a violin, so tightly strung that at a touch it would break; but she held her head up as her mother had always told her to do, and looked Dr. Eames straight in the face.

For a long moment no one spoke, but she saw her father's shoulders heave. Then Dr. Eames said gently:

"I 'm afraid it 's not a recoverable disease. Armstrong will tell you all about it later. He knows the best treatment, and will carry it out for you. Nothing need be done to alarm the child. The best plan is to let her go on as long as possible as she is, not pressing her in any way."

"Will she suffer dreadfully?" asked Joy. Her heart was so exposed to pain that it demanded to know where it could safely rest, lest some deceitful mercy should lull it into false security, and pain, returning, destroy her unaware.

"I am afraid there will be suffering," said Dr. Eames after a pause, "but Armstrong will give her morphia when —she needs it."

"What is going to happen to her?" Joy asked desperately, looking from one to the other as if there must be some way of escape.

"Need we know any more?" Mrs. Featherstone asked quietly. "These details seem to me unnecessary. Dr. Eames has not even said that he is sure the disease has attacked the child. May we not all be conjuring up imaginary horrors?"

Neither of the two doctors answered this appeal. Joy looked at her mother. Her heart was divided against itself; she wanted intensely to spare that infexible figure any further pain. She was not deceived by Mrs. Featherstone's flawless self-control. She knew that her mother suffered as the unimaginative suffer, unpreventably and without the power to dodge a blow. But Rosemary, pitiful and small, caught at her heart for defense. Unless Joy knew exactly what the evil was, how could she spare Rosemary what might yet be spared her? She did not press her point any further, but her eyes went on with their relentless questions. Mrs. Featherstone gave a little gesture of defeat.

"Tell her," she said gently. "After all, she has a right to know; she will nurse the child."

"There won't be any difficulty about that," Dr. Eames said in a soothing voice. "It is not an infectious disease. In a household like yours it is virtually

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unknown; even in the hospitals it is extremely rare. I have only known two such cases in my whole career. It is one of the wasting diseases, Miss Featherstone, and in its later stages the bones pierce the skin. Death comes from exhaustion."

Mr. Featherstone said, "My God! my God!" into his handkerchief. Nobody else said anything. Mrs. Featherstone sat without stirring, meeting Joy's eyes. They were terrible to meet, because they seemed to be accusing her; but Mrs. Featherstone knew that they were not accusing her: they were accusing a universe which can hold such secrets.

After a moment's intolerable silence Mrs. Featherstone motioned for Joy to ring for tea and began to speak with perfect composure upon impersonal subjects. The doctors responded to her with visible relief, and Joy found that it was a help to make these two men less uncomfortable. Doctors do not like giving death-sentences. The deeper agony of her parents was a thing she could deal with presently; it would last long enough. Only Mr. Featherstone refused to be deflected from his grief. He drank two cups of tea without a protest, but left the room abruptly when his wife handed him a buttered muffin. A wall was built up between them and their agony.

The doctors stayed for a quarter of an hour and went off cheerful and absolved. Joy and her mother were left face to face. Mrs. Featherstone longed to take Joy in her arms and comfort her, but she dared not move. Deep in her truthful heart she knew that though she felt bitter remorse, she had no greater love for the little threatened life, and nothing but a love as great as her own would comfort Joy.

But Joy was not thinking of her comfort; she had not yet noticed her own pain. She saw her mother's, and Rosemary's was in her heart. She dropped on her knees, and with her arms around her mother she did the thing which she felt instinctively would help her most: she cried very softly, with her head against her mother's breast. They had this consolation: they were free together now in the center of their grief, and they knew that they would neither leave it nor each other until the end.

The life in Rock Lodge went on as usual. Mr. Featherstone had a grief, which was at first painful and then became a luxury. Sorrow added to his importance and relieved him from a feeling he sometimes had, of having a grievance without sufficient form to attract sympathetic attention.

Maude cried violently for half an hour, and then kept away from Rosemary as much as possible. The boys were written to, and felt the sharp and easily driven-under sympathy of boys; and Patch and Joy settled into the habit of continuous nursing.

The disease was quick and relentless. There were a few soft February days when Rosemary fluttered feebly on the cliff's-edge with Joy, and found the first snowdrops under the shadow of the rocks; but when the March winds roared and the daffodils showed their gold hoods in sunny corners, Rosemary never left her bed in the night nursery. Patch slept beside her at night, and Joy was with her nearly all the long, bright days.

Pain came with the spring and the sunshine. It was not a bearable pain; it came swiftly and overwhelmingly, blotting out the sunlight, making life ugly, and even love, though it was the

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one thing left worth having, sometimes a burden. There was neither interval nor horizon in her illness; and there seemed, above all, no mercy.

Joy's young and lovely face grew stern and colorless as she fought this strange enemy. She fought it desperately hour by hour with all the weapons of her young armory, courage and swiftness, patience and steadiness, the wings of imagination, and the unflinching sympathy of her single heart.

Dr. Armstrong came daily and gave her all the help he had. Occasionally, he suggested half-heartedly sending to Exeter for a trained nurse. But trained nurses were not common in the country-side, and he knew the child would have hated any substitute for her sister.

Joy never for a moment listened to any such idea. She loved the child; the child was therefore hers, and every hour and all her strength were Rosemary's. Very few people really bear other people's pain; they do not come within an instant's pang of it: but the few who do, bear more; they bear all the sufferer's pain and none of his alleviations. With undulled senses and sharpened nerves they drink the dregs of the cup; and there is not one of them who drink it who does not pray that the cup may pass, and who does not know that it will not pass until it has been emptied.

Joy could not think of other things. Sometimes her mother forced her to go out. They told her Nicolas was coming back on leave, and they even wanted her to go with Maude to a garden party; but she only looked at them with eyes which hardly noticed they were there.

Nobody was real to Joy except Dr. Armstrong, Patch, and Rosemary; not even the dogs. She went for one hour's walk daily over the moors with Ajax trailing faithfully beside her, but she never saw him at other times.

Rosemary was frightened if the dogs came into the room; they might knock against the bed, and when any one touched the bed it made her scream with pain.

Sometimes she screamed even when she had not been touched. Her screams rang in Joy's ears long after they had stopped. She used to hear them in the night, and run and listen outside the nursery door, where there was only silence.

Dr. Armstrong had begun the morphia, but he never let them give her enough. Joy had not thought of pain before. Old people in the village were sometimes ill, and soup and puddings went to them. The boys fell out of trees, broke small bones, which were easily set, and climbed back into the trees again. But now she knew that the universe had lied to her; it had told her to dance and sing when children could be tortured to death. She still trusted in God, and when she was n't amusing Rosemary, she prayed with a fierce and unrelenting passion. If anything could move the heavens, she would move them.

Joy always went to the early service every Sunday. It was a great help to her because she gave herself up then, and asked God to give her Rosemary's illness and spare Rosemary. Sometimes for five minutes she felt calm and happy, as if He had answered her and would really take her young body and break it and leave Rosemary free.

But it never happened. The calm was torn to shreds by the dreadfulness of her unblemished health. She was perfectly, unendurably well. She even

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ate and slept normally. And while Rosemary wasted away beneath the rod of pain, all the little flowers came out on the hillside and under the waterfalls. Primroses, pale and soft, like Rosemary when she was well, the youngest and most innocent of all the flowers. In the woods the harts'-tongue ferns burned green, and the bluebells made deep pools of azure underneath the trees.

Spring was beautiful and young; it set sharp teeth into Joy's heart. She could not bear the tender new-born leaves; the scent of a brier-rose came on her like a blow. The birds were worst of all, because even when they were quite young and unsteady on their wings they could fly away. And over and over again Joy whispered to herself as she watched their flight, "Oh, that she had wings like a dove, that she might flee away and be at rest!"

V

It was very near the end now. Joy did not know how near, but she had stopped asking Dr. Armstrong any questions. She had a terror of leaving Rosemary's room. It was as if what she was afraid of waited for her outside the door. She was safe as long as she stayed inside with Rosemary; even Rosemary's pain seemed less while she ministered to it.

Joy felt it was as silly to ask her to come away and rest as if some one suggested reading out loud to her while she was in a runaway dog-cart, and when her mother told her that Nicolas was down-stairs in the drawing-room waiting to see her, she felt a sudden exasperation against Nicolas. He had had no business to come back to England just then and want to see her in the drawing-room.

When she opened the door she saw him standing by Maude, who was pouring out tea, and they were both laughing merrily. Joy did not blame Maude for this; she shielded Maude even from her own thoughts, but she blamed Nicolas. When he looked up at Joy, he stopped laughing, and his face and voice grew very grave. He asked her at once how Rosemary was. It was right that it should be the first thing he said to her, but it was too close to that merry laughter for her really to answer him. She said quietly, almost indifferently, that Rosemary was just the same.

The room was full of people and merriment. Julia was there, and a

"Dr. Eames stethoscoped first the dolls and then Rosemary"

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"Rosemary fluttered feebly on the cliff's-edge with Joy, and found the first snowdrops"

strange man with her. Julia took Joy in her arms and held her close. Her eyes were wet, and she trembled as she held her. Joy could feel the thrill of her sympathy. Julia minded with a curious sharpness. She minded not because she had particularly liked Rosemary,—it was Nicolas whose favorite Rosemary had been,—but because the intensity of her own happiness made her for a moment understand pain.

Joy remembered in a dull way that some one had told her that Julia was engaged to be married, so that when Julia said, "This is Owen, Joy—Owen Ransome," Joy guessed this was the strange man who was going to marry Julia.

Owen Ransome was n't a bit like Nicolas. He was graceful and alert and quite peculiarly kind. He brought her tea and isolated Julia, Joy, and himself from the rest of them. Country people are always a little awkward and even resentful of strangers when they meet them for the first time, but there was no awkwardness in Mr. Ransome. He seemed at once like an old friend. He talked a great deal more than any one Joy had ever met, but quietly and unaggressively, as if he were covering up something that might hurt if it were left uncovered.

Julia listened to him and looked happy all the time, but her happiness did not hurt Joy as Nicolas's laugh had hurt her; it pleased and comforted her very much. She would have liked to sit for a long time with those two happy people. She felt like a convalescent, aware of her own weakness, drinking in with gratitude the warmth and strength of the sun.

Nicolas came over to her and asked her in a low voice if she would n't come out and show him the waterfall. She wished he had stayed with Maude. They had a waterfall of their own in the High Meadow, above the Rock. He made the excuse that after five years in India a fellow had a hankering for waterfalls. It was n't a good excuse, because the High Waterfall was a trivial affair. If Nicolas had wanted to look at a waterfall, Watersmeet, as he must have known, had a dozen very much grander ones. But although Nicolas always knew what he wanted, he was not very good at finding excuses for getting it.

Something or other happened when Nicolas came and stood behind her chair. Mr. Ransome looked at Nicolas, and Nicolas looked at Mr. Ransome, as if they did n't like each other. Joy knew Nicolas so well that she felt

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his dislike in the air. She did n't know Mr. Ransome, of course, and the quick glance he gave Nicolas might only have been surprise; but Julia flushed suddenly as if she felt it was n't only surprise.

Joy rose obediently and left the room with Nicolas. She did not want to go, and she felt vaguely hurt with Nicolas for taking her; but she knew that she had felt hurt lately for very slight causes. It was as if the power of pain in her heart drew against her all the little pricks and arrows of fortune. Pain had made her vulnerable to pain.

Nicolas was, as usual, extremely silent. He could n't make conversation, and he did n't try. He only walked along beside her, very big and brown, swinging his riding-cane in his hand and trying not to stare at her. At last he said in a queer, moved voice:

"You know I 'm most dreadfully sorry, don't you?"

Joy stopped short; the color rushed to her face. He could say that and laugh—laugh not as people laugh who are forcing themselves to be polite, but with a spontaneous gaiety!

"You used to love Rosemary," she said harshly. "Do you want to see her now?"

It was n't a fair thing to ask, and she knew it was n't. How could he want to see the racked and tortured child? Nicolas was afraid of his own clumsiness. He had none of the neat adaptability of the self-assured. Joy was deliberately forcing him to fail her, and he did fail her. He stepped back and stammered. He showed her that he did n't want to see Rosemary.

"Might we see the waterfall first?" he asked humbly.

Joy looked at her watch.

"I have half an hour," she said dryly.

She was singularly fair about the time. She might have given him only twenty minutes, but she would give him the ten extra reluctant minutes, since she was not prepared to give him anything else. The grass was thick and wet. The little waterfall hung over them, a frail sheet of foam; at their feet was a rushing pool where the small, broken waves folded and intersected themselves, running back on their own swiftness. The pool was surrounded by thick-set mosses and long, green ferns. A tiny stream broke out of it, sparkling and brown, feeding the rich grass meadow.

Nicolas could remember when he and Joy had paddled in the stream, Joy obediently lending herself to his authority upon the habits of paper boats. There was an india-rubber doll, too, that she had sacrificed to leap the waterfall, but had afterward, its contortions being agonizingly lifelike, insisted on Nicolas wading into the depths of the pool to save. She had no memory to spare for these things now. She asked Nicolas perfunctory questions about his life in India. At first he answered her in monosyllables; then he stopped speaking altogether, and only looked at her.

"Joy," he said at last, "I 've come back, but I don't know where you are."

"Don't you?" she asked bitterly. "You might know, if you 're so dreadfully sorry."

"You won't let me come near you," he said humbly. "If I can't come near, you know I can't tell you anything. I 'm too stupid. I 'm not like that glib fellow Ransome."

Joy moved farther away from him. She knew perfectly well that Nicolas

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had not meant physical nearness and that her action cut him to the quick. She knew that if only Nicolas would lose his temper with her she would feel a great deal better and probably be very kind to him, but Nicolas had a slow temper. He grew red under her treatment, but he did not lose his self-control.

"Why don't you like Mr. Ransome?" she asked coldly. "It must hurt Julia to have you so unfriendly."

"It 'll hurt Julia a damned sight more if she marries him," said Nicolas, fiercely.

"I suppose you learned to swear in India," she said stiffly.

"No, I did n't," said Nicolas, with a vexed laugh. "I learned to swear here about two minutes ago. Does every girl that man looks at lose her head about him?"

Joy had made him lose his temper at last, but it did n't improve matters. She was too indignant to speak.

"Nicolas!" she exclaimed. She did n't even remember what Mr. Ransome looked like, and how dared Nicolas think that she cared for any man's looks now?

She turned away, and began to walk back toward the house; but Nicolas's hand, which was as hard as iron, shot out and caught her by the wrist.

"Just one moment," he said quietly, letting it drop as soon as she had turned to face him. "I beg your pardon. I should n't have said that. But, Joy, when I was here before you used to let me tell you things, and you did n't think I was all wrong before even I 'd got them off my chest."

Joy came back to him in a moment.

"O Nicolas," she said quickly in quite a different voice, "are you unhappy, too?"

He looked at her with his queer eyes, which danced when they fought and danced when they were tender, but surely could n't dance if he was really unhappy, as they were dancing now.

"Where 's Ajax?" he asked her, instead of answering her question.

"Oh," said Joy, "did n't he come with us? I suppose I must have forgotten to let him out of the stable-yard."

"Look here," asked Nicolas, "are you going to forget everybody because they are n't ill?"

She took a quick breath as if he had struck her. It was unendurable of him to blame her now and to try to dissipate the awful concentration of her faculties. He wanted to interrupt her, and on her remaining free from interruption depended all her strength.

The worst of it was that Nicolas was real. She saw him not as she saw everybody else, as if they were figures moving about on a screen. Nicolas was as real as a burglar, and he broke into her privacy with just the same lawless force. But she had a weapon against him, and since he had attacked her, she would use it. She could always hurt Nicolas a great deal more than Nicolas could hurt her.

"You are not really unhappy," she said, "and it is no use trying to make me listen to you now. I dare say we were a great deal to each other when we were young; I don't remember. But I am not like what I was then. Everything is different for me now. Maude belongs to that time still, and I expect you will find the boys just the same. Why don't you go to them? They 'd love to have you."

"Thank you," said Nicolas, "I dare say they would, but I don't belong to any time. I belong to you. I thought

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you knew that. You can shut me out, of course, but you can't prevent my staying exactly where you shut me. I 'll wait if I have to; but if you make me wait, not even you can stop my being unhappy."

It was one thing to make Nicolas angry, but it was quite another, a most dreadful thing to Joy, to make any one who belonged to her unhappy. She had struck too hard, and her weapon returned against herself. She hesitated on the brink of recantation, and then the clock in the valley struck six. Joy started, and turned quickly away from him.

"Oh, I 'm late!" she cried, aghast. "Good-by."

She walked swiftly toward the house. Perhaps if Nicolas really liked waterfalls, he would stay and look at it. But he did n't stay; he swung along easily beside her in one of his companionable silences. When they reached the hall he said very gently, as if he had forgotten all about their angers:

"May I come up with you?"

She knew that she could n't bear him even to see Rosemary. She shook her head and ran up-stairs without a word; but she could n't quite get rid of him even in Rosemary's room. Her heart misgave her for being unkind. She had never deliberately tried to hurt any one before. She remembered that she had n't even asked what he had on his mind about Mr. Ransome. It was very unlike Nicolas to say anything against another man. He was not by nature critical and he never accused without a cause. His worst complaints of men he disliked were, as a rule, that they were not his sort; but he obviously went further than this in his opposition to that peculiarly kind man, Mr. Ransome.

Rosemary was asleep. Mrs. Featherstone sat bolt upright in a chair beside her. The sun filled the night nursery and touched in turn all Rosemary's flowers. Joy had made a garden of her room, and sometimes Rosemary smiled at them, and sometimes she turned her face toward the wall, as if looking at the flowers hurt her.

Mrs. Featherstone kissed Joy tenderly, and Joy clung to her. She knew how much her mother cared. Mrs. Featherstone did not spend much of her time with Rosemary, because she still did not understand illness; but she understood nearly everything else.

"'Joy,' he said at last, 'I 've come back, but I don't know where you are'"

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Her eyes rested on Joy questioningly for a moment, then she sighed, and kissed her again, before she slipped quietly out of the room. Joy was safe at last. She was close to the child, and there was nothing to disturb them. The blessed ease of the morphia wrapped the tiny slumbering form in peace.

Time moved imperceptibly. The rooks came home to the elms at the bottom of the garden, shaking the sky with their reverberating voices and the rocketing of their thick, black wings. A distant cuckoo held his evening song later than all the other singing birds. The light grew intense, and then slowly began to fade. Joy heard the horses come up the drive to take the Pennants home. There was a soft sound at the door. For a moment her heart beat fast and angrily. Could it be Nicolas who had disobeyed her?

But Nicolas would not disobey her. It was only Julia, who came in and knelt beside the bed—Julia, with her beauty and her thrilling happiness, touched to the depth of her heart by little Rosemary. She knelt there, hardly daring to breathe for a long time, and then she buried her head in Joy's lap and shook with silent tears.

Joy bent her head and whispered reassurances and consolations to Julia. She wanted to make it easy for her to think of Rosemary, and for Nicolas she had wanted to make thinking of Rosemary hard.

"It is n't really so bad now," she whispered; "she does n't suffer so much. She 's not exactly better, but anything is better than pain."

Julia kissed Joy's hands, and then very tenderly kissed her face. The tears were running down Julia's cheeks, but Joy did n't cry.

"Oh, I want you to be happy," Julia whispered—"happy as I am happy! You *will!* You *will!* O Joy!" and Joy smiled a queer little wan smile in answer. She was wondering at the importance people attached to happiness. It seemed to her like something that had happened to her a long time ago and which she had forgotten.

Then Julia left her, and it was only after the door had closed behind her that Joy realized Nicolas had come upstairs, too. He was standing just outside the door all the time.

(To be continued)

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Jack London as a Boy

From "The Book of Jack London"

By CHARMIAN LONDON

§ 1

SOMETIMES Jack London indulged in speculations upon the possible effects to himself if his early formative period had been passed under conditions of culture and leisure.

"I should most likely have become a poet," he would declare, "or a composer. As it was, an equal urge came to me later from both poetry and music. I was somewhat of an exquisite, I 'm afraid, if only from my excessive physical sensibilities, but I am sure not a sissy," he would add, with a whimsical look at me. "If I had turned to sociology at all, it would have been merely in an intellectual, impersonal way, not because I felt kinship with the submerged. Curiosity rather than sympathy would have led me to investigate here and there out of my elect caste. You know how I love to prowl, anyway; no interval is long enough to make me forget the lure of it." And to Cloudesley Johns, in March, 1899, he wrote: "It is well you appreciate the virtue in lack of wealth, and you seem to be all the better for it. Here 's what wealth would have done for me: it would have turned me into a prince of good fellows, and, barring accident, would have killed me of strong drink before I was thirty."

By nature a leader, a master, Jack would probably have grown up elegantly autocratic, even despotic in a benevolent way, had the conditions attending his adolescence been less unsympathetic. As it was, there was implanted in him a second nature of protest and rebellion. However, except as he bludgeoned with his intellect, there was no cruelty in him. Once, and once only, in childhood, he had tortured an animal, a frog, the only assignable motive being curiosity. And he never forgot this, or ever forgave himself. In the year of his death I happened to be present when a young fellow related humorously, and with apparent relish, how in boyhood he had suspended a puppy by its paws and enjoyed its pitiful yapping when he struck it. From his face I glanced to Jack's, which moved no muscle, yet recoiled with every nerve, while his eyes became welling pools of darkness. He had liked this man.

By land and water I have traveled with Jack London: by tramp and liner, windjammer, sampan, pleasure-craft of all sorts; in railroad trains of many countries; by automobile, bicycle, saddle, and horse-drawn vehicle; even on foot, which was least to our mutual liking; and we but awaited opportunity to take to the blue together, the chance coming to me alone after he had gone beyond that blue. But it was upon the liquid two thirds of earth's surface that I saw him most blissfully content. Dawn or twilight, he loved

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the way of a boat upon the sea. His bright, inquisitive spirit might have sailed to its human birthplace, so native was he to the world's watery spaces. "The sea nurtured a gallant and adventurous spirit that made us all watch his banner. His influence was felt like a great vitalizing breath from the West—wide land of red-veined men in which he lived and died." "Seamen have at all times been a people apart," curiously so, from the rest of their kind; and the sailor Jack London was a man apart from the rest of himself. Imagination, nerves, work, pleasure—all ran in smoother grooves when his feet stood between the moving surface and the blowing sky, his own intelligence the equalizing force amidst unstable elements. Seldom in waking hours without book or spoken argument exerting their influence upon his wheeling brain, yet at the helm of his boat, braced for day-long hours, he would stand rapt in healthful ecstasy of sheer being, lord of life and the harnessed powers of nature, unheedful of physical strain, his own hand directing fate.

§ 2

Graduation from grammar-school came about his thirteenth year. Pathetically enough, the poor boy did not appear at the graduation exercises, because he was ashamed of his shabby clothes. It will interest many a harsh critic of Jack London's chosen careless attire to learn that he was once the slave of convention in matters sartorial. I have heard him laugh softly, with a dimness in his eyes, at the pathos of the shrinking little figure he had cut in earliest school-days, when his mother clad him in a linen coat that he thought different from his schoolmates' attire and he died a thousand deaths of shame.

It had come to the ears of busy Eliza that her brother intended to forego being class historian at the ceremonial, to which honor he had been elected. She made an effort to locate him, that she might buy him a new outfit, and left word for him to come to her. But for some reason her plans miscarried.

School being finished, what playtime remained after "hustling" newspapers and performing odd jobs was spent in a fourteen-foot, decked-over skiff equipped with center-board and flimsy sail. Questing a new world beyond the tide-ripped mouth of the estuary, out upon the treacherous water of the bay proper, he ventured to Goat Island, more formally Yerba Buena, now conspicuous in all the efficient array of a naval training station. The fish he bore home gave him economic sanction for his favorite recreation, and he felt very important with those still dimpled fists closed about the rickety little tiller, captain of his ship and his soul, salt spray upon his parted lips, and the free west wind sweeping through his young lungs, which, unlike other blessings, came without price. Sitting high on the windward rail, sheet in hand feeling out the strength of the breeze, with wistful eyes he watched great vessels tow toward the Golden Gate, breaking out their gleaming canvas, and longed to run away to sea. Or, slipping along with slack sheet before a light zephyr, one eye on the sail, one hand at the helm, he devoured numberless tales of voyagers, the covers of which he first protected with newspaper against injury by salt spray.

In this wise he applied himself to

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master the manners of little craft until their management should become automatic to hand and brain. Here he laid a foundation for the consummate small-boat sailor to whom I, yachtswoman long in advance of our meeting, intrusted my life seventeen years later in ocean voyaging on a forty-five-foot ketch. "The small-boat sailor is the real sailor," was his opinion, although he courteously prefaced the remark with, "Barring captains and mates of big ships." He added: "He knows how to make the wind carry his craft from one given point to another given point. He must know about tides and rips and eddies, bar and channel markings, and day and night signals; he must be wise in weather lore; and he must be sympathetically familiar with the peculiar qualities of his boat, which differentiate it from every other boat that was ever built and rigged. He must know how to gentle her about, as one instance of a myriad, and to fill her on the other tack without deadening her way or allowing her to fall off too far." And as for the captains of liners, as well as officers and able seamen, I have heard them frankly admit, "No, I can't swim, and I don't know the first thing about handling small sailing vessels." It is an art by itself, and Jack London became a past master of it during his early teens.

Never did he forget his astonishment upon encountering his first modern deep-water sailor, a runaway from an English merchantman. He sat in breathless worship of this unbelievable sea-god, who discoursed lightly of hair-raising hurricanes and violent deeds in strange lands and oceans. One day the superior being consented to sail with the grateful boy. "With all the trepidation of the veriest little amateur I hoisted sail and got under way. Here was a man, looking on critically, I was sure, who knew more in one second about boats and the water than I could ever know. After an interval, in which I exceeded myself, he took the tiller and the sheet. I sat on the little thwart amidships, open-mouthed, prepared to learn what real sailing was. My mouth remained open, for I learned what a real sailor was in a small boat.

"He could n't trim the sheet to save himself; he nearly capsized several times in squalls, and once again by blunderingly jibing over. He did n't know what a center-board was for, nor did he know that in running a boat before the wind one must sit in the middle instead of on the side; and, finally, when we came back to the wharf, he ran the skiff in full tilt, shattering her nose and carrying away the mast-step. A man can sail in the forecastle of big ships all his life and never know what real sailing is."

§ 3

Sometimes a lucky boy was his companion on the thrilling traverse to Goat Island, athwart the churning wakes of leviathan ferry-steamers. But most often he occupied unshared his domain of free, fair solitude, milling out his own problems, empirical or spiritual, the former rooted in one sure test: "Will it work? Will you trust your neck to it?" The latter resolving into an equal conviction that the existence he escaped on shore was sordid and meaningless compared with this. Unaided by man, he was engaged in identifying himself with the universe as it unfolded to his unboyish perspective, establishing his separate ego.

Here, fleeing from the crowded tur-

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moil ashore, thrilling with beauty and wonder in the "vast indifference of heaven and sea," he fell into a cool gravity of contemplation that few realized of him in his manhood. I knew; for with him, speeding away from cities, in peace and truth I was

> as one that leaves
> The heat and babble of a crowded room
> And steps into the great, cool, silent night.

"No one has helped me vitally. Name me one," he has challenged in bald moments when the struggling past arose. And in reviewing what I know from him and of him, it does seem that after eliminating all who tried to help, one finds the history of a success that was won almost despite proffered assistance, for the most part misdirected. This was because, in the main, the effort, through misconception of his superb free quality, made toward conventionalizing, holding him back and down. The only souls who may rest in joy of having helped are those who have my gratitude, who gave him moments of happiness.

Dreamer though he was, and dream though he did, the boy learned withal that a boat would capsize and he be brine-soaked or worse if he did not apply practical system in handling her. While his ardent boyish heart was aware of beauty and pleasure, he respected the means of their attainment. "I have been *real*," he adjudged his mental method, "and did not cheat reality any step of the way."

Those who choose for the foundation of their judgments the sensational aspects of his career are surprised that his approach by water was not heralded by much noise of steam or gasolene-driven machinery, or, upon terra firma, by dust-rimmed, red-devil touring-car. Once, indeed, during a period of dangerous depression, he had contemplated the big red devil, biggest and reddest, for the outrunning of his blue fiends. But he never owned an automobile, although, when in 1916 we planned a world-around voyage after the war, the finest purchasable car was to be an item of dunnage in a remodeled three-topmast schooner such as we had seen lying in the Alameda Basin.

"We shall be anachronisms, you and I, Mate Woman," he would declare gleefully, "for when we are seventy and beyond, still shall we be riding and driving horses on the highways, still shall we be sailing boats. I do believe that boat-sailing is a finer, more difficult art than running a motor. It would n't be right to insist that any one can run the newest fool-proof gasolene machinery, but most of us can. This is not true of sailing a boat. It takes more skill and intelligence, and certainly more training."

Picturing the embryo sailor steering the frail fabric of wood and cotton, clinging almost a part of this workable thing of his dreams, curls blown back from the uplifted face, with its marveling smile, I am reminded of what Edwin Markham wrote me in the shadows:

> I think of him as part of the heroic youth and courage of the world.

§ 4

One fails to discern where he passed from boyhood into youth. Paradoxically, one might say, as he often said, that there never was a boyhood for him. Hardly did he experience even a youth. From first to last

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it was as boy-man and man-boy that he came face to face with life. "I never had a boyhood," were his own words, "and I seem to be hunting for that lost boyhood." One passion of my wifehood was that to son of his and mine I might have part in making up for that ineffable treasure of childhood that Jack London had missed.

For witness how, in physical immaturity, striving as always for fuller scope, he foregathered in all lawlessness with youths and men. Displaying a rare knowledge of their foreignness, incredibly soon he was able so to coördinate with it as to annihilate incongruity of years and step forth indisguishable, to them, from their own essential quality. Not with foreign bloods, however, was his initiation into the man-game. It took place in the familiar "creek," aboard the large sloop yacht *Idler*, lying not far from the unused, wide-waisted whalers. To the romancing eye of the youngster, head crammed with enticing stories of seafaring, she was shrouded in fabulous mist; for rumor had it that she was interned in connection with a questionable, but dare-devil, transaction known as opium-smuggling in savage isles on the western sea-rim, none less than the Sandwich Islands of glib geography recitation. On more than one occasion his skiff had tacked at respectful distance from the slim, white hull and raking mast, and he had vaguely envied the husky, bronzed caretaker who kept the elegant craft shipshape.

Then one day came the golden opportunity to make acquaintance with this brawny man of nineteen, who was reputed to be a harpooner waiting his chance to put to sea in professional capacity on one of the whalers, the *Bonanza*, whose tumble-home sides even now resounded to the tinkering incident to outfitting for a long-delayed voyage. It was the beforementioned runaway English sailor who made possible the event by asking Jack to put him aboard the *Idler* for a "gam" with the harpooner. The boy, inwardly trembling with delight, hoisted his tiny sail, and directly they were zipping across the water of the estuary. He and the sailor were bidden hospitably on deck by the caretaker, and Jack, before going below, in precise seamanlike method dropped his boat astern on a long painter, "with two nonchalant half-hitches," that there might be no scratching of the yacht's shining white paint. Then he followed with bated breath down the brass-adorned companionway, and filled his unaccustomed lungs with the musty, damp odor of the first sea-interior he had ever entered.

If we may trace any definite line betwixt his youth and manhood, it leads to this cabin of the opium-smuggler *Idler*, where, though he lapsed for a time thereafter, he became indissolubly bound with the affairs of men. And such men! "At last I was living. Here I sat, inside my first ship, a smuggler, accepted as comrade by a harpooner and a runaway English sailor who said his name was Scotty." Preserving discreet silence, that he might display no jarring immaturity, he was taken for granted. Newly aware of his own uncouth land-lubberly garments, he regarded the clothing that gently swayed on the cabin walls to the roll left by passing tugs: "Leather jackets lined with corduroy, blue coats of pilot-cloth, sou'westers, sea-boots, oilskins." It all gave out a musty smell, "but what

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of that? Was it not the sea-gear of men?" And the cabin! It and its appointments were photographed on his retina for all time, and their like registered "as the dearest and most desirable of surroundings; . . . everywhere was in evidence the economy of space—the narrow bunks, the swinging tables, the blue-backed charts carelessly rolled and tucked away, the signal-flags in alphabetical order, and a mariner's dividers jammed into the woodwork to hold a calendar."

§ 5

And now the swift-evolving boy of fourteen, shrewdly observing by aid of the usual allotment of senses and that extra one of fitness, which was the flower of the other five, renewed acquaintance with the oblique concomitant of manhood's untrammeled prowess and comradery. Where could they get something to drink? Nothing aboard, and no licensed saloons anywhere near. The harpooner knew, and, with flask in pocket, disappeared over-side. The flask was full when again the click of his rowlocks was heard, and the smallest member of the law-scoffing company was deeply mystified concerning the relation between "rot-gut," euphonious name by which the adulterated fire-water was known to these swagger adventurers, and certain sightless swine; but it was not many moments before the significance of "blind pig" burst upon him.

Vinegar and gall the liquor was to his lips and throat; but he "drank with them, drink by drink, raw and straight, though the damned stuff could n't compare with a stick of chewing taffy or a delectable 'cannon-ball.'" And to spend fortunes of cents on such debatable nectar! He carried twenty such in his man-length jeans, and could not do less than contribute them with off-hand smile toward the many refillings of the old square-face bottle, "though with regret at the enormous store of candy" they represented.

And yet, as the hours flew, and the fumes rose and worked within his hard young skull, not wholly was he unaware of the virtue of the potion that unbound his wonted diffidences and true modesty. Absorbing the unloosed confidences of these suddenly established cronies, his ego began to loom like a jinn within its narrow house, realizing an unsuspected stature side by side with taller egos. All attention to a self-glorying tale of valor from Scotty, and its lurid fellow from the harpooner, he perceived, quite correctly, if glamourously, that he had not done so badly, either, in his solitary wanderings. Waiting for a pause, he launched into bold narrative of how he had sailed his skiff across the bay in a big southeaster that held deep-water tonnage at non-too-safe anchorage in port. Spurred by the respect he seemed to command, a step further he dared, charging Scotty with being a "bum" hand in a small sailboat. Only another round of whisky disengaged the inflamed pair, who, now outside all reticence, vowed in maudlin embrace that, inseparable, they would navigate the round world around. Jack beheld himself one of the *Bonanza's* crew in the North Pacific, thence in other keels to far India. All three roared sea-shanties, and they boasted to the pitying skies.

"The fortunate man is he who cannot take a couple of drinks without becoming intoxicated," was Jack London's opinion. "The unfortunate wight is the one who can take many

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glasses without betraying a sign." And though the young Jack had betrayed signs a-many on this day of vast consequence, it was he, the virgin carouser, who put the two seasoned sinners to bed. Yearning himself to lose consciousness in another of the tempting mattressed bunks, he yet felt called upon to demonstrate, new-made giant that he was, that no tottering weakness moved within him. Again at his tiller, sail set, he plunged the skiff's bow into the crisping channel, and angled, madly careering, across to the Oakland shore.

"I was now at the pinnacle of exaltation. I sang 'Blow the Man down' as I sailed. I was no boy of fourteen, living the mediocre ways of a town. I was a man, a god, and the very elements rendered me allegiance as I bitted them to my will."

The water was at lowest ebb, and hundreds of feet of greasy, gray mud intervened between its lapping edge and the boat-landing. With centerboard lifted, he drove full speed into the ooze, and, when the skiff lost headway, stood up in the stern-sheets and punted with an oar, as was his custom. And here outraged mind and flesh refused to function in common. As the one capitulated to the poison, the other crumpled overboard into the unspeakable slime, and the poor little man of the world knew painfully, as his skin tore against the barnacles of a broken pile, that he was nauseatingly drunk. But not as the others were drunk, he still contended as he scrambled to his feet, for in the sinuous maze of his struggling wits there stirred a lofty satisfaction that he had surely beaten two strong men at their own game.

Once more, as in San Mateo six years before, he swore, "Never again!" Not even the limitless vision he had been vouchsafed, in addled ecstasy, of the glories of a conquered world could compensate for the come-back of miserable days of sickness and depression. Purple and alluring as had been the dream, it and the means of it he repudiated, spent his next savings on taffy and "all-day suckers," and returned to his odd jobs and life on the streets. The inexhaustible trove of the library seemed ample foreign adventuring for the nonce.

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Loafing down Long Island

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

§ 1

IV. SAG HARBOR AND THE NORTH SHORE

ONE might liken Long Island to a slice of bread cut lengthwise from a Vienna loaf. Many people, when they eat bread, leave the crust and go only after the middle. But once you decide to put your teeth into Long Island, as it were, the process would be reversed: you would go definitely for the outer rim, all those fascinating spots along the shore, both north and south, and leave the interior almost entirely alone. Yet now and then there is a fine plum in the middle, for there are lakes and bays that seem to have fallen, as in that sentimental song on Ireland, from the very sky, and tiny towns have sprung up naturally on their edges.

Such a village is Sag Harbor, leaning out over Shelter Island Sound, with Noyack Bay on its left, a shadowy, quiet place of dreams, with curious old houses that remind one of New England in its most romantic precincts—houses that have stood for generations and heard the noisy world rush by. There are old fishermen here and roundabout who have never been to New York, no, not once in all their lives; yet they would tell one they had had a pleasant time of it, and would not count the years as lost which they have spent in this venerable village.

Ernest and I had delightful friends at Sag Harbor, whither we went by train one perfect morning, the kind of friends who, knowing they were not to be at home on this particular day, nevertheless left word with Sarah, their marvelous cook, to prepare a luncheon for us that we knew would be fit for Lucullus, and bade us stop without fail at their cottage and make it our own.

And we did. They lived on Hog's Neck, just across a little bridge, and the water kissed their lawn, so that they could go out for a swim directly

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from the house and sit down to luncheon in their bathing-suits. They had a view that would delight the soul of any one, and I can think of nothing finer than to spend honeyed afternoons on their veranda, doing nothing at all.

Hog's Neck is real country, and the road leads straight to a primitive ferry. Upon the rocking little craft perhaps three automobiles, by much manœuvering, could huddle, and about a dozen passengers. The strip of water that separates Hog's Neck from Shelter Island is scarcely a stone's-throw in width, and it is like crossing a miniature English Channel to get over. The water, choppy, and trying to be exceedingly disagreeable and rough, reminds one of a kitten imitating a tiger. If we had been in a little backwoods region of Georgia we could not have found a more archaic ferry or one more enchantingly simple.

The shores are deeply wooded on both sides, and here Long Island bears another aspect, and one can scarcely believe that this is part of the same island that is low and flat and dusty and at times fashionably foolish, or foolishly fashionable, as one prefers. This is one of the great charms of the place—that it is so different in different localities, and the unexpected greets one at every turn. Who was it that said that water, to a landscape, is what eyes are to a human face? There are so many beautiful blue eyes on Long Island that the wanderer is always sure of expression and animation in the countenance of the country.

If one should wish to leave Sag Harbor by another route than ours, I can recommend a back road, leaving the main street of the town on the left, that takes one to Southampton and all the points in that direction. Noyack Bay and its snug inlets and, later, Little Peconic Bay can be seen through the thick trees, and one can ride or walk here without meeting a soul. Once in a while there will be a cluster of farm-houses, and, miraculously, a shop of some sort, like a rose in a forest. But these will be but momentary hints of civilization.

But this road was not ours to-day. We were going across to the north shore, and after the first ferry we knew there would be another. Shelter Island is full of romatic suggestion. Almost in the center of it there is a tangled old graveyard, a veritable Spoon River cemetery, with tumbling headstones placed here many decades ago, at a period when parents evidently opened the family Bible when a child came into the world and selected the name for it that the finger first fell upon; for here sleeps many a Moses, Esther, Samuel, and Daniel, and there were likewise such quaint, old-fashioned names as Abbie, Calvin, Jemina, Hepzidah, Caleb, Phœbe, and Asenath.

At Shelter Island Heights there stands a rather grand hotel that seems to be filled all summer, for there are good fishing and sailing along these delightful shores, and many large craft seek safety here during storms, and thus is accounted for the island's beautifully practical name. Down on our right lay Manhanset, where there used to be a fine hotel until it was burned to ashes about three years ago. Now there is a club-house in its place.

You can reach Greenport in about five minutes, a sleepy town at the railroad's end, a full stop, a period, as it were; yet there are snatches of a sentence beyond it, and if the words do not piece together properly, that is

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because few people take the trouble to hear them.

Greenport is full of ship-chandlers, and tall masts rock in the bay. In the winter-time the town virtually depends upon scallops and oysters for its livelihood, and the fishermen go out in hordes and come back laden with spoils. In November there is always plenty of duck-shooting around Greenport, and it is no extraordinary achievement for one man to bring home two hundred birds a day.

§ 2

Orient Point is the real period on Long Island's north shore, just as Montauk Point thus punctuates the south shore. The next morning Ernest and I determined to get there. Never was there a more perfect day, with diamonds dropping on the sound and in the bay. Just after East Marion is reached there is a strip of land so narrow that Orient Harbor and the wide sound almost meet. In heavy storms the waves all but cross the road, and sometime we may have an Orient Island, beginning with Terry Point and extending the few miles eastward. A heavy stone wall delays the seemingly inevitable separation, but it may crumble in a gale of violence and cause Orient Point to be lonelier even than it now is. For the hotel is vacant—a long, low, brown building as forlorn as a deserted railroad. Its closed eyes tell the passer-by it is sleeping in the shadows, and so few motorists get out this far that there is nothing to disturb its slumbers. It is a pity that they will not push toward this region, for the farm-lands are lovely, and the clean little homes are in refreshing contrast to some of the statelier mansions of which one can grow weary.

We were told of Hallock's model farm, with its overhead system of irrigation, run by a man of ideas and his three sons. Potatoes and Brussels sprouts are the chief vegetables raised, and it is a sight to see long rows of plants with apparently endless lines of pipe above them, with clever arrangements for the turning on of water. The extensive farm runs to the edge of Gardiner's Bay, where the owner has his own wharf and his own boats for transporting his crops direct to the markets of New York. Another young farmer in this neighborhood, where the soil is rich and fertile, earned, the legend runs, upward of thirty thousand dollars in one season; and if this is true and I am unconsciously creating a boom in real estate, I hope I shall not spoil the country for those already happily established there. Both Orient and East Marion are fine little villages, and I would not care to see them ruined by a sudden influx of passionate pilgrims determined to grow rich and stay forever.

The path to the point is much like that on the south shore, narrow and crooked; and when you arrive at the tip of the land, the sense of being monarch of all you survey comes over you thrillingly. In the blue distance lies Plum Island, with Fort Terry like a sleeping lion upon it; and in between, the brownish-red lighthouse, resting, apparently, on a single rock, yet impervious to the crashing waves.

Near East Marion is St. Thomas's Home for city children, where seventy-five youngsters can be accommodated at one time. They come in relays every two weeks, and go back to town brown and ruddy, plump and spruce.

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§ 3

The next town to Greenport of any size is the beautiful old town of Southold, which, five years ago, celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary with a pageant during several days of festivity. The Rev. John Youngs came from England three hundred years ago and built the first house in Southold. This ancient building is still standing, just off the main street, and it was a German innkeeper, a man who had been in Southold twenty-three years, who directed us to it. When people settle in this charming village, you see, they generally remain; and it is no wonder, for the broad avenues are sheltered by tremendous arching trees, and quiet broods here, and peace is the town's best companion. The Presbyterian minister has also shepherded his flock for twenty-three years, and the ivy-grown cemetery, like the one on Shelter Island, is a perpetual reminder of vanished days, with Mehetable, Temperance, Lorenzo, Salter, Dency, Abijah, Harmony, Arminda, Abner, Susa, Thaddeus, Erastus, and China (doubtless the son of an old sea-captain) all resting serenely while the world wags along. And a certain Samuel, so his tombstone informed us, was "gathered to his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe."

As Ernest and I passed out of it on our way to Cutchogue (which sounds like a sneeze, but is really a nice little town), we heard Caruso's voice coming from a phonograph in a poor man's home, a modern note, literally, in a quaint old village that has snuggled under its trees these many years.

We shall always hold Southold in specially happy remembrance, for it was there, while sitting on the porch of the inn, that a young man, overhearing us speak of our walking trip, straightway offered, if we felt tired, to take us on to the next village in his runabout; and when we declined, with thanks, his unexpected offer, we discovered that he made his suggestion despite the fact that in a short time he was going to take a charming young lady riding in the opposite direction. Courtesy to two strangers could surely go no further, and when we saw him dash happily away with loveliness beside him, we certainly wished him well. But a town as nice as Southold would be sure to contain just such nice folk.

Shelter Island

After we had left Southold and

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walked several miles, we stopped under a tree to refresh ourselves. Few motors were out on this lovely afternoon, and we were in no hurry at all. Ernest is English, and though we had had a delicious luncheon at Southold, he craved his tea, and began to ruminate on the lovely inns of England, where one could always drop in and get some bread and cheese and bitter beer, if nothing else. The mere mention of these delicacies made my mouth water.

"There is nothing to do," I said to my reminiscent friend, "except to press on to Riverhead, maybe stealing or begging a ride; for there 's not a place along here where we can get even a snack."

Indeed, the road was a canonical one, with little to interest us save now and then a clump of beautiful trees. I was hot and dusty, too, and suddenly, for no reason at all, but prompted, no doubt, by the same imp that had lured us into the movies, I wanted to see a New York paper. I wanted it, I suppose, because I knew I could not get it; and Ernest began to laugh at the strings that still held me to the city, country pilgrim though I pretended to be. And he reminded me of that line of Hazlitt's, in the essay "On Going a Journey," "I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it."

"Ah," I answered, "but does n't he also speak of the advantages of walking alone? Talkative companions, he held, were—"

"I won't speak all the rest of the way, if that 's how you—and Hazlitt—feel," Ernest answered, with a smile in the corner of his mouth; and though later I begged for his clever conversa-

"We stopped . . . to refresh ourselves"

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tion, he was adamant and would not converse at all until we got to a cross-roads near Mattituck. Here was an inn, not comparable with the English taverns, of course, where people "met to talk," a sign informed us, punning outrageously.

"The very place to break your silence," I suggested to my friend; and, laughing, we went in for tea.

In Riverhead there is a lovely little garden which the motorist will be sure to miss. That is one of the compensations of walking—you come upon spots of beauty almost accidentally. For instance, had I not gone into a chemist's shop for some tooth-paste and, in coming out, looked down the street, I would never have caught a glimpse of water that beckoned me from the road. A private dwelling stood at the intersection of two paths, and at first I was afraid I was trespassing; but no signs deterred my progress, and soon I came to this miniature Cliff Walk, surrounding a lake at the river's head, with a dam flowing toward the village, and flowers blooming in rich profusion all about. The backs of several charming houses looked out upon this enchanting inclosure, and along the narrow way moved young lovers in happy pairs. Riverhead itself is nothing but a stereotyped, dull town, with a big jail, a monument or two, and several conventional hotels; but this spot lies like a jewel on its breast.

§ 4

We had intended, on another jaunt, to go from Riverhead to Wading River, touching the villages roundabout and getting glimpses of the sound in all its lavish color, and working our way to Oyster Bay. This time I was with Peb, and once more the weather could not have been finer—crystal clear in the mornings, yet warm, with now and then a haze; for we were deep in August, and the world sometimes drew a veil around itself on these torrid afternoons.

But the road from Riverhead was anything but exciting. It led us to a wide, bleak, dusty, undeveloped, seemingly endless highway, and we grew mighty weary of our tramping. There is no sense in trying to make headway when one feels like this. The map had not told us how stupid this region was to be; so we made up our minds we would hail the first passer-by on wheels and crave the blessing of a lift. To get to a town was the only wise thing to do. There we could loiter about in the shade, and perhaps reach the water and take delight in looking on long, sandy stretches of beach.

But travelers on wheels evidently knew this forlorn and scraggly precinct and would have none of it. I don't recall, in all our journeying along main roads, that there were ever fewer cars rolling by us. However, after we had been making the best of it for several miles, a man came along in a handsome car, and we looked longingly at the empty back seat of his machine, and hailed him politely. Instead of pausing, he took on added speed, and whizzed forward in such haste that he left us railing at him in a cloud of thick dust. I hope he had a breakdown or that the village constable arrested him for speeding, for I never wanted a ride more, and I was parched with thirst. It is n't pleasant to contemplate such a selfish soul when one is footsore and hot and hungry all at once.

But our next motorist, if one cares to call a butcher in a cart by so high-toned a name, was far more human,

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even though his business was the unpleasant one of killing cattle. He took us aboard with an exceeding warmth of spirit. Maybe he was lonesome; but he said anywhere we wanted to go, he 'd take us there. We liked him for that,—who would n't?—and when the road forked, and he slowed down to let us decide whether we wanted to go on to Wading River or continue with him to Smithtown, we of course told him Smithtown was good enough for any sane traveler, particularly as it was his village, and he had praised it as I have heard few residents praise their own birthplace. Smithtown was, according to him, the finest little place on the whole island, and we would n't be making any mistake if we spent the night there. Hotels? Of course; several of them, and he, being an old inhabitant, would take us personally to whichever inn we chose, and make sure we were put up comfortably. A thriving place, a most progressive town, full of nice people. Oh, yes, Smithtown was O. K., and he did n't care who heard him say so, and he 'd tell the world. He did n't mean to be boastful, but—

Thus he rambled proudly on as we drove through desolate country, and almost wished we had gone our own way. We came at last to the entrance to Camp Upton, now almost deserted of soldiers, but with the rifle-range still active. Then we passed down shadowy roads, with here and there a farm-house that seemed miles from anywhere, for this is a sparsely settled district. A gorgeous sunset was before us, and as the twilight came down like a slow curtain at the opera, we wondered why more people did not know about this fine road through the middle of the island, and use it instead of the more sociable thoroughfares that lead to town. We went by beautiful Artists' Lake, through Coram, Selden, and New Village, and I kept thinking that surely the next town must be our destination. It was getting chilly, and of course we had no coats, and our butcher did drive fast and was everlastingly chatty.

Finally I ventured to ask him how much farther we had to go, and he answered nonchalantly, "Oh, maybe eight or nine miles." But it seemed to us we must have traveled twenty, and it was getting on to half-past eight, and both of us were disgracefully hungry, when some straggling houses at length came in view. These, I thought with relief, must form the outskirts of humming little Smithtown. In a moment the electric signs of the movie-theaters would greet our eyes, and we would eat in a brilliantly lighted dining-room (I could visualize the typical American hotel), and then we would swiftly fall into a deep sleep, despite the fact that glittering signs winked in at us through our windows.

"Are we nearing your home town?" Ernest inquired.

"We 're in it," our butcher replied. Every goose was a swan to him. Instead of the roaring main street we had thought of, we found ourselves in what was virtually a pasture, with houses scattered all about us; and in a moment the hotel, around which I had imagined trolleys would heave and dash, was before us—a calm, somnolent frame building on a little knoll, with only one lamp in the window, and an innkeeper and his wife who welcomed us with true bucolic hospitality. We were overjoyed with the silence and the peace of it. Cobblestones? We found none in Smithtown; only soft,

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clean, winding streets and lovely trees and birds and flowers.

The country in this neighborhood is delightful, and one can ramble about it for miles and never grow weary of it. There are little hills and cozy turnings, waterfalls and sequestered farmhouses and larger estates, some of real magnificence.

§ 5

Running through the middle of Long Island is the fascinating line of the Motor Parkway, built several years ago for the delight of the motorist who revels in high speed, and is happy only when he has the right of way. It begins just north of Floral Park, and leads direct to Lake Ronkonkoma, where the French restaurant called Petit Trianon has been for many seasons a dream spot, if ever there was one. The lucky motorist! How many places there are of mushroom growth that are only for him! But coming for luncheon at this inn, he will be likely, being a speed fiend, to go back as he came, on the glistening Parkway, and miss the rustic beauties of the town of Ronkonkoma, where Maude Adams lives in seclusion during the summer. So, while he gains much, he also loses a great deal; and while the king's highway is beautiful, like all things kingly, it is lonesome; and save for an occasional toll-gate-keeper one encounters few people on this level, gleaming stretch that runs like a long, smooth, brown-velvet ribbon beneath the wheels of one's car.

Though we missed the province between Wading River and Port Jefferson and Setauket at one time, we took the trail on another occasion, passing through such lovely villages as Shoreham, Rocky Point, and Miller's Place. The towns themselves, which are very popular as summer colonies, are not literally on the water, but some of them reach out to the sound, and bathing pavilions, like jeweled fingers, touch the sandy shore. This has always been for me one of the high spots of Long Island, perhaps because I can never forget a paradisial week I spent here several years ago at the lonely cottage of a friend, with only one servant to look after my needs. I recall sunrises of tropic beauty, and flaming sunsets that could not be matched even along the Mediterranean, and hours of such complete solitude that I completely erased the thundering city from my brain and existed only in a realm of dreams.

Smithtown

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There was one day of tapping rain, when a roaring fire was necessary, though it was summer then, too. For the remainder of that week I walked along miles of sun-smitten beach, as alone as the first man in the Garden of Eden. Never again do I expect such a sense of calm as came over me then.

§ 6

One thinks of Long Island as flat. So it is in many parts; but roundabout Roslyn, Oyster Bay, and Locust Valley, and even at the Westburys, Old and New, there are hills, if not mountains; and nature has been lavish in her gift of water, so that a house built on a rise of ground commands a fine view, with clean mirrors reflecting the sun and moon.

There are no end of byways here, and plenty of back roads to ride horseback. Often, in going to Huntington, where William Faversham has a home, I had looked from the train window as we came to Cold Spring Harbor, and determined one day to take that shadowy path leading from the station, so cool and fragrant did it seem. This is really one of Long Island's pleasantest localities. There is fashion, if you care for it, and country simplicity rubbing elbows over the fences and hedges, if you want that.

The Piping Rock Club is here, with the house that Guy Lowell designed, a club-house with massive wooden pillars, and sensitively and sensibly conceived. A double polo-field sprawls directly in front of the wide porch, and beyond that the golf-links, among the most beautiful in America, meander away. At Fox's Point, a few miles down on the north shore, is the private bathing-beach for Piping Rock members, and the lanes that lead to it, for equestrians and motorists, are haunted, cool hallways, with canopies of green leaves and a soft carpet of earth. I do not know a prettier beach, or one where the water looks bluer and where, afar, the ships sail by so gracefully. In this region there are heavenly roads, and quaint thatched cottages, and neat hedges that make one think of rural England.

At fashionable Old Westbury there is the Meadowbrook Club, and polo is played here during the season by young men of stalwart frame. There are hunt meets, also, and the whole country-side is forever alive with sport of one sort or another. The late Robert Bacon, once our ambassador to France, made his home at Old Westbury, and his widow and sons still live there. Otto Kahn has a splendid villa not far off; likewise J. P. Morgan.

Plandome, Manhasset, and Port Washington, particularly the latter, which is on Manhasset Bay, are charming spots in summer, and Sand's Point, jutting out into the sound, is beautiful in an Old-World way. Great Neck is a hive of theatrical celebrities. Their motors dash in and out, and many an actor commutes all the year round from here, finding it no trouble at all to reach his theater in time.

Of course there are hundreds of little places on the south shore equally attractive. One thinks of Cedarhurst and Lawrence, prim with box hedges and barbered grass; and if one likes to mingle with the crowd, the first spot that comes to mind is Long Beach, with wheel-chairs and loud bands and jazz, and thousands upon thousands of bathers seeking what will always seem to me a hollow form of pleasure in the thickly populated sea.

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Are Mandates a Sacred Trust?

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

§ 1

DURING the peace conference I wrote to THE CENTURY from Paris that the mandatory scheme for the disposition of the German colonies was adopted in order to disguise under a cloak of virtuous self-abnegation the intention of the conquerors of Germany to divide among themselves Germany's overseas possessions. A number of Wilsonians complained that I was questioning the President's good faith. I never questioned Mr. Wilson's good faith at Paris, but I did question his judgment and statesmanship. The mandatory scheme was undoubtedly *proposed* with a high ideal and an altruistic end in view. It was *adopted*, however, only after the statesmen against whom Mr. Wilson was pitted had agreed that they would not have to observe either the spirit or the letter of the mandatory clauses in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The lack of opposition to the mandatory scheme made Mr. Wilson believe that his colleagues felt, as he did, that the German colonies were "a sacred trust," for managing which the League of Nations could be appointed "the residuary trustee." The delusion or blindness of Mr. Wilson was disheartening. With the possible exception of Colonel House, the President's associates on the American Commission to Negotiate Peace were unable to get at him to advise and warn him, much less to influence him. In his recent book Mr. Lansing attempts to explain Mr. Wilson's infatuation on the mandate question by a disconcerting analysis of his former chief's mental processes. Mr. Lansing believes that "a sufficient and very practical reason" for the willingness of Clemenceau and Lloyd George to acquiesce in the mandatory plan was that in this way "Germany lost her territorial assets, which might have greatly reduced her financial debt to the Allies, while the latter obtained the German colonial possessions without the loss of any of their claims for indemnity."

An additional and equally compelling reason might have been adduced by Mr. Lansing had he been aware of the embarrassment and alarm of the French and British premiers over Italy's insistence upon the fulfilment of a clearly worded article in the secret treaty of 1915. One of the promises exacted by Italy as the price of her intervention in the war was "adequate territorial compensation" in case the war should bring "an increase in the colonial possessions of France and Great Britain in Africa." President Wilson was the *deus ex machina*. Togo, Kamerun, German East Africa, German Southwest Africa, belonged to the League of Nations. The Treaty of Versailles did not give them to France and Great Britain as colonies. How could Italy argue that her allies had increased their African

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possessions? The former German colonies were simply "a sacred trust."

§ 2

The French and British governments have never at any time, either before or after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, taken the mandate idea seriously. It is not difficult to prove this assertion. It is based upon hard, cold facts of which the Wilson administration did not seem to be aware until the end of 1920. The prophecy of Isaiah about "seeing ye shall see, and shall not perceive" was certainly fulfilled at Paris. Not only in regard to the former German colonies in Africa and the Pacific, but also in regard to the Ottoman races, the mandatory articles of the covenant were being violated at the moment of drafting, and during the two months before the Treaty of Versailles was signed Mr. Wilson should have been aware of the intentions of his associates. As the mandate question has now become an international issue through the notes of secretaries Colby and Hughes, it is important for the American people to realize that the American Government has no reason to be surprised at the attitude of the French and British and Japanese governments.

Concealment of mandatory intentions and denial of the authority of the League of Nations have been the consistent policy of the Allied premiers since April, 1919. The allotment of the mandates, the drawing of boundaries, and the rules for governing mandate territories have been matters of direct negotiation between the powers in actual possession of German and Ottoman territories at the time of the armistices. These powers did not wait until the council of the league was formed. The residuary-trustee idea is a farce. Since the Entente powers are interested in the League of Nations only as a covenient instrument to use in furthering their own foreign policies, this is natural. Who can deny that the authority and activities of the league, in all matters that count, are under the direct control of the Allied premiers, who think of the league simply as a *Dr. Jekyll* false front to shield their *Mr. Hyde* doings?

The mandates for the former German colonies and for the Ottoman Empire were decided upon before the Covenant of the League of Nations was adopted. The ownership of these territories had been a matter of secret negotiations among the Entente powers during the war. Mr. Wilson's intervention at Paris changed nothing. Mr. Wilson was humored to the extent of being allowed to invent a new name; that was all. What 's in a name?

The mandates for the former German colonies were allotted to those who held them by those who held them. On the day the treaty was handed to the German delegates Mr. Wilson agreed to recognize a *de facto* situation. He seems to have remonstrated only on the question of Yap. And that reservation was not written into the minutes! France and Great Britain had already made an agreement to swap border-lands in Nigeria and Congo, which indicated that Togo and Kamerun were regarded as old-fashioned territorial acquisitions. When Belgium kicked about being frozen out, before the Treaty of Versailles was signed, her statesmen appealed directly to Great Britain as the *owner* of German East Africa. King Albert flew to Paris. Lord Milner flew to Paris. An agreement was reached without thought

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of or reference to the residuary trustee. The Anglo-Belgian agreement transferred an inland portion of German East Africa to Belgium, thus proving that the British and Belgian governments did not believe either (a) that the title of conquered territory was vested in the League of Nations or "the five principal Allied and Associated Powers"; or (b) that a former German colony, as a mandate territory, should be preserved in its territorial integrity. The world (and this includes the United States Government) has never been told the terms on which Great Britain agreed to divide the former German colonies in the Pacific with Japan, and what understandings Great Britain has with her self-governing dominions concerning the German islands south of the equator and German South West Africa. On these points Mr. Hughes is, officially, as much in the dark as you and I. So are at least six of the nine members of the Council of the League of Nations.

Mr. Wilson knew that the mandates for the former German colonies would not be decided upon, would not be revised by, in short would not be under the control of, the League of Nations. Before he returned to this country to advocate the ratification of the treaty without reservations it was perfectly clear that mandates were a matter of actual possession and secret dicker, and that the rights and interests of the United States had been reserved in none of the conquered territories with the possible exception of cable landings in the Island of Yap.

The Ottoman Empire was similarly "taken care of" by secret understandings. Information concerning the treaty between Italy and the Triple Entente, concluded in 1915, and revised at the instance of Russia in 1916; concerning the Sykes-Picot agreement of 1916 between Great Britain and France; and concerning the British pledges to the Zionists and Arabs, must have filtered through from the press and state department reports to the White House long before Mr. Wilson sailed for Paris. These give-and-take agreements should have demonstrated to the American negotiator the absurdity of Article XXII of the covenant. But if Mr. Wilson needed another warning of the intention of his colleagues to give him the shadow while they kept the substance, he had it in the failure of his proposal to send an international commission on mandates to the Ottoman Empire to ascertain "the wishes of the inhabitants." Mr. Wilson appointed Mr. Crane and Mr. King. After waiting in vain for the appointment of their French and British and Italian colleagues, the American section of the "International Commission on Mandates" made the trip alone. It found that the question of mandates had already been settled. The investigation of Messrs. Crane and King was altogether futile.

It has frequently been asserted by apologists for the league and Mr. Wilson that the United States was excluded from a share in the Ottoman mandates of our own volition. This is not true. France and Great Britain never suggested, even indirectly, that we participate in the inheritance of the Ottoman Empire in any other way than in relieving them of the burden of the barren and mountainous portion of Armenia, cut off from the sea, and with frontiers so drawn as to leave out of the American mandate territory the regions of Armenia rich in cotton and copper and oil.

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§ 3

Article XX of the covenant provides that

> the Members of the League severally agree that this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof, and solemnly undertake that they will not hereafter enter into any engagements inconsistent with the terms thereof.

In justification of Mr. Wilson, one might advance that he relied upon this stipulation to prevent the secret understandings of which I have spoken above from nullifying the stipulations of Article XXII. But in international diplomacy language must be specific. "Inconsistent with the terms thereof" means nothing unless "the terms thereof" are explicit and comprehensive. While the spirit of Article XXII is unmistakable, its language is in places vague and childish, undoubtedly intentionally so. Although it is declared that "the well being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization," the "open door" is promised only to members of the league. And yet Article CXIX provides that "Germany renounces in favor of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers all her rights and titles over her overseas possessions." Unless all five powers are members of the league, Articles XXII and CXIX contradict each other. Exactly this unprovided-for contingency has arisen.

The fault does not lie at the door of the Allied Premiers. The League of Nations was presumably an American conception, and the mandate scheme was a concession to the American President. The sponsor of the mandate idea did not know how to be its defender. The Colby notes of November 20, 1920, to Great Britain on Mesopotamia, and of February 21, 1921, to the league council on the former German colonies, are admirable documents, and present with fidelity the American point of view. This is proved by the fact that the Harding administration has continued the same policy, and Secretary Hughes follows the same line of argument. But are we not crying over spilt milk? It is the statesman's duty to care for the interests of his country at the moment the danger arises or, better still, to foresee and provide against all possible attempts of others to take advantage of his country.

The "equal concern and inseparable interest with the other principal Allied and Associated Powers in the overseas possessions of Germany and concededly equal voice in their disposition" ought to have been claimed by the United States before hostilities were ended, or, at the very latest, before the peace conference opened. Good statesmanship would have prompted a frank and precise setting forth of our "equal concern and inseparable interests" in every material advantage to be gained by the treaty as a preliminary of participation in the negotiation of the treaty.

I know that some generous and high-minded Americans bitterly oppose this point of view. They say that diplomatic bargaining would have denatured the spirit of our intervention, would have been beneath our dignity, and might have jeopardized the harmony between our comrades-in-arms and ourselves had any such course been followed. The idea is beautiful, but it is impracticable.

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Just how impracticable it is we know for the simple reason that it was tried.

Americans, with their heads in the clouds, and thinking of the war as holy and of our associates as angels, forgot that Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy, and Japan did not feel that it was improper to enter into understandings with one another as to what should be the share of each in case of victory. Italy's intervention was contingent upon a definite share of the loot. Russia held up her allies twice for an increased share during critical periods of the war. Japan wrung from the others the promise of Shan-tung when she saw that the United States was going to come in. Rumania and Greece bargained with the Allies. Belgium began to inquire about the future of Africa as early as 1916. While the Battle of the Somme was on, Great Britain and France were dangerously near friction in the discussion about their respective shares of the Ottoman Empire. After the armistices the storm broke: not one of our associates thought it was *infra dig.* to engage in acrimonious secret debate with its fellow-saviors of civilization over conflicting interests in different parts of the world.

§ 4

The Allied nations, great and small, hung together at Paris, as they had hung together during the war, because they hoped to get something out of the war, and were encouraged in this hope by one another's acknowledgment of special interests somewhere on the face of the globe. Frank statements of public opinion in their respective countries on a variety of questions were put through the Paris clearing-house by the representatives of the victorious nations. Why was it not made clear to our associates that American disinterestedness was contingent on their disinterestedness, and that equality of opportunity and treatment for American commerce with the commerce of every other nation in all territories that changed hands as a result of the war we helped to win would be insisted upon? Frequently Messrs. Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando told one another and Mr. Wilson that British, French, or Italian public opinion would not stand for this or that solution of the problem. Why was American public opinion never taken into consideration? Why was it taken for granted that the United States would ratify blindly whatever treaties the Allied premiers "put over" on Mr. Wilson? It would have been fairer to our associates as well as to ourselves had we told the European statesmen that American ratification of the treaties was contingent upon what the treaties contained. But it was not done.

Paris and London editorial writers are now repeating, day after day, that the attitude of the United States is indefensible from a diplomatic point of view and unreasonable from a practical point of view. We are told that the League of Nations is our work, but that we have not entered it; that the mandate scheme is our plan, but that we want no mandate ourselves; that we sit on the outside, not having ratified the treaties and not having entered the league, and presume to veto the decisions of a council in which we might have had a veto-carrying voice. But, as it is, the Entente powers and other members of the council do not know what we want. The argument is plausible; it is disconcerting. The

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American President was not only father of the league, but he was responsible for the adoption of the Smuts suggestion that the League of Nations be the trustee for the former German colonies and the liberated portions of the Ottoman Empire. Mr. Colby spoke of "concededly an equal voice." The adverb is curious and pathetic. If an equal voice were conceded to us, there would have been no need for the Colby note.

The new administration has a pitiful legacy of error and inconsistency to handicap it in upholding a constructive policy on the mandate question. But Mr. Wilson is not alone to blame for the failure of the United States to protect at Paris American interests in the former German colonies and the Ottoman Empire. Future historians, who will have perspective without prejudices, may point out that the suggestion of "a sacred trust of civilization" was Mr. Wilson's clever way out of a dilemma. American public opinion has always been hostile to the policy of economic imperialism, because such a policy would entail sending armies overseas. Was not the mandate idea a possible means of conserving America's interests in the conquests without offering to assume obligations of a character Mr. Wilson knew perfectly well the American people would repudiate? This question must arise in the mind of the seeker after the truth. It is easy to make one man our scapegoat, and it is as dangerous as it is easy; for it makes us waste our energies in futile upbraidings, and, much more important, causes us to stop short of seeking and finding the real reasons for the muddle in which the Government of the United States finds itself.

§ 4

There is much to wax indignant about and to denounce in the way the self-appointed mandatory powers allotted to themselves the mandates and the way they have exercised them during the first two years of the League of Nations. We can find a true bill against the Entente powers on the following counts: (1) conspiring with one another to thwart the spirit of the mandate plan by violating the "agreement" and "solemn undertaking" of the first paragraph of Article XX of the covenant; (2) ignoring absolutely the covenant stipulations concerning Class A mandates; (3) refusing to recognize the distinction they themselves made in Article XXII between Class B and Class C mandates; (4) anticipating by secret agreement the provision of Article XXII that "the degree of authority, control, or administration to be exercised by the Mandatory shall be explicitly defined in each case by the Council." On the first three counts the facts to substantiate them are so well known and so thoroughly established that none can deny them. On the fourth count the evidence is as yet circumstantial. The council is completely under the control of the premiers of Great Britain and France. Because of the hope of favors, members of the council have not yet protested against being confronted with *faits accomplis* by the British and French premiers. As it is profitless to enter into speculations, I shall deal only with the first three counts.

(1) *Conspiracy to thwart the spirit of the mandate plan by violation of Article XX.* Mandates were to be, in the language of the covenant, "a sacred trust of civilization." Secret

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treaties and understandings were to be abrogated. But the Entente powers distributed all the mandates in conformity with bargains made during the war. When protests were made by the peoples who were thus disposed of without their knowledge or consent, and the text of Article XXII was cited by races who found that they had simply gone from Scylla to Charybdis, the answer was made that the Entente powers were obligated to stand by their promise to one another, which antedated the covenant. Not only this, but additional secret agreements were entered into. Witness the treaty of August, 1920, between Great Britain, France, and Italy, dividing the liberated Ottoman territories into exclusive spheres of influence. Witness the answer of the Entente powers to the United States in answer to our protest concerning the island of Yap.

(2) *Violation of Covenant stipulations concerning Class A mandates.* Article XXII declares:

> Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory.

Great Britain and France have been engaged for two years in campaigns in Mesopotamia, Cilicia, and Syria, with disastrous results to themselves as well as to the inhabitants of these countries. No attempt whatever has been made to consult the inhabitants as to the choice of the mandatory placed over them, nor has there been any "rendering of administrative advice and assistance." The British and French governments have negotiated between themselves boundaries of the territories they coveted and intended to hold and exploit, with no consideration for ethnographic frontiers. The existence of former Ottoman communities "as independent nations" has not been "provisionally recognized." Syria has been artificially divided between France and Great Britain, and the Palestinians have seen an alien régime, which threatens their existence, foisted upon them by force.

The story of the betrayal of the Armenians in Cilicia by the French, of the repudiation of the pledges of General Maude in Mesopotamia by the British, and of the intimidation of the Syrians by the French is a heart-rending one, the antithesis of what the world fondly hoped would happen after a war fought in defense of small nations and to make the world safe for democracy. One cannot believe that British and French public opinion is acquainted with the sad exploits of their soldiers in the Near East—exploits which have tarnished the four years of glorious fighting in a righteous cause. Few Armenians are left to tell the tale. Arabs and Hedjazians curse the day they lent aid to the Entente. Syrians, Christians, and Moslems alike long for the days of Turkish rule.

(3) *Class B mandates are considered by the mandatories as integral parts of their territories.* I have already spoken of the rectification of frontiers in West Africa reciprocally by British and French, and of Lord Milner's deal with Belgium in giving away a portion of German East Africa. American missionaries report that there is no

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"freedom of conscience and religion," as Article XXII stipulates, and I have definite knowledge both of "the establishment of fortifications" and of "military training of the natives for other than police purposes and the defense of territories," both of which are forbidden by Article XXII. To all intents and purposes the Class B mandates are annexations. Great Britain and France have added to their colonial empires. Germany, whom French influence will keep out of the league, is by non-membership in the league deprived of resuming business with her former colonies. But the United States is also not a member of the league, and the "open door" is promised only to members of the league.

But if we do wax indignant, if we do remind the Entente powers that we have a twenty per cent. interest in these mandate territories, if we do call the mandatories back to the original conception of the mandates as "a sacred trust of civilization," we are going to find our recriminations and our claims a boomerang. We shall come down to earth with a thud. The Entente powers have as good a case against us as we have against them.

If we are indignant at the way they are handling the mandates, are we ready to step into Syria or Mesopotamia or any part of Africa and try our hand? Mr. Balfour said at the first league assembly that it was inconceivable to expect Great Britain to take a mandate without the hope of getting something tangible and exclusive out of it. Unless we are willing to go altruistically into the mandate business, have we any tenable grounds for objecting to Mr. Balfour's point of view?

If we say that we have a twenty per cent. interest in the mandates, which we have not renounced, and that we expect to be consulted about everything that concerns them, the Entente powers can answer that we have also a twenty per cent. responsibility. In the beginning they hoped that we would accept responsibilities without privileges; but now that they find that we want privileges without responsibilities, they may be ready to give us our twenty per cent. of the responsibilities and privileges together. If I were a British statesman, I would offer the American Government the administration of the Mesopotamian mandate in accordance with Mr. Colby's note of November 20. Are we prepared for this master stroke of British diplomacy?

If we keep crying out that mandates are "a sacred trust of civilization," the Entente premiers may tell us how grieved and shocked the British, French, Italians, and Japanese are over our wholly inexplicable selfishness. Burdened with debts, exhausted by a far more formidable military effort than we were called on to make, confronted with serious post-bellum problems at home, and still with the German problem unsolved on their hands, they have done their best to assume this "trust of civilization." We have never offered to do our part; we have claimed no share in this "sacred trust of civilization."

In our thinking on international affairs we Americans are singularly simple-minded. Our attitude in the mandate question proves it. We must share in responsibilities or waive privileges. If we keep up our present attitude regarding the mandate territories, I fear that our former comrades-in-arms will have the right to think that we are either knaves or fools.

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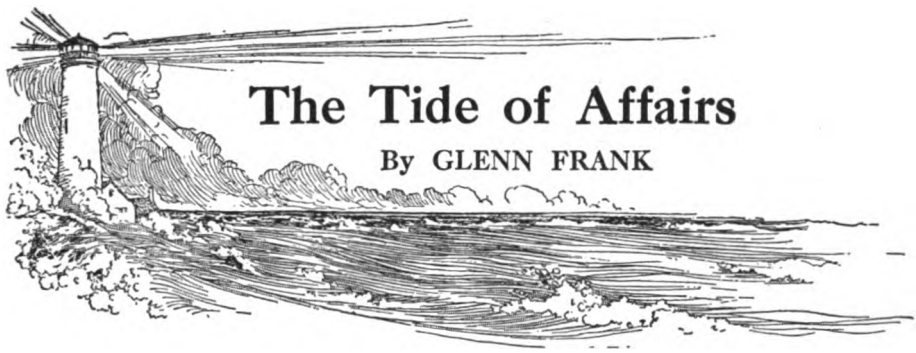

The Tide of Affairs

By GLENN FRANK

Mr. Hoover's Double Opportunity—Hope and Tragedy in the New South—Modern Political Demonology.

MR. HOOVER'S DOUBLE OPPORTUNITY

§ 1

FOR all his boyish modesty of bearing, Mr. Hoover has stimulated more interested speculation than any other member of the new administration. He is singularly free from the plague of platitude that damns most office-holders. He signalizes the entrance of the engineer mind into politics. The engineer thinks from reality to policy; the politician from policy to reality. In the past we have thought of politics as a sort of spiritual policeman going about with a club imposing a decent minimum of public spirit and social morality upon finance, trade, and labor. The engineer mind in politics may teach us that the creative organization of finance, trade, and labor is in itself the highest politics. In short, we may find that Mr. Hoover, instead of allowing himself to be neatly shelved in a rather pointless bureau of records, has accepted the most strategic and potential position in the new administration.

I wish I might quote from a more "respectable" source, but for the moment I can think of no better statement of the point I am getting at than the statement made by Lenine at the opening session of the Eighth All-Russian Congress of Soviets. This statement has nothing to do with Bolshevism as such, but is the statement of a principle that all statesmen will do well to heed.

Lenine said:

> The present political moment is characterized by the fact that we are living through a transitional breaking-off period when from war we go over to economic building. . . . I believe that this moment is an important turning-point. . . . It is the beginning of the happy epoch when politicians will speak more rarely, and the attention of all our congresses and conferences will be fixed upon economic construction, the enrichment of Russia by new creative experience. . . . Politics we have learned. . . . Creative economic construction, the increase of our productivity, must become our policy now. Engineers and agronomists must take their place in our ranks. We must learn from them, check up their work, and move onward.

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I have gladly run the risks involved in repetition of this idea—that the future of statesmanship lies in the hands of men in close contact with economic realities—because I regard it as the most vital political idea of our time. It is an idea that percolates slowly into the conventional political mind. I grasp eagerly, therefore, the opportunity afforded by Mr. Hoover's secretaryship in the Department of Commerce to approach the idea from a fresh angle.

§ 2

The point is much more than that Mr. Hoover will bring a practical business man's mind to problems of organization. In many cases the "practical business man" plays a hopelessly uncreative rôle in politics. Mr. Hoover will do all the things we expect from a business man. The newspapers are filled with elated despatches about Mr. Hoover's plans to sustain and promote American export trade, his plans to effect a coöperation between business and government that will mean the improvement and policing of business by business itself, his plans for the "creative" rather than the "restrictive" regulation of business. All this is important and gratifying. Many of our basic industries, particularly some of our quasi-public industries as railroad, gas, water, and telephone companies, are in a bad way just now. Many such businesses are showing a deficit. There are critics who assert that many such companies are deliberately trying to make a bad showing that will scare the public into higher rates and more liberal privileges. In some cases this is undoubtedly true. But as a general thing, the situation is the result of a policy of drift and opportunism in the past. In earlier days business was given a free hand. That freedom was abused. Stung into action by this abuse, we entered a period of stringent public regulation. We are coming to the end of that period with many industries in a bad way. They must be swung into a better way, or public opinion will increasingly favor complete public administration or ownership. If Mr. Hoover can devise a new kind of "creative regulation" that will avoid alike the sins of an anarchic business freedom and the sins of an ineffective and suicidal political control of business, he will render a signal service to the nation.

Mr. Hoover will, of course, give his department an effective business administration. But I am interested, in the writing of this editorial, to point out the two outstanding statesmanlike contributions he has the opportunity to make to American politics, aside from all these admittedly valuable things he is reported to have in mind and in hand. Let me first state them abstractly and then discuss both in detail.

First, Mr. Hoover can teach the politicians that our *political* foreign policy must rest upon a wise conception and wise administration of our *economic* foreign policy; and while doing this he can actually dominate American foreign policy, doing more than any other man to clear up our relation to coöperative international organization, from the vantage-point of the Department of Commerce.

Second, Mr. Hoover can teach the business men that they must become students of world politics; he can destroy the rule-of-thumb régime that has dominated American export trade by dramatizing for American business

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men the intimate relation between world-trade and world-politics; he can thus create a new and broader type of business mind in the United States.

§ 3

First, then, as to what Mr. Hoover can do to influence American foreign policy and the politician minds that have theoretical control of American foreign policy. As a nation, we are frankly at sea on the matter of foreign policy. We have plunged the whole discussion of the League of Nations and our relation to it into a sea of passion, prejudice, and partizanship. One big difficulty has been, I think, that we have looked upon the League of Nations as a sheer political invention, devised by some one just as an inventor might think out the creation of a sewing-machine or a telephone—a machine, if you please, to be shoved down, over, or into the tangled mass of economic and political problems. From the beginning the League of Nations was unfortunately pigeonholed with the panaceas and utopias that appear intermittently throughout history. We proceeded from form to function. We built the machine and then began looking about to find the things the machine might do. The result has been that the nation has divided on the question of the machine. We have lost sight of the mass of urgent problems that cry for solution and are spending our time discussing the pattern of the instrument that has been suggested for their solution. If, from the beginning, the whole discussion could have been kept focused on the many problems, primarily economic and commercial, that vex international relations, the common sense of the nations would long since have settled upon a series of coöperative undertakings that would have constituted a realistic League of Nations, although it might never have been called by that name.

Now, Mr. Hoover is the one man in the United States to-day who has the chance to regain that lost opportunity for us. If the news appearing on the front pages of the newspapers as I write is more than a trial balloon sent up by Mr. Harding, it seems that the hope that many of us have entertained of the entrance of the United States into a slightly revised League of Nations is doomed. To many of us who are in nowise blind to the manifest shortcomings of the Treaty of Versailles this means the bankruptcy of liberal statesmanship in the United States. But that is neither here nor there. It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us. How are we to meet our moral responsibility for decent international politics? That is the question. The hope of an answer lies, I think, more with Mr. Hoover than with any other man in the United States.

If for the next four years Mr. Hoover will drop the phrase "the league of nations" out of his vocabulary, steer clear of public discussion of world-politics as such, and concentrate his fine energies of mind and imagination upon the problem of fitting the United States into a decent and effective plan of international economic relations, we shall find ourselves in a position of leadership in a real league of nations that may, without elaborate judicial machinery or prejudice-awakening labels, more thoroughly guarantee world peace and world prosperity than all the paper schemes of political leagues that have been proposed.

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§ 4

There is never any point to the creation of machinery unless there is the right agreement and will to use the machinery for the job in hand. An air of unreality surrounds the cross-roads political discussion of the League of Nations to-day. We must get back to a realization of what Lord Robert Cecil said some time ago, namely, that the problem before us is how to use the resources of the civilized world in the joint work of reconstruction and the restoration of prosperity. And in the doing of this, we must achieve, as Mr. J. L. Garvin aptly phrased it, the organization of thorough peace by mutual service between nations on the bases of their living interests. We must forget our petty squabbles about this or that detail of any covenant and deal deliberately with the commercial and industrial conditions of the modern interdependent world of which we are a part, despite the fond dreams of isolation that narcotize the minds of politicians who never venture beyond their parish frontiers.

I have elsewhere suggested that since the cause of modern war is invariably economic maladjustment, the prevention of war must rest upon economic adjustment; that there are four basic economic rights that every virile nation must enjoy if it is to be a contented and creative member of the family of nations: the right of *transit*, the right of *trade*, the right of *investment*, and the right of *migration*. International railways and canals, the seas and the ports of the world, must be free for the entry and transit of the goods of all nations; in access to markets no nation must be unduly discriminated against; every nation must be permitted adequate play and equitable privilege for its free capital in the development of resources of the backward territories of the world; and, finally, the surplus population of the several nations must not be barred from entering more sparsely settled regions of greater opportunity. These are the four things that every modern industrial or agricultural nation demands. A blank check on all these things cannot, of course, be given to every nation; but peace and prosperity demand a constructive treatment of all four. And all four rest primarily upon economic considerations that can be handled with the greatest effectiveness and the least stirring up of passion by a Department of Commerce. Here, then, is Mr. Hoover's opportunity to turn the Department of Commerce from its former rôle of a bureau of records into a dynamic center of political authority and international statesmanship.

§ 5

It will be a political tragedy if Mr. Hoover fails to measure up to this opportunity. At the moment of writing the whole problem of our relation to the rest of the world is enmeshed in the ugliest of ugly political intrigues. The irreconcilable isolationists are moving heaven and earth to insulate Mr. Harding from the advice and counsel of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover by the most refined and gentlemanly of political Black-Hand methods. As I write, M. Viviani is in our country. At one of the dinner conferences to which a group of irreconcilables invited him he was told, I am reliably informed, that should the Senate attempt to give consent to a ratification of the treaty, the irrecon-

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cilables would not stop with the reservations formerly discussed, but would demand a complete overhauling of the treaty, the reopening of the questions of the division of the Austro-Hungarian territories, the status of Dantzic, the Polish corridor, and similar questions. Manifestly, the hope was that they could manœuver M. Viviani into a position where he would say, "Gentlemen, if you plan any such reopening of the whole medley of treaty questions, it will be better that you have no relation whatever to the settlement." M. Viviani astutely refused comment, despite reports circulated to give the opposite impression. The first thought this situation suggests is that the friends of decent international relations should lock arms with these irreconcilables and checkmate their influence upon Mr. Harding, who, I believe, honestly wants to effect a constructive settlement. But the practical likelihood is that no such effective action will be taken by the innumerable friends of a real league of nations.

Before these lines reach the reader the likelihood is that Mr. Harding will have been manœuvered into support of a sterile peace by resolution and a policy of drift respecting international policy. That will mean that we had as well give up hope of settling the problem of our foreign policy upon a *political* basis. The one hope that will be left will be the evolving of a decent foreign policy from the *economic* angle. In this we must pin our hopes on Mr. Hoover. He has the ability to meet the opportunity and the challenge, and he realizes, as many of our public men do not, that the restoration of our own business and industrial health is absolutely dependent upon a constructive program of international coöperation.

§ 6

The other opportunity that confronts Mr. Hoover is the opportunity to teach American business men that, if they are to be masters of world-trade, they must become students of world-politics. A few months ago, in these columns, I discussed the regrettable lack among our business men of an intimate study of their foreign markets; but what I am discussing now goes deeper than that. The whole round of world political conditions react upon business. A knowledge of world politics is as essential as a knowledge of production costs. The time must come when every big banking and export institution in the United States will have on its staff an expert in world-politics, a man who is something of a combination of savant and business man, a man who has acquired a sound and comprehensive historical background, and who is in constant touch with the social and political forces of the contemporary world. Here, again, is the opportunity for Mr. Hoover to make a lasting contribution to American business.

HOPE AND TRAGEDY IN THE NEW SOUTH

ONE of the things that militate against our highest possible efficiency as a nation is our intersectional ignorance. We and our representatives think in terms of our own county, congressional district, or State. We shall never think nationally until all of us know more about our country as a whole. The weekly and monthly magazines of limited circulation render fine service in spreading information about condi-

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tions the country over, but their limited circulation means a limited effect. The newspapers can, if they will, inform millions where the magazines inform thousands. It is gratifying, therefore, when newspapers like the "New York Evening Post" print a series of articles like the recent Ray Stannard Baker articles on conditions in the South. I do not know how widely these articles were commented upon, but they deserved syndication in every city in the United States. If every great newspaper in the United States would undertake the publication of several such series of factual articles about the various sections of the United States, the result would be a national education that would go far toward enabling us to think nationally and dispassionately about the vexing issues that confront us in this period of deflation and readjustment.

I know that both Mr. Baker and the editor of the "New York Evening Post" will be glad to have me pass on to the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE some of the outstanding generalizations that emerged from this highly informative series of articles.

The farmers of the South, as we all know, have been hard hit by the collapse of the market for their 1920 crops. We have heard much of the staggeringly high prices the Southern farmers received for their 1918 and 1919 crops, and, at some distance from the facts, it was at first difficult to understand the cry for help that went up when the market crash came the following year. Why were they not able to weather the storm by grace of their surplus profits of the previous two years? If they are in such dire straits, they must have wasted their substance in riotous extravagance. Mr. Baker suggests the fallacy of such reasoning. The Southern farmer did indeed receive a huge income during 1918 and 1919, but two factors entered to make his actual surplus suprisingly small: first, the increase in living costs almost counterbalanced the increase in prices for farm products; and, second, the Southern farmers were debt-ridden from former years and were obliged to pay up many old accounts out of their 1918–19 surplus. There was also, of course, not a little unwise investment. All sorts of stock-fakirs flocked South at the news of high prices for farm products and took their toll. But Mr. Baker emphasized the fact that a lot of money went into genuine improvements, such as new buildings,—houses, barns, school-houses, and churches,—better farm machinery, modern conveniences for the rural home. Out of it all there is a new rural South, with homes equipped with water-supply, modern plumbing, lighting, washing-machines, better furniture, musical instruments, and the like.

The cotton farmer of the South, like the wheat and cattle farmer of the West, is unable to sell what he produced in 1920 for enough to cover costs of production. This sounds extreme, but Mr. Baker supports his statements with facts. And added to this are the facts that prices of necessities are still distressingly high, the merchants are pressing the farmers for payment with the present low-priced cotton, despite the fact that the farmers secured the credit on the basis of high-priced cotton, taxes are higher than ever, and the Southern farmers face a more difficult labor problem than ever before, while the banks are tightening up on credit and pressing for payments.

The South is literally sitting up

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nights to find ways and means of meeting this critical situation. Broadly speaking, there are three types of remedies proposed: first, the cutting down of production by limiting the acreage-production for 1921 by one third of the 1920 production; second, an appeal for government aid, help in marketing the 1920 surplus, a more liberal credit policy from the Federal Reserve Board, and, perhaps, a protective tariff; third, the adoption of more diversified crops, so that the South will not, in the future, be dependent upon cotton and tobacco, but will be able to raise more of its own food, for which it now must pay high prices while its own crops stand in warehouses.

The thing that strikes one on hearing these proposals is that, with the exception of the third, they are negative and devised to meet a temporary crisis. They do not deal constructively with causes. They overlook also the fact that Southern farmers face the same general problems, aside from their own peculiar problems, that all the farmers of the United States face. Many Southern leaders see this, and there are, therefore, larger and more fundamental remedies being proposed. These larger remedies deal with root causes. Mr. Baker suggests that the most hopeful thing in the admittedly tragic situation in the South is the way in which Southern farmers promise to tear a leaf from the experience of the orange-growers, raisin-growers, prune-growers, almond-growers, and honey-producers of California. These California farmers, when they faced a critical situation, did not blindly appeal to the Government for help, but turned frankly to the problem of organizing businesslike marketing associations that meant self-help and self-protection.

The farmers of the South have never been and are not now "revolutionary" in their discontent with existing conditions. They have been rather, as Mr. Baker suggests, given to "insurrectionary" methods, like "night riding" and the like. If they have not been revolutionary, neither have they been statesmanlike. They have shown a strange facility for avoiding direct dealing with root causes. They have not tackled their problems with the vision that has characterized the California fruit-growers.

But the facts seem to indicate that the Southern farmers are emerging from their insurrectionary night-riding period and entering a period in which they will look less to government help and more to self-help through coöperative organization. That is the note of hope that Mr. Baker strikes in his telling of the Southern tragedy of a shattered market and serious economic conditions. The thing that justifies this hope is the fact that there is going on in the South a veritable crusade for education and the general lifting of the levels of domestic and community life. This crusade, in which the schoolmasters are taking an effective part, is laying the foundation upon which the will and structure of coöperation can rest.

MODERN POLITICAL DEMONOLOGY

THE present orgy of anti-Semitic propaganda affords an interesting study in political demonology. Many casual readers have assumed that the present wave of anti-Jewish hostility is of relatively recent origin. It is, of course, only one of the intermittent revivals

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of a campaign that has for more than a century appeared in many countries, wearing many different cloaks, and serving many different causes. Its latest manifestation began with the circulation of the so-called protocols of the Elders of Zion. A series of articles appeared in the "Morning Post" of London, based upon these documents. The subject matter was later published in this country under the title "The Cause of World Unrest." And, of course, every one knows of the anti-Semitic campaign that Henry Ford has been conducting.

The theory underlying all this campaign may be stated briefly and simply. The theory starts with the assumption that the present unrest that vexes the world is artificial, that it has been deliberately stirred up by a "Formidable Sect" that belts the globe in its sinister activity. The membership of this "Formidable Sect" has been variously guessed, but the present campaign rests upon the assertion that it is an international organization of Jews, plotting to overturn the existing order of society and erect upon its ruins a universal Jewish dominion. The theory is that this organization has been steadily at work for at least a century and a half. Every subversive social and political movement of the last one hundred and fifty years is credited to its malevolent plotting. It is charged with having caused the French Revolution and all the succeeding revolutions to the present time. Socialism, trade-unionism, syndicalism, Sinn Fein activity, the unrest in India and Indian nationalism, and, above all, Bolshevism, are said to have resulted from the activity of this international Jewry. The anti-Semites do not deny that genuine social grievances and evils lie at the bottom of much of the present-world unrest, but they assert that the Jews have with malice aforethought brought all these evils into existence to further their dark plot.

I shall not go into the rather involved proof of the manifest forgery of the documents upon which this whole campaign rests. The most detailed and scholarly presentation of the facts may be found in a little book on "The Myth of the Jewish Menace in World Affairs," by Lucien Wolf. I want only to point out certain general facts that are essential to the formation of any sane judgment in the case.

First of all, this is not a new thing that began with the series of articles in the "Morning Post" of London. The present wave of anti-Semitic propaganda began in the eighties of the last century. At that time and afterward anti-Semitic propaganda was deliberately used in Germany, Russia, and France for political, military, and clerical purposes. Bismarck used it in Germany in his fight against the National Liberals. Lasker was a Jewish leader of the Liberals, and there were other leaders of the party who were Jews. Bismarck thought he could discredit Liberalism by attacking its Jewish leaders, thereby bringing less antagonism against himself than he would by a more direct attack on liberal principles. In that period revolutionary tendencies were already threatening the autocratic régime in Russia, and the Russian Government, after the ancient manner of autocratic governments, turned the discontent of its people away from itself and focused the discontent in a hatred of the Jews. The anti-Jewish hostility in France, terminating in the Dreyfus

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affair, was also entangled in the plans of monarchical restoration entertained by certain military and clerical cliques.

But, as Dr. Felix Adler has pointed out, politicians do not make movements; the most they can do is to avail themselves of tendencies already under way. The present fanatical anti-Semitic movement could never have gained its present momentum had there not existed in the popular mind certain qualities and tendencies. Now, what are these aspects of popular psychology that make such movements possible? Dr. Adler, in a recent address, suggested three of these aspects which I should like to discuss in some detail.

First, there is a tendency among all peoples to dislike the foreigner just because he is different. The foreigner may be a Jew, a German, a Czech, a Pole, a Chinese, or a Japanese. If he lives in a land other than his own, he must count upon a certain amount of sustained antipathy on the part of the natives. This antipathy is not primarily directed against inferiority, but against difference. This point was incisively discussed last month in this magazine by Professor Gilbert Murray in his stimulating paper "At Home in the Modern World." He pointed out that dislike of the foreigner, although an abiding fact of history, is never a very clear or intelligent dislike. The reader will remember his saying:

> The essential mark of the foreigner as such, of the barbarians, of the heathen, is a difference which is not understood and does not explain itself. I remember, as a boy, loathing a certain man, a Frenchman, who had a particular kind of pouch under his eyes. It seemed to me to connote some indescribable wickedness. Then some one told me that it was a swelling of the lacrymal gland produced by exposure to a tropical sun, and I loathed him no more. It is generally some superficial and harmless characteristic in a foreigner that, in literature, is seized upon as grounds for shuddering at him. But with increased knowledge of the world we get to see the reasons for the differences of custom, and they cease to be upsetting.

When we find violent racial antipathy, unless it is an antipathy engineered by special interests, we usually find its source in ignorance, which gives the unreasoned dislike for anything different full sway. As Professor Murray argues, the more we know about the foreigner, the less we dislike him. This basic dislike of anything different, of any people who look different, act different, and think different, is one psychological tendency of the masses that helps to make possible a movement like the anti-Semitic movement.

Second, there is a tendency among the masses in most countries to hunt for a personal scapegoat when things go wrong. There is rarely a political, social, or industrial trouble for which any one man or any one group of men can be justly and wholly blamed. Most difficulties are due to a complicated set of causes, in most cases impersonal causes. But to find impersonal causes requires thought and analysis, rare articles in public life. In primitive days diagnosis was unknown. Was a man diseased? Then he was possessed of a devil. The slow progress of civilization may be defined as the painful evolution of the human mind from demonology to diagnosis. Men who can think impersonally about the causes of the troubles that vex society are the fine flowers of civiliza-

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tion. The man whose mind must always turn to an excessive simplification of issues and find a personal scapegoat that he can curse and condemn, whether it be the man who lays all the blame for the inevitable post-war chaos at the door of Woodrow Wilson or the man who lays all the blame for world unrest at the door of the Jews, that man is dragging along with him the heritage of the primitive mind that thought always in terms of demonology.

Third, there is the tendency of forming a judgment of a whole race in the light of its worst characteristics.

There is not a race in the world against which a very bad case cannot be made, if one insists upon making the picture either pure black or pure white. Civilized men attempt to reach balanced judgments; uncivilized men, even in 1921, insist upon unqualified and dogmatic judgments that can be expressed in neat catchwords and challenging war-crys.

These three psychological tendencies lie at the base of every pogrom and every orgy of racial hatred and discrimination, regardless of the race against which the hatred is launched. All three—dislike of anything different, proneness to blame a personal scapegoat, and the passion for judging people as all good or all bad—are marks of ignorance, bespeaking the man whose body lives in the twentieth century, but whose mind dwells in the mists of the primitive.

But all this psychological survey has to do with the masses who are herded by leaders into movements against this race or that. What about the leaders of this latest phase of anti-Semitism? They are not ignorant men. Many of them are men of high estate. The answer is, I think, that the leaders of this movement are using it for purposes of which the masses who follow them know little. The movement bears all the earmarks of a reactionary crusade. As one analyzes the literature of the movement, one is struck by the scope of the men and movements that are damned by it. The Jews, Continental freemasonry, Wilsonism, the League of Nations—all come in for censure. There is manifest, throughout, an attempt to confuse liberalism with Bolshevism, and in turn to embitter and intensify the hatred of Bolshevism by adding the element of racial hatred of the Jews as authors of Bolshevism.

Unfortunately, the claim that the alleged aims of the fictitious Elders of Zion and the aims of the Bolsheviki are identical will not stand the most casual examination. It is asserted that the Jews plan to capture the world in order to set the Jewish religion above all other religions. But the outstanding Bolshevik leaders are atheists, and Bolshevism, as such, affects a cavalier disregard of religion. It is asserted that the Jews plan to capture the world in order to set up a Jewish monarchy; but the Bolshevik leaders, both Jew and Gentile, are communists.

May I repeat, that anti-Semitism bears all the earmarks of a reactionary campaign? This movement will bear watching in the light of this conjecture. It will be interesting to watch for the collateral things that will be denounced as inspired by this so-called international plot of the Jews. I venture to suggest that most of the things that straight-thinking men who want consistent progress advocate will sooner or later fall inside the condemned circle.

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PORTRAIT OF MY DAUGHTER
A lithograph by GEORGE BELLOWS

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. 102 JULY, 1921 No. 3

A Hedonist

By JOHN GALSWORTHY

What is the highest and final aim of human activity? If the answer is, Feelings of pleasure or happiness, we have hedonism.—PAULSEN.

RUPERT K. VANESS remains freshly in my mind because he was so fine and large, and because he summed up in his person and behavior a philosophy which, budding before the war, hibernated during that distressing epoch, and is now again in bloom.

He was a New-Yorker addicted to Italy. One often puzzled over the composition of his blood. From his appearance, it was rich, and his name fortified the conclusion. What the K. stood for, however, I never learned; the three possibilities were equally intriguing. Had he a strain of Highlander with Kenneth or Keith; a drop of German or Scandinavian with Kurt or Knut; a blend of Syrian or Armenian with Khalil or Kassim? The blue in his fine eyes seemed to preclude the last, but there was an encouraging curve in his nostrils and a raven gleam in his auburn hair, which, by the way, was beginning to grizzle and recede when I knew him. The flesh of his face, too, had sometimes a tired and pouchy appearance, and his tall body looked a trifle rebellious within his extremely well-cut clothes; but, after all, he was fifty-five. You felt that Vaness was a philosopher, yet he never bored you with his views, and was content to let you grasp his moving principle gradually through watching what he ate, drank, smoked, wore, and how he encircled himself with the beautiful things and people of this life. One presumed him rich, for one was never aware of money in his presence. Life moved round him with a certain noiseless ease or stood still at a perfect temperature, like the air in a conservatory round a choice blossom which a draft might shrivel.

This image of a flower in relation to Rupert K. Vaness pleases me, because of that little incident in Magnolia Gardens, near Charleston, South Carolina.

Vaness was the sort of man of whom one could never say with safety whether he was revolving round a beautiful young woman or whether the beautiful young woman was revolving round him. His looks, his wealth, his taste, his reputation, invested him with a certain sun-like quality; but his age, the recession of his locks, and the advancement of his waist were beginning to dim his luster, so that whether he was moth or candle was becoming a

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moot point. It was moot to me, watching him and Miss Sabine Monroy at Charleston throughout the month of March. The casual observer would have said that she was "playing him up," as a young poet of my acquaintance puts it; but I was not casual. For me Vaness had the attraction of a theorem, and I was looking rather deeply into him and Miss Monroy.

That girl had charm. She came, I think, from Baltimore, with a strain in her, they said, of old Southern French blood. Tall and what is known as willowy, with dark chestnut hair, very broad, dark eyebrows, very soft, quick eyes, and a pretty mouth,—when she did not accentuate it with lip-salve,—she had more sheer quiet vitality than any girl I ever saw. It was delightful to watch her dance, ride, play tennis. She laughed with her eyes; she talked with a savoring vivacity. She never seemed tired or bored. She was, in one hackneyed word, attractive. And Vaness, the connoisseur, was quite obviously attracted. Of men who professionally admire beauty one can never tell offhand whether they definitely design to add a pretty woman to their collection, or whether their dalliance is just matter of habit. But he stood and sat about her, he drove and rode, listened to music, and played cards with her; he did all but dance with her, and even at times trembled on the brink of that. And his eyes, those fine, lustrous eyes of his, followed her about.

How she had remained unmarried to the age of twenty-six was a mystery till one reflected that with her power of enjoying life she could not yet have had the time. Her perfect physique was at full stretch for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four every day. Her sleep must have been like that of a baby. One figured her sinking into dreamless rest the moment her head touched the pillow, and never stirring till she sprang up into her bath.

As I say, for me Vaness, or rather his philosophy, *erat demonstrandum*. I was philosophically in some distress just then. The microbe of fatalism, already present in the brains of artists before the war, had been considerably enlarged by that depressing occurrence. Could a civilization basing itself on the production of material advantages do anything but insure the desire for more and more material advantages? Could it promote progress even of a material character except in countries whose resources were still much in excess of their population? The war had seemed to me to show that mankind was too combative an animal ever to recognize that the good of all was the good of one. The coarse-fibered, pugnacious, and self-seeking would, I had become sure, always carry too many guns for the refined and kindly.

The march of science appeared, on the whole, to be carrying us backward. I deeply suspected that there had been ages when the populations of this earth, though less numerous and comfortable, had been proportionately healthier than they were at present. As for religion, I had never had the least faith in Providence rewarding the pitiable by giving them a future life of bliss. The theory seemed to me illogical, for the more pitiable in this life appeared to me the thick-skinned and successful, and these, as we know, in the saying about the camel and the needle's eye, our religion consigns wholesale to hell. Success, power,

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wealth, those aims of profiteers and premiers, pedagogues and pandemoniacs, of all, in fact, who could not see God in a dewdrop, hear Him in distant goat-bells, and scent Him in a peppertree, had always appeared to me akin to dry rot. And yet every day one saw more distinctly that they were the pea in the thimblerig of life, the hub of a universe which, to the approbation of the majority they represented, they were fast making uninhabitable. It did not even seem of any use to help one's neighbors; all efforts at relief just gilded the pill and encouraged our stubbornly contentious leaders to plunge us all into fresh miseries. So I was searching right and left for something to believe in, willing to accept even Rupert K. Vaness and his basking philosophy. But could a man bask his life right out? Could just looking at fine pictures, tasting rare fruits and wines, the mere listening to good music, the scent of azaleas and the best tobacco, above all the society of pretty women, keep salt in my bread, an ideal in my brain? Could they? That 's what I wanted to know.

Every one who goes to Charleston in the spring soon or late visits Magnolia Gardens. A painter of flowers and trees, I specialize in gardens, and freely assert that none in the world is so beautiful as this. Even before the magnolias come out, it consigns the Boboli at Florence, the Cinnamon Gardens of Colombo, Concepcion at Malaga, Versailles, Hampton Court, the Generaliffe at Granada, and La Mortola to the category of "also ran." Nothing so free and gracious, so lovely and wistful, nothing so richly colored, yet so ghostlike, exists, planted by the sons of men. It is a kind of paradise which has wandered down, a miraculously enchanted wilderness. Brilliant with azaleas, or magnolias, it centers round a pool of dreamy water, overhung by tall trunks wanly festooned with the gray Florida moss. Beyond anything I have ever seen, it is otherworldly. And I went there day after day, drawn as one is drawn in youth by visions of the Ionian Sea, of the East, or the Pacific isles. I used to sit paralyzed by the absurdity of putting brush to canvas in front of that dream-pool. I wanted to paint of it a picture like that of the fountain, by Hellen, which hangs in the Luxembourg. But I knew I never should.

I was sitting there one sunny afternoon, with my back to a clump of azaleas, watching an old colored gardener —so old that he had started life as an "owned" negro, they said, and certainly still retained the familiar suavity of the old-time darky—I was watching him prune the shrubs when I heard the voice of Rupert K. Vaness say, quite close:

"There 's nothing for me but beauty, Miss Monroy."

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"Beauty is a wide, wide word. Define it, Mr. Vaness."

"An ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory: it stands before me."

"Come, now, that 's just a get-out. Is beauty of the flesh or of the spirit?"

"What is the spirit, as you call it? I 'm a pagan."

"Oh, so am I. But the Greeks were pagans."

"Well, spirit is only the refined side of sensuous appreciations."

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moot point. It was moot to me, watching him and Miss Sabine Monroy at Charleston throughout the month of March. The casual observer would have said that she was "playing him up," as a young poet of my acquaintance puts it; but I was not casual. For me Vaness had the attraction of a theorem, and I was looking rather deeply into him and Miss Monroy.

That girl had charm. She came, I think, from Baltimore, with a strain in her, they said, of old Southern French blood. Tall and what is known as willowy, with dark chestnut hair, very broad, dark eyebrows, very soft, quick eyes, and a pretty mouth,—when she did not accentuate it with lip-salve,—she had more sheer quiet vitality than any girl I ever saw. It was delightful to watch her dance, ride, play tennis. She laughed with her eyes; she talked with a savoring vivacity. She never seemed tired or bored. She was, in one hackneyed word, attractive. And Vaness, the connoisseur, was quite obviously attracted. Of men who professionally admire beauty one can never tell offhand whether they definitely design to add a pretty woman to their collection, or whether their dalliance is just matter of habit. But he stood and sat about her, he drove and rode, listened to music, and played cards with her; he did all but dance with her, and even at times trembled on the brink of that. And his eyes, those fine, lustrous eyes of his, followed her about.

How she had remained unmarried to the age of twenty-six was a mystery till one reflected that with her power of enjoying life she could not yet have had the time. Her perfect physique was at full stretch for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four every day. Her sleep must have been like that of a baby. One figured her sinking into dreamless rest the moment her head touched the pillow, and never stirring till she sprang up into her bath.

As I say, for me Vaness, or rather his philosophy, *erat demonstrandum*. I was philosophically in some distress just then. The microbe of fatalism, already present in the brains of artists before the war, had been considerably enlarged by that depressing occurrence. Could a civilization basing itself on the production of material advantages do anything but insure the desire for more and more material advantages? Could it promote progress even of a material character except in countries whose resources were still much in excess of their population? The war had seemed to me to show that mankind was too combative an animal ever to recognize that the good of all was the good of one. The coarse-fibered, pugnacious, and self-seeking would, I had become sure, always carry too many guns for the refined and kindly.

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"Then the feeling this garden rouses in me is purely sensuous?"

"Of course. If you were standing there blind and deaf, without the powers of scent and touch, where would your feeling be?"

"You are very discouraging, Mr. Vaness."

"No, madam; I face facts. When I was a youngster I had plenty of fluffy aspiration toward I did n't know what; I even used to write poetry."

"Oh, Mr. Vaness, was it good?"

"It was not. I very soon learned that a genuine sensation was worth all the uplift in the world."

"What is going to happen when your senses strike work?"

"I shall sit in the sun and fade out."

"I certainly do like your frankness."

"You think me a cynic, of course; I am nothing so futile, Miss Sabine. A cynic is just a posing ass proud of his attitude. I see nothing to be proud of in my attitude, just as I see nothing to be proud of in the truths of existence."

"Suppose you had been poor?"

"My senses would be lasting better than they are, and when at last they failed, I should die quicker, from want of food and warmth, that 's all."

"Have you ever been in love, Mr. Vaness?"

"I am in love now."

"And your love has no element of devotion, no finer side?"

"None. It wants."

"I have never been in love. But, if I were, I think I should want to lose myself rather than to gain the other."

"Would you? Sabine, *I am in love with you.*"

"Oh! Shall we walk on?"

I heard their footsteps, and was alone again, with the old gardener lopping at his shrubs.

But what a perfect declaration of hedonism! How simple and how solid was the Vaness theory of existence! Almost Assyrian, worthy of Louis Quinze.

And just then the old negro came up.

"It 's pleasant settin', " he said in his polite and hoarse half-whisper; "dar ain't no flies yet."

"It 's perfect, Richard. This is the most beautiful spot in the world."

"Sure," he answered, softly drawling. "In deh war-time de Yanks nearly burn deh house heah—Sherman's Yanks. Sueh dey did; po'ful angry wi' ol' massa dey was, 'cause he hid up deh silver plate afore he went away. My ol' fader was de factotalum den. De Yanks took 'm, suh; dey took 'm, and deh major he tell my fader to show 'm whar deh plate was. My ol' fader he look at 'm an' say: 'Wot yuh take me foh? Yuh take me foh a sneakin' nigger? No, suh, you kin du wot yuh like wid dis chile; he ain't goin' to act no Judas. No, suh!' And deh Yankee major he put 'm up ag'in' dat tall live-oak dar, an' he say: 'Yuh darn ungrateful nigger! I 's come all dis way to set yuh free. Now, whar 's dat silver plate, or I shoot yuh up, sueh!' 'No, suh,' says my fader; 'shoot away. I 's neber goin' t' tell.' So dey begin to shoot, and shot all roun' 'm to skeer 'm up. I was a li'l' boy den, an' I see my ol' fader wid my own eyes, suh, standin' thar 's bold 's Peter. No, suh, dey did n't neber git no word from him. He loved deh folk heah; sure he did, suh."

The old man smiled, and in that beatific smile I saw not only his perennial pleasure in the well-known story, but the fact that he, too, would have stood there, with the bullets raining round him, sooner than betray the folk he loved.

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"Fine story, Richard; but—very silly, obstinate old man, your father, was n't he?"

He looked at me with a sort of startled anger, which slowly broadened into a grin; then broke into soft, hoarse laughter.

"Oh, yes, suh, sure; berry silly, obstinacious ol' man. Yes, suh, indeed." And he went off cackling to himself.

He had only just gone when I heard footsteps again behind my azalea clump, and Miss Monroy's voice.

"Your philosophy is that of faun and nymph. Can you play the part?"

"Only let me try." Those words had such a fevered ring that in imagination I could see Vaness all flushed, his fine eyes shining, his well-kept hands trembling, his lips a little protruded.

There came a laugh, high, gay, sweet.

"Very well, then; catch me!" I heard a swish of skirts against the shrubs, the sound of flight, an astonished gasp from Vaness, and the heavy *thud, thud* of his feet following on the path through the azalea maze. I hoped fervently that they would not suddenly come running past and see me sitting there. My straining ears caught another laugh far off, a panting sound, a muttered oath, a far-away *"Cooee!"* And then, staggering, winded, pale with heat and vexation, Vaness appeared, caught sight of me, and stood a moment. Sweat was running down his face, his hand was clutching at his side, his stomach heaved—a hunter beaten and undignified. He muttered, turned abruptly on his heel, and left me staring at where his fastidious dandyism and all that it stood for had so abruptly come undone.

I know not how he and Miss Monroy got home to Charleston; not in the same car, I fancy. As for me, I traveled deep in thought, aware of having witnessed something rather tragic, not looking forward to my next encounter with Vaness.

He was not at dinner, but the girl was there, as radiant as ever, and though I was glad she had not been caught, I was almost angry at the signal triumph of her youth. She wore a black dress, with a red flower in her hair, and another at her breast, and had never looked so vital and so pretty. Instead of dallying with my cigar beside cool waters in the lounge of the hotel, I strolled out afterward on the Battery, and sat down beside the statue of a tutelary personage. A lovely evening; from some tree or shrub close by emerged an adorable faint fragrance, and in the white electric light the acacia foliage was patterned out against a thrilling, blue sky. If there were no fireflies abroad, there should have been. A night for hedonists, indeed!

And suddenly, in fancy, there came before me Vaness's well-dressed person, panting, pale, perplexed; and beside him, by a freak of vision, stood the old darky's father, bound to the live-oak, with the bullets whistling past, and his face transfigured. There they stood alongside—the creed of pleasure, which depended for fulfilment on its waist measurement; and the creed of love, devoted unto death!

"Aha!" I thought, "which of the two laughs *last?*"

And just then I saw Vaness himself beneath a lamp, cigar in mouth, and cape flung back so that its silk lining shone. Pale and heavy, in the cruel white light his face had a bitter look. And I was sorry, very sorry at that moment for Rupert K. Vaness.

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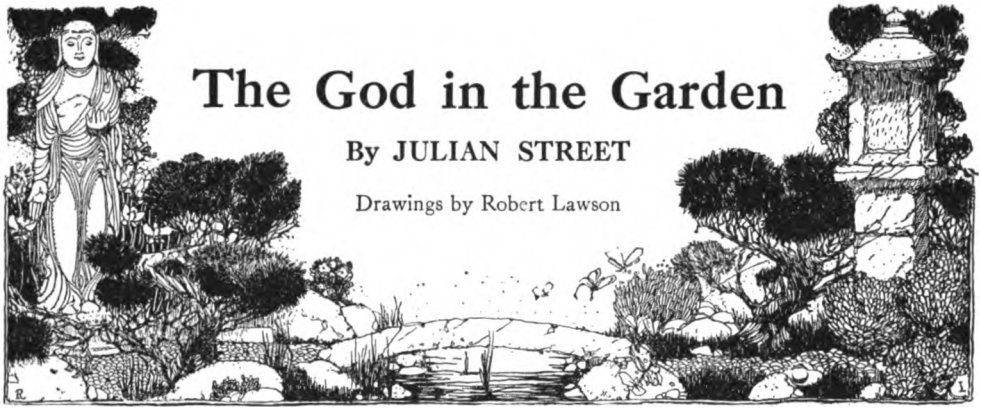

The God in the Garden

By JULIAN STREET

Drawings by Robert Lawson

IT is interesting to observe that the two races in which highly specialized artistic feeling is almost universal have, despite their antipodal positions on the globe, many common problems and one common blessing. Both Japan and Italy are poor and overpopulated countries, both are handicapped by a shortage of arable land and natural resources, both lack an adequate supply of food and raw materials for manufacturing, both are afflicted by earthquakes and are mountainous; but both are endowed with the peculiar, passionate beauty of landscape which is nature's compensation to volcanic countries—a beauty suggesting that of some vivid and ungoverned woman, brilliant, erratic, fascinating, and even dangerous.

Where nature shows herself a great temperamental artist, her children are likely to be artists, too. Almost all Italians have a highly developed sense of melody, and almost all Japanese possess in a remarkable degree the artist's sense of form.

One day in Tokio I fell to discussing these matters with a venerable art collector, wearing silks and sandals, and thereby hangs a tale.

"What," he asked me, "are the most striking examples of artistic feeling that you have noticed in Japan?"

I told him of two things that I had seen, each in itself unimportant. One was a well-wheel that impressed me as being significant.

The well was in a yard beside a lovely little farm-house, one story high, with walls of clay and timber, and with a thick thatched roof upon the ridge of which a row of purple iris grew. There was a dainty bamboo fence around the farm-yard, with flowering shrubs behind it, and a cherry-tree in blossom. The well-house was thatched, and the pulley-wheel beneath the thatch seemed to focus the entire composition. With us such a wheel would have been a thing of rough cast-iron, merely something for a rope to run over; but this wheel had been fondly imagined before it was created. Its spokes were not straight and ugly, but branched near the rim, curving gracefully into it in such a way as to form the outlines of a cherry-blossom. It was a work of art.

My other item was nothing but a little kettle. I saw it in a penitentiary. It belonged to a prisoner, and

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every prisoner in that portion of the institution had one like it. The striking thing about it was that it was an extremely graceful little kettle, made of copper and embellished in relief with a charming design. It, too, was a work of art, and there was to me something pathetic in the evidence it gave that even in this grim place the claims of beauty were not entirely ignored.

These trifling observations seemed to please my friend, the art collector.

"But," said he, "I think our national love of the beautiful is perhaps most strongly exhibited in our feeling for outdoor beauty—our pilgrimages to spots famous for their scenery, our delight in the cherry-blossom season, the wistaria season, the chrysanthemum season, and by no means least in our gardens."

Undoubtedly he was right. The feeling for nature among his country-men is general, mystical, poetic. Almost all Japanese write poetry. The poems of many emperors, empresses, and statesmen are widely known; and among the most celebrated Japanese poems those to nature in her various aspects are by far the most numerous. We were strolling in a very lovely private garden as we talked.

"Speaking of poetry and the love of nature," said he, "have you noticed the kimono of our host's daughter?"

I had noticed it. It was a beautiful costume of soft black silk, the hem, in front, adorned with a design of cherry-blossoms and an inscription in the always decorative Chinese character.

"Do you know what the inscription is?" he asked.

I did not.

"It is a poem of her own," he explained; and presently, when in our stroll we caught up with the young lady, he made me a literal translation, which I in turn made over into English verse:

Farewell, O Capital! I grieve
Thy lovely cheery-blooms to leave.
But now to Kioto must I fare
To view the cherry-blossoms there.

"With a venerable art collector"

We fell to talking of Japanese gardens.

"You must see some of our fine gardens," he said, "before you leave Japan."

I mentioned some I had already seen—the gardens of the crown prince, the prime

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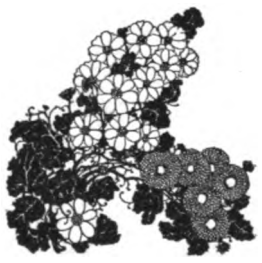
minister, Marquis Okuma, Viscount Shibusawa, Baron Furukawa, and others.

"But do you understand our theory of the garden?"

I told him what little I then knew: that flowers are not essential to a garden in Japan; that, where used, they are generally set apart in beds, and removed when they have ceased to bloom; that because of the skill of the Japanese in transplanting large trees, a garden of ancient appearance may be made in a few years; that boundaries are artfully planted out, so that some houses, standing on a few acres of ground in great cities, appear to be surrounded by forests; that small garden lakes are sometimes so arranged as to suggest that they are only arms of large bodies of water concealed from view by wooded headlands; and that optical illusions are often employed to make gardens seem much larger than they are, this being accomplished by a cunning scaling down in the size of the more remote hillocks, trees, and shrubs, increasing the perspective.



Also, I had seen examples of the *kare sensui* school of landscape gardening—waterless lakes and streams, their beds delineated in sand, gravel, and selected pebbles, and their banks set off by great water-worn stones brought from elsewhere, and by trees and shrubs carefully trained to droop toward the imaginary water—water the more completely suggested by stepping-stones and arched bridges reaching out to little islands, with stone lanterns standing among dwarf pines.

I knew, too, of the fondness of the Japanese for minor buildings in their gardens. Thus in the garden of Viscount Shibusawa, one of the leaders of liberal thought in Japan, there is an ancient Korean tea-house of very striking architecture; in that of Dr. Takuma Dan, general manager of the vast Mitsui interests, a farmhouse several centuries old; in that of Baron Okura, a famous museum of Chinese and Japanese antiquities and art works; and in the gardens of Baron Furukawa and Baron Sumitomo, smaller private museums. Tucked away in the corner of one garden near Kobe I had even seen a little factory in which the finest wireless cloisonné was being made, the owner of that garden having a deep interest in this art and using the productions of his artist-workmen to give as presents to his friends. And of course in many gardens I had seen houses built especially for the *cha-no-yu*, or tea ceremony.

Moreover, I had been to garden parties at some of which luncheons were served under marquees of bamboo and striped canvas, while at others were offered entertainments consisting of geisha-dancing and juggling. At these parties souvenirs are always given to the guests, fans and kakemono painted by artists on the premises, or bits of pottery which, after being painted, are glazed and fired, and then presented to the guests while they are still warm from the kiln.

"Yes, yes," said my venerable friend, "you have seen a good deal; but as to the history and theory of our gardens, what do you know?"

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"Very little," I admitted, and asked him to enlighten me.

§ 2

Japanese landscape gardening began twelve hundred years ago, when the Emperor Shomu, in residence at Nara, sent for a Chinese monk who was famed for his artistry and ordered him to beautify the ancient capital. This the monk accomplished chiefly by cutting out avenues among the lofty trees, which to this day make Nara not only a place of supreme loveliness, but one rich in the aroma of antiquity. Thus came the first period of landscape gardening in Nippon, the Tempyo period.

"'The kimono of our host's daughter'"

Five and a half centuries ago the second period began, when, in the terrain surrounding the Kinkakuji Temple at Kioto, gardens containing lakes, rocks, and gold-pavilioned islands were constructed in resemblance to the natural scenery near the mouth of the Yangtse River in China.

The third period is best represented by the gardens of the arsenal in Tokio. These were made three hundred years ago by a Chinese master named Shunsui, who was brought to Japan for the purpose by the Lord of Mito, brother of the shogun who at that time ruled Japan. In order to get water for this park, a canal thirty miles long was constructed, and this same canal later supplied water to the city of Yedo, as the present Tokio was then called.

The current period is the fourth, and it is the aim of the present-day masters to combine in their work all the fine points of the preceding periods. This development is largely due to the ease of modern transportation, which has enabled the landscape gardeners of our time to travel widely and become familiar with the finest natural scenery and the best work of their distinguished predecessors. For example, the Shiobara region, in northern Japan, a district famous for its lovely little corners, has been the inspiration for many modern gardens.

§ 3

"And now," said my learned friend as we paused in a little shelter of bamboo and thatch overlooking the corner of a lake bordered with curiously formed rocks and flowering shrubs, "I will tell you the great secret of this art; for of course you understand that with us landscape gardening is definitely placed as one of the fine arts." He paused for a moment, then continued: "The one sound principle for making a garden wherever water is used is what may be called the volcanic principle. That is

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to say, the artist in landscape gardening should go for his themes to places of volcanic origin; for in such places the greatest natural beauty is found.

"And why? First of all, you have hills of interesting contours, made by eruptions. Then you have mountain lakes, which form in the beds of extinct volcanoes. Our famous Lake Chuzenji, above Nikko, for example. From these lakes the water overflows, making splendid falls, like those of Kegon, which empty out of Lake Chuzenji. Below the falls you have a torrent rushing down a rocky valley, like the River Daiya, which flows from the Kegon Falls past Nikko, where it is spanned by the famous red-lacquered bridge. There is the basis for your entire garden composition.

"'To places of volcanic origin'"

"But you must also remember that volcanic outpourings make rich soil. This soil, thrown into the air by volcanic explosions, settles in the crevices of rocks. Pines take root in it. But in some places the pocket of soil is small; wherefore the roots of the pine cannot spread, and the tree becomes a dwarf, gnarled and picturesque. Again, on the hillsides the rich soil makes great trees grow, with rich shrubbery and verdure beneath them. The torrent completes the landscape effect by sculpturing the rocks into fascinating forms. In that combination you have every element required. Reproduce it in miniature, and your garden is made."

This theory, so Japanese in its completeness, charmed and satisfied me.

"Now," I thought to myself, "I *know*."

Thenceforward I looked at gardens not with the unenlightened enthusiasm of the casual amateur, but with a critic's eye. Here and there I would make a mental reservation, saying to myself that the man who made this garden had missed something in one respect or another; that the one great principle, the volcanic principle, had not been fully carried out.

§ 4

So time went on until presently I found myself in Kioto, the cultivated city of Japan, seated at a table, upon which were glasses and a bottle, beside one of the most interesting Japanese I had met, a man of ripe age and experience and of a philosophical turn of

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mind. He loved the history, the legends, and the psychology of his native land, and enjoyed sifting them through the interpretative screen of his own intelligence.

I listened to him with the most eager interest, gathering odd bits of Japanese lore that fascinated me.

"To boast," said he, "is, according to our point of view, one of the cardinal sins. We so detest boasting that we go to the other extreme, depreciating anything or anybody connected with ourselves. Thus, when some one says to me, 'Your brother has amassed a great fortune; he must be a man of great ability,' I will reply: 'He is not so very able. Perhaps he is only lucky.' As a matter of fact, it happens that my brother is a man of exceptional ability. But I must not say so; it is not good form for me to praise his qualities.

"In speaking of our wives and children we do the same. We say, 'my poor wife,' or, 'my insignificant wife,' although our wives may fulfil our idea of everything a woman should be.

"Also the reverse of this proposition is true. We sometimes signify our disapproval or dislike of some one by speaking of him in terms of too high praise.

"Among ourselves we fully understand these things. It is merely a code we follow. But I fear that this practice sometimes causes foreigners to misunderstand us. Being themselves accustomed to speak literally, they are inclined to take us so. Also, they are not likely to realize that we are most critical of those for whom we have profound regard. Why should we waste our time or our critical consideration upon persons who mean nothing to us or whom we dislike?

"Yet, after all," he continued, with a little twinkle in his eye, "human nature is much the same the world over. There was an American here in Kioto once who used to forbid his wife and sister to smoke cigarettes, but I observed that he was quick to pass his cigarette-case to other ladies."

He drifted on to a further discussion of differences between the point of view of Japan and that of the Occident.

"For three thousand years," said he, "our emperors never lived behind a fortification. There was no need of it. The present imperial palace at Tokio is, to be sure, protected by a moat and great stone walls, but that was originally built for shoguns, and was taken over by the imperial house only at the time of the restoration.

"Our old Japanese idea is that the emperor is the father of his people. There is a certain reverence, yet a certain democracy, too, in our feeling on this subject. We who have the old ideas regret that the emperor now appears in a military or naval uniform. It is too much like the European way, too much like abandoning the feeling that he is the head of the family. For a uniform seems to make him only a part of the army or the navy.

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"'We created new orders of nobility'"

"But we had to modify our customs to suit those of other nations. Ambassadors began to come from foreign lands. The emperor did not wish to see them, but was obliged to do so because they represented great powers to whom we could not say no.

"At first, when the emperor received ambassadors, he wore his ancient imperial robes and was seated upon cushions, Japanese fashion. But the ambassadors were arrayed in brilliant uniforms covered with decorations, and in accordance with their home customs they *stood* in the imperial presence. They would stand before a European king or an American President. Therefore it seemed to them respectful to stand before our emperor.

"But, according to our customs, that is the worst thing that can happen. We must always be lower than the emperor; we must not even look from a second-story window when he drives by. The emperor's audience-room was so constructed that he sat in an elevated place at the head of a flight of steps. But even so, one never entered his presence standing fully erect. The idea of deference was visibly indicated by a stooping position, and as one ascended the steps toward the imperial person, one bent over more and more, until, on reaching the plane on which the emperor was seated, one knelt, with bowed head, so as still to be below him.

"A foreigner, on the other hand, wishing to show proper respect to an exalted personage, would make a bow from the waist and then assume a stiffly erect attitude, almost like a soldier standing at attention. Can you imagine an Occidental admiral or general, with his tight uniform, heavy braid, and sword, approaching any one upon his hands and knees? It would be foreign to his nature and training, not to say ruinous to his costume.

"Moreover, the important foreigners who came to Japan at the beginning of the period of transition were gorgeous with gold lace and jeweled decorations. Up to that time we had no decorations and no modern uniforms and trappings of rank. Even our emperor, in his magnificent robes, was not adorned with gold braid, and no jewels flashed from his breast.

"Naturally, then, we had to change. We created new orders of nobility; decorations were devised, uniforms

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were designed, all according to the European plan. In the old days we had shogun, daimio, and samurai. Now we have princes of the blood, princes not of the blood, marquises, counts, viscounts, and barons. We have decorations to shine with foreign decorations. We have field-marshals and admirals to meet the foreign field-marshals and admirals."

He sighed, and looked through the open window to the garden shimmering in moonlight.

"Sometimes," he said, reflectively, "it seems to me that the only place where the spirit of old Japan can feel at home is when it wanders through our ancient gardens. They are unchanged."

He paused, still gazing through the open window, then went on:

"That is another thing I must talk to you about. We Japanese have a profound feeling about gardens. The structure of a garden is a matter of the first importance. You must see some of our gardens."

"I have done so already," I replied. "I have taken pains to visit many of them, and I—"

"But," he interrupted, "I am not speaking entirely of vision in the sense of sight. One must have understanding of these things. I am talking of the basic principles upon which every garden should be made."

"That is just what I am talking about," I returned enthusiastically. "It happens that I have made a study of your theory of gardens."

I must own that I did not speak without a certain complacency. I had the comfortable feeling that always comes to one who hears a subject broached and feels himself well equipped to discuss it.

"That is very gratifying," said the philosopher, politely.

It was indeed very gratifying. My memory was good. I casually mentioned the four periods of Japanese landscape gardening, making easy references to the Emperor Shomu, the scenery near the mouth of the Yangtse River, and the Chinese master Shunsui. Then I began to explain.

"Of course," I said, "the one great secret of the art is to apply the volcanic principle. One should go for themes to places of volcanic origin—places like Lake Chuzenki and Nikko, places where lakes, formed in the beds of extinct volcanoes, overflow, making beautiful waterfalls and torrents which rush through rocky valleys. There, of course, is the basis for your entire garden composition."

He sat staring at me; his eyes shone. Evidently he was impressed.

"Of course," I resumed, "volcanic explosions throw rich soil into—"

"Stop!" he cried, half rising from his chair. "Who gave you those theories? Where did you learn them?"

"In Tokio," I answered proudly, "I happened to meet—"

"Never mind whom you met," he broke in, his voice shaking with intensity. "These things you have been saying are terrible—terrible. Such ideas are ruining art and beauty in Japan. A garden of that kind is an abomination."

I sat stunned.

"The thing above all others to keep away from," he continued vehemently, "is anything volcanic. That should be apparent to any one—any one. The very cause of volcanic structure is violence. It is the embodiment of turmoil, unrest." He made a wild gesture with his arms. "A volcano blows

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up, it explodes—*bang!* It throws everything about helter-skelter. It is horrible. That is a garden for a madhouse or the palace of a *narikin*, a new millionaire."

"But don't you think—"

"If one thing is more essential than another in a garden," he went on, ignoring my effort to interrupt, "it is peace, tranquillity, an atmosphere conducive to meditation. Fancy a cultivated gentleman, a philosopher, trying to meditate among volcanoes, waterfalls, and roaring torrents! A garden should have no waterfalls. Water, if it is there at all, should flow as placidly as philosophic thought. There should be no fish darting about, no noisy, splashing fountains, no gaudy peonies, or other striking and distracting things. The purpose of a garden should not be display. Its proper purpose is not to excite the beholder, but to fill him with a rich contentment. A garden should be a bathing-place for the soul. And one no more wishes to plunge the soul than the body into a roaring torrent. No; there is in life already too much stress and turmoil. The soul cries out for repose. One must lave it in a crystal pool, healing and refreshing."

He paused, short of breath.

"But don't you think—"

"Say no more! It is late. I must go."

I walked with him to the garden gate. A new moon hanging in a sky of blue and silver was reflected in a still pool, its margins soft with the dark, cloud-like forms of shrubbery. Near the gate some callas stood like graceful, silent ghosts. The night air was fragrant with the scent of rich, damp soil and growing things.

"But don't you think," I pleaded as I opened the gate to let him pass, "that there is, after all, something poetic in the volcanic conception of a garden?"

"No, no," he cried. "Poetic? No. Good night. Good night. I do not understand this new Japan. There is no repose any more. It is all volcanoes, all exploding. It is the beauties of calm that we are losing. Calm! Yes, that is it, calm! calm! calm!"

His agitated voice, shouting, "Calm! calm! calm!" came back to me as like a typhoon he whirled off into the darkness, leaving me in the sweet quiet of the garden—to meditate.

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Legs

By ALEXANDER BLACK

MUCH has been written about the power of words, yet it seems to remain for some authoritative person, some cool-headed, incorrigibly scientific, and properly unemotional investigator, to fix before us the stern truth as to the relationship between words and life.

We say that words are things. The word as a weapon is quite within our familiar acceptance (Stevenson called the unanswerable compliment "a social bludgeon"). But the sheer ethics of words is still a vague matter. A thousand admonitions hint at definable responsibility. What one may say as distinct from what one may do belongs to the earliest formulas of education. Statutes of the state, which tell us what we must not eat or drink, and what clothes we must not wear on our bodies, tell us what clothes of language we must not drape upon our thoughts.

There are endless suggestions of an objective hazard in words which should long ago have received better attention. One grows up in a nervous dread that a devastating syllable may be spilled somewhere, like a trickle from an illicit bottle in a hand-bag, and utterly ruin a hitherto well safeguarded reputation. We may often see a kind of fright on the faces of a group, even the most casual social group, lest a wrong word may wreck the peace of the situation. There is no chance that a physical blow will be struck. The situation may be too polite to permit the suspicion that any one totes a gun, but every one knows that a concealed vocal weapon can be deadly beyond estimate. The crippling constraint, the fearful negative force of the effort not to say something, might well seem disproportionate if we forgot the explosive potency of this blessed thing we call language.

The Italians have a saying that "deeds are male, words are female," but Shakspere noted that " 't 's a kind of deed to say well"; and if it is a kind of deed to say well, it is a kind of deed to say ill. How definitely every word is a deed we no longer debate. It might reasonably be contended that if words are female, Kipling is again reinforced. A shrewd Scottish philosopher was willing to say that "the inventor of the most barbarous term may thus have an influence on mankind more important than all which the most illustrious conqueror could effect by a long life of fatigue, and anxiety, and peril, and guilt."

No wonder, then, that the stalwarts in language's Loyal Legion have stood alert for offenders. If a hurled word-bomb may change the course of history, naturally, every caretaker has a duty.

Doubtless there are some words which, though they have managed to be born, are irrevocably exiled, if not outcast. Their euphemistic ambassadors are permitted to mingle; they themselves are forever shut out. These

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are often simply primary words, the least common denominators. Primary words can have a naked terribleness. This is not a naked world, and we do not like such words around. Often ostracized words are not only elemental, but hopelessly vulgar. Even man to man they are never mentioned. The idea behind the word may be circuitously named, but it is established that while the idea is freely thinkable, the stark term itself has an inherent repulsiveness, and must never be breathed.

Evidently, however, certain words which have been held in abeyance, or quite muffled, like certain civilities in the case of a person under a cloud or open to suspicion, await a changed acceptance in the matter of the idea. I recall what seemed to be the first speaking of "damn" on the American stage. Most of the auditors appeared to be shocked. Apparently the shock was agreeable in most instances. This was not to be measured by the almost unanimous laugh. The laugh answers before conscience. Taste often rebukes participation. Yet it was possible to feel that the incident was accepted as refreshing, or as subject to some cordiality of consideration. At that time "damn" in print was always "d——n." Even the devil did not have his due. He was "d——l" in all respectable secular print, and, by a perhaps inevitable corollary, "h——l" was decently censored. There was, by the way, a quandry for one who read aloud: a dash cannot be vocalized. "Dash it," was a quaintness of early print. There is a whole literature of euphemistic expletives, as well as a strange iteration of subterfuges in actual profanity, many of which seem to have a permanent life. The modern realist may well regard with amazement the ingenuity with which literature has conveyed an effect of reality, even in rough talk, without using the literal terms. Stevenson, for example, though interpreting in "Treasure Island" the flavor of the most coarse-spoken class in the world, if we except the level of the *apaches*, could write a whole story without real cuss words and leave no feeling of artifice or unreality, at least at the period of the first reading.

The ultimate word has often had to wait on the door-step long after its idea was granted admittance. Thus the word "sex" was under a ban until the open discussion of sex had become a commonplace. The *index expurgatorius* of a proper periodical or newspaper abided, as usual, the established example of other print. Sex might be expounded, but the word "sex" had in itself almost a libidinous sound, which was sternly reprehended. Not until after Freud did the complex receive the completely extenuating stroke.

The astonishing character of an inhibition is often unfolded to us by the realization of its removal. Sometimes the removal is spectacular; sometimes it follows the simple loosenings of an evolution. I find at hand, in the pages of a distinguished magazine, a paper on "Old Age" in which a retired gentleman candidly and charmingly discusses his outlook on past and present. It is here that I come upon this passage: "I love the theater, but have a new horror of front rows, especially if there are 'legs' in the show; for, alas! I am bald-headed." "Legs," even quoted legs,—and quotation-marks are a kind of fig-leaf for a word that is only by way of being wholly permissible,—could not possibly have been written

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thirty years ago with any such connotation or uttered in any such company.

There may be a more grotesque instance in linguistic psychology (I defer to the Max Müllers), but at the moment I can think of nothing so awkward, so shamefaced, so indicative as the entrance of this term. To see it come, not as brazen, not with any lusty swank, but with a skulking self-consciousness that still gives its manner a culprit effect, is to find fresh humor in humanity's passion for little troubles. We say that language is the clothing of thought. We admit that clothing, after sheltering and concealing, may have communicatory expression. We wake up to find that the clothing of thought has deliberately chosen to supplement its primary functions by adopting a ball and chain to retard each foot, putting bird bones in the lobes of the ears, adding ghastly nostril-distenders and some equivalent torture for the lower lip. In aggravation, even the shedding of one of these encumbrances leaves us with a kind of guilty awkwardness, a serf-souled tendency to fumble with our freedom. Since we invented our own shackles and fastened them on, liberty brings a strange mixture of relief and chagrin.

§ 2

For any person still living who may have been born anywhere between haircloth sofas and crayon portraits it is true that a refusal to say "legs" was mitigated by the fact that it had long been a sinful impoliteness to think them. The convention that "the Queen of Spain has no legs" had fastened itself upon civilized usage. But for that convention there could have been nothing astonishing enough to claim special attention in a certain narrative by the author of the "Lives of the Berkeleys," who, when he was a newly imported page to Queen Elizabeth, was one day called to account for his awkward manner of "making a leg" in the curtsy, and the queen lifted her garments calf-high "that I might the better observe the grace of drawing back the foot and bowing of the knee." This recital may or may not prove that Queen Elizabeth differed from the Queen of Spain, but it once more calls attention to the fact that even, and perhaps especially, a queen can never be sure when she is making history.

Of literature it may be said that, in general, it conformed to the convention we are considering. Even the word, without awkward connotations, was somehow taboo. This may account for the fact that though Solomon's Song sings that "his legs are as pillars of marble," my Oxford Concordance refuses to index the item. Neither does it participate in the isolate indelicacy of Isaiah when he scolds women about "bonnets and ornaments of the legs." In the main, poets have exhibited an amazing delicacy. Suckling's phrase in the "Ballad upon a Wedding," "Her feet beneath her petticoat," expressed the nice sense of limitation. Her petticoat—that set the boundaries of license. How daintily Herrick refers to the circumstance that

> Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
> A little out!

Feet patter with a joyous liberty through ten thousand verses. When a lifted skirt issued challenge to an abandoned imagination, an ankle was revealed. Without the fortunate intervention of that word "ankle," lit-

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erature, and perhaps thereby legislatures, would have had to say "leg" two centuries sooner. As it happened, "ankle" was there for purposes of rhapsody and rebuke, and "The charms her downcast modesty concealed" standardized concealment in the proper length and proper management of the skirt.

In a sane world modesty will always be at a premium. That expressed modesty is a convention, that it is not as immutable as arithmetic and must constantly undergo change in expression, though its essence remain always the same, is as freshly incredible to the civilized as to the savage. Every age has a new code, and every code must be definite, for it is translating definite implications. Paul, who was, indeed, no feminist, yet who well expressed the man-spirit of his time, was not content to declare that he would not suffer women to preach, and that they were to "be in silence." He was not content to admonish women in general terms that they must "adorn themselves in modest apparel." He specified that a woman must not braid her hair. He was quite right, since in his time braided hair had an unpleasant significance. It is significance that should determine the gestures of modesty. To accuse Paul of narrowness is to overlook his environment. It will be said, and it has been said often enough, that men are always finding excuse in their environment. Critics of Paul have complained, even in the pulpit, that no stretch of the principle justified him in concluding, as between Adam and Eve, that Eve was the transgressor, and that the conclusion marks him forever as a woman-hater. Without dignifying the complaint, it may be pointed out that no sincere preacher of feminine modesty can be wholly a woman-hater. We have no more right to accuse Paul of being a woman-hater than to accuse Charles Lamb of being a misogynist because he thought Milton's Adam and Eve behaved too much like married people.

Modesty, then, and its interpretations are beginning factors in the fate of our word. When that roysterer Fielding says, "Thy modesty 's a candle to thy merit," he was simply acknowledging that every quality has its sign, and sooner or later insists upon its sign. We carry around an idea by the shawl-strap of its symbol. An idea that is n't thus made portable is likely to be neglected. The fixed idea of the properly invisible assisted the idea of the properly inaudible, and sham modesty could not discredit the notion. When one of the pupils of Socrates came in a ragged garment to parade his humility, Socrates remarked dryly, "I see thy vanity through the holes in thy coat." The "vamps" of history have always made the most of concealment. It has long been notorious that drapery can become the subtlest implement of the frivolous and the depraved.

Geography has played its whimsical part. The immodesty of one land has been quite within the modesty of another. The corsage of Victoria's iron-clad regulation, with no regard for unfortunate shoulder-blades or wattles, was scandalous in Tokio; yet Victorian bathing-suits were funny beyond understanding to a Japanese lady, who wore no sea-clothes at all. The grammar of modesty has always been, as General Hancock calamitously described the tariff, a "local issue"; so that the Queen of Spain, who had no legs, inevitably did not ride a bicycle.

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§ 3

It was the bicycle, by the way, that began a real revolution in women's dress. Dr. Mary Walker's trousers left a world of women wholly unconvinced. Wheels made shortened skirts undebatable, and shortened skirts made anatomy undebatable. If this change did not always increase reverence for the literal facts of anatomy, if it proved that gallantry had often, if not generally, gone further in assumptions of beauty than the facts warranted, it helped to sweep away a hypocrisy which reverence learned not to need and modesty learned to ignore. This coming into collision of mechanism and modesty had, in fact, extraordinary evolutionary consequences. The athletic girl, a type older than Greece, was emancipated from encumbering devices. What a girl could and could not do had been settled in a huge percentage of instances by the length of her skirts. Her physical needs and rights as a human creature had been circumscribed by a lying hem. She could not throw a ball scientifically because her clavicle was too short, but she could dance better than a man when she had a fair chance. Her wish and her need to dance freely were permitted expression mostly on the stage. Social dancing, perhaps as confessing, closely and untheatrically, that she really must have legs, always met its frowns. Byron insulted the waltz; but, then, he had a bad foot. Thackeray was violently in opposition. "A man who loves dancing," he said, "may be set down as an ass; and the fashion is gradually going out with the increasing good sense of the age." Oddly, it was the irascible bachelor Nietzsche who proclaimed dancing as "the highest symbol of perfected human activity."

During the long period when the stage might make its confessions, but normal life was held to rigid concealments and subterfuges, the joke reached its cowardly limit, and the poor word had the effect of sending decency, as in the presence of a hunted mouse, to the vantage of a chair or table, with skirts gathered against an awful possibility. The evasion entailed immense difficulties of description. A man could break a leg, but a woman could break only a limb, and since this designation, though decent, was indefinite, she was permitted to break a "lower limb." No ribaldry could seem to shame the false shame. The jokesmith's fun about the spinsters who draped the naked "limbs" of the piano was looked upon as at best only illustrating how levity can grimace in the presence of serious things. The timid could not be jested out of their shelter. Hypocrisy was darkest just before the dawn.

I remember an early evening on a certain Western train that had stopped for the twentieth time in an exhausting effort to butt its head through a snowstorm. We were still eighteen miles or so from the city in which I was to lecture, and every pause plainly lessened the chance that my audience, if there should happen to be one on such a night, would have the high pleasure of hearing what it came for. In the seat beside me was a quiet girl who had begun to eat her supper out of a package. By various signs, across-the-car exclamations and visits, I came to understand that she was a member of a theatrical company. At last her question as to my opinion of the hazard, seeing how late it already was, made it

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plain that a stage awaited her, as a lyceum platform awaited me. Her anxiety did not seem to equal mine, but she had a curiosity as of one who had been through many perils and retained a normal sense of gambling chances, and the curiosity, shining through a pretty demureness, made me wish that I might have had a conviction one way or the other. Yet I had nothing to offer. I only hoped. And it came about that I asked her the name of the play in which she was to appear.

"Oh, it is n't a play," she answered through the sandwich; "it 's only a leg show."

The "leg show" of those days expressed the sharp differentiation between the prosaic and the spectacular. That lower limbs are still visible on the stage the remark of our clerical friend sufficiently attests, but they are no longer called "leg shows." The leg is no longer a specialized lure, or at all events not one to be so labeled, for the plain reason that the utter familiarity of a fashion has, perhaps for all time, though I suppose we should not be too sure of that, robbed mischievous frivolity as well as ingenious prurience of its excuse. Prurience was able to trade on a hypocrisy. With the hypocrisy in flight, the game lost flavor. You can't tease a concealment that has stopped concealing. You can't steal that which is freely yielded. Fashion takes all satisfaction from an evil blow by turning the other leg.

At the hour of this writing the mode has made its mark at the knee. Since fluctuation belongs to the essence of fashion, and since fashion cannot escape the dilemma of the irreducible minimum, the barometer of change is certain to show a fall. But, to whatever final effect, the point has been made. The leg complex has undergone an extraordinary jolt. A new psychology must be drafted. In ways which no theory could have suspected, a bitterly debated revolution in dress has made it necessary to consider from new angles questions that are not merely artistic and not merely whimsical. If it is true that in abandoning concealments women have abandoned any of their real modesty, the event has been lamentable indeed. If it is true that in abandoning these concealments women have only kicked off archaic shackles, and with them various incrusted coquetries invented in a man-made world, there is nothing to weep about but the hazards of weather. If the attitude of men is to be a vital consideration, it will be important to find out whether men have lost by the change any real respect for women, have experienced any lowered impulses either of reverence or attraction, or have lost nothing but a sense of "leg-show" mystery that once was so fertile and foolish in the drama of sex.

Both sides of the contention have been vociferously presented. One side has gone so far as to imply that woman has been utterly abased. The other has gone so far as to insist that at last she has been utterly liberated, that by a happy synchronization she is at the same hour both physically and civically free. There is, I trust, nothing wrong in my standing aside from the affray, or in my momentary absorption by the spectacle of the mere word, sheepishly alone in its new liberty.

§ 4

Yet I venture to remark that women themselves seem likely to settle the whole question in their own

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way. A deeper student of such matters reinforces me. Havelock Ellis gives the weight of his profound analysis to the statement that women, once they acquire the privilege, are more direct than men. Ellis has found that women not only think more directly, but have, when they wish to have it, a more direct way of getting their thought said. He mentions, for instance, that Parisian lawyers have discovered that women can explain things better, and that these lawyers say to their working-class clients, "Send me your wife." How complicated such study is we may discover in Ellis's revelation that, nevertheless, women are preternaturally clever in "attaining results by ruses." This trait is, we are told, "so habitual among women that, as Lombroso and Ferrero remark, in women deception is 'almost physiological.'" Surely now you forgive me for standing aside. If women think more directly, yet are addicted to ruses, if their thought is straight and their action devious, it would be absurd for a man to decide that she is wrong in what she is doing when it is deeply impossible that he should know what she *is* doing. One thing is certain: she has a sense of humor in the matter of clothes that has been denied to men. It is not alone the failure in man's sense of humor that induces him to think that she is dressing solely for him. That blunder has a remoter explanation. I suspect that no man is fitted to give this explanation in full. Evidently there must be a duality in many explanations, and sex truth must have bi-logic as well as the biologic. Woman's understanding with her own sex has been much underrated. It has created vast areas of obscurity for men.

Even Havelock Ellis must only be guessing. He is ruthless and circumstantial. He seems to know. He diagrams mind and body with the same assurance. But how are we to judge whether, if he is possibly in error as to her mentality, he may not also be in error as to her anatomy? For I am compelled to admit that the arch critic finds one supreme fault with her structure. "This obliquity of the legs," he says, "is the most conspicuous æsthetic defect of the female form in the erect posture, while it unfits women for attitudes of energy, and compels them to run by alternate semicircular rotations of the legs." Would it be cynical to suspect that Ellis was influenced by "semicircular rotations" to believe that the get-what-she-wants instinct gave the mind of woman a circuitous facility?

It is more significant to note that in the future no commentator in this field can occupy the position of one privileged to analyze the obscure. The unhampered mind of woman has chosen to acquire an unhampered and a describable body. It does not matter that some one might point out that the describable body was last to be acquired, and draw out any frippery of thesis from that case. It does not matter how the quarrel may be decided as to the immediate reaction upon men. Without considering fashion extremists, who are a quite negligible minority for the use of cartoonists, women have taken one practical means of leaving the malice or mischief or sentimentalism of men no leg to stand on.

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Forbidden Fruit

By ALBERT KINROSS

Author of "The Truth about Vignolles"

Drawings by Ernest Fuhr

I HAD been telling Vignolles about my stay in Cairo, about the stables and horse transport I had taken over at Abu Ella, and how at the end of a fortnight, after a hard struggle and quinine tablets and a day here and there in bed, I had gone down with malaria, giving up the fight and yielding soul and body to slops and hospital and that accursed arsenic they give you when you 're beginning to come round again, till you feel like a person being slowly poisoned in a shilling "shocker." And when I was recovered and convalescent, they had sent me home, with all my curiosity about the place unsatisfied.

"I was in Cairo for close on three months," I had ended it, "and I hardly know anything; might just as well never have been there. That 's the worst of the army and soldiering.

"It was a blow. I had read so many of those stories, heavily perfumed, dark and stealthy, and full of jewels, great pearls and emeralds, and lovely ladies—"

"I know the stuff," said Vignolles, interrupting me. "Most of it 's rot, written by men who 've half digested 'The Arabian Nights,' or who 've stayed a month at Shepheard's and been round with a guide, and who get an easy living by thrilling lascivious cockneys with stories of ladies of the harem and Eastern mystery. Oh, the 'mysterious East!'" He laughed. "I 'm sick of it. I 've tried it; I 've worked in it and paid my way,—you never know a place till you 've done that,—and I 've had exactly one adventure I can remember—or is it two? Yes, two. There was a lady of the harem and a European lady; she does not matter so much. She might have happened in England or anywhere else; but the lady of the harem was of the country. She made it clearer to me, and I was young enough to learn my lesson."

I had settled down prepared to lis-

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ten; for Vignolles, once started, was sure to be full and brimming with his subject, and the night was young enough as well. We were cozily aloft, up in my chambers in the Temple, the fire burning, the curtains drawn, and smoke and refreshment easily to hand.

"Let 's hear about the lady of the harem," I had said, "the one I missed." For I 'd seen dozens of them, driving about in white and semi-transparent veils, black-silk overalls, or whatever they call the costume. They were mostly eyes, those ladies, and some looked exquisite and very much like delicate birds. I had just had time to see them and surrender.

"Yes, they look nice," admitted Vignolles, dubiously. "Most things look nice out in the East," he added; "that 's the way of it. But when you pass beyond the looking and begin to understand, most times you 're inclined to prefer the plainer West.

"This is n't a sentimental or a respectable story," he pursued; "for, to begin with, Egypt and respectability don't seem to agree with each other, and you can't be either, can you, unless you 've a little money to spare and a settled job? I had been to Athens out of curiosity, because I wanted to see, and for the same reason I 'd worked my passage about the Greek islands in a steam yacht that carried expensive tourists, and when the summer came, I 'd been dumped down at Alexandria. This was in the nineties, when Egypt was beginning to revive. It was n't the place it 's become since; still, it was good enough. I did n't like Alexandria,—too European, too Levantine, for my taste; good spot to make money in or bathe in the sea, but otherwise dull,—so I pushed on to Cairo and found a job. It was a very simple one, but enough to keep me going, and the duties were n't too heavy. I became a proof-reader at the government printing works over in Bulak. They 'd got regular men, but one of 'em had been given leave to go home over the summer, and they wanted a man to take his place while he was away. I found this out through asking, and when the head man, a very decent fellow out of Yorkshire, had tested me and was satisfied that I could spell all right and punctuate and do the work, he let me in, and the other chap departed.

"It was the hot season, but as you began early and finished at lunch-time, it did n't so much matter. I lodged with an English family, Todd by name, and very good-natured people. Of course no Moslem family would take me as a lodger, because of the women, and I did n't fancy Syrians or Levantines, because of the bugs and fleas; so that when somebody told me that the Todds had a spare room, I jumped at it, and there I settled down.

"It was a queer life. Early in the morning I took the tram to the printing works and did my job in a big, cool room away from the machines. It came very easy to me, for I 'd read a lot and the matter was interesting, all kinds of reports about the country, every blessed side of it, from date-palms to irrigation, from water-buffalo to religion; and when the real heat of the day hit you, I was off duty, and had nothing to do but doze and perspire under the net that kept the flies off. It was all very nice and cool till one came out into the sunlight after one's morning's work. Then Cairo blazed away at you. The whole city had become an oven, your strength departed, and you could just manage to

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crawl on to the tram and crawl off again when it stopped quite close to the door of that hospitable Mrs. Todd. Her husband had a job at the Tanzim,—it 's the department that tries to keep the place clean,—rather a business, with everybody chewing sugar-cane and eating melon and throwing what they can't swallow into the street. There was Mrs. Todd, with her husband and the two children; but they don't matter much, except that they were very kind.

"When we 'd lunched and got into our pajamas, and plump little Mrs. Todd into a muslin wrapper, and when I 'd slept and sweated in the darkened room, with all its shutters closed, and had a cold shower and drunk a cup or two of tea, then I 'd get my second wind and go out to explore. Cairo was mysterious to me in those days, before I could understand their Arabic and think their thoughts and speak and listen. It was all wonderful and rather fearful. Yes, sometimes it gave me the blue funks. When you 're the only white man among crowds and crowds of natives you 'll understand what I mean.

"The old Moslem city beyond the Ezbekiah and ending at the tombs and gates and flowing round the citadel fascinated and lured me. This world was new to me, as it was to you. We lived close by Kasr el Nil, all dull and European, and I would get on a tram and hop off at Gamamiz or the junction outside the Mousky, and then I 'd prowl. One walked a few yards, and Europe was ended. At first I used a guide-book with a map and found the great mosques. I began with Ibn Tulun, and I 'll never forget it—that vast and surprising courtyard under the fiery blue. The size of it! And you find it so unexpectedly, off a tangle of narrow alleys. It 's like the one at Mecca, and somehow, the first time, I seemed to see it packed with bloody-minded fanatics listening to the word and feverish with their hate against the infidel. Really, it was always empty and always dead; no one prays in an old mosque if they can find a new one. Sometimes you found the peace of God there, and sometimes the place and the ghosts you saw in it got on one's nerves. I remember the first time. There were women in a near-by house exorcising a devil, howling and shrieking as though they themselves were possessed. You could see nothing; you were only aware of that infernal din. I seemed back in the Dark Ages, or as though I had wandered away into some wild corner of the Hebrew Bible; and there was a little Egyptian I had picked up with beside me, apologizing. He was distressed because he thought I might fancy his compatriots were uncivilized. But they are; that 's the charm of them to us who try to escape our chains.

"And there was the Sultan Hasan Mosque, the perfect mosque, so beautiful that it hit you like a woman loved at sight. Arab art reached its climax here, could go no further; it has never reached that perfection since, will never touch it or come near it. Coldly, you may realize that the thing is mathematics, an arrangement of lines and curves, and lacking the warm humanism we breathe into our masterpieces. But that great mosque justifies everything; for Arab art can do no more than that, has said its say. I stood under the dome and gloated, and the same little Egyptian I had picked up with was pleased because I was

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pleased, and flattered and conciliated.

"The other mosques were mostly repetitions; so when I had seen enough of them I dropped them out and simply passed away my evenings in the streets—those narrow, unpaved streets, two camels wide, where it never rains, and where life is a perpetual procession. I knew most of them between the citadel and the towers and walls that Saladin built—the whole breadth of the city. I had no money worth mentioning, and the bazaars did not greatly tempt me: but these strange, chattering, light-hearted people, these men in gowns, caftans, and colored slippers, with their mysterious affairs that I could never follow; these smiling women, with their black garments, their black veils, a metal cylinder on their nose, their bare bosoms, and feet on which shone anklets—they all filled me with a wonder which it took long to outgrow. At the end of many a vista was the gray bulk of Mokattam, those starved and naked hills that always reminded me of a back curtain in a theater. The light would grow less and less, the dusk would come swiftly, and I would be tired from constant looking and wondering and prowling; and then sometimes the whole place would become sinister and dark, and I would feel that all those people hated me, the interloper. I might disappear quite easily. In those narrow streets, those haphazard byways, who would find me, who would ever know? I felt sometimes like an animal enmeshed, and was glad to come out into an open street, with policemen and lighted lamps.

"Of course it was my imagination. Just as in Ibn Tulun I had filled the great courtyard with a horde of bloody-minded fanatics, so in these darkling streets and alleys I had pictured the antipathy and hatred of the lower for the higher animal. I laughed over it when I came out.

§ 2

"The summer went at last, and we could breathe more freely. The great heat was over, and the man whose place I had taken returned from Europe. I was now out of a job, but I had no difficulty in finding a new one. Indeed, I had my choice. There was a man I had met—his name was Marini, and he was a mixture of all kinds, a true Levantine, though he spoke French better than either Greek or Arabic or Italian, and for some unknown reason he had chosen to call himself a British subject. All these mongrels put themselves under the protection of foreign consulates.

"This Marini was an enterprising chap. He owned a second-rate hotel, a third-rate music-hall, a gambling-house, an Oriental carpet-shop, and various other trifles. With the tourist season approaching, he had decided on a further venture. It was before the days of cars and the internal-combustion engine. He proposed to open a first-class livery-stable where the tourists could hire carriages and horses. It was all to be done very smartly—Arab ponies, open coupés, and a bright dress for the drivers. He had bought the coupés in Paris, and he could lay his hand on stables, horse-flesh, and the men. Would I go into it and be his manager? As most of the tourists were British or American, he wanted some one who could deal with them in their own language. It was to be beyond anything of the kind ever seen in Cairo. He was eloquent and persuasive, a man of imagination.

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"I took it on because I was n't tired of Cairo, not by a long chalk; and after sticking out the summer, I wanted to spend the winter and see the city full and at its best. The Todd family agreed with me, but warned me not to trust Marini; so I said that if he paid me each month's wages in advance, I 'd take it on. He agreed to that. He was glad to get hold of me, for I understood horses, which he did not, and now I knew enough Arabic to run a stable-yard of men. We came to an agreement, and he found me an office and furniture and a brass plate and a telephone, then quite new in Cairo; but if we were to be at the disposal of the tourists in the hotels, then the first thing was to put in a telephone. I drew my month's wages in advance as well, and Marini, once we got going, being fully occupied with his other and ever-increasing enterprises, left me pretty much to do as I pleased.

"He was a curious fellow, restless, never satisfied. In Europe or America he would have become a millionaire or a stupendous bankrupt. He wanted to have a finger in everything, and he felt that if anybody started a scheme in Cairo without his assistance, he was being defrauded of his dues. He had a share in somebody's auction-rooms, he was in partnership with a man who sold dubious antiquities, he was a member of the stock exchange, and he owned a casino on the sea-coast farther north. At the same time he was always getting into trouble with the wives and daughters of his friends, who blackmailed him unmercifully and followed him and made scenes. That was why he was so often short of ready money, he would explain to me. A curious, unblushing rascal he was, and always very frank about his troubles. He had three wives and families between Cairo and Alexandria, and I said to him that a man of his temperament ought to become a Moslem and be done with it. It would come far cheaper, and he 'd be perfectly respectable. But he had a queer fear of the social consequences of such a step. He had social ambitions, and one day, when he was rich enough, he said, he 'd clear off to Europe and start over again there, where nobody would know him. As a matter of fact, he came a most awful cropper after the land boom which followed later, and had a stroke, and finished his life in a chair. But just now Marini was in high fettle and had given me charge of his newest enterprise.

"I sat in my private office most of the day and answered the telephone and kept the accounts, or, when I was tired of that, I strolled into the yard and jollied up the grooms and washers and coachmen, and kept an eye on the horses and saw that our carriages were turned out spick and span. And I 'd chaff the Arab women who came after the dung, which they dried for fuel.

"We made headway, for really and truly we beat the old gharry-drivers hollow and everybody else, and a coupé from Marini's was almost as good as a private turnout and often better. The tourists took to us,—I fixed that with Cook's, and I 'd bribed every hotel porter and even some of the native Egyptians, those lovers of new things,—and came in and gave us orders, though rather distressed about our charges, and inclined to tumble in ten at a time when we sent round to them.

"It was a peaceful, regular life for me, and I seemed settled to it; and

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soon I got a clerk to do the donkey-work, while I saw Cairo in the winter, when the city is gay and cool and full of bustle. And now that I knew some Arabic and could find my way around alone and understood most of what I saw and heard, I used to go to the Egyptian theaters and the concerts where they danced and sang. The audiences amused me. Most often I was the only European in the place, and there was that perfervid audience, wild with ecstasy when Yasmina sang her few lines and her voice dropped and she sang again, barely interrupting the musicians who were playing for her. They went on, and every now and then, with an indescribable languor, she would join in with three or four love-sick verses; and when it had gone on for some little time, half the Gyppos in the hall, young and old, were offering her their hearts, their hands, their treasure, with passionate outcries and gesticulations. She sat quite still and took no notice of them. And then a special attendant would go round yelling, 'Shut up!' and quieting them, so that the concert could go on again and work up to a new explosion. There was a similar lady in the place near the station, equally plump, equally indifferent, and full of the same languor and voluptuousness. My little Egyptian friend Fahmy would sometimes go with me and sit, all eyes and ears. And when the declarations began, and old men in dirty *galabiahs* and fat men in caftans and bucks in European clothes howled their undying affection and smote their hearts, and the attendant at last went round yelling, 'Shut up!' he seemed to catch my point of view and laughed with me; but he never seemed to understand that in my eyes even the great Yasmina, who sat unveiled, was fat and ugly and rather ridiculous, with her bleached hair and made-up face and her overpowering jewelry.

§ 3

"I was attracted, and in a way fascinated, by this native life, so close to the ground, so near to savagery and all the primary emotions. It was not the same life that is offered to the tourists, who see only the horrible things that are done to catch the money of the infidel. I had not fathomed the life, and it needed a spark, some personal touch, to make it start into reality. I was outside it all, and looked likely to remain so. But the touch, the spark, whatever it was, came: it came quite suddenly. You remember there was a telephone on my office wall. I approached it one day. I rang up the exchange and gave the number of our grain merchant. The girl at the exchange—one spoke in French to her—put me through to the wrong number. That had happened before, and it was not the last time. I heard a voice at the other end, and I began in English: 'Mr. Vignolles, speaking from Marini's stables, and I want Mr. Coronakis.'

"Instead of the plump Greek with whom I was about to place an order, I heard a ripple of laughter, and next in French:

"'You are an Englishman? I would like to speak with an Englishman; but I speak little English. "Ow you do?" I can say; and, "I am very well."'

"I was puzzled at the moment, but soon I tumbled to it. I had been put through to some stranger, evidently a lady, with time on her hands and perhaps of a coquettish turn. The situa-

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tion amused me, and I dare say I answered in kind. When one is young and not especially busy—but she had gone on with it.

"'You are a tourist?' she next asked.

"'No, I live in Cairo.'

"'*Mashallah!*' she cried. 'That is better.' And next, 'You are in the Government?'

"'No, I govern myself,' I answered.

"She laughed at that. She must have laughed very easily.

"'You are an Englishman and you live in Cairo and you are not in the Government. Ah, you are an officer of the army?'

"'Not even a simple soldier,' I replied.

"She hesitated; and then said:

"'You are an archæologist; you look for mummies,' she cried, evidently quite pleased with herself. '*Tiens*, I have guessed right?' she asked.

"'No, you 've guessed wrong,' I answered very ungallantly.

"And then an idea struck her.

"'Perhaps you are in business?'

"'Bravo!' I cried.

"She asked me all about it, just as an inquisitive child might do, and I told her of Marini's and the stables and the horses and the carriages and how I passed my time.

"When I had done, she said:

"'It is not very *chic*—not very elegant. Still, you are an Englishman, are you not?'

"'Is that elegant?' I asked her.

"'They always speak the truth,' said she, 'do they not? "*Parole d'un Anglais*,"' she quoted. It was all, seemingly, that she knew about us, but she was eager to learn more. 'Will you speak to me every day, Mr. Englishman?' she asked me.

"'Try me,' I answered.

"'Well, to-morrow at four o'clock. What is your number?'

"I gave it to her, and she repeated it, and repeated it once more to make sure. 'Till to-morrow,' she said, 'at four o'clock. You will be there?'

"'I will.'

"'*Parole d'un Anglais?*' she said and laughed. 'Say it in English?'

"'On the word of any young man who loves to listen to a beautiful voice,' I said.

"There was no answer. I waited, I listened, I spoke. All was silence. I hung the receiver up on its hook and rang off.

"It was a ridiculous adventure. Everything in Egypt was ridiculous, it sometimes seemed. I did not take the affair very seriously. I tried my luck again with Mr. Coronakis, and this time I found him."

Vignolles paused here, I remember.

"It is ridiculous," he exclaimed, "to think that the chance mistake of a girl in the exchange, to think that an absurd instrument like a telephone, could make all the difference."

"Something has to make all the difference," I answered; "if it is n't the telephone, it 's some other accident. But go on with it; I am interrupting you. Did she ring up next day at four?"

"But don't you realize what had happened? I had been put through to a harem; I had been speaking to one of the guarded ones, to one of the hidden pearls, to one of those delicate ladies who so aroused your admiration, with their white veils and their kohl-darkened eyes. And their little hands and feet. I suppose you noticed them as well?"

I had noticed them; but instead of replying directly, I only whistled.

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"So that was the mistake?" I said, reviving. "But how did you know? We have n't come to that yet, have we? Did she keep her appointment?"

"At four o'clock next day she rang me up. It was really four-thirty, but you can't expect those children to be punctual. I was wondering whether she would keep her promise when the bell tinkled. I went to the instrument,—they used to hang upon the wall in those days,—and it was she all right. That afternoon I found out more or less who she was. She did not tell me her name, but she told me that she was a Moslem lady in a harem; that life was very wearisome; that she had been to Constantinople and that she longed to go to Europe; that she had had a French governess and had studied English; and that she lived in a house near the ministries, beyond Bab Ul Luk. She said that she was guarded by her mother-in-law and by eunuchs and that she would like to talk to me whenever she could.

"'Have you a wife?' she asked.

"'Not yet,' said I.

"'Then you have a mistress?'

"'Are you not ashamed?' It made her laugh; and next she asked me where I lived, what Mrs. Todd was like, how much Marini paid me, and any question that occurred to her.

"She was full of questions, and she had a most charming, flute-like voice. Her French was very good, but her English was funny and delightful. She had studied it with a French lady and with books. 'Ow you say "orse"?' she asked; and it was always 'Ow you say?' when it came to a word that puzzled her. My Arabic was not very much better, and she laughed at me when I tried it, and she said that she regarded it as a common and vulgar tongue, preferring Turkish. For she was of Turkish origin, like all the high Egyptian society of those days, which had come out when the country was linked with Constantinople, and her father was a pacha and her husband was a bey. One talked in Arabic with one's servants, she explained.

"'But I am your servant.' *'Abd-el-Gamila'* I translated it.

"'Thank you,' she answered; 'but you cannot see if I am beautiful.'

"She was not in love with her husband, she told me, on her third visit. He was always in Cairo, running after *artistes*. These were the European ladies who came in the winter and danced and sang at the variety shows in the modern quarter of the town. She had been given to him when she was seventeen; until her bridal night she had never seen him. He had courted her and won her, as is customary among the educated, and they had been happy together for a year.

§ 4

"It was a curious and remote world into which I had stumbled. Almost every day we chatted together, sometimes earlier and sometimes later; and though I had never entered, nor was ever likely to enter, the harem in which she dwelt, I began to know its routine, the detail of her daily life, and even the aspect of that mysterious house wherein she was hidden.

"'You are an Englishman,' she once asked, 'and so you are tall and fair, with blue eyes and no beard?'

"I told her that I was dark and that neither of my eyes was blue.

"She was disappointed at this, for every race admires its opposite.

"'And you are very fat,' I said, 'in your black *habara*?'

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"She denied it indignantly, and said that she was petite and that she wore her black *habara* only out of doors. Indoors she dressed like a European; and she told me all about her clothes. She liked bright colors, she said, and dresses that were *décolletté*. The dressmakers came to her house, and so did many of the other tradesmen, but sometimes she drove into the European quarter and chose things for herself. She paid visits to other ladies, she read French novels and made embroideries. She often told me what she ate at her meals, and how she had been to the opera and sat in one of those boxes that are screened off so that none may see. Her name, I at last discovered, was Ziba, and her husband was Omar Bey Taher. Perhaps I knew him? He was always driving about with his French *artiste*, a blonde and stout. One day when she made sweetmeats—she was very clever at making sweetmeats—she would send me some by a reliable messenger, if she could find one. But they never came.

"It may seem absurd, but I began to look forward to these ridiculous conversations. Madame Shervinton, a dear lady who used to keep me in order, had departed; I had few friends; most of my life was prosaic and abominably dull: but here was the spot of light, and being young, I pictured her as beautiful and fragile, and I loved the sound of her voice and the curious turns it took as we met in secret and talked with growing intimacy along that wire.

"She had a great eagerness to hear about our life in the world outside, yet much of it was beyond her and impossible for her to follow. Pleasure and every form of indulgence she could understand; but that people had to

"'It was on the next day that Omar Bey Taher and his *artiste* came in and ordered a carriage by the month'"

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work to get their living, that the life of the ordinary man or woman was made up of struggle and endurance, she never seemed to grasp. No one in her world had ever done any work that mattered even in politics or in the philanthropy which often occupies our own aristocracy. She was like a flower growing in a garden, a bird singing in a tree, but safe and secluded in her gilded cage, guarded by old women and eunuchs and hidden behind high walls.

"I said one day that I would call and pay her a visit, and at that she took fright and begged me most beseechingly to stay away. No one must ever know that we had spoken together, she insisted. I soothed her and calmed her and said I was only joking, but on the day of her twentieth birthday—she told me of it—I had great difficulty in restraining myself from sending her flowers. But to do that I would have to make a confidant, and all these people talk or take bribes or spy upon one another. No, it could n't be done, and we had to rest content with congratulations.

"It was on the next day that Omar Bey Taher and his *artiste* came in and ordered a carriage by the month. It was to be regularly at the disposal of the French lady, a showy person, very colored and powdered, very much bejeweled, very emphatic, and decidedly out to exploit her Moslem lover. Taher was a noble-looking creature, with velvet eyes, dark, beautifully dressed, an aristocrat in his own way, and spoilt—thoroughly spoilt, as are all these harem-bred Turks of the upper classes. You felt that if he were denied a thing, he would weep till he got it, like a badly brought up child, though he must have been close on forty and was growing rather plump. He settled his business easily, and the French lady led him out again. She was to ring for her coupé whenever she wanted it, and Taher Bey would settle the bill. That was understood.

"I bowed them out, and though I maintained a professional secrecy, Ziba, in her harem, took three days to discover this new transaction; for though all these ladies are locked up and presumably remote from the world, they seem to know more about its intimate happenings than such as run free. She was not the least bit jealous. Taher was nothing much to her now, and he could do as he pleased.

"My next meeting with this erring husband occurred a few weeks later. He came in by himself this time. He said that he was very pleased with the coupé we had provided for madame—very pleased. And the costume of our driver was distinguished, and the horses were very good and of a beautiful appearance. But, really, he had not come in to pay me compliments. He arrived at his point at last, and it was that one of his own private horses had gone lame, and another was suffering from sand colic, and the ladies of his household would require a carriage till both animals were recovered. He asked us our terms, therefore, if we would hold a second carriage at his disposal; and this time, though he had been very grand and indifferent in the presence of the French *artiste*, he haggled and bargained like a man in the bazaars.

"In any case, I was determined to oblige him, and he little suspected that I had even been warned of his coming; for Ziba, excited and gay, had already been at the telephone and had

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told me how the bey, after a visit to his stables, had himself announced that there was a place in the town—Marini's—where a very good carriage could be hired till the need was over. He had suggested this himself, and Ziba had looked all innocence. It had been difficult, she said, not to cry out and laugh about it.

"Quite ignorant of the comedy he and I were now enacting, the bey insisted that, as he was hiring a second carriage, the price should be a low one. I kept up appearances sufficiently to fight him for a quarter of an hour as we sat and smoked over it, and then I yielded, and he was very pleased with his bargain. The ladies, he added, would telephone,—he seemed very proud of his telephone,—or they would send a servant every morning with their demands. These would not be excessive. They must take the air, they would pay visits, and do their shopping.

"'And you will not ruin the horses by filling the carriage with a dozen people?' I could n't resist fooling him a little further.

"'Only Egyptians do that,' he answered contemptuously. 'We are Turks, *et très distingué—même très distingué*,' he added.

"I bowed him out, and wondered when Ziba would ask for news. She turned up later in the day, after her siesta. She lived like a cat, I had discovered, rising late, sleeping when she felt like it, dressing when she felt like it, often waiting till noon for her bath; something of a slattern indoors, it seemed to me, and spending hours and hours over her toilet. This afternoon she had slept till five, eaten curdled milk,—*yahourt*, they call it,—and was now at the telephone. I told her about the bey's visit and how he had bargained.

"'Pig!' she cried. 'But now I will see you; I want to see you,' she said. 'We will arrange that; we cannot forever go on at the telephone.'

"It was she who had proposed it, though it 's not for me to play at Adam and say that I was tempted; for I was just as eager, in spite of my laughter and my reservations. I was young, and this secret romance, these trysts and hidden conversations, had eaten their way into my life. Amid the vapor and emptiness of this Eastern capital, indeed, this meant something to me; and to-day I discovered it, as she spoke so wildly. It was the one thing vital in all that life.

§ 5

"The first time she went driving in one of our coupés it was with her mother-in-law, and they were first going shopping and then they would pay a visit at another harem out at Abbassia. She was well satisfied with the carriage I sent her, and its pair of well-matched grays, and the flowers I had placed in a bracket. It was '*très chic*,' she said; but perhaps one day she would go alone, for she wanted to see me, to see me with her own eyes. She was not particularly backward. They never are, these Eastern women; for love is the business of their lives.

"A second time she went driving, again with that accursed mother-in-law, this time 'to smell the air,' as they call it. They had gone for a couple of hours on the road that leads to the Pyramids and come back through the dusk of the evening. They had seen green birds in the fields and had watched the sunset and the waters that still stood where the Nile had

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been in flood. It had all been very beautiful, but she had wanted to see *me*, and again she thanked me for the flowers that were in the carriage. The old woman had taken these and placed them in a jar of water. Now Ziba had come in, and she had changed her outdoor things and put on a new dress of palest-yellow silk. She wished I could see her in it. It was cut low, and she wore no corsets; it was only old women or fat women who needed corsets, or the mothers of many children. But she was young,—soon I would see how young she was,—her mother-in-law was going on a visit to Alexandria, and then it might be contrived.

"'I will be in the carriage alone,' she said two days after this; 'perhaps we can at least see each other, though we shall not be able to speak.'

"I was again at the telephone, and she at the other end. They had had a carriage in the morning to take the old lady to the station, and had asked that it should be sent back at five o'clock that afternoon. Now it was three, and in the cool and pleasant month of February.

"'I will drive you myself,' I said on the spur of the moment.

"'But you,' she answered—'you who are a gentleman!'

"'I would do more than that to set eyes on you.'

"'I thank you,' she said. 'There will be Hamouda, the eunuch; he will spy on us.'

"'I will be discreet.'

"About four o'clock that afternoon, appropriately dressed, I went down to the yard. Abdul, our head man, looked at me inquisitively. He was one of those pious Moslems that pray and prostrate themselves wherever they may happen to be, and who divide themselves punctiliously between their wives; he had one up near the citadel and another at Bulak, and every evening he went home in turn to her whose day it was. He wondered what I was doing in a native livery.

"'I will take the next carriage out,' I said.

"'But that one is going to Taher Bey,' he answered, 'to a harem.'

"'I wish to try the two chestnuts; you will put them in.'

"'But there will be Moslem ladies in the carriage.'

"'That does not matter.'

"'There is a Frankish lady who is going out a little later,' he persisted.

"'It is the horses I wish to drive, not the ladies,' I cut him short.

"He went off muttering, but did as he was told.

"I drove the coupé round to the old gray palace behind Bab Ul Luk. I had placed a box of Groppi's best chocolates on the little seat and flowers as usual. I had seen the house before by sunlight and by moonlight, with its porters and eunuchs at the gates, its *selamlik* on one side, the lodge where Taher Bey received the gentlemen of his acquaintance, and the harem, where no one entered but women or the men of the family, filling up the background. There were high, gray walls inclosing a garden, but no one could enter here except at risk to Ziba and himself; for the law of these people was their own law, in spite of the courts and the British officials who ruled outside.

"I drove up and waited, and one of the two eunuchs went in and announced me, and presently the door of the harem opened, and Ziba herself came down the steps and into the little front garden that was railed off from

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the street. It was my first glimpse of her and hers of me, although we had known one another since the autumn. She wore the white veil that goes over the ears and which meets the black dress, or *habara*, but she had chosen one so transparent that I could catch the outline of her face below the eyes and brow, and even the curves and color of her small, red mouth. A little aquiline her nose was, but only a suggestion. And she was slim and of middle height and very delicate about the hands and feet. Exquisitely gloved and shod she was, and exquisitely clean and neat all over, as these women always are when they come of a good family. She stepped through the gate and stood on the curb below me, and, speaking in Arabic before the servants, she said very slowly and rather shyly: 'You will drive along the road that leads to the Pyramids. I wish to smell the air.' And all the time she was looking into my face and searching, as much as to say, 'So this is he?'

"The eunuch Hamouda gave her his hand; she lifted one little foot and then another. Hamouda then climbed beside me on the box, a tall, lean, bony Nubian, with tarboosh and frock-coat, elastic side boots, and a big gold watch-chain. I felt like throwing him overboard and driving away with Ziba; but that was not very feasible, and I gave the word to my two ponies, and off we went to 'smell the air' along the Pyramids road.

"Other carriages passed us. In some I had acquaintances, but no one recognized me; for it never occurred to them to look at the coachman, but always at the occupant. Even Taher and his French *artiste* went by without a sign; but they were too much bent on seeing and being seen by the European world and could not condescend to a mere Moslem lady in a coupé.

"Once or twice I looked round, and Ziba was nibbling my chocolates; and, 'Wait a little,' she said later; 'we will give the horses a rest.' Hamouda, the eunuch, sat impassive, his long legs hunched up, his hairless face turning neither to the right nor to the left. Several times, in his high, piping voice, he spoke to me, asking me the name of my town, how long I had been in Cairo, and why their usual coachman was not on duty? He was sick, I explained. I did not encourage Hamouda. I wore the same dress as our other men, and was tanned and dark; but the character of my face is not Egyptian, now, is it?"

"Hardly," I agreed with him. "No, it certainly is n't Egyptian."

He continued:

"Ziba's eyes had been in the small of my back throughout that drive as she sat munching the chocolates or putting one of the roses to her yashmak; and I had seen little enough of her, except in the few times when I had turned to take her orders. Always she spoke in Arabic, but when we came again to the Taher palace and it was time to separate, disregarding the ungainly Hamouda, she stepped out of the carriage, and, stopping for a moment as though to look at my ponies, she turned her bright eyes full on me, and, finding her words in English, 'You are all sweetness,' she said; and, 'You are like pearls and rubies,' I answered. Then, '*Aiwa, ya sitt,*' I added, for the servants were listening. She turned, my flowers in her hand, and went into the house. But after all those weeks we had seen each other, and each of us was pleased with the discovery."

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"'She was risking her life to be with me. Can any woman do more?'"

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§ 6

Vignolles had paused here to dwell for a moment on that far-off recollection. He refilled his glass, lit another cigar, and watched the smoke dissolve as it rose between us.

I waited for him, and I could well picture the Vignolles of those days; not yet thirty, tall and dark and slender, a handsome fellow, if ever there was one, and not a bit spoilt, and easy and a trifle thoughtful. He had lived; even then he had seen much of the world and known its difficulties and disillusions: but, as he himself had said, he was young, and he had always been possessed by an urging spirit of adventure. Such, then, was the man who had captivated this lovely Moslem woman. I could see her, too, with her exquisite grace, her eagerness, and entire remoteness from our Western world, where women run free, a creature sheltered, ignorant, and yet delightful, with a depth, maybe, an intensity, in those few matters that she could call her own. A simple directness, perhaps, a certain savagery. I don't know how I came to these conclusions, but there she stood.

"And that was all?" I prompted.

"Not by any means," he replied. "That was only the beginning. She was at the telephone next morning," he pursued. "She had not slept all night, and when she heard my voice, 'I love you,' she said; 'do you love me?'

"I answered her quite honestly, but it all looked hopeless; for there were the eunuchs; there was that guarded house. But there was a way.

"'I have a friend, a Christian friend,' she added, 'Madame Sangrano. She is Italian and a widow. She lives at a little house in Zeitoun. She gives me music lessons when I am not too lazy. I will send to her, and then you must find her house, and I can meet you there. I will send to her to-day.'

"I went to Zeitoun the very next evening. It is a suburb of Cairo, a place full of little villas set in gardens; and there I found the villa of Madame Sangrano, a dark and rather oily Maltese woman of about forty, who lived with a Syrian servant girl, a wild, Gipsy-like creature, without shoes or stockings, and all of whose clothing looked like coming to pieces.

"Madame Sangrano was expecting me. We sat in her little garden, with its gourds and purple bougainvillea, its shrubs and mosquitos, and its runnels of water, and with the first star in the sky.

"'You will come alone,' she arranged it, 'and Madame Taher will follow. She may as well make me a visit as anybody else, and she can say she has come to see me about her music. You will pay me one pound Egyptian. It is very little.'

"All that was agreed. I would have agreed to anything. Two days later Ziba rang me up and told me that at six o'clock in the evening she would be at Zeitoun. I closed my office early and took the train. She came by road in one of our carriages.

"I was drinking my first cup of tea with the stout Maltese who called herself an Italian when Ziba was announced, and the Syrian servant girl showed her in to us. Outside stood the coupé with its two Arabs, and with Hamouda, the black eunuch, seated on the box. One could see them through the window. They had their orders to come back in an hour. At last Madame Sangrano withdrew and left us to ourselves. It was only then

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that Ziba removed her veil, the white yashmak that was fastened to her ears, and let me see her face and the firm, full neck, with the blue veins that marked the whiteness of the transparent skin below. I have never known a woman more beautiful, tenderer, more complete. She was nothing else but woman, and mine—mine so utterly as she quivered in the arms that held her close. She was risking her life to be with me. Can any woman do more? I loosened the hood that covered her head, I took the black *habara* from her shoulders and drew her clear of it. She was in a dress of thinnest gauze now, flowered with silver. She had smooth hair like silk, of a pale brown, and small, pink feet, the color of rosebuds. Time fled with her, and when the carriage had waited a second hour, she tore herself away, and I was left alone with Madame Sangrano and the Syrian maid-servant. Romantic creatures both, I could have bashed their heads together.

"Next morning early I was back at the office, rubbing my eyes and wondering whether it all had been a dream. But it was no dream; for soon she was cooing softly in the telephone. I wonder whether anybody heard us at the exchange. We were mad, utterly and gloriously mad, the two of us, that morning twenty-something years ago.

"A curious double life began for us. Outwardly, we lived in our respective worlds; I, with my horses and stables and Gyppo drivers, and Marini coming in to collect the money and flatter me for the great success I had made of it; and she, secluded in her harem beyond Bab Ul Luk. But once or twice a week we could steal off and meet in secret at the Maltese woman's villa. Those hours were the realities of our two lives; the rest, illusion and a dream. Sometimes we looked ahead, trying to arrive at a future; but in truth we were two children caught up in a net. We made plans to escape it.

"The mother-in-law had come back from her visit to Alexandria, Taher's own horses were recovered, and a second coupé was no longer required. Our meetings became more difficult.

"'I will pay a Greek to stab my husband,' Ziba once proposed, 'and then you can take me to England.'

"I, too, thought of an elopement, and I could hardly have been quite mad when I faced the question of flight with her; for I could never see her and think of her as living amid the cold and wet of the sunless North. And one day I said to her, 'You would be unhappy with me there; only a rich man could take you to Europe and give you the life to which you are accustomed.' She was so helpless and so remote from our material struggles and our strange society of women who are much like men and move quite freely in the world! And of money she knew nothing; she had always had her swarm of servants, her horses, her carriages; all her luxurious wants had been fulfilled. At the thought of her managing a poor man's house in England, the slave to duties and the life we others lead, I knew it was impossible. Ziba was made for loving and being loved; to charm, to fascinate, to touch the senses. That had been her education, the end to which she and all of her kind had been directed.

"'If I had ten thousand a year,' I said at last, 'we might be happy even in Europe.'

"'*Malish*,' she said, nestling closer to me; 'it does not matter.'

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"One thing I remember very forcibly about her was her strange ignorance of all that concerned her own people, and even of the very city she dwelt in and where she had spent her life. I spoke to her of the great mosques, of my previous prowlings and explorations. She had seen nothing of this side of the town, knew nothing of its history or of its monuments.

"'But the Sultan Hasan Mosque is like you,' I said. 'It is perfect; so beautiful that I uttered a cry when I found it.' And, in truth, there was between them a certain resemblance. All that flesh and blood could give, she could give. The perfection of line and curve that had so awed me in that masterpiece was hers; and it had never known the sadness, the suffering, which pierces with mystery and transfigures our Western shrines.

"March came, and then April and the beginning of the hot weather. The French *artiste* departed after a highly successful season, and Taher Bey was left alone. He played cards most of the night in his club or in his *selamlik*, and though a Turk and so proud of it, he began to dabble in Egyptian politics. With us he did not interfere. But once or twice we had been careless, and there were always those eyes on us—the eyes of servants, the eyes of all that silent throng who live by the will and desires of their master. There is no mystery in the East with all those people watching, and to me, the interloper, they would be more than hostile. There was Abdul, our head man, religious and fanatical. Sometimes I wondered what he knew as his eyes followed me those afternoons when I escaped; and perhaps Hamouda, the eunuch, too, had his suspicions. Twice I had been delayed, arriving late at Madame Sangrano's villa, and had passed the carriage as it waited.

"One day Ziba rang me up, and I went to the telephone.

"'I fear—I fear everything!' she cried. 'Taher has been told. You must pay a Greek to kill him. But quick!'

"Some one must have interrupted her, for that was all. After it there fell a silence. I waited and I waited; day after day went by, and I heard no more. And the great heat came, and the sand-storms that mark the turning of the year. The tourists had all departed; Cairo was emptying. Ziba would have sent me word had she, too, gone. I called on Madame Sangrano. She could gain admission to the house and find out what had happened. I begged her to do so. She promised, and named her price; she was a rare old bloodsucker. I lingered for a space in her low, squat villa, with the two rooms she had left clear for us all haunted by the presence of the woman who now seemed lost. It hurt me to be there; it hurt me to be idle. Madame Sangrano promised to call on me in a few days and give me news.

"When she came, I was alone, and she sat down in the chair in my office reserved for customers.

"'I have bad news,' she began.

"I knew that; I had a premonition.

"'Taher Bey has found us out, and Madame Taher is gone. They say she has been poisoned, but who will ever know? I have it from a woman of her household. That is all I can tell you. It is dangerous to meddle with these Moslem women, most dangerous. Hamouda, the eunuch, must have spied on us. It has cost me money to

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discover so much. But there are other ladies in Cairo—Europeans. I have a little friend—'

"'Here is your money,' I interrupted her. She bade me *au revoir*, and I was left alone. What she had said was doubtless true. The walls that surrounded Ziba had closed on her. Within that dim and secret palace where no law ran but the will of Taher Bey who knew what end had come to her? And to-day her white body, torn by poison, lay buried in the sands in that city of the dead which lies between the ancient town and the Mokattam; or, swollen and hideous, with weights at its feet, lay rotting in the Nile. It was my fault. No, it was not my fault; it was the fault of youth and beauty and the joy one finds in love and loving. They had killed her. It was their barbarous way. Taher, with his French *artiste*, had followed the law of his tribe. I wished in that moment I had found the resolution to pay a Greek to stick a knife into him. But we don't do these things.

"A day or two later Taher himself came in and paid his bills—the two bills he had run up with us. He said nothing personal, but there was a snake-like glitter in his eyes; and next he ordered carriages for the friends of a new bride. He was getting married. If I cared to assist at a Moslem wedding, he said, I might come to his house. Many Europeans liked to see such things. I thanked him, and neither of us turned a hair. He took himself off at last.

"I did not go to that wedding, nor to any other thing; for overnight the whole of the East had become hateful to me; the endless sunshine, the unyielding heat, the gibbering, futile natives in their dirty *galabiahs* or in their European clothes, with tarbooshes the color of blood. These seemed a symbol. And the streets seemed full of that fanatic horde whose ghostly presence I had felt in the great square of Ibn Tulun, or on those close evenings when I had wandered in the narrow streets and byways and had been overtaken by the fears that leaped out with the darkness. The whole place was repellent, hostile, and disgusting. What was I doing here, I asked myself, a white man, amid these swarms of browns and blacks? I had a sudden longing for my own people; for the cold and rain of the North; for hills and trees and a real country instead of these made and irrigated fields and the waste of the desert; for the mists and grayness and the quiet faces that really are mysterious. I hated that pitiless sunlight—how I hated it!

"Marini offered no objection. The season was over, and in the autumn, if I liked, the job would be open for me. He was not a bad kind of fellow. I had made money for him, and he gave me presents, one of his best carpets and a gold watch with a Turkish dial. I sold it in Chicago the next winter."

§ 7

Vignolles had paused, and I fancied that that was the end.

"A tragic story," I said, rising. I threw some coal upon the fire.

"Youth is tragic," he responded, "and in a hot country it 's more tragic than in a cold one. One's nerves race there; but, curiously enough, this was not quite the finish to it."

I had gone back to my seat, and he smiled now as he looked up at me.

"I was in Alexandria," he resumed, "and it was many years later, and I

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was no longer the young man that I had been when I was there before. I had some business with a native lawyer, Sami Bey by name, and he took me to see a Moslem widow of his acquaintance, a Madame Farid.

"'She is an old friend of yours; I manage her property,' he had said. 'When I spoke of you to her, she said she had known you. That is very extraordinary—a handsome woman, a very handsome woman!' he had concluded.

"The next day he took me to the house. It was one of those stucco villas outside the town that overlook the Mediterranean; a large, untidy place, full of servants and children; and there I found Ziba, doubly a widow, and presumably very comfortably situated.

"I was surprised; I was much more than surprised.

"'No, he did not kill me,' she answered. 'Madame Sangrano must have lied to you. He could have done so, and nobody would have questioned. Instead, he sent me off to one of his estates; it was hot there and very lonely. He married a second wife, a rich woman, but ugly; and then he came back to me, divorcing the other, and we had four children. It was because I had been unfaithful to him that he wanted me. Taher was like that. Only when another valued what he had, did he, too, value it. Now he is dead, both of them are dead, and I am no longer young, nor am I beautiful.'

"She said it slowly, languidly, with her rich voice, and her French was not so perfect as it had been. Her veil had fallen to one side, her dress was open at the neck, her hands were heavy with jewels, and her cheeks were too much powdered. She had grown stout and rather shapeless. Where had I seen her like before? Irresistibly, she reminded me of some one. I had it. In spite of her greater dignity, her nobler air, it was Yasmina. It was the singer I had listened to long ago in Cairo who had sent her Egyptian audience into ecstasies.

"'And you are married?' she now asked.

"'Yes,' I answered, on the spur of the moment; 'I am married and have five children.'

"It was a lie, but, upon my word, I feared her.

"'*Malish!* it does n't matter,' she said in her slow, languorous way. 'As things are, I am well contented; but if Taher had been like my father and my grandfather,' she added, with some of her old fire, 'he would have killed me. And you—you would have killed Taher.'

"There was no answer to that.

"And then:

"'Time is not kind to us women in the East. It is well,' she ended.

"She gave me one of her plump hands to kiss before I left. It was all that remained of her beauty. But Sami Bey, who had come in again and was now standing by, held obviously to a different opinion. He glowed with honest admiration as he stood, like some small spider spellbound by its formidable mate, and just as those others had glowed before Yasmina."

Vignolles was done.

"So now you know a little about the 'mysterious East,'" he chaffed me, laughing; "and perhaps it 's just as well you came out of it."

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Making Towns Fit to Live in

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

FROM the innocent pride with which we all regard our "home town," to the civic megalomania of "See Naples and die," human beings boast of their cities; yet hardly one among the boasters (now spelled "boosters") knows the real grounds for his pride.

As boys brag of their fathers or of the merits of their mongrel dogs, as every man's automobile surpasses that of every other man, so do citizens esteem their cities with assertive acclaim.

It is like the pride of mothers at an old-fashioned "baby show," where each is passionately sure that her child is lovelier, stronger, and smarter than the others, all coming in happiness, all going home in fury, save the one who gets the blue ribbon.

These affairs are managed differently now, for we have a "Better Babies Contest." The mother comes with a relatively puny or puffy infant, and learns, to her surprise, that babies have "points." She gets no prize for her beloved, though inferior, child, but she gets information. She finds out that a baby should show at a certain age such and such dimensions and abilities; that hers is good in some points and poor in others. She is told how to bring her baby up to standard. She works more intelligently for a year, and next time, perhaps, wins the coveted distinction.

Cities have "points," too, it appears. You have no right to be proud of your place of residence merely because it has that honor. You may love it, as we love any sort of home, because you are used to it, or, perhaps, because you have seen nothing better; but you should not betray ignorance by loud laudation of what any "city-fancier" knows to be only a little yellow dog.

The current classic instance of this ingenuously unfounded pride is the village egotism of the inhabitants of Gopher Prairie. They loved their town, they were proud of it, but not one of them could have passed a primary examination in civics.

In the dim yesterdays kings arbitrarily built cities with or without reason, and the helpless millions, without ability to alter their environment, inherited cities gray and stiff with the centuries. Then there would have been little use in studying the "points" of cities. As well might one criticize the features of the sultan.

But now, in this age, when cities are growing faster than ever before, and in our country, where we make them overnight, as it were, it is worth while to consider our purposes and our methods. Moreover, we have a huge, rapidly awakening, highly conscientious new citizenry to consider. The women of this country have been puttering with villages and towns for a long time. They have achieved much through the wide-spread organization of their clubs. However small their beginnings in "The Ladies' Literary," these women's clubs were pretty sure to become departmental and to take up civics.

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From the smallest village improvement society to the highly organized community work of our largest cities, the women had made their influence felt even before they commanded the power of the ballot. With this tool now well in hand, with good work behind them, and great hopes before, there is no reason why our women should not go far in making their cities worthy of well-founded pride, *if only they will learn how.*

§ 2

What are the "points" of cities? How shall we compare one with another, and, allowing for geographic, climatic, and economic limitations, describe the curve of possible ascent for the one we love best? Here is where we must establish standards.

It should not be difficult, with our present equipment in practical science, to make studies of a sufficiently large number of towns under similar conditions that would enable us to say what constitutes a type for the various kinds of towns.

Vaguely we recognize these types in our common reference to a "factory town," a "mining town," or a "county seat," and so on. But, as to a factory town or any other kind that we want to know about and improve, how does it compare with others? Which is the best, and why? These are the questions we must ask. To answer them, we need standards, and before we can establish standards we must agree upon what makes a good town.

We need a little book on "What Is a City?" It should be a cheap little book that everybody can buy, a simple little book that everybody can understand, a sort of civic primer.

The thing called civilization, the history of our long development, is a history based on cities. This highest life form, society, is a progressive relationship of human beings. From the earliest perceptible stage of society human beings have flocked together. The functions of society are many and complicated, but its structure, if you look down upon it as from a far-sweeping airplane, consists of cities, towns, and villages, with the roads and wires that connect them.

The farm, in a primitive sense, as in the taro-patch of a savage family, may exist without cities; but the farm, in the modern sense, with its machinery, its domestic comforts, its connection with school and church, store and post-office, is part of a city-based culture.

If our airplane had been available and we immortal, we might have been sweeping over the earth all these years, watching the cities grow, first, the one straggling street, with houses strung along it; the incipient market-place; some rudimentary seat of judgment; some dim shrine. Like other early forms of life, it may be described as "a mere digestive tube, served by organs."

We might have been watching the development of these organs and their functions, the primary requirement of easy communication between the busy little creatures who make and use it, and whom in turn it makes and uses. Conceivably a group of plainsmen or hillmen may say, "Go to; let us build a city," and build it as they choose: but the first generation of children born in the city are unescapably modified by it. They may be the "little street-bred people" of crowded ugliness, as ignorant of the life of their city as a steerage-passenger is of the working of the ship he travels in; or they may be "citizens of no mean city," proudly

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and consciously functioning as such, and the character of the city will largely determine which. The social body and spirit, the city and the citizen, are vitally interdependent.

Such as it is, this village, town, or swarming metropolis into which the child is born will inexorably affect his growth. This is not only a matter of physical health, to which women are already somewhat awake, but of the whole personality.

Here our new "city mothers" will take thought.

§ 3

Our little book, "What Is a City?" should give a brief and clear account of the nature and evolution of towns, with a few clear diagrams. It should give diagrams of our present types of villages, towns, and cities. This does not mean a map in the ordinary sense, but something like the featureless epicene figure in physiological textbooks, showing the veinous and arterial system.

If we really wished to exhibit the nutritive system of a city, it might be amusingly shown as if the surrounding farms spread like the roots of a plant, drawing nourishment from the soil, with the same flowing into the city from all sides and redistributed through its streets. But our huge modern cities draw their food from across continents and oceans. They are by no means the locally supported units of early times, but world cities, dependent for their living on world peace.

A brief list should be given of the different bases of civic development: the fortress, the market-place, the political center, and all the varieties of "cathedral town," "university town," "manufacturing town," and the like. With these neatly listed and lettered, the reader could readily see to which of these types or combination of types his town belonged.

The city of Providence, Rhode Island, for instance, originally a port, grew into a manufacturing town, slightly modified by its little university; Amherst or Andover show the educational modification more strongly; Pittsburgh, the unalloyed industrial.

The sleepy little country village is such because it is merely the focus of a sluggish local exchange, with a few rudimentary functions, as "the store," with the post-office attached; a cross-roads; a blacksmith's shop; a church; a school.

A railroad running through the village puts it in touch with the whole surrounding community and stimulates its development. If a large mill is located there, oil struck, or a medicinal spring discovered, the sleeping village awakes. Cities are alive, and grow, but they have to have something on which to live. Mere population does not make a city.

The book should list those civic functions which are essential to a first-class modern town. I do not mean first class in size, but first class in supplying the needs of normal life to-day. This is a challenge to original work.

What is the maximum of normal city life? What is the minimum of normal village life? How few people, living in a group, can maintain the real essentials of living? And where is the limit in numbers beyond which a city becomes diseased, victim of civic overgrowth, that morbid giantism under which New York suffers?

In a descriptive article on cancer I once read that the thing is at first

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harmless and slow of growth; but something starts it into unholy zeal, it proliferates madly, grows so fast that it is turned in upon itself, and that it is the crushed inner parts which generate the poisons from which the victim dies.

How like this are the piling, darkening tenements in our crowded slums, with their wretched inhabitants, crushed and helpless, generating the civic poisons we know so well! An intelligent citizen, knowing the city's life to be an organic unity, should be as alarmed at any evil spot upon his city as if it were on his own person. As it is, we see a city as a place to live in and on. We choose our place of residence, if able to choose, from motives of personal taste and advantage. We ourselves do not realize, much less teach our children, how this great thing, the city, works, and how it affects us.

§ 4

Suppose we live, as so many of us do, in an ordinary, medium-sized town. Our "city book" should inform us that a normal town, with the number of inhabitants our town has, should have such and such functions, adding to the simple requirements of the small village those other and more varied functions which the larger population of our town requires and can support. Such a list, for our ordinary medium-sized town, might run somewhat as follows:

1. Smithy.
2. Store.
3. Post-office.
4. School.
5. Church.
6. Dressmaker.
7. Milliner.
8. Barber.
9. Drug-store.
10. Moving-pictures.
11. Court-house.
12. Jail.
13. Fire company.
14. Hotel.
15. Hall.

These are not placed in any dogmatic order of importance or arranged with great care. The "city book" will do it better, showing the relation of these things to the number of inhabitants, and basing its conclusions on the study of many towns. From it we shall learn that in a town of given size there is a certain minimum of conveniences, necessities, comforts, and luxuries which its size demands.

A "pattern town" should be described, suggesting the income that should be derived from legitimate taxation of its number of citizens, and showing just what advantages a town with such an income deserves and requires. With such information at hand, we could, knowing our own town's income, determine whether or not we were securing all the advantages which our income should provide. If we were not, we should want to know why.

Certain "banner towns" should be listed in the book, and attention called to this or that "point" in which the several towns excel. Particular prominence should, of course, be given to the one town that, point by point, stood supreme among the towns studied to date. Now, what are the points upon which we should base such a judgment of towns? Just as a starter, we might suggest these:

1. Health.
2. Beauty.
3. Virtue.
4. Public spirit.
5. Educational facilities.

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6. Social facilities.
7. Administrative efficiency.
8. Administrative honesty.
9. Progressiveness.
10. Minimum prosperity.

The health and beauty listed would not mean the health and beauty due to natural advantages, but the efforts made by the town to improve in these matters.

Civic virtue and public spirit might, perhaps, go under one head, measuring the proportion of citizens actively interested in the affairs of the community, and the quality of their service. For instance, any one working in any store, shop, school, mill, or other form of public service, and not doing honest work, lacks civic virtue just as much as if he were in an official position. We live and die by the services of our fellows, whether elected or not. A man who builds dark tenements or who owns and rents such tenements lacks civic virtue. So does the packer who sells bad meat, the worker who does poor work, or the selfish and ignorant who rob the public by stealing flowers in the parks.

We are already proud of our educational facilities, and we should see to it that the next generation can be far prouder. We are only beginning to awaken to the need for providing social facilities as a civic function.

We can keep tabs on administrative efficiency as soon as there is common knowledge of what we have a right to expect. As to administrative honesty, think what a healthy thing it will be when we can learn from our "city book" which town has the worst record and which the best, and where we stand at home. Think of the eager committee on improvement sending for the competent civic examiner, and having their town records exposed to public knowledge in clear and simple terms. How proud the town with the unblemished record, if there is one! How deservedly ashamed the citizens of the worst town!

Minimum prosperity means the opposite of our present system of boasting of "first citizens"; it means boasting of the last ones, of the poorest. We now exult in a millionaire more or less, and pass over without notice the mass of poor. What a town should be proud of, is not the height of its maximum in wealth, but of its minimum; not "We have three millionaires in this town," but, "There is not a family in this town with an income below a thousand dollars." A thousand dollars is only twenty dollars a week, with a fortnight's vacation, little enough for any family to-day.

§ 5

When we have studied our existing towns, generalizing from numbers and showing the best we have done so far; when we have taken hold with a will to make such improvements as we can in our stubborn, old-established towns, a great new social service can be done by developing a "sample town."

That should not be a difficult thing in our country, for we start new towns year by year; the only trouble is that the new ones are no improvement on the old. This "sample town" should appear to be a perfectly ordinary industrial town, some new factory with its employees, placed where it could have land or water communication with the rest of us. It should have an agricultural base in the surrounding country, as any town does after a fashion. Then the problem to be worked out would be the economic

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balance between local supplies, which save in transportation, and such imported supplies as might save in other ways. The selling of Oregon apples in New York, for instance, is gross economic waste, and eggs are better when produced near by and not stored long. This "sample town" could establish the minimum number required for civilized living somewhat in this way.

A good kindergarten and school ought to have twenty children at least properly to use two first-class teachers. To keep up that average number of children requires about two hundred women, since about ten women is the average number required to supply one child a year. Two hundred families supply about a thousand persons, a good number to base our calculations upon; and two hundred houses, grouped about their necessary public buildings, form a very pleasant little village.

What civic activities are necessary to such a group? By this I do not mean merely governmental activities, which would require only room in the community building and one or two officials, but school, church, store, post-office, smithy and garage, hall for public meetings, club-rooms, library, and all such social advantages. One central building, economical, but beautiful, could house many of these. All should be grouped conveniently about a pleasant little park.

The economic problem to be worked out is something like this: How few persons out of four hundred adults are sufficient to do work not immediately productive, as cooking, teaching, preaching, keeping the store and the library? How much must be earned by those who produce raw materials or manufacture articles for sale in order to support the whole group? At how little expense can heat, water, light, and service be provided to such a group?

A single plant, as in a great university, should burn all the coal without waste, and supply heat to the houses as well as community buildings. The "company store" is often a cruel imposition in industrial towns; this one should be kept for the purpose of establishing how cheaply goods can be supplied to the consumer, with fair wages to all concerned.

It is probable that a purely agricultural neighborhood could not support a well-supplied village without some local industry to occupy labor in the winter and to add to the income of the place. To establish this point would be valuable.

If we show that such and such advantages are necessary to normal citizenship in order that children may grow up in full development, that such a sized group, and such a proportion of manufacture is essential to maintain these advantages, then our women are going to select such towns to live in, or devote their energies to the improvement of the towns where they do live, in some such manner.

When they boast of their village, town, or city, they will do it on sure grounds, and when they try to change local conditions, they will be able to prove the advantage of what they urge.

Perhaps in time the love of the mother and the pride of the housewife will combine to make our cities fit for children to live in, places of beauty, health, and order, a credit to us all.

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Traits of My Plantation Negroes

By HOWARD SNYDER

Drawings by E. W. Kemble

IN this essay I have only one aim—to tell the truth about my plantation tenants as I see it. I am not writing of the negro in general, but of my tenants only. I am not seeking to justify or condemn either the South or the North for its attitude toward this benighted American peasantry, or discuss a race problem, or make a wholesale indictment. I aspire only to the faithful reporting of facts in a particular group.

To begin with, let me speak of marriage among my tenants. Economic conditions loom large when marriage is contemplated by an impoverished peasant people. My plantation negro marries, among other reasons, that he may have hoe-hands and cotton-pickers, and a big family means cheap labor. If his wife refuses to work in the field, he drives her off—"shows her the grits," as he puts it. Refusal to work in the field is sufficient ground for a divorce, which the husband can always get by the trouble of applying and the payment of a fee of twenty-five dollars. But he seldom seeks a divorce unless he is ready to marry a second time. If his first marriage proves a failure, in most cases he will seek only to "bed" with his second "woman," as he always calls his bedding mate.

Bedding is an ancient folk-custom by which a man and woman make an informal agreement to live together during the crop season. After the crop is picked and sold, he gives her a share of the proceeds, and then perchance they drift apart and form other "beddings" for the next year. As I write, Aunt Letha, an old mammy of I know not how many years, "beds" with Uncle Jim, an old uncle who lives on a near-by plantation. It was agreed that he board and clothe her and give her fifty dollars for the year's work. Had she been a young woman with several children, she would have received more. A "bedding" agreement is made for economic reasons, the man wishing help in his cotton, the woman wishing employment for herself and children. No sense of moral consideration enters the heads of these black peasants. Working together, the bedding partners often become attached to each other, and so con-

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"He will lie most flagrantly"

tinue to live together year after year, as is the case with my Uncle Handy and Aunt Martha. They are the parents of fifteen children, yet are not married.

This custom is commonly resorted to by those who make a failure of marriage—a failure appallingly common. The conditions under which the benighted plantation woman labors have much to do with the laxness of the marriage bond. She is not, like her white sister, unable to work in a man's place. She can make her own living as well as he. First, last, and always she must work in the field. In the early spring she takes her plow and mule to the field, just as her man does. Throughout the whole of the crop season, and above all in the picking season, she, too, must continue her work in the field. As a matter of fact, the majority of my plantation women prefer this work a thousand times over to housework.

We should not jump at a conclusion, however, and paint any fanciful picture of the woman with a hoe. It should always be borne in mind that, to a white man from up North, the field negroes of the South seem incredibly slow. They work by spells, and my negroes never average more than four days of work in the week, even in the busiest seasons. Work in the field does not exhaust the negro woman's strength and wear her life away. She is muscular and generally of robust health. She will do her day's work in the field, go home at sunset, get a bite of supper, and then "walk about," as she says,—meaning to visit her neighbors,—perhaps attend some function at the church, or join little groups along the plantation road or at the plantation store to sing and gossip with her cronies.

In summer it is her duty to gather up fire-wood, tie it in bundles, and carry it home on her back. But she neither carries it far nor carries much. Nor does this task seem to her a hardship. From childhood she has swung her ax like a man. In winter, when much wood is needed, the men attend to it.

Throughout the whole of the year she must cook, wash, and mend. These duties are bequeathed to her by ancient custom. But when her family is not working in the field, she spends remarkably little time in cooking and sewing. Then the first meal of the day comes between sunrise and noon. At this meal they all eat to satiety, and then eat no more until hunger forces them to it. The second meal may come between mid-afternoon and midnight, but often it is necessary only to cook once a day, the second meal being only the residue of the first.

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Washing generally takes up one day in the week. Early in the morning our negro woman sacks up her clothes, balances the sack on her head, and strikes out for the creek. She will wash out a pair of overalls, perchance, and then stroll down the creek and fish for a few minutes. She will return, wash out another piece or two, and then saunter over to visit her neighbors who are washing near by. All day will be spent in washing out twenty-five or thirty pieces. She generally uses a home-made wooden wash-board, and tubs made by sawing old barrels in two, though big iron kettles are sometimes used as tubs. In the winter washing is woefully neglected. Perhaps twice a month is a good average, with not a few exceptions of once a month.

But the most important duty of the negro woman of the plantation is motherhood. She must bear children. To field negroes a big family is a valuable asset.

Lastly, she must obey. If she refuses to obey, her man is pretty sure to whip her. But he sometimes gets the worst of it when he undertakes this, for the negro woman often possesses remarkable physical strength, and she uses it to the fullest when in a fight with her man.

Desertion of their families is very common among negro men. Again and again one sees the sad spectacle of wife or "woman," and perhaps five or six children, deserted and left penniless in the early winter. Three such cases have occurred on my place in the last four years; eight or ten have occurred in the neighborhood. Where the men went the Lord only knows. No effort is made at the county seat to compel them to help support wife and children even though they remain in the county. Perhaps the wife or woman had grown a bit old and worn and faded by constant child-bearing. A new and younger one must be sought. So off goes her man to St. Louis, Kansas City, or some other place. She, poor, benighted mother, is left alone to support herself and her children in this debt-ridden land. It is now that she needs her landlord, and it is now that he furnishes her with cabin, mule, land, provisions, and all the necessities for making a crop. She goes on with her farming just as her man did.

Now and then there are exceptional cases. Uncle Lit, who lives on a little forty-acre farm adjoining mine, is, according to his guesses, eighty-two years old. He married while a slave, "fo' years befo' de surrender." Throughout the whole of these years he and Aunt Sarah have lived peacefully together. My old tenant, Uncle Charlie, is likewise an exception. He and Aunt Rachel have lived together for forty years.

§ 2

It is not often that one finds chaste negro women or men on my plantation. A few months ago my brother pointed to a group of girls who were hoeing in the cotton-field.

"See those girls?" he said. "Not one is married, not one over eighteen, and every one is the mother of from one to three babies." Not one of those babies was then living. The girls had simply refused to nurse them. But as a rule the girls nurse their babies and care for them through childhood until they can strike out for themselves.

As there is little chastity before marriage, so there is little faithfulness

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after marriage. There are now on my plantation fifteen families. Most of the men have gone off to other counties until cotton-picking time, and most of their wives are entertaining men from other plantations. All this is glaringly open. No pretense is made to conceal it. If I come down on them and try to prohibit it, the women will simply go to neighboring plantations, and their utter disregard of moral standards will continue as before.

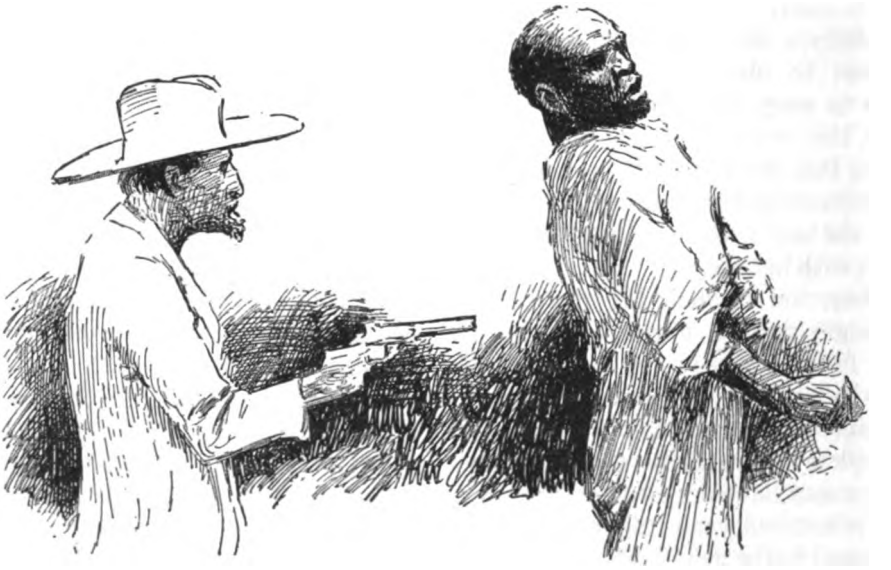
Why are my field negroes so lax in this respect? I have talked to scores of them, both young and old, in this community. In no more than three instances have I found the slightest conception of what chastity means. Uncle Albert laughs over his motley children with many mothers. This is the attitude of the majority of my plantation men. They have not yet learned a single letter in the word "chastity."

§ 3

Dishonesty and deception are also very marked in my tenants. The child is taught to deceive from infancy, first, by the positive and direct teaching of its parents, and, second, by an atmosphere of chicanery and venality.

Among all the field negroes I have had anything to do with here, not one have I found who could tell the truth in all circumstances. Even Uncle Charlie, the best of all my tenants, will lie most flagrantly if he thinks it to his advantage. A low species of cunning is a prevailing trait. They seem to think it commendatory to be able to pull the wool over the other fellow's eyes. They make no pretense of being honest when they think it to their advantage to be dishonest, but openly tell you they lie.

If the negro believes a lie will help him out at a particular moment, he is



Under suspicion

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sure to tell it quite regardless of the fact that he knows he will be detected two hours later. If he can deceive you for just a few minutes, he seems to be satisfied. For example, Uncle Albert will feign acute indigestion, as children do at school, in order to get off two hours earlier than usual. And all the while he knows that I will detect the lie in half an hour when he sneaks off to the creek to a crowd of merry-making women or perhaps skulks across the field to a neighborhood cabin. But Uncle Albert cares not a straw if he is detected. Self-respect and honor are not in his moral vocabulary. The sharpest rebukes that I can heap on him only draw out a silly laugh.

Many times the negroes' lies are foolish, useless ones such as little children tell. Often they are mere mythological fantasies, as are recorded in the myths of all childhood races. Tales from Guerber's "Myths from Greece and Rome" appeal more to Uncle Albert than any other I can tell him. He himself delights in telling what he supposes are Bible stories, but which are nothing more or less than inventions of his own mind that were started by stories told him about biblical characters.

And yet all their lying does the negroes no good when it comes to concealing their iniquities. If they have committed petty thefts about the plantation, they are afraid to meet me. It is their fear that gives them away. The town marshal, at the county seat of the county in which I live, whose experience with negro offenders runs over many years, tells me that the greater number of his arrests are made on no other evidence than the self-betrayal of the negroes themselves. Through facial expression and sly dodging they give themselves away. For example, the marshal met a black man one day when I happened to be standing by. The man dodged behind some other negroes and sneaked across the street. A few hours later he did the same thing again. The marshal began to suspect something from this. That night the marshal met the same negro for the third time, and he dodged as he had done before. The marshal halted him and told him to throw up his hands. Upon search, he proved to be a boot-legger. Had the negro simply gone along as if nothing disturbed him, he would not have been suspected.

In the same way, if my field negroes owe me money and intend to defraud me, I can generally detect the fraud by their actions. Fear causes them to dodge out of my way or skulk behind a cabin or clump of bushes. If one of them has stolen some little article about the place, never mind; just wait patiently until several are laughing and talking, then spring the matter of the stolen article. If one of them has done it, it is nine to one that he will take a sheepish attitude and sneak off. You have only to corner him and heighten his fear. Presently he will confess to the theft.

§ 4

Besides the material dread of punishment and human retribution, my negroes, like all primitive folk, fear the unknown. During severe thunder-storms I have seen Uncle Albert run to his cabin, lock doors and windows, and pray with all the fervor of his emotional nature. "O Lawd," he will begin, "what hab I 's done? Lawd, Lawd, spare dis ol' nigger!"

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They are also afraid of Satan and evil spirits. They fear death, and are superstitious about the house in which there has been a death. Bertha, after the burial of her son, whom she whipped to death, would not return to her own house for five days for fear she would meet the ghost of her child.

An indefinite, hazy fear is ever in the back of their minds. Often they do not seem to know what they are afraid of; it is an intangible, sinister something. They live in constant expectation of evil fortune. If crows are heard to fly over the swamp at night, they tremble and quake, believing some one will be murdered that night. A while ago my tenant Sandy murdered in cold blood a negro woman named Frankie. Uncle Handy says he heard the crows that identical night and dreaded the break of day. A vague, indefinite something, they believe, stalks the earth and leads men to crimes.

§ 5

But no kind of fear seems to interfere with their fighting. Uncle Albert boasts of how he killed two "niggers" with his knife. And Robert, an old widower, tells how he and Uncle Charlie's brother fought with clubs, and how he killed his antagonist by striking him from behind. My negroes are as proud of their exploits with a spring-blade knife as they are of a bottle of moonshine.

Once they get really stirred up, they are like infuriated wild beasts. To wait until to-morrow to settle the difference will never do. It must be settled then and there, and settled in their way.

But, considering the density of the population, the poverty and want, ignorance and shiftlessness, it is remarkable that we have so few crimes other than petty pilfering and deeds of violence. To a Northerner the number of deeds of violence would seem shockingly large. A personal experience will illustrate. A few months ago, while at the county seat, it occurred to me that it might be interesting to know just how many murder cases we had in the county during the year 1918. So I went to the sheriff and questioned him after this fashion:

"Mr. White, how many murder cases did we have in the county last year?"

"Oh, the devil! I don't know," he answered. "I should have to go over the record; but I should say between ten and a dozen."

Homicides, like eggs, you see, are reckoned by the dozen. I could get nothing more out of him, so I went to the sheriff-elect, a young man who had been in the sheriff's office as clerk and deputy for eight or ten years, and put the question to him.

He frankly confessed that he did not know, but supposed a dozen or fifteen. He added that since whisky had been abolished, there had been very little crime throughout the county.

Next I went to the prosecuting attorney, but he knew no more than the others. Murder, you see, is hardly novel enough to make itself rememberable. As long as the negro commits murder against the members of his own race it is looked upon with indifference; but when he takes the life of a white man, the indifference disappears, and the severest punishment is meted out.

I am told by prosecuting attorneys in Louisiana that while whisky was

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to be had, they expected a murder-case every week. The great reduction in crimes of violence in this part of the South I attribute to the abolition of whisky. Prohibition is of inestimable benefit to the negro.

§ 6

One of the best things about my field negroes is that they harbor little revenge, though this applies, for the most part, to their relations with the whites. There is not a planter but can give many cases in point. A field negro's memory seems to lose grip on injury and favor alike.

But we must not say unqualifiedly that they nurse no revenge toward their fellows, for at times they do. An old grudge of years' standing may lead to deeds of violence. A case of this occurred in my neighborhood in the winter of 1918. A yellow negro, Jim Walters, lived on his little farm a mile or so west of my place. He was considered a quiet and peaceful old negro by both whites and blacks. He attended to his own business, paid his debts, attended church regularly, and in general led an upright life, as the negroes see it. But for all this, some of his neighbors, then living several miles from his place, nursed a grudge against him. For some reason or other it flared up about Christmas. No doubt "moonshine" helped it along. At any rate, the old man was waylaid, shot through the legs, and left to die in a chilling, winter storm. The negroes call this a "balancin' uf de differences."

However, such revenge as the negro is given to taking upon members of his own race is altogether tamer than that of the mountaineers of Tennessee and Kentucky. Where one grudge

"My negroes . . . fear the unknown"

may lead to deeds of violence, a thousand others will lead merely to sly, underhanded deeds of cunning, as shooting an enemy's hog in the timber, pilfering a few sacks of corn from his field, borrowing money with deliberate intentions to defraud; or it may lead just to hateful gossip. I am told by prosecuting attorneys of different parts of the black belt that upward of fifty per cent. of the negroes convicted of misdemeanors are reported by other negroes who wish to throw salt in the wounds of their enemies.

As he seldom nurses a grudge toward his landlord, so does he seldom remember a favor. Gratitude does not move him. Many times, when I first came here, I favored my negroes in many ways; lent my wagons and implements, harness and saddles, small

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sums of money, helped them when sick, gave them clothes and food, and went out of my way to be of some service to them. But if I called on them for the slightest service, I met with a brazen-faced indifference. In the larger relations of life this likewise holds. Children leave their parents at an early age, perhaps hoping to escape hard work, and never again visit or even write home. The old folks must work on until death overtakes them; not a penny will their children give them in their old age.

§ 7

The negroes with whom I have dealt use amazingly little will power. But we must keep in mind that when it comes to something that really demands will power according to a negro's standards, he will stand like a rock. For example, under no condition will he work on Sunday. His horse may be in a ditch, dying from lack of attention, he may be hungry and cold from lack of fuel for the fireplace, but not for these will he bestir himself. This would be violating a commandment. On the other hand, when it comes to money matters, he is indifferent. The season of 1918 was unusually prosperous, but, for all their prosperity, 1919 found my tenants as penniless as ever. Some of them had from two to six hundred dollars when the final settlements were made in the autumn of 1918, but it all slipped through their fingers like minnows through a seine. Some of it was gambled away, some spent for pistols and bicycles. Some spent their money for silk dresses and "city" shoes for their women; many of them took pleasure trips to other parts of the State; a few squandered their money at picnics and suppers; some of the men bought gaudy clothes and pinchbeck jewelry for themselves; cheap furniture, sold at exorbitant prices, attracted others. Then, there are always some swindling agents skulking around every community with flamingly illustrated "family" Bibles to catch a little of the negro's money; and other agents equally eager for the negro's money are the portrait men; and last, and perhaps most detrimental, are the horse swindlers with old, worn-out livery-horses from St. Louis. One thing is sure, that whatever the black men take a fancy to, they will buy if they can possibly raise the money. Hence, the unscrupulous swindling that goes on throughout the county.

Of all people I have yet seen, my plantation negroes are the most gullible. Flatter them, make them gaudy presents, puff up what they are inclined to take a fancy to, give them an opportunity to show off, and they are for the time being your men. It is by taking advantage of this weakness that unscrupulous traders swindle them at every turn. Find one who is not gullible, and perhaps he will own a neat little farm and ride in a car. But such are exceptions. Every degree of cheapness and shoddyism is to be found in the merchandise sold them. The leather in their harness and shoes is of the poorest quality obtainable. The buggies, saddles, and clothing they buy are the cheapest on the market. Yet such exorbitant prices! But at these they never complain so long as they have the money. If an article of real value is offered, they will as likely as not choose the inferior. They are sure to do it if the inferior article is bedecked with a little red

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"There are always some swindling agents skulking around"

tinsel. The one question in their minds is how showy and gaudy it is. The question of durability seldom enters their heads. They buy for ornament and not for utility. Like children, they spend their money for toys and trinkets, never thinking of rainy days and hard times.

A weak and capricious will plays them false in their industrial life as in their commercial life. I have had wage hands fail to appear on Monday morning as they had agreed to do, and their only excuse was, "Ma min' got me so fa' away I 's could not git back." This excuse seemed as real and weighty as a death in the family would have been. My field negroes seldom hold themselves responsible for anything. They say their mind tells them to do it and that they are not responsible for what their mind tells them. They will work through nine hours and quit on the tenth, knowing that they will lose the whole day's wages rather than work against their feelings. Their justification will be something like this: "I 's got no min' ter work; I 's jest gotta go un walk about."

He never blames himself. If through the most glaring neglect and shiftlessness he lets his cotton grow up to weeds, he excuses himself something like this: "De good Lawd gib me no min' ter work, un de ol' Moster know wha' 's best fer us niggers." If cold and hunger come in unusually large doses through his gambling or carousing, he invariably excuses himself by laying it all at the feet of "de ol' Moster."

In all his business transactions the average negro that I have had on my place is as fickle as the wind. He will buy a horse, pay for it, take it home, get tired of it, bring it back, and want his money. I once sold Uncle Charlie a brand-new leather halter. He put it on a horse, turned the horse out, and let it wear the halter through rain

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and sleet, dew and sun, all winter and up until April of the following year. He then brought the halter back to me, saying that he believed he did not want to keep it. That is, after using the halter six months he decided to return it. A field negro will rent a piece of land, give you his note, sign a contract, move in, and prepare for the winter. Suddenly, like a bolt from a clear sky, he changes his mind, destroys his contract, and moves out. He may repeat the same deed with another landlord.

Of all the tenants on this plantation, or that have been on it since I came here, I know of only one who milks his cow with anything like regularity. That one is Uncle Charlie, and he does n't do it himself, but sees that his women do it for him. We should remember, too, that it is only once a day that they milk down here. Most of the negroes will milk for a few weeks in the spring, when the calf is young, then get tired, and turn cow and calf out together. When not working in the fields, they prowl the woods and pastures at all hours of day and night. They have "business" or are "jest walkin' about."

§ 8

My plantation negroes are at the mercy of their emotions; they seldom weigh and consider. Custom, tradition, and instinct, as far as I am able to observe, rule them far more than reason. Not what judgment should tell them is right, not what experience should teach them is wise, but what they happen to feel at the particuliar moment, or what their ancestors away back in the misty past said was thus and so, moves them most strongly.

If a young man becomes infatuated with a girl, he will fondle, kiss, and embrace her for hours, and this openly on the public road or at his "feasts" or other social gatherings. If it is rage they feel, they give away to it; if it is their barbaric love for the beautiful, they give away to that. If it is grief, they scream, moan, throw themselves on the ground, tear their hair, and belabor themselves until exhausted. If it is religious emotion, they give away wholly to that; if it is pain, they often bellow outlandishly. If a death occurs in the family, it is customary for the women to rush out of the house, tear their hair, and scream. Not to do this would show indifference to the loss.

They do not take kindly to any changes in custom or working habits. For example, my negroes say they don't feel at home with the new implements, methods, and ways of Northerners. Here, again, to deviate from the old and tried path of custom is to encounter the unknown. They experience a feeling of dread, of anxiety, if not real pain, in laying aside the old and taking up the new. We should consider this before condemning them for the tenacity with which they cling to the old.

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"C in Alt"

By LAWRENCE REAMER

Drawings by R. F. Schabelitz

OLIVIA HARLOCK was the star of the concert, although the program made no typographical proclamation of her eminence. The Italian baritone, the blond American soprano, and the Polish pianist were announced in the same type that gave her name, but the eager crowd at the Sunday concert knew her. Then, she sang the last number on the first part of the program, sure symbol of importance. When the chattering, the waving of programs, and the noise of the lobbies had subsided for the music to proceed in its course, she sang the second number of the second part, additional evidence of her greatness. The other artists alternated with the orchestra until the end of the concert, but its brightest glory departed when Mme. Olivia Harlock waved her last adieus from the side of the stage.

She was a familiar favorite with these greedy Sunday-night seekers after as many stars as they could get for the price of one ticket; therefore they were not surprised that she trotted out for their entertainment two of the noted battle-horses of her repertoire. The contralto was not a beginner. She had the vitality of her kind. Her figure was stately. She moved with dignity, and there was still no suggestion of excessive amplitude. She held her head with almost girlish archness. Her smooth, white bosom was guiltless of a wrinkle, and there were no drawn and straining muscles to disenchant the spectators when she sang. Mme. Harlock was still deserving of the loyalty of her admirers.

She aroused them to enthusiasm with "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix." There was nothing specially seductive in her singing of Saint-Saëns's fleshly phrases. She might have been calling *Samson's* attention to the fact that he was losing an opportunity if he did not appreciate the charms of this *Dalila*. Mme. Harlock was an American; therefore she was not glowing. She did not burn as the music did, but seemed to be putting a fair business proposition before the monarch.

Her rich voice, however, boomed sonorously over the orchestra and filled with opulent sound the distant corners of the avid auditorium. The audience broke into applause as the last notes of the orchestra died out, and, as usual, demanded more of the same. She appeared so often that the jet paillettes on her black gown twinkled ceaselessly in the light as she came into view; the red flower on the side of her corsage bobbed as she bowed her thanks. The applause continued. Then she sang a ballad composed by her husband that brought out the deep richness of her lowest notes. The audience scattered into the lobbies or amused itself in conversation during the pause.

After Ponchielli's "Dance of the

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Hours" had led half the listeners to wonder whether they had heard the music before at the Hippodrome or the opera-house, and finally to decide it must have been at both theaters, Mme. Harlock came for her second number. It was "Che faro senza Euridice." Her voice floated beautifully out into the theater in the classic loveliness of Gluck's music. She did not have to be a temptress. The antique prototype of the vampire did not snarl and purr in the orchestra. Soaring easily aloft with the mellowness of a cello, she bemoaned the lost *Euridice*. Here Mme. Harlock was more in her sphere. She could sing such music better than the alluring solicitations of the scarlet woman. The world had learned that the American contralto was a lady. Contraltos are well known to be fruitful. It was also a more or less well-known fact that Mme. Harlock was mother of a large family.

Again the applause came, vehement, insistent, continuing; again the bows and again the inevitable song. It was another by her husband, from practice deftly composed to bring out the notes in her voice that remained the best after twenty years of a professional career. The deepest rolled, and then a piercing brazen tone ended the music with a supposedly dramatic outcry. There was again applause, polite, but in a measure valedictory. It was courteous enough for Mme. Olivia to bow twice; but then it ceased altogether for her to depart in peace.

Gerald Harlock awaited her in the semi-darkness behind the scene which inclosed the orchestra for these concerts. Carefully touching her arm as if it were dangerous even to grasp it, he picked a way for her through the dimness to a door that flooded with light the part of the stage in front of it. In this room the artists rested, or awaited their turn on the program. Mme. Harlock entered, bowed amiably to the little group, and then sank into a chair that had been vacated by the thin mother of the young American soprano who was to follow her.

"You were wonderful to-night, madame," the girl said rather timidly, since it rarely happened that she was allowed to approach so near a divinity of the opera company, "I have never heard your voice sound so beautiful."

She called her "madame" with the accent on the second syllable, which usually persuades Americans that they really are talking a foreign tongue. The contralto smiled deprecatingly.

"Now I 'm to hear your 'Lucia,'" she said graciously. "They say you do it wonderfully."

The girl smiled consciously, but the eyes of her mother glittered proudly through her gold-rimmed spectacles. Madame had closed her eyes. She was recovering from the lassitude caused by the exertion of singing; and, too, she was trying to cool off before she went into the night air. She was cooling off from the heat of the theater, not from the ravages of temperament. When she opened her eyes, the room was empty. In the auditorium she heard the silver thread of the girl's fresh voice. She walked to the door of the dressing-room and peered out. In the gloom she detected the Italian baritone listening.

"Dove marito mio?"

"There, madame, at the edge of the stage," he answered in Italian; "he, too, is listening to Signorina Lewis. Is it not lovely?"

She leaned forward, and caught a view of Gerald intently attending to

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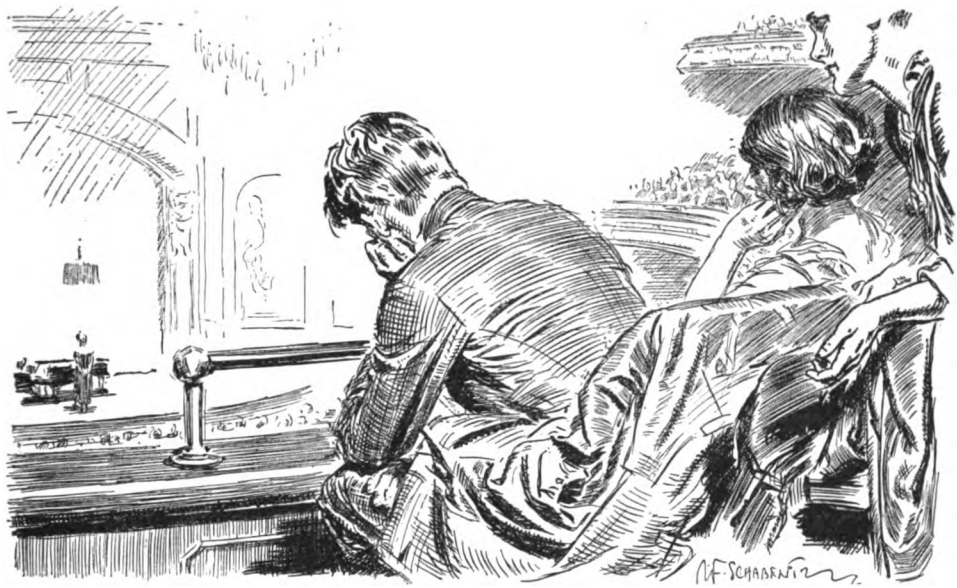

"She was a familiar favorite with these greedy Sunday-night seekers"

every note the girl sang. He was studious rather than artistic in appearance. He had begun by playing the organ in a church, and he seemed to have acquired there the poise which was to follow him through life. His mustache might have curled with spirit, since it was brown and crisp; but it hung disconsolately, like the comb of a wet rooster. His abundant hair was glossy and vital enough to stand up assertively, but it, too, had the scholastic droop. Why in the world, Mme. Olivia sometimes wondered, should his glasses seem to be in perpetual danger of falling off instead of sitting firmly on his regular nose? The stamp of the choir-loft was on him. No operatic triumphs for his wife could remove it.

There had never been any rift in the domestic lute. The Harlocks were jocosely called by the chronicles of operatic small beer the *Darby* and *Joan* of the profession. He kept an assiduous eye on his wife's interests. He did not have to worry over the prominence given to this *Isolde* or that *Tosca* or resent the preponderance in publicity of either *Violetta* or *Mimi*. It was his duty, however, as an efficient operatic husband to see that no other *Azucena* or *Brangaene* was put more conspicuously before the public than his wife. As she was first contralto, there was seldom any cause for jealousy. He composed songs assiduously, which his wife sang, and thereby helped to earn royalties for him. Gerald was without humor, which he revealed when, as an indication of the complete harmony of the family, he observed that he and his wife even kept a common bank-account. What small percentage he contributed to this treasure Gerald never mentioned.

As she stood looking at him she said to herself: "Dear Gerald! We have come along the road together better than some others."

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While he listened absorbedly to the singing, his wife remembered the day when, as a raw-boned Ohio girl, she had met him first. They had progressed far. Then she was only an applicant for a place behind the curtain of the organ-loft over which he presided. By degrees the glorious voice, which was a purely gratuitous gift of nature, had led her up to the little opera-house at Zurich, and thence to the Metropolitan; there she had grown in importance until there were no honors left in its gift which she had not enjoyed. Now, though the way would no longer be upward, through her reflections there ran the thought that there was enough for a happy future for them all—for the children and for her and Gerald.

The girl had begun the final cadenzas that mark the climax of the poor *Bride of Lammermoor's* mental disorder when she walks the operatic stage. There was none of the thrill that Melba used to impart with her powerful trill on B flat, nor did the young soprano render her florid bravura brilliant and at the same time poignant, like the unique Sembrich, who made coloratura human. The clear girlish voice mounted with the flute by its side. Like two butterflies, the twin notes fluttered and swirled in the lofty ether, now together, now parted, and then blending again in a plangent union. Up, up ascended the pretty thread of silvery sound until it paused long enough on a high C to bring the aria to a triumphant close.

The public seemed beside itself with approval. Applause, applause, and still applause greeted the bowing girl when she modestly, but with the flush of pride on her cheeks, came again and again to the center of the stage. Then there was the approach of the accompanist who was to play her encore. To his wife's surprise, Gerald Harlock, standing in the wings, had joined in the demonstration: he had reached out his hand to congratulate her once when Miss Lewis paused in the entrance long enough between her bows. Once more he assumed an attitude of listening when the girl began the encore.

It was a song by one of his rivals. Again there was the butterfly of sound shooting high up into the sunlight, trying its wings there in the golden air, and then, with a start, dropping altogether to earth. Again the public was vociferous in its satisfaction; it would have loved to hear the song once more. Wrapping over her shoulders the little shawl her proud mother had held in the wings, the girl started back to the dressing-room. Mme. Harlock was still waiting there.

"Gerald," she called almost sharply, "I am ready."

He had been wandering more or less listlessly along behind the young singer and her mother; but at the sound of his wife's voice he hurried briskly on in front of them, and was holding his wife's cloak, purple velvet with ermine collar and cuffs, carefully enfolding her in it when the two women entered the room. Like an automaton, Mme. Harlock stood as her husband, with the skill of long experience, wound a scarf and then a nubia about her head, and finally placed a fur boa on top of them.

"You were lovely, Miss Lewis," she said, speaking more like a contralto than ever from the depths of her draperies. "Your aria was exquisite."

Slowly the Harlock procession wound its way from the door of the dressing-room to the entrance through which the artists passed. The formal-

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ity of the proceedings was increased by the ceremony of calling the motor. In silence the two awaited the messenger. Crossing the sidewalk with his arm under hers, that no accident might befall the singer, Gerald carefully helped his wife into the car. There was silence as the chauffeur started toward home. They had passed Forty-second Street before either spoke.

"What was the encore?" she asked.

"Oh, one of Ross's things. They always get the public. He knows how to wind up on a high note and catch the crowd in some way or another."

"Went very well," she added.

"They always do."

"And our encore, Gerald,"—here she reached over to press his arm, as if that might soften the blow,—"ours did not go very well."

"Well, it might have pleased them more," he said; "but it was, after all, a first hearing."

"Then maybe I did not sing it well."

"You sang it as well as it could have been sung," he answered with a sudden fire that surprised the woman seated next to him in the dark. "But, hang it all! what 's a man to do? I go right on composing one song after another for a low voice. No wonder I don't always please the people's taste. My friends tell me it is remarkable I do so well."

There was a second of silence. He saw the mistake into which his disappointment or his envy or some other altogether new emotion had led him. He would have given all he could control in this world or the next to recall the words. He could not even bring himself to reach out on the cushions for her hand. It seemed as if something much more abject was needed then; so he kept silent.

"You mean," she began, "that you always compose with my voice in mind. Of course the transpositions to another key cannot be brilliant, nor can they make you so popular as the men who are not kept down to one kind of song. So, you see, I really am a drawback to you. I stand in the way of your talent."

"Dearest," he answered, putting his arm about her carefully swaddled neck, "you are its greatest inspiration. Without you I could have done nothing."

She felt a warm glow of security. The doubt about the silvery soprano and the high C and Gerald's concern in them faded away for the first time since she had observed his interest. They were at home. Supper was ready in the dining-room of the comfortable house. A few wholesome dishes were awaiting them. Gerald locked the front door and turned out the light in the hall as he walked to the dining-room. Mme. Olivia was already seated. It was a comfortable, roomy house not far from the park. There were many windows, and in the broad street plenty of sunshine for the children. Those who were not old enough for boarding-school were sleeping soundly up-stairs now. Handing his wife a piece of cold chicken, Gerald placed a piece of beef on his plate. The supper was more silent than this domestic sacrament usually was, though maybe due only to the fact that both were hungry.

§ 2

Existence, artistic and domestic, continued on its placid way in the Harlock household. Olivia made her appearance at the opera, and Gerald stopped in the next day to see the

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cashier and add the check to that common bank-account of theirs. He accompanied his wife when she went through her rôles and acted as her coach when she had a new one to learn, which did not often happen. He kept at his composition, although he attempted no other forms than the songs he supplied to his wife. The children at home were well; encouraging reports arrived from those at school.

Then the time came for a few weeks' absence from New York. Mme. Harlock was to make a cultural invasion of the provinces, lifting her voice at a considerably increased rate of compensation with various local symphony orchestras and choral unions. She was just then, despite the passage of the years, at the height of her popularity. Unfortunate conditions existing in the world for more than four years had served to confuse patriotism and art, and nowhere was the relation between them more muddled than in this country. Mme. Olivia was American and eminent in a field that was for the most part occupied by foreigners; therefore the native was highly acclaimed. She gave concerts everywhere, and earned more than the piping times of peace had ever yielded, while foreign prima donnas sang in army encampments for their expenses and what confidence in their loyalty such self-sacrifice might bring.

Gerald was to remain in New York while Olivia made her brief tour: he had the children to look after. Anybody might play accompaniments well enough for the country standards of musical taste, but it took family blood to guard the children. So the contralto departed with a woman to supply the instrumental parts of her entertainments. Besides, Gerald had his composition. He divided the time, indeed, between his study on the top floor and the limousine that every afternoon carried him and the children through Central Park and up Riverside Drive. It was no reflection on his paternal instincts that he seemed more interested when he was in the study than in the automobile.

Something seemed to have inspired him. Most of the days following the departure of Mme. Olivia he spent at the piano. Anybody who listened carefully might have noticed the preponderance of the notes in the treble. Then, there were all sorts of grace-notes, trills, runs, and cadenzas that would have been little suited to any contralto voice. Gerald sat long at the piano during these first days fashioning the song into the form he meant it to assume. Musical ears never listened near the study, and therefore there was no expression of wonder at the sudden change in the style of the composer. Nor did any ears mark a telephone call which seemed to seek out Miss Lewis. Nobody could have known, of course, what she answered from the other end. An eavesdropper at the door, however, might have heard Gerald ask in rather an apologetic voice when he might call. It would have been easy to recognize the tone of satisfaction in his voice when the time seemed to be settled.

Therefore when Gerald went down to the limousine after lunch the next day he carried a music-roll in his hand. Music-rolls were familiar in the Harlock family, and there were no questions from little Grace or Dorcas, and Gerald, Junior, was entirely too absorbed in conversation with the chauffeur to notice his father. With the ventilation perfectly adjusted to the

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"He had reached out his hand to congratulate her"

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right amount of fresh air, but with no danger of draft, the car made its progress along the beaten track, and the children were landed at home. As they approached the house, there was a question in the mind of the father of the brood that was not altogether concerned with their health. Would it be good taste to drive in Olivia's motor the rest of the way? He decided it would not, and ordered the man to stop a few blocks from the West-Side apartment in which Miss Lewis modestly dwelt.

When the composer an hour later came out of the house he no longer carried the music-roll. He was looking more cheerful than he had in years. He stepped almost jauntily along the street, crowded at that hour with the late-afternoon throng. He smiled to himself. His glasses sat firmly on the bridge of his nose. Even the electricity seemed to be in his mustache, for it looked almost fierce in its crispness. He was walking rapidly in his obvious absorption with his own meditations, and when he turned into the street which housed the Harlocks, for the first time he spoke to himself, although it had looked more than once on his walk homeward as if he were about to give audible expression to the thought that lay weightily on his conscience: "Oh, why in the world should I worry so about the matter, anyhow? It will be just as much to Olivia's advantage as to mine."

§ 3

Daily reports of the contralto's progress reached her family. Here there had been an excellent audience, and there a reception by the woman's club had followed her recital. In one town there had been small attendance because Mme. Boehm, the nationalized German contralto, had appeared, and was in such wretched voice that, despite her low comedy as a frisky grandmother in bone spectacles, the town had foresworn music for a while; in another place there had been such a swarm to hear Olivia that the platform was crowded with listeners who could find no other place. Always she missed Gerald. Certainly, he accompanied her as nobody else. She had tried the new song in several places, but it had not pleased like the older ones. But the tour was soon to end, and she was to be with him at home on Sunday.

Sunday — that was disturbing. There was, of course, to be a concert that night; Miss Lewis was to sing. Since she was, moreover, to sing his new song, the first one he had ever composed for a soprano, the only one that had ever been inspired by any voice but that of Olivia, he had arranged to accompany her without any idea that his wife would be at home so soon. Of course there could be no objection to an explanation at once, but he had not planned it. Their confidences were as common as their famous bank-account; yet Gerald had other ideas as to the manner in which his deference to a new muse had best be made known to his wife. He grew no more settled in mind by thinking that within a few hours he would have to declare himself. Had he, after all, made a mistake? Did his artistic expression demand, as he had consoled himself, the effort in a new field? These perplexing questions came into his mind constantly as he arranged for the return of Mme. Olivia. The two children were to be brought down from school to greet her. The air was destined to be thick with domesticity just

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when Gerald had planned a triumph altogether musical for himself. For the first time in his life he had not thought of Olivia in the event of this artistic enterprise.

There were indications that he would have a success. The song lay beautifully in the young American's voice. It was a buoyant, lilting melody, treated with the conscious effort at popularity that Gerald had observed in his rivals when they wrote for the high and brilliant soprano. He had rehearsed the song with her once or twice at the opera-house. Even the presence of the thin, prim mother had not reconciled his conscience to further visits to the apartment. One of the rehearsal-rooms at the Metropolitan seemed safer.

§ 4

Now the Sunday had come. Olivia was to arrive at noon, and the limousine, filled with children and papa, was to meet her and her maid. With his mind vaguely on the incident of the evening, Gerald accompanied them to the station, welcomed back his wife with as much enthusiasm as he had ever felt, and marked with a mild elation the loiterers in the concourse who admiringly stared at the happy woman and the attractive children flocking about her. There was the merry experience of bundling them all into the motor, then the homeward drive; and the dove of peace brooded over the home of the Harlocks. Indeed, it almost dozed after the midday dinner.

Yet the thought of the evening concert preponderated always in the consciousness of Gerald. He had to go there, although the plans had been definitely made as soon as Mme. Olivia was comfortably at rest on the divan in her roomy boudoir that there should be a day of uninterrupted family life. Gerald tried hard not to look as nervous as he felt; yet even at two, with the afternoon stretching before him, there was an apprehensiveness he could not quiet. Out of all the conflicting plans three simple facts stood nakedly before him: he had to go to the concert, he had to accompany Miss Lewis in his song, he had to come home. There were overtones that almost deafened him in their demand for an answer that he could not give. Must he tell Olivia before or after?

The patient limousine was again at the house at four. The children had slept as little as they could. Mme. Olivia looked fresh after her short repose; Gerald was intensely wide awake. They were at home again at six, and tea was due in half an hour; then came an agonizing stretch for which he could not well plan. He awaited recklessly for the minute when the children should kiss their way from one parent to another and start up to bed. The minute arrived; it even passed, long as the process seemed to the husband and father.

"Tell me, dearest," she began, "were n't you terribly lonesome?"

He was. How did she stand the tour and all its discomforts?

"It is always easier," she answered, "when you are with me. Then I can at least know that sometime during the day we are to be together. That thought carries me over much that is tedious and inconvenient."

Then there came the question of her reappearance at the opera. He was profoundly grateful that Mme. Olivia had introduced it. With the first word she spoke, his heart bounded lightly in its relief. Here was the way

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out to-night. Here was the path to the concert blazoned before him.

"I only know," Olivia went on, looking at the date-book in her hand, which she had taken from her desk, "that I am to sing *Amneris* on Wednesday and *Orfeo* at the matinée. But what is to come for the next three weeks?"

He was able to answer with calmness.

"Oh, I am to go to see Sheidler about that to-night," he answered; "he is to have the repertoire."

"To-night? On Sunday?"

"It 's stupid, but it was his suggestion, and I acceded before you let us know when you were coming back."

Mme. Olivia looked contemplative for a minute; then an expression of resignation, the more or less condescending resignation of a distinguished person, settled over her features.

"You could n't telephone? I had hoped we might have the evening together, with no theater."

Gerald explained how difficult the telephoning might be, and was well down the steps before he finished.

"Don't be any longer than you must," called his wife after him, and Gerald remembered how much her voice had sounded like that when she used to shout her greeting in gatherings of the Valkyrie sisterhood. He did not think of it long, however, since he was soon in the street and only the prospect of what awaited him at the opera-house occupied his mind. He entered the theater hurriedly and went at once to the artists' room. Miss Lewis and her mother were there, just as they had been when the inspiration of writing to suit that pretty young voice had come to him irresistibly. There was a distinguished violinist on the program that night; therefore the young American girl, as the newspapers called her—all singers are called girls if they are American until they die of old age or retire—was not to share her vocal eminence with any woman. A French basso and a tenor were to fill up the program.

Again she sang the inevitable mad scene from "Lucia," and again her lovely tones ending on the high C brought the audience to her feet. Again and again she bowed; then Gerald followed her to the piano. He felt confident that the song would please the audience. It was modern, but more or less in the manner of "The Lass with the Delicate Air," and he had Dr. Arne in mind as the final bars went upward and upward and then ended on a ringing C in alt of lovely clarity. Of course the listeners were moved to ecstatic expressions of approval. They refused to be satisfied with the bows and wafted kisses of the young singer. Miss Lewis looked into Gerald's eyes and smiled delightedly.

"Shall we?" she seemed to ask.

Gerald smiled happily back and seemed to assent. So once again they went to the piano. Mrs. Lewis, standing in the wings, snapped her jaws together with obvious disapproval as her daughter looked into the eyes of her accompanist before they began. He had turned to consult her for a second, and happiness beamed from his gaze in a fullness confusing to one who did not know the manner of the professional accompanist toward his prima donna. Mrs. Lewis did not understand it yet; so disapproval glared through her spectacles.

They had a triumph. The supercilious Italian conductor, who sat with his baton idle while the encore was sung, observed something obviously

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sarcastic about the manner of the two. Even the musicians applauded the girl when she had finished.

"Thank you so much for singing it," Gerald said, pressing her hand as she entered the artists's room. "You have made the song a great success. It was you who did it."

"Thank you so much for letting me have it," she answered, smiling still, although her face was flushed and her hair was slipping out of the rigid coiffure that she thought her position as prima donna required. "It was your song that did it all."

She sat down to rest. Gerald said good night to the room and started homeward. He was too much elated now to worry about what he should say there; he had really known a minute of genuine triumph. None of his works, even when sung by the admired voice of his eminent wife, had ever appealed so strongly to the public as this little song of love and springtime. He realized that somewhere he had found a fresh note in his way of writing, a daintiness and a gentleness of sentiment that had never been there before. Had he really imprisoned in the music some of the loveliness of the young voice, something of the blond prettiness of the girl, with her unassertive, yet radiant, youth? If he had been so adroit or so sincere as to capture some such traits, he had really done justice to his inspiration.

§ 5

"Is that you, Gerald?" came a voice from Olivia's room. "You can tell me in the morning about the appearances. I was very tired and did not wait for you. Good night, dearest."

Gerald passed on into his room. His mood of elation continuing, he did not especially appreciate the boon of the postponement. He had not even seen Sheidler or thought of him from the minute he entered the theater. He was glad, however, of the freedom from any necessity of conversation. He wanted to be alone while the consciousness of success soaked into his nature. He was thinking, however, of his explanations to Olivia while he prepared to join her at breakfast the next morning. The meal was confused. Two of the children had to return to boarding-school; some of the others had to be hurried off to their local seminaries. It was late, therefore, before they were seated in Olivia's room. She usually read the newspapers but casually; yet her gaze fell first on the account of the concert. She began to read it with indifference; then her eyes grew suddenly bright.

"But, Gerald, Gerald," she began, "you told me nothing of this."

He looked up innocently.

"Of what, dearest?"

"The concert, the new song, Miss Lewis," she began—"all of it."

Gerald affected to regard the affair as unimportant. He had written a song that he thought would suit Miss Lewis's voice; he was merely trying his hand while his wife was away. She had found it was suited to her voice, and as she was looking for an encore number, gladly tried it.

"But this paper," she said, looking at it again, "says she had to repeat it in full, and that you accompanied her." She looked up at him for verification.

"As I remember, it was repeated. I accompanied her, of course. Those colorature sopranos are, as you know, dearest, as empty-headed as canaries. I wanted her to do the song as well as she could. So I went to help her out."

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The puzzled look that had shown itself on the face of Mme. Olivia did not disappear with this explanation. A wrinkle came into her broad brow.

"So you had a great success. At last you have tried something for a high voice. Have I not always stood in your way? I told you so."

Gerald protested. He felt uneasy at the unhappy look on her face.

"Could I sing the new song?" she went on. Evidently, she was absorbed in the subject; yet there was the pathetic modesty of a beginner in her tone. She might have been an unknown petitioning for an opportunity, so humble had her manner become.

"Dearest, you can sing anything, sing it beautifully, too; but I don't believe this would transpose well. You know, it ends on C in alt."

"That would of course be too high," she assented. "What did Sheidler say about the repertoire?"

"Everything has been changed," he explained. Luckily, he had accidentally picked up that much truth at the concert the night before. "Castelano is ill, and that has upset all the arrangements for the month."

She was unusually quiet at lunch. If she thought any more about the concert, she purposely avoided the subject. Her manner was wistful; she looked furtively from time to time at Gerald. It never seemed as if his glasses had hovered so perilously on the bridge of his nose; his mustache hung limp. If he was happy, he did not look it. There was none of the intimate conversation which usually marked this hour in their day.

"Mr. Harlock is wanted on the telephone."

He felt grateful to the maid for the interruption, and prevented her from carrying out his wife's direction to say he was at lunch. He came back

"'But, Gerald, Gerald, . . . you told me nothing of this'"

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instantly. Even at the risk of introducing the subject, he told the truth.

"It was Sohner. He wants me to come in this afternoon." She was silent. "I will go there," he explained, "on my way to Sheidler."

They arose. She merely said rather a subdued good-by and started upstairs as he went to the door.

"Get some seats to-night if you can," she called out. "I want to hear Bensuade conduct 'Amore de Tre Re.'"

It was after five when Gerald returned. He went at once to Mme. Olivia's room, and saw with surprise that several evening newspapers lay on the table near the lounge on which she had been resting. She was still interested in the song. She was still melancholy to look at, too, and his feelings were not agreeable.

"I saw Sheidler, and here 's the repertoire for the month," he said, beginning to feel more comfortable as he thought of his conduct that afternoon. "You sing twice a week in opera; only once when there is a Sunday concert."

"And Sohner? Was it about the song?"

He nodded.

"He liked it? Did he hear it sung?"

"His man did, and, then, I had sent him a manuscript copy."

She asked rather slowly, as if she were afraid of what the answer might be, if the publisher accepted the song.

"Of course; he 's crazy about it," Gerald began; then he abated his enthusiasm. "Wait; I 'll show you just what he thinks of it."

He took from his coat-pocket a leather case; it bore the name of a fashionable jeweler. Handing it to his wife, he asked her to open it. Her eyes flashed as they fell on the lavalliere of two large diamonds and an emerald.

"Gerald," she cried, "how beautiful!"

"It is for you," he said.

"But such extravagance!" she cried, lifting the piece from its satin bed. "Think of what it cost!"

"It only took, dearest," he said as he helped to clasp it about her neck—"it only took the advance royalties from the new song. Who is entitled to the fruits of my success but you?"

He felt wonderfully relieved when he saw her admiring the effect of the stones on her neck. Or was it the disappearance of the pained expression that had been on her face all day that consoled him? At all events, he felt happier than he had since the success of the song at the concert.

"It is lovely, Gerald," she said, coming to where he sat and putting her arms about his neck; "but you were extravagant. Then, there may be no more royalty checks to buy such things with. After all, I 'd rather do without them than have you keep writing songs that end on C in alt."

She kissed him as she unhooked the chain and put the jewel away.

"I have the tickets for to-night," he said, with no reference to the song.

"Who sings the *Fiora?*"

"Miss Lewis, I think," he said, cursing the luck that brought the name into the conversation just then.

"Then don't let 's go," she said, snapping to the jewel-case. "They say her voice is altogether too small for it. Luzio is much better. We 'll wait for her. Then we can stay home to-night together; you know, you had to go out last night."

She looked entirely innocent when she spoke the last sentence and did not emphasize a word of it.

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The License of the Youngsters

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

A MODERN slap-dash philosopher, amending an ancient Hebrew saying, observes that the fear of youth is the beginning of wisdom. Now, fear, as the Hebrew sage used the word, was only another way of saying reverence; but the feeling of those who are now most concerned with the problem of the younger generation is not reverence at all, but plain terror. The elders of to-day are convinced that never before have the established and responsible members of society had to remonstrate against so many anarchic notions and such alarming behavior. No age, they say, has had on its hands such a problem of reckless and rebellious youth.

This, of course, is sheer nonsense, as the youngsters themselves well know. Every age has had the same problem and heard the same protests. At every step of humanity's painful pilgrimage from the era of the cavemen, which excited reading clubs are now retracing under the adventurous guidance of H. G. Wells, the youngsters have been adjudged and admonished in terms suspiciously identical with those heard nowadays from a thousand platforms. The young have always been going wrong. The elders have always felt that their standards were being ignored and their discipline flouted by the younger generation.

The problem, of course, wears a somewhat different face in every revolutionary epoch, so that we are justified, perhaps, in studying the case of our younger generation as if it were really a new affair. And we can make little headway in our study unless we remind ourselves that disruptive forces in the field of morals had worked their way deep and wide even before the war.

The simplest manner of stating the central fact is to say that those of us who have traveled beyond the halfway house of life have witnessed the final disappearance of puritanism in England and America. It dominated domestic and social relations long after the puritan dogmas had lost their hold upon religious thought. Indeed, it may be said that among those classes which shaped and confirmed the habits and social standards of the two peoples, the puritan conception of duty and responsibility continued to be the governing influence down to the closing years of the nineteenth century. But that conception is with us no more, and the evidences of its passing lie all around us.

Every one among us whose memory covers the last thirty or forty years can form some estimate of the changes involved, or at least can realize how different are the conditions amid which his children have grown up from the world in which his own consciousness awoke. This memory covers one of the great periods of mental release. The liberation that has meant most to the English-speaking peoples is that achieved by the men and women who

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were young when the epoch-making forces and ideas of modern scientific thought began to penetrate the general consciousness; when, especially, the structure of traditional dogmatic belief was beginning visibly to crumble. With a great price of pain and tears these people, and particularly the women, bought their freedom. The large majority of those who are young in our world of to-day were in all essentials born free, but it would be true to say that they do not know how much their birthright will eventually cost them.

Now, in this controversy there is one obvious contradiction that needs to be brought out and corrected. By almost everybody engaging in the dispute it seems to be taken for granted that the wildness or license of the young, whether regarded as deplorable or merely as interesting, is the result of their breaking away from the past, their rejection of beliefs and sanctions that remained in force down to and including the time of their parents. But that is not so. Our free and enterprising young people are, for the most part, not devising their own ways. On the contrary, they are following paths that were deliberately opened for them by their immediate precursors, although, as we should all agree, they are pursuing them with a daring that is new. As a consequence, they occupy a position which enables them not only to repel the attacks of the seniors, but to carry the war into the seniors' own country. Let us see how this comes about.

If what we have in mind is the multitude, it is plainly absurd to speak of any people or any epoch as being moved by or subject to a body of consciously held ideas. But it is not of the multitude that we are now thinking; rather, it is of the varying minority through whose general notions and behavior the mass comes to be largely and permanently influenced. That minority is always responsive to the dominant philosophy of the time, and dominant philosophies are the creation not of the young, but of the middle-aged and elderly; of those, that is, who have been long enough in the game of life to deem themselves qualified to make theories and offer conclusions about it. It is, however, not they who put the theories to the test of conduct and experience. That is the job of the youngsters. And, when you come to think of it, what an extraordinary series of provocations the philosophic elders have thrown out during the last half-century or so for the spiritual undoing of their children! For the strict purposes of this paper we may disengage four successive examples of such influences, leaving out of our present reckoning the Nietzschean conception of the superman and his relation to the herd, which has been the absolute and conscious religion of only one element in the English-speaking world—the English governing class.

§ 2

First may be mentioned the general intellectual emancipation from traditional orthodoxy after the middle of the nineteenth century, the swift break-up of that close-knit body of dogma and logic and usage to which the Western peoples had for ages submitted. Now, those who wrought their own spiritual liberation at that time hoped and believed that while changing the substance, they could preserve the form; that the old bottles

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would, on the whole, do quite well for the new wine. To them, for instance, not only the old morality, but the church and family discipline, was wholesome and necessary. But their successors quietly repudiated this assumption, and in our day it has to be recognized that there is no more momentous social fact than the cool and decisive turning away of the young people from those forms of religious association which to the liberals of the last age seemed to be the natural and satisfying embodiment of an emancipated faith. The elders destroyed the old dogmas, but clung to the old forms. The youngsters have insisted upon new forms as well, or upon no forms at all.

§ 3

Next in order came the revolution that accompanied the Darwinian statement of the ancient doctrine of biological evolution. As we all know, the panic-stricken orthodox of the nineteenth century damned the cumulative evidences of the Darwinian theory simply on the ground that they increased the difficulty of believing in the scientific authority of Moses. It was somewhat later in the day that the ardent social reformer became more frightened than he would have cared to admit, because he saw that the hypothesis could easily be adapted to the defence of predatory wealth and industrial exploitation, just as, later still, whole nations learned to express their horror at the theory of war as an everlasting biological necessity. As for dear old Darwin, seated on his quiet hilltop in Kent, according to John Morley, and shaking the whole realm of Western thought, little did he understand how he and other black-coated Victorians were, by their full-blooded doctrine, enforcing the motive of conquest and loading its weapons. The Darwinian theory was not for Darwinians; it was for invincible youth. Youth said to the professor in the laboratory, to the valetudinarian philosopher in his bath-chair, to the inspiriting modern poet: "Life, you say, is conflict without end; nature red in tooth and claw; the struggle for existence; the survival of the fittest. Quite so; we are glad you have noticed it, and that you have been kind enough to hand on your amusingly assorted evidences to us. Well, gentlemen, your doctrine is first-rate. It is undeniable common sense. It suits us. We are the strong. For us there is nothing jollier than the fight. We are the fit. Leave it to us, and don't worry. We shall survive all right."

The good elders, or some of them, were naturally not a little perturbed. A laborious man of science who encouraged them to put Moses in his place they could understand and approve, but a vigorous young disciple who so delightedly embraced the doctrine of conflict and conquest was quite another pair of sleeves. The Victorian liberal, by a startling confusion of thought, forced his Darwinian creed into harmony with a humdrum eulogy of industrialism, a belief in gradual and admirably ordered progress. Our young conquerors knew better. They went out to win. In America they piled up the millions. From England they set forth to capture the gold-fields, to slice up the African continent, to grasp the earth. And, by a terrific turn of the wheel of cosmic irony, the day was to come when the old who had missed the point of their own teaching saw cause enough to bless the young

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for their instinctive and complete understanding of the creed that stated the issues of life in terms of struggle and mastery, and for their unmeasured readiness to pay in sacrifice.

§ 4

But Darwinian evolution, and the philosophy of ordered progress that so oddly went along with it, had its day. Pretty soon we were in the thick of the revolt against reason, and once more we saw our beneficent elders in the van of the insurgent hosts. It was they who, with a delightful mingling of wisdom and gaiety, led the assault against the claims of the intellect, the arrogant assumptions of logic and law. A noble and gracious William James at Harvard, a brilliant Henri Bergson in Paris, invited their enraptured students to consider how small a part of our waking life is subject to reason, and to observe what poor specimens, as rational beings, we all are. Not reason and rule, they urged, but instinct and intuition, are our masters. During by far the greater part of our time we are non-rational, not to say irrational. Primal instinct, elemental desire, the fundamental emotions—these are what we obey, and should rejoicingly obey. Our universe—surely you can see?—gets along wonderfully well without any rational unifying principle. "The gods who haunt the lucid interspace of world on world" are a wondrous motley crew, and we may take it that they know all about the varieties of emotional experience. You ask after the universal reason, the reign of law, the absolute and unconditioned? Not a bit of it! Behold the truth that "works"—creative evolution, the glory and excitement of change, the eternal becoming *l'élan vital;* or, in the sufficient simplicity of our American vocabulary, just pep!

Now here, as you must concede, was an astoundingly appropriate gift from the elderly theorist to the young experimentalist. Think of it! A benignant sage of Harvard, a white-haired Parisian thinker, and their adherents in the faculties of philosophy—what should they know of imperious instinct, or intuition, glory-enwrapped? Obviously, little or nothing. "But we," the delighted juveniles announced, "know all about that. You cannot tell us a thing about instinct, and as for *l'élan vital*—well, as we need hardly point out to such wise old products as yourselves of a creative evolution that seems to have spent its force, that is precisely *us.*" And, surely, the rest of us may admit, it was not for the contemporaries of James and Bergson to marvel when they found that the younger generation was denying their reasons, deriding their sanctions, and, quietly or not, refusing to accept their more mature experience as evidence.

§ 5

But there was more, and worse, to follow. It remained for a young generation, already emancipated, already gloriously freed from the shackles of reason and order, from the reign of law and the weight of prudence, to discover and to be discovered by that unlimited charter of the modern spirit, the new psychology.

Struggle and mastery, it had been agreed, were all right: the will to live and right to conquer; the might of the strong man armed and the force of the cunning brain. And better still, no doubt, as guide and staff of our young adventurers were the invincible instinct and the creative emotion. But,

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as weapons of the new wild life, what were these in comparison with the staggering revelations for which our young friends are indebted to Jung and Freud? With the announcement of those discoveries or, at any rate, explorations, the guardian elders of the wall, we may as well recognize, surrendered the fortress. There was, maybe, just one chance by which they might have escaped: they should have hidden as deep as possible their shattering discovery that nothing in the moral life of man matters a straw when put beside the terrific power, depth, and range of the unconscious—the submerged, the inhibited, the frustrated instincts and energies of the individual man. But they did not attempt to hide their knowledge; they proclaimed it. And we are now beginning to realize what it means as high explosive in the region of personal behavior and of social ethics.

You show the young inquirer, torn with unaccustomed pain at what he is being let into, that down among the sweetest and finest and most serene appearances of the world we inhabit there is a mass of fierce and malignant poison growths. He (and much more she) asks in amazement what all this may mean. And you reply, as those incredibly pompous Freudians are busy replying, that all, or nearly all, the woes of this miserable society that has us in thrall spring directly or by the strangest obliquity out of needs and desires which the social conventions compel us to cover up, to suppress, to clamp down.

"So," says our young friend, now thoroughly aroused, "you mean us to understand that all the repulsive things we see and hate are the positive and inescapable results of the impulses we check, the instincts we starve, the desires we strive to bury? Or, as Mr. Stuart P. Sherman is so obliging as to put it, in his quaint perversion of the school-girl's Freud, that all the miseries of the world are caused by self-control? Because," they naturally go on, "if that is so, we are with you. The desire of the eye, and the joy as it flies—that is what we are after. Far be it from us to dispute your delightful theory that life is unrestrained self-expression, that the suppressed wish is the root of all evil, that the only right way of living is to want what you want when you want it, and see that you get it in full measure. Thanks very much; now we know exactly where we are."

Here, then, so far as the educated and conscious minority, the children of "nice people," are concerned, is our situation at the moment. And we have to realize that for ourselves and them it amounts to the most serious crisis of the spirit that the modern world has met. Moreover, we have done next to nothing in the way of positive preparation for it. The last generation, as we can see now, was concerned almost exclusively with its own release and with giving its children the immediate benefit of that release; and, as a consequence, the elders have very little to offer the young people in this day of unlimited challenge.

§ 6

In the meantime certain things are altogether and distractingly clear, and we shall be inviting disaster if we try to overlook or minimize them. I name only the more obvious and immediate.

First, it has to be admitted that with the end of the war, accompanied in America by the defiance of the prohibi-

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tion law, we have entered upon a stage marked by an immense loosening of the rules understood as governing the conduct toward one another of well-bred youths and girls, young men and women. My impression is that, apart from the raffish idle-rich fringe, which is the same in all countries, the loosening has gone further in America than in England, more especially as regards the behavior of young people coming from homes that heretofore have occupied a marvelously favored place in the scheme of things. If this impression is accurate, the main reason, I suggest, is to be found in material conditions—in the greater wealth of the United States, the social opportunities afforded by modern residential neighborhoods, the manifold influences of the automobile. We must suppose that the recklessness and vulgarity will in due course be corrected by the growth of a healthy public opinion among the young people themselves. Otherwise there can be no mistake about what is to happen: America must suffer a disastrous decline in standards, and in so doing will sacrifice one special national asset of inestimable worth. There is no feature of American life which to the English observer is so delightful, so distinctive, and so charged with social good as the natural comradeship between youths and girls, carried on beyond school-time into the years of maturity. It is the simple truth to say that many an English parent, weighing those desirable things of life in which his American friends have a clear advantage, has often found himself rating this achievement of the North-American peoples as among their best gifts to civilization. America to-day is in danger of throwing that away. Surely its elders will find means of helping the young to conserve such a valuable possession.

§ 7

Secondly, it is plain that the road of recovery cannot be made without thought and concerted effort on the part of those in authority, more particularly the executives of school and college. No longer is it possible to regard the coeducational institutions as organs of the social body which will run of themselves without the constant application of inventive thinking. The simpler communities of the past are speedily vanishing. Over-stimulation is a characteristic not of the great city alone, but almost of all modern life. It has to be counteracted in all the available ways that are creative and self-fulfilling; and we need no strong imagination to realize that the varied stimuli which cannot be removed become not diminished, but intensified, when interpreted, as in these days they tend to be, by enthusiastic instructors who have penetrated just far enough into the Freudian jungle to give a dangerous point to the report of their findings. The challenge is thrown down to the whole body of teachers. So far, it must be confessed, they have been among the most nearly complete victims of the system that is lamentably failing: the culture mill, the dead uniformity, the doing of all things together, saying or singing the same phrases and tunes, making the desert of standardization from which the only escape is lawlessness, as the English judge said that getting drunk was for many unfortunates the only way out of the hideous industrial city. Yet, undeniably, it is upon the teachers that the task is laid of building the roads to a freedom

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that shall be not arid and negative, but rich, varied, and creative.

§ 8

Thirdly, we must put ourselves straightly up against the fact that, as regards all convention and simple acceptance of rule and tradition in belief and personal conduct, the past is past. It was in Ibsen's day that the younger generation's knocking at the door sounded ominous. They are not knocking now; they are taking all positions by storm. The old standards of right and wrong, of proper and improper, even of ugly and beautiful, they decline to take on trust. They have, apparently, done with hearsay and make-believe. They ask: "How do you know? Have you ever tried it?" For any sympathetic elder, looking on, it is impossible to miss the evidence that reveals, beneath the recklessness and frivolity, a resolute search after reality. Well, it had to come. The search will mean many bad falls, and, as any one may see, a terrible amount of perplexity and suffering. But the young people will not be turned aside, though they may yet be helped along. Perhaps the best tribute we may hope to earn from them, as they set out on their journey, or as they bang their heads and hearts against the rock, is an acknowledgement that, at any rate, we did not lie to them or rig up any bogies along the track.

"I Who Love Beauty"

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I who love beauty,—the ascending grass,
And the mysterious patience of the moon;
An autumn sunset over a hushed lagoon;
The wonder of a lake that gleams like glass,
And the deep brown of mountains, mass on mass,
In the full moment of a lavish June;
Slow shadows in the melting afternoon,—
Too well I know how dreams like these shall pass.

Ah, soon, too soon, the miracle shall fade,
And life be done before the apple shakes
Its blossom from the tree; and sad men go
From this wild pageant and this bright parade
With feet reluctant and a heart that aches.
Do greater glories wait us? None may know.

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White Dreams

By LILIAN BENNET-THOMPSON and GEORGE HUBBARD

Drawing by Henry C. Pitz

MRS. HENDRICKS was as nearly annoyed as her habitual good nature would permit. She tapped her plump, slippered foot on the floor of the veranda, and achieved what was for her a very creditable frown.

"It 's too bad of Ralph; it really is," she said. "I was counting on him to take Anita Clark home in his car, and he has n't put in an appearance. To cap the climax, she 's succeeded in twisting her ankle so that she can hardly walk, and there is n't a rig or taxi to be had; I 've telephoned all over. What *am* I going to do, Van?"

"Why not ask Sam Banks?" suggested young Mr. Van Deyn. "He lives out that way, and I 'm sure he 'll be delighted to oblige you."

Mrs. Hendricks made a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, Van, do be sensible! You *know* Sam always waits for Miss Ellie Rose. Who 'll take her home if I ask him to drive Anita?"

"I." Mr. Van Deyn swung his straw hat up against his breast, and bowed toward his hostess with exaggerated courtliness. "'I,' said the poet, 'I will, and you know it.' I 'll take Miss Ellie Rose home. Or do anything else within my power to erase the frown from that fair brow, most lovely Katherine."

"Would you, really? Van, you are an angel. You don't know what a load you 've taken off my mind. Anita 's a nice child, but she *does* live a long way out."

"She does," agreed Mr. Van Deyn, briefly; "and she walks very, very slowly. Also, she is somewhat heavy; but, then, so is Sam."

"Van, that 's most unkind." Nevertheless, she smiled down at the handsome young man on the step below her. "Now you run along, and ask Miss Ellie Rose as nicely as you can while I speak to Sam. And, mind, if you make love to that unsophisticated dear on the way home, the next time I have a party I shall most carefully neglect to invite you to it."

"I shall come, anyway," he assured her, cheerfully. "And how could I make love to Miss Ellie Rose or any one else, when—" He left the sentence unfinished, but the look in his eloquent brown eyes spoke volumes. Despite her comfortable forty-five years and her comprehensive knowledge of Chester Van Deyn, Mrs. Hendricks found herself blushing.

"I 'm ashamed of you, Van," she told him, severely. "I believe you 'd make love to your grandmother. Run along now, and see to it that you behave yourself for half an hour." She held out her hand to him, and he brushed it with his lips.

"Good night, lovely lady. My grateful thanks for a delightful evening. And be sure to wear that spiffy blue gown the next time I come to tea. I go to serve your pleasure, as always."

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§ 2

And so it was that Miss Ellie Rose found herself walking home with Chester Van Deyn through the young June moonlight. She had often day-dreamed of walking with him Sometimes when he had passed her house in company with some young girl, his fine head bent low in that deferential way that was peculiarly his, she had wondered what it must be like to be with him; she had tried to imagine herself in that other girl's place. She had even carried on extended conversations with him in which he asked her interested questions about her favorite flower and color; they had discussed books and pictures, and she had told him all about her admiration for Jane Austen's works.

Miss Ellie Rose had never had a sweetheart unless one counted Sam Banks, and Sam was stout, middle-aged, and red-faced. Of course he had not always been middle-aged, but he had always been stout. Regularly, twice a year, he asked Miss Ellie Rose to marry him, always in the same words:

"Well, now, Ellie Rose, don't you think we might get married, you and I?" And regularly Miss Ellie Rose refused him, always in the same words:

"I am so sorry, Samuel, but I do not love you. I hope I may always be your very good friend."

"That 's all right, Ellie Rose," Sam would say; "that 's all right."

And then they would go on for another half-year, until Sam felt moved to ask the same question again. Sam always took her to the garden parties and church sociables and musicales; she and every one else accepted his escort as a matter of course. On the way they talked about the weather and the possibilities of a drought and the superiority of the horse over the automobile. On the way home they discussed the party and compared it with the last affair of the kind. Miss Ellie Rose usually did most of the talking, selecting the topics with a gentle consideration for Sam. He had not the gift of fluent speech. He was content to agree with her, and to put in a word now and then, just enough to prevent the conversation from becoming a monologue. There was nothing very exhilarating about Sam either as a conversationalist or otherwise. He was very kind-hearted and generous, and Miss Ellie Rose depended on him as a friend; but he was not her ideal of a lover. She had her ideal. He was handsome and debonair and courtly. He had brown eyes, —Miss Ellie Rose had often seen them described as soulful,—thick, brown hair, inclined to waviness, above a noble brow, and white, even teeth. For a very long time he had existed only in her imagination; and then, somehow, he had gradually become personified in Chester Van Deyn.

Van Deyn was all of the things that Sam Banks was not. In addition, he was popular and much sought after. Agreeable and personable young men were not numerous in the little town, while there were many pretty girls. He seemed to like them all; without question, they all liked him and showed it, some of them so plainly that Miss Ellie Rose felt them to be just a little forward. She did not want to be uncharitable, but it was surely not quite—well, not quite nice, to loiter about the post-office until a young man appeared, and then hurry out just in time to meet him on the sidewalk.

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And was n't it in better taste to wait until he asked permission to call rather than to make the suggestion oneself? Still, Miss Ellie Rose had noticed that Mr. Van Deyn evinced no apparent distaste for the society of the young ladies who went out of their own way to put themselves in his. And sometimes when, from behind the discreet screen of the dotted muslin curtains in her parlor, she had watched his stalwart figure swinging along on the other side of the street, she had wondered wistfully if her dream picture would ever come true—wondered and hoped and almost despaired.

Somehow she could not quite believe it, it was all so wonderful and unexpected. She had been on her way to the veranda to say good night to Katherine Hendricks and thank her for a most delightful evening, when all at once there he stood before her, smiling, and saying, "Won't you give me the pleasure of walking home with you to-night, Miss Ellie Rose?" She had been christened Eleanor Rosamond Carew. Nobody ever called her anything but Miss Ellie Rose, but nobody had ever spoken her name so that it sounded quite as it did on the lips of Chester Van Deyn. For an instant she had hesitated, partly from sheer surprise, partly because she knew that Sam Banks would be waiting for her as usual.

"Ah, don't refuse!" Van Deyn had pleaded. "Is it quite fair to the rest of us that Banks should always be the lucky man? Let me tell him that you 've accepted my escort for this evening, for just this once, Miss Ellie Rose."

And here he was, walking beside her, matching his step to hers, talking of the very things of which she had so often imagined he would talk to her. Had she seen the painting of "Spring," by that very promising young American, Austin Shaw? The "Times" had printed a reproduction the Sunday before. Of course all the exquisite tenderness of the coloring was lost, but the grace, the delicacy, the poetry of line and expression, had been caught quite faithfully.

"And she reminds me, somehow, of you, Miss Ellie Rose; she has your eyes, I think," said young Mr. Van Deyn.

Miss Ellie Rose glanced up at him in shy, bewildered delight. Under the hemstitched ruffles of the white organdie frock her heart quickened its beat. She would have given a great deal to be able to say that she had attended the exhibition and seen the painting; she knew that he had gone, because the local weekly had carried a notice of his trip. But to think that he had actually been reminded of her, had compared that painting to her!

"There is nothing, I believe," Mr. Van Deyn was saying, "quite so beautiful as simplicity. I 'm afraid that we often lose sight of it in modern art, as well as in modern life; everything seems to get over-trimmed, over-ornamented. The fashion runs to bizarre effects and bright colors. Do you know, Miss Ellie Rose,—careful; this curb is broken. Please let me help you,—I 've been quite sure for some time that the loveliest flower in the world is the rose—a rose half opened and just showing the rare gold of its heart. Tell me,"—he had slipped his fingers under her elbow when he had helped her over the bad spot in the curbing; now he drew her arm through his in a way that was at

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once masterful and protective,—"tell me, is n't it your favorite flower, too?"

"Yes," said Miss Ellie Rose.

"Not a red rose, nor yet a white one nor a yellow one—pink. Not vivid. It is pale and soft, and the petals are like satin to touch—like the fingertips of a fair woman. Am I not right?"

"Yes," said Miss Ellie Rose in a low voice; "pale pink."

"I knew it. You have them in your garden. I 've seen you out there, working among them, brooding over them; and I knew you must love them. There are no geraniums in your garden, are there? No hollyhocks or poppies; nothing garish or flaunting or exotic. Even in summer your garden breathes of spring. It is like you, your garden, Miss Ellie Rose. I made some verses about it once, at Easter. I hope you don't think it too great a liberty?"

"Were—were those about *my* garden?" There was an odd little catch in her voice.

"Yes. You are n't displeased? I know they were very poor verses, but—"

"They were—beautiful. And the card, with the rose painted on it, the pale-pink rose—" She stopped, clasping her hands tightly together in front of her. It was the only thing she had of his, the only thing he had ever sent her, that little Easter card, with its four-line verse, and the single rosebud, sketched in water-color. Chester Van Deyn had quite forgotten that he had sent one to her, but she had kept it among her most cherished possessions, carefully preserved in its thick, square envelop, with the bold embossed monogram that he affected on the flap.

"Your rose," said young Mr. Van Deyn. "Sometimes, when I 've been passing on the other side of the street and seen you out there gathering the flowers that seem to grow in perfection just for you, I 've been tempted to cross over and beg you for a single bud. But I—well, I did n't dare. If I had dared," young Mr. Van Deyn asked softly—"if I had dared, Miss Ellie Rose, would you have given it to me?"

"Yes," said Miss Ellie Rose.

They had reached her gate. Between the trim rows of four-o'clocks and ladies'-slippers the smooth gravel path stretched to the foot of the shallow steps. The air was laden with the scent of mignonette, fragrant with roses and honeysuckle. Van Deyn put his hand upon the gate.

"Then—will you give it to me now, Miss Ellie Rose?"

She did not answer, but opening the gate, she turned aside from the path. The bloom that she gathered for him was small and perfect; half open, the pale-pink petals just parting to show the rare gold of the heart. She would have put it into his hand, but he said:

"Won't you fasten it in my buttonhole? Please?"

With fingers that were neither quick nor skilful, because they trembled so, she adjusted the flower in the lapel of his coat.

"You do not know how I shall prize this," he said. "I cannot thank you enough. And now—good night, little lady." He took her hand and bowed over it with that deferentially charming way of his, smiling down into the gray eyes that seemed too big, too wistful, for the small, sweet face framed in its quaintly banded hair.

Miss Ellie Rose did not speak. Somehow, she could not. It seemed as if all the ache of the lonely, empty

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years that lay behind her had all at once merged into a great wave of tremulous longing that gripped her by the throat and left her dumb. She was frightened, a little ashamed, of the strength of her own emotions. She knew that she ought to thank Chester Van Deyn for his escort, bid him a decorous good night, and go into the house; she knew that he already had retained possession of her hand longer than was necessary or quite correct; she knew that in lingering there with him in the silvered summer night she must be behaving quite as forwardly as any of those young ladies whose conduct she had uncharitably criticized. Yet when he slipped his other hand over hers, she did not withdraw her fingers. She only stood quite still, with wide, starry eyes, her breath coming quickly through her parted lips.

"I wonder," said young Mr. Van Deyn in that slow, caressing voice of his, "if you have ever loved any one, Miss Ellie Rose? Please don't think me presumptuous or impertinent; because it seems to me that you would have loved very wonderfully, very beautifully, if you had. You don't think I 'm trying to pry, do you?"

"No," said Miss Ellie Rose.

"There are some women," he told her, "who were made to love and to be loved and taken care of, just as your roses are. The man who is lucky enough to win one can go through all his life with pride and thanksgiving. Look up at me, Miss Ellie Rose."

Her eyelids flickered and fell and rose again. In her cheeks a soft flush spread.

"You have beautiful eyes; do you know it?" he told her. "Deep and calm and full of dreams. If only I had the courage, I should like to call you my little lady o' dreams. Would you mind very much if I did ?"

"No," whispered Miss Ellie Rose. Her eyes veiled themselves beneath her long lashes; she dared not lift them lest too soon he read in them the happiness of dreams come true. Her hand fluttered in his palm like a small, imprisoned bird. She swayed a little.

"Ah, you are tired!" h e cried, with quick contrition. "I 've kept you standing too long. I 'm sorry. But it was so sweet to be with you here in the moonlight, in your own garden. Good night, then—little lady o' dreams."

"Good night," her tremulous lips managed. "And I thank you very much, Mr. Van Deyn, for your courtesy in escorting me home." The gray eyes, dark and childlike, met his.

Impulsively, Chester Van Deyn bent his handsome head.

"You *are* a dear little thing," he said, and kissed her. Then he went quickly down the path, between the trim rows of four-o'clocks and ladies'-slippers, leaving her standing at the foot of the shallow steps, her dainty, old-fashioned, white organdie frock, with its knots of pale-pink ribbon, all silver in the flood of moonlight.

§ 3

Long after the crisp sound of his footsteps had died away on the still, warm air Miss Ellie Rose stood there, motionless, her hands clasped over her heart. At last she turned and went into the house. She did not light the lamp in the hall, but groped her way up the staircase and into her bedroom. She moved slowly, rather uncertainly, as one in a half daze.

She remained a long time on her

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knees, her face buried in the lavender-scented pillow; but her prayer was short, and different from any she had ever offered before. "Oh, God, help me to be worthy of him!"

He would not come to her; she was very sure of that. No matter how strong the temptation, he would not yield; his consideration for her would not permit him to yield. If only she had been situated just a little differently, so that he might come boldly to her house with his avowal, so that he might receive his answer from her own lips! But that was manifestly out of the question. Miss Ellie Rose chided herself for the unmaidenly wish, chided herself, too, for the disparaging comparison that came unbidden to her thoughts. Sam Banks had never shown such delicacy of feeling for her; Sam had never stopped to think that a housekeeper was not really a proper chaperon. Dear, kind Samuel, with his big, generous heart and his blundering ways! She knew that he would be glad for her, even though her happiness involved his own disappointment. Still, it would not be a great blow to him, for Samuel was not romantic. He was fond of her, of course, in his heavy, stolid way, but of the love that was at once a benediction and a sacrament he knew nothing. He would have come clumping up to her front door, hammering at the knocker until the noise of it resounded to every corner of the house. He would have sat squarely on the horsehair sofa in the parlor, his hands spread on his big knees, his round, red face wreathed in a solemn smile. "Well, now, Ellie Rose, don't you think we might get married, you and I?"

It was unkind, of course, it was disloyal and ungrateful, but Miss Ellie Rose could not help thinking of the difference. "My little lady o' dreams."

Would the letter begin so? She could shut her eyes and visualize the words in the clear, bold handwriting, "My Little Lady o' Dreams."

§ 4

She did not watch for the postman in the morning. It would not come in the early mail unless he had gone directly home and written it. In the afternoon, perhaps. But the chubby little man in the blue-gray uniform trotted past the gate, with a cheery, "Nothin' for you to-day, Miss Ellie Rose." Of course she had not really expected it. A letter like that, the one letter of a man's life, is not composed in a moment. It would be tender, yet humble; it would breathe of devotion, yet respect and humility would be its underlying tone. It would be—a love-letter. Miss Ellie Rose had never received a love-letter. Only two men had ever written her any sort of letter whatever, her pastor and Sam Banks. The clergyman always wrote her on Christmas and on her birthday; Sam had once sent her a note.

Dear Ellie Rose:

I 've made inquiries about those rambler roses, and they 're liable to mildew. Order something else.

Your ob't serv't,
SAMUEL BANKS.

No, she had not really expected a letter so soon. It would come in the morning.

She was at the gate when the postman passed. He smiled and nodded, and observed that it was "goin' to be

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"She walked a little giddily out of the front door"

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a mighty hot day." In the afternoon he observed that it *had* been a mighty hot day. He told Mrs. Will Evans, who came to the front door fanning herself with a folded newspaper, that he guessed "Miss Ellie Rose was feelin' the heat some; she looked kind o' peeked."

The high temperature continued throughout the night; it was a very warm night indeed for June. There was a tinge of saffron to the moon's disk, and the air was sultry and oppressive. Miss Ellie Rose did not sleep very well. Twice she got up, and, going to the window, looked down into the garden. The leaves of shrub and bush hung limp and heavy; the flowers drooped on their stalks. The second time she went back to bed, Miss Ellie Rose buried her face in the pillow and wept bitter, scalding tears. To love unasked, unwanted, to surrender her lips, which had known no man's lips save her father's, to the light kiss of a light lover! And he had thought her light.

That which to her had been a sacrament, the seal of a silent confession of mutual love and esteem, the preface that would be followed by an honorable declaration as inevitably as day follows night, had to him been meaningless. He had thought her a light woman, and had treated her as such, doubtless dismissing her from his thoughts as one unworthy of respect. And she had brought it on herself.

"But I did n't know," sobbed poor Miss Ellie Rose in the darkness of her little chintz-hung bedroom. "I did n't mean to be bold and brazen. Oh, I am ashamed—ashamed!" She knew that she ought to have had too much pride to weep, but the hurt had gone deeper than pride. Toward morning she slept, a fitful, broken slumber that brought no rest with it.

She shrank from meeting her own eyes in the mirror; they had witnessed her shame and her humiliation. She bathed her face and forehead in eau de Cologne, and guiltily pleaded a severe headache to the housekeeper's solicitous inquiries at breakfast.

It was nearly ten o'clock when the postman's whistle sounded from the corner above.

"There 's Mitchell a-comin'," announced the housekeeper from the kitchen. "I 'll go see if he 's got anything for us."

"*No!* That is, I—I will go, thank you, Hannah," said Miss Ellie Rose. She walked a little giddily out of the front door and down the path to the gate. He was just leaving Mrs. Dixon's, up the block, on the other side of the street. When he saw Miss Ellie Rose, he waved his chubby hand and held up an envelop.

He came along slowly, very slowly. Miss Ellie Rose opened the gate. She went out on the sidewalk. The postman stopped, sorting over the pile of mail in his hand. He turned to the curb. Then he held up the envelop again and wagged it at her. *It was a square envelop!* Miss Ellie Rose uttered a smothered little cry, and ran toward him, across the street.

Even the postman himself, and he had adored Miss Ellie Rose from her childhood, said that it was unavoidable; the chauffeur could n't possibly have prevented it, and was not in the least to blame.

"The Lord knows how she could have helped seein' the machine," he said. "I stopped to let it pass. One minute there she was, standin' by the curbstone and lookin' straight *at* it.

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And the next there she was, all of a heap in the middle of the street, with her pretty hair all tangled and—God love her!" said Mitchell, the postman, with the tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks. "She 's a-goin' to get well, ain't she, Doc?"

"While there is life there is hope," said the young surgeon, sententiously. He had answered the same question, in the same words half a hundred times in the last twenty-four hours.

"Does she suffer much?"

"Not very much. The injury is internal. We are doing everything possible. She keeps asking about a letter. Do you—"

"I brought it," said Mitchell. "I thought maybe I 'd better. She 'd been askin' me about one she expected. Maybe she 'll rest easier after she reads it."

§ 5

Miss Ellie Rose could not read the letter because of the wide bandage over her eyes, but she could feel the envelop—the thick, square envelop with the bold monogram embossed on the flap. She would not let it go out of her hands; she held it tightly hour after hour. She slept with it under her cheek. When she woke in the night it helped her to bear the pain.

"That must be a very precious letter," the nurse told her with kindly raillery. "And all these wonderful roses—O Miss Ellie Rose, you 've been putting something over on us."

Miss Ellie Rose smiled. It was a twisted little smile, and there was just a trifle of wistfulness in it, because he had not come to the hospital; but there was happiness, too.

"If I could only read it!" she thought. "Perhaps he does n't like to come unless I send for him." She spoke to Sam Banks about it, shyly, diffidently. "Until he knows what my answer is, you know," she said. "If you were just to say to him, Samuel, that Miss Ellie Rose would be pleased to know that he—that he had inquired for her. Of course I could not receive him."

The palm-leaf fan that Sam Banks was waving stopped briefly, then went on again.

"Van Deyn is n't home, Ellie Rose," he said. "Left town day before yesterday; business trip somewheres. Most likely—that is, there 's no way he could know you 're here. That 's why he has n't been to inquire."

"Oh," said Miss Ellie Rose, "I see. But the roses, Samuel, they come every morning. How would he know where to send them if he had n't heard of my accident?"

"The florist knows where you are, does n't he? He 'd send any order for your house here, would n't he?"

"Why, yes, of course. How foolish of me!" said Miss Ellie Rose. "You are very kind to be so patient with my stupidity, Samuel."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Sam Banks.

He spent a great deal of time at the hospital. Other visitors were admitted but seldom. The doctors said that the patient would need all her strength. But Sam Banks did not seem to tire her, and he was a very old and valued friend. Hour after hour he sat in the straight-backed chair beside the bed, one hand spread on his big knee, the other waving the palm-leaf fan back and forth over the small, white face framed in its smoothly plaited dark hair.

"You will tire yourself, Samuel,"

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Miss Ellie Rose would remonstrate gently.

"Stuff and nonsense, Ellie Rose!" he would reply.

He did not talk much; he listened, as he had always listened, and agreed, as he had always agreed.

"They are pink roses, Samuel?" Miss Ellie Rose asked him.

He looked across the room at the table whereon stood the vases holding the great, fragrant clusters, then down at the broad, white strip of gauze that banded her forehead.

"Yes, Ellie Rose."

"Pale pink, like—like those in my garden?"

"Yes, Ellie Rose."

The letter rustled in her hands.

"He knows I am fond of them. He asked me for one that—that night in my garden. Do you think—do you think he will be long away, Samuel? Because," said Miss Ellie Rose, "the doctor tells me that it may be some time before my eyes are sufficiently recovered for me to read, and he—he is doubtless waiting to hear from me. He has perhaps given me his address here,—" again the letter rustled under the caress of her fingers,—"expecting me to communicate with him."

"Van Deyn did n't say how long he 'd be gone, Ellie Rose. It was n't in the paper, either."

She sighed a little wistfully.

"If I could only see!" she said. "He must think it very strange that I do not write to him; very strange indeed."

"Oh, you 'll be all right in a few days," Sam Banks said gruffly. "Don't you fret, Ellie Rose." It was only that morning that the doctor had told him that Miss Ellie Rose would never see again.

"I 'm not fretting, Samuel, really. I—it 's only that Chester will be expecting an answer to his letter, and I do not know where to reach him. It rather distresses me, Samuel."

"Oh, you 'll be all right in a few days, Ellie Rose," he repeated. "Now, just you lie back and be comfortable. I 'll try to find out where we can reach Van Deyn with a message. Somebody in town must know where he is."

"You are so kind, Samuel," she said gratefully. "But—but be careful, won't you? Because, you see, it 's a secret; it must be until I have given him his formal answer. I should not like to have him think that I *had* done anything in questionable taste."

§ 6

She was a little delirious that afternoon, but through it all she kept her hold of the letter, and through it all Sam Banks sat stolidly in the straight-backed chair beside the bed, his hands spread on his knees, his eyes never leaving her face. She was living over again that night in the garden with Chester Van Deyn, and in fancy reading the words that he had written in his letter. It was nearly six o'clock when consciousness returned to her.

"Has Mr. Banks gone?" she asked the nurse.

"No, Miss Ellie Rose; he 's still here."

"Then would you mind if I asked you to leave me alone with him for a few minutes, please?"

When the door had shut behind the nurse, Miss Ellie Rose turned her head on the pillow.

"Samuel," she said, "I am going to ask a very great service of you. I ask it because you are my oldest and most valued friend. There is no

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one else to whom I can turn; it would seem like—sacrilege. Samuel, will you read my letter aloud to me?"

"I—Ellie Rose, I—" he began, and stopped.

"There is no one else whose eyes would not profane such a sacred thing, Samuel," said Miss Ellie Rose. "And I—I do not think I can wait any longer to know what it is that—that Chester has to say to me. Will you read it for me, Samuel?" Her lips quivered ever so little; the hand that held the letter groped across the counterpane, and the fingers were trembling.

There was the briefest of brief pauses before Sam Banks spoke.

"Of course I 'll read it for you," he said. "And I—I thank you, Ellie Rose."

"Why, for what, Samuel?" she asked wonderingly; but he made no answer. He fumbled the letter a little as he took it from her hand. Although it was quite cool in the room, his forehead was beaded with perspiration. He wiped it off with his handkerchief, straightened his spectacles on his nose, and unfolded the single heavy sheet of notepaper the envelop contained. He read very slowly, with stumbling pauses; his voice was level, monotonous.

" *'Dear Little Lady o' Dreams:*

" *'The other night when we were together in your garden, you gave me a rose to wear. I have kept it ever since. I—'* " Sam Banks coughed, and cleared his throat.

"Yes?" prompted Miss Ellie Rose, eagerly. "Yes?"

" *'I have kept it ever since. It is just like you, so little and sweet. I 'm not worthy of you, but'* "—he coughed again—" *'but I love you very much. I love you more than I can possibly tell you. Don't you think we might get married, you and I?'* "

"Is it not beautiful?" said Miss Ellie Rose. "Could any one else possibly have written it?" She stretched out her hand for the letter. "I thank you, Samuel," she said. "You are very, very kind to me."

She tried to raise the paper to her lips; her hand fell back weakly. Sam Banks put his short, stubby fingers under it, and lifted it so that it lay on her breast.

"Thank you, Samuel," said Miss Ellie Rose. "You have always been such a wonderful friend. Does he give any address?"

"It 's there, at the head of the letter, Ellie Rose. I did n't notice just what it was. I 'll look in the morning. It 's getting dark now, and the light 's bad here. I don't see as well as I used to."

"Poor Samuel!" said Miss Ellie Rose, gently. "To-morrow will do quite well. If it would not be taxing your kindness too much, would you write a little reply for me if I dictated it? Because," said Miss Ellie Rose, "I am afraid the doctor will not let me have these bandages off for several days. And now, Samuel, if you don't mind, I think I should like to sleep for a short while. I am just a little tired. But you have made me very happy, my kind friend," said Miss Ellie Rose, softly; "very happy, Samuel."

Clasped in her two hands, the letter rested on her breast. She sighed once and smiled.

Sam Banks bent over the bed. Very gently, very reverently, he touched his lips to her hair.

"O Ellie Rose!" he said, "O Ellie Rose!"

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§ 7

He went softly out of the room, as though he feared to awaken her from sleep; he walked slowly and rather uncertainly, as does a man whose sight is not quite clear. Just outside the hospital he stopped, braced his shoulders. He lifted his hat from his head, bowed, and passed out into the street. A convalescent patient, looking from an upper window, wondered at the salute, for there was no one in sight on either side of the street.

Two blocks from the hospital was the florist's shop. Sam Banks entered.

"I 'd like to have my bill, please," he said to the man in charge.

"Certainly, Mr. Banks. Let me see—eight dozen red and yellow roses, at—oh, good evening, Mr. Van Deyn. Fine weather we 're having."

"Very." Mr. Van Deyn nodded pleasantly to the florist and came to the side of Sam Banks. "I saw you come in, Sam, and followed you," he said. "I wanted to ask after Miss Ellie Rose. Katherine Hendricks told me this afternoon that she had been reported worse."

"Ellie Rose is dead," said Sam Banks. He said it quite calmly, quite evenly. "She died less than half an hour ago."

"No! Why, that seems impossible! Why, Sam, it was hardly a week ago that I took her home from Katherine Hendrick's party. We had such a nice chat. I 'd never known her very well, but she was a dear little thing. She was telling me how much she liked some verses I had printed once for Easter cards, and a few days ago I sent her a new one—just four lines—about a butterfly. I thought maybe she 'd like it. But I don't suppose she ever got it, poor little thing!"

Sam Banks started for the door.

"Yes," he said; "she got it. She said it was beautiful. She told me she was sure no one but you could have ever written it," said Sam Banks. "Good night, Van Deyn." He went out, closing the door behind him.

Van Deyn turned to the florist.

"Pretty rough on him." He jerked his thumb after the thick-set figure. "They 'd been friends for years and years. Poor Miss Ellie Rose! Such a quaint, old-fashioned little thing." He moved over to the glass-paneled case and critically inspected its contents. "Send a hundred lavender sweet peas to Mrs. Hendricks, please," he directed, "and two hundred pale pink ones to Miss Elsie Morton. And those white roses—about four dozen, I guess, in a spray; yes. Miss Ellie Rose liked white ones, I think," said young Mr. Van Deyn.

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The High Cost of Politics

By TALCOTT WILLIAMS

THE public condemnation of the party expenditure of $10,358,-509 in the last Presidential election is just, though ignorant. The average man looks on this expenditure as corrupt. He believes that this flood of money is expended in buying voters at the polls or in securing nominations to various offices from delegates to party conventions. He is aware that in a campaign thousands of meetings are held, and that these call for speakers, halls, and advertising. He has never asked or thought of asking who pays for them.

A flood of "literature" pours in on the voter as election draws near. He finds advertisements in the newspaper. He receives a stream of appeals, of announcements of meetings, of argument, of contrasted copies of platforms, of utterances of the Presidential candidates. Their pictures are on the boardings, great placards are seen on innumerable advertising spaces. All these cost. Who pays for them? If he remembers the election of 1916, the voter has in his memory the appearance of a big four-sheet colored poster of a happy home in peace and the legend, "He has kept us out of war." He recollects that there was no fence or wall so high priced and no highway or railroad so sequestered that he did not somewhere see a pictorial reminder of this declaration, true in October, 1916, wholly untrue six months later. Some one paid for it. Who? Where did it come from?

Great posters on bill-boards and buildings are the costliest form of publicity. In 1916 it did the work. "He has kept us out of war" turned the tide. Six or eight weeks before November, 1916, Judge Charles E. Hughes, now secretary of state, then the Republican candidate for President, seemed certain to be elected. He was defeated, to the lifelong credit of Mr. Vance McCormick, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Mr. McCormick had the inspiration, the courage, the resource, when the committee was heavily in debt and adverse odds made raising money more difficult every day, to create this "slogan," to "tell it" in pictures, and to pour out from a quarter to half a million in "putting it over" on the American people. The voters chose Woodrow Wilson for President. There were many factors,—the split in California in the Republican party; the astute and energetic management of Hiram W. Johnson in rallying the last few hundred obscure voters that gave California to the Democrats; the "hyphenated" vote; the errors of the Republican candidate in going just far enough on the war issue to estrange votes and not far enough to arouse enthusiasm; and a score more of lesser acts, utterances, and issues,—but the election turned on putting before all the country, "He has kept us out of the war."

This was publicity of the very first order. But publicity costs. Without it elections cannot be won.

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§ 2

When the vote in American elections widened from a high-property qualification to a mere poll-tax, and, later, to white male suffrage, all who urged the stupendous step believed that a vote was so precious an exercise of power that every one qualified would vote. This was all wrong. When the first step to general male suffrage came in this State, only half the voters voted. Big as was the total national vote last November (26,469,268), fully one third of the voters stayed at home. In Boston, where, thanks to a capable statistician, Dr. E. M. Hartwell, the record of votes cast has been accurately presented, the ballots in the box equal only half the voters. In most Southern States from only about a quarter to a third of the voters go to the official polls. The "white primary," which comes before the regular election, is decisive. The negro vote is suppressed by a combination of law, violence, and the passive political inertia of the ignorant. Even the white vote that comes to the "white primary," the real election, is far below the total number of votes that would be cast if all the white voters chose to exercise the right of suffrage. Taking the figures of 1910 and allowing for growth, in 1916 there were, in the whole country, 52,000,000 possible voters. Yet of this vast number only 26,469,268 came to the polls, or about one half. Of the other half, some were ill, some were absent, some had moved between registration and election, some were excluded as insane, as convicts, as paupers, some by special laws like those aimed at negroes in Southern States; but the overwhelming share of absentees did not vote because they did not take the trouble to qualify to vote.

This broad gap between the vote cast and the possible vote is the despair of professional politicians. A certain number will vote, anyway. Others can be brought to the polls by the party organization whose watchers, workers, and election-division "captains" know those who generally vote. There is another vote which an "active campaign" brings out; for every one is aware that there is a wide margin of votes which can be swept into the ballot-boxes by great tides of emotion. If this can be stimulated, set in motion, and kept in motion by skilful appeals, then a new margin is reached, and you have a "tidal wave."

§ 3

What is true of the regular election is still truer of the party primaries. Taking the States as a whole, not over a tenth of the total vote of each party reaches the primary that decides party nominations in many States. I doubt that, on the average, in the party primaries held about thirty years ago before laws were passed for uniform primaries, over a twentieth of the voters went to the party caucus or primary at all. Uniform primary laws have enormously increased the number of voters who at least try to name the party candidates for whom they vote. In New York City, in the four elections between 1873 and 1876, when I was a reporter, the voters who went to the Republican and Democratic primaries, held without law, rule, or regulation, were ridiculously few in number, particularly among Republicans. A few active party men ran the whole [illegible]; the rest stayed away. If they went, and interfered with the

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machine and its work, a fight was certain, and an occasional homicide possible. For the thirty years in which I was in close touch with local politics in Philadelphia the attendance under the old plan was even smaller. In both New York and Philadelphia, until reform began in the eighties, for the thirty years from 1850 to 1880 one election murder at least was expected, and due provision was made for the reporter who was to be ready to look after the predictable homicide.

Earlier in American government there was no pretense of providing for action by the general body of voters in many States. Senator Simon Cameron was fond of telling young journalists, full of the new wine of primary and election reform, that the delegation from Pennsylvania to the Democratic National Convention in 1844, which nominated James K. Polk, was named by himself and two other state leaders, who met at a Philadelphia tavern, and had difficulty in finding men who would take the trip to Baltimore. The old primary was run by ward and township leaders. The state and national conventions were corrupt. They were chosen by the general body of voters.

Like the vote at regular elections, the "uniform primary" begins with a small number, which steadily grows. The education of the voter is more difficult because the responsibility is less immediate. Education and training for the use of the ballot-box has gone on for 150 years; for the "uniform primary" fewer than thirty years. In 1891 only twenty-six States had laws on uniform primaries. The Republican vote at the Presidential primaries last year was 2,477,859, the largest yet cast.

It is a hopeful proof of the advance in public opinion that the heavy expenditure at the Republican primaries killed the candidates responsible for spending $2,653,303 in them. A return to the old system will be a flagrant return to corruption, bargains, combinations, and control by the few. What is needed is more public education and experience for the voters, immediate publicity for all contributions, and a strict limit on the expenditure per voter. This has proved effective in parliamentary elections in the United Kingdom, because the candidate is disqualified if he or his friends exceed the limit imposed by law.

§ 4

Only men practically at work in elections realize that no effort gets out all the people that could vote, or understand better that the voters who do vote are got out only by an expenditure of ten or twenty millions for the whole country.

Of this vast sum a part is spent by central national committees, a part by state committees, and a part by local committees. The election divisions in the United States number from thirty thousand to forty thousand. Each has two and often three party committees, or at all events two or three "division captains." No one knows how much is spent in these divisions. No division captain ever does his job without spending some of his own money. These men are the non-combatants of the political army. Without them party government would stop, and self-government would be impossible. Some hold office; the overwhelming majority do not. They get their reward in doing a man's job in a man's way. They love to feel

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that they are a governing force in their county, State, and nation.

The visible expenditure of a Presidential election goes through the national organizations. This outlay was small down to the Civil War. Lincoln used a fee of a thousand dollars in paying the expenses of his debate with Douglas, but no one would venture to stage such a debate between two men as conspicuous to-day for less than ten thousand, while most men would want fifteen thousand to do it. States could be contested in 1860 for twenty-five hundred dollars for Maine and twelve thousand for Pennsylvania. At least that is what James G. Blaine and A. K. McClure, who did it, told me they disbursed. By 1872 expenses became large. From 1840 to 1860 our city elections were brutal, violent, and openly corrupt, as those of England once were. The purchase of votes from 1868 to 1880 was far more familiar than it is to-day, and our legislatures from 1800 to 1880 were far more corrupt. This always comes in the early use of liberty. The Long Parliament, which beheaded Charles I, reeked with corruption. Royal charters were bought. Alexander Hamilton saw no wrong in giving legislators shares in a bank for whose charter they voted. Our railroad system was floated in our corruption. So were the street-car lines of New York and Philadelphia. Down to 1905 our life insurance companies spent millions for corrupt ends. There was a direct purchase of votes. No Vice-President to-day or for twenty years past would dare to jest, as did Chester A. Arthur after the campaign of 1880, about using sugar in Indiana to buy votes or to boast of their purchase in "blocks of five." Bundles of two-dollar bills were sent to that State in the election as the market quotation for a vote.

By 1880 the New York "World" charged that a million dollars had been expended by the National Republican Committee of which Senator Quay was chairman. This was an underestimate. Of the sum four hundred thousand dollars was raised in Pennsylvania; the actual outlay ran closer to two millions. The expenditure of Presidential campaigns began to shift from the direct or indirect purchase of votes to organization and publicity. By 1896 the expenditure of the Republican National Committee reached $7,500,000, a point it has never equaled since. Of this sum $2,500,000 was raised in Pennsylvania, about a thousand men and corporations contributing. Three savings-banks gave $25,000 apiece on the ground that the deposits they held in trust would lose half their worth if silver came in as the standard of value. Many state banks, under political control, gave because they held state deposits. The life insurance companies gave for the same reason as the savings-banks. Finally federal and state laws were passed prohibiting corporations from making gifts to election funds. A disgraceful and perilous practice ceased.

Voting is a plant of slow growth. It has taken a century and a half to get to the polls half of the total number of voters who can cast their ballots if they choose. New York having been close for a century, its voting vote runs up to four fifths or even more. The possibility of success brings out the vote of both parties. Pennsylvania, being one-sided, with a heavy Republican majority, does not often vote half its possible voters. This is the proportion of most European countries.

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Only half the voters go to the polls in France, Spain, and Italy. Germany does better. The voting English vote was once not over half of those who could vote. This has improved. The vote there actually cast now approaches our proportion in closely contested States.

The South is solid. Excepting West Virginia and Tennessee, no Southern State has cast an honest electoral vote for a Republican candidate since 1872, forty-eight years ago. In the North there are only half a dozen States which have not voted for a Democratic Presidential candidate in recent years, and nine States—Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and California—are fighting-ground every year. These alone are enough any year to decide the result. They cast 7,161,000 votes last year, nearly a third of the total vote.

In the doubtful States and in the country at large the problem of "bringing out the vote" is essentially a "publicity problem." A "slogan" is needed, arguments that will tell on the vast mass, some graphic utterance or picture, and these will round up the uncertain vote; but no "publicity" can possibly win for any article unless the thing itself is worth having on its own account. Advertizing cannot sell a poor thing, but a good thing cannot sell without "publicity" and without publicity of the right sort.

§ 5

For two parties working over fifty-two million possible voters to spend on this task $7,500,000 will not seem extravagant to any reader who knows "publicity" and its cost. The peril is that "publicity" will become corruption, and that the men who pay for publicity will ask too much in return. The cure for this is publicity. The accounts of all political organizations should be in prescribed forms. All gifts should be sent to the newspapers as they come in. A bi-partizan board should examine the books of every organization, big and little, and there should be public records, open to any one during the campaign, and filed with some public officer at the close. Any changes in such records should be adjudged forgery of one degree or another.

Until every one of us is ready to contribute to election expenses, the rich man will keep his pull, because we, the great we in voting, the small we in giving, are not willing to do our duty. Big gifts will have big weight. All of us who do not give are responsible for these evils attendant upon large contributions.

Once tickets, watchers, and, in some States, election officers and polling-places were paid for by private contributions. These are now a public charge. An appropriation of thirty million dollars a year from the Federal treasury, and the criminal prohibition of all private gifts to politics by candidates or their backers, would reduce the evil to small dimensions. The polls are far purer since taxation paid their cost. The campaign would improve in the same way through the same remedy. This sounds radical, but I can remember when the Australian ballot, printed at the public expense, was radical. No self-respecting body of voters ought to be willing to get its political education, information, and emotional awakening at elections out of the gifts of rich men alone. All should assist.

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Traps and Guns and Other Things

By L. FRANK TOOKER

OF all the salient features that make up the patchwork of what we call the past, I remember none more clearly than those cold winter mornings when regularly I would tumble out of bed long before daylight to go to my rabbit-traps. In shivering haste I would break the ice in the water-pitcher, pour a gill or two of water into the bowl,—it never appeared to be so cold when used in small quantity,—brush my shying fingers over its frosty surface, pass the dampened tips lightly across such parts of my face as were more accessible, finish my dressing, and hurry down-stairs. It seemed an absurd waste of time, since a more elaborate toilet would be required before breakfast and school; but some such rites were conscientiously necessary to a proper going forth to face the world after sleep. It was supposed—the supposition was not mine—to lift one above the plane of the barbarian.

In the warm living-room I would wind my "comforter" about my neck and retrieve my cap from the small table in the corner, where I had flung it clear across the room as I entered the door the night before. The flinging of the cap was automatic, and I can still see in memory my three younger brothers, at a later period, come into the room and fling their caps to the same table with the same subconscious repetition of long-accustomed habit. If we had been met on our entrance and the caps taken from us, we would have been momentarily at a loss, wondering what we had forgotten. It would have been the half-conscious movement of our arms in flinging the caps. It was our mental symbol of being at home.

Outside the door I would break into a trot, and speedily come to the Long Road or Dewick's Hill, up which I would hasten, with the hardened snow of those unsurpassed coasting-places crunching and creaking under my boots. At the top of either hill I would come at once to "the Neck," and under its trees find deeper snow and the windless hush of thick woods. Even when a gale roared in the boughs far overhead, I would walk in comparatively hushed spaces, hedged in by the boles of close-set trees and the high undergrowth of laurel, its leaves still undisturbed and vividly green, and often capped with white masses of snow. In daylight one saw everywhere the crossing trails of birds and small four-footed creatures, the tracks of the birds now and then joined by the trail of dragging tails into the semblance of endless sprays of slender vines denuded of their foliage.

On a narrow wood road I reached a carefully concealed mark, and, jumping through the screening laurel, passed straight into the woods, where by a series of blazes I had marked the lines of my traps. With snow on the ground, in the dark mornings, the course was naturally plainer, for my tracks guided me then. The snow

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betrayed, too, whether they had been visited by others.

I never approached a trap without a quickened beating of the heart. Would it be sprung? When it was, not upright, but bowed with the weight of the gray rabbit that hung stiff in the noose, I had the thrill that comes only in the great moments of life. The still, gray form was not a dead thing. It was the proof of my victory over wild nature, and linked me with the romantic past, with *Natty Bumppo* and other loved heroes of my boyhood. What child knows *Natty Bumppo* today? For that matter, what modern child goes out before dawn to rabbit-traps?

It was a toilsome tramp at times, when the snow lay heavy on the underbrush and beat down the laurel into almost insurmountable barriers, yet even then less discomforting than on the mornings of rain or dripping fog, when every disturbed bough or twig sent down a shower of cold drops. One year I had nearly a hundred traps, and long before I had visited them all I would view the black network of boughs to the east against a near background of yellow or crimson, and when I turned homeward at last, and came to the edge of the wood, I saw the tops of the hills on the west side of the harbor already touched with the sun, and the eastern windows of their few houses far-flashing centers of white fire. Down on our side of the valley, as I came to my gate, everything still lay in shadow, and nothing would be stirring but the blue spires of smoke going up from many breakfast fires. But whatever the weather might be, I was always glad for the moment—glad for the impulse that had sent me forth on a certain sort of adventure, glad for the beauty of the morning or for the struggle against cold and snow that had left me with the feeling of not being conquered in spirit.

I suppose that in nine tenths of the houses of the village a boy thus coming home to breakfast would have been met at his door by the same odors—the odors of buckwheat cakes and sausage or ham. There might be eggs with the ham, but there would be no other difference. The last thing at night, from November until the end of March, the batter-pot, with its mixture of buckwheat flour and "canaille" flour, "set" with yeast, would be placed near the kitchen fire to rise overnight. We did not believe in beginning the day undernourished. The fruit and breakfast foods, or the toast and marmalade, of modern days would have been disdained as food fit only for those about to die. Strong coffee was an accompaniment, though the young were not always permitted to use it.

Early in the autumn, before the season for rabbits, we had made long partridge-hedges, or runs, athwart the thickly wooded hollows, and had set snares for quails along the edges of the pastures, using for snares the horse-hair we had begged from such of our relatives as possessed horses or from good-natured farmers. We frequently set our snares in the nearer fields of Level-land and Vanderbeck, though for most of us who were "downstreeters" the Neck was always the favorite hunting-ground.

It was a tract of twelve hundred acres of land, mostly wooded, and stretched along the east side of the harbor to the sound, along the sound east to Mount Sinai Harbor, and thence inland to the "lower road" into

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town, which it followed to the edge of the village itself, ending not far from my father's house. The owners were two elderly maiden sisters who never disfigured the woods and fields with warnings against trespass and gunning, and asked only that we leave undisturbed the squirrels that frequented the grove of great chestnut-trees covering the steep slopes that half-encircled their house. We religiously respected this request, and in return were permitted to wander everywhere at will. There we gathered the trailing-arbutus in early spring and the pink-and-white bloom of the laurel in late June, set our snares and rabbit-traps, and carried our first guns. There, too, in autumn we gathered hazelnuts and walnuts.

§ 2

Before our gunning days had come, of course, that optimistic age when we had believed in the bow and arrow, and hour after hour tramped the fields with arrows set to bowstrings, and our eager eyes roving from side to side in search of a flying mark. We made our bows of hickory or cedar, though we never came to any certainty of conviction as to which was the better wood for the purpose. Happily, their ineffectiveness as procurers of game at that age counted for less than the part they played as adjuncts of the realism of the make-believe world through which we moved with vast enthusiasm.

My inseparable companions at that period were the two sons of the principal of the school, and in the woods near their home we recreated to the best of our ability the atmosphere of "The Last of the Mohicans," which at the moment impressed us deeply. We built rival huts, walling them over with the interlaced boughs of the scrub-oak, the strong stems of which kept its foliage long after its deep, glowing red had changed to a rich brown. In these snug retreats we stored winter apples and turnips, and hung up ears of corn to dry, and bunches of sweet-fern. The dried sweet-fern we smoked, though not so much for pleasure as for the realism of those moments when we "smoked the pipe of peace." The corn we roasted, but the turnips we ate raw, considering them both delightful food and bounties of Nature, a euphemism that delicately veiled the fact that the "bounties" had been pulled in the farmers' broad fields.

As the oldest, E—— and I arrogated to ourselves the dignity of being Mohicans, leaving to H—— and his companions the lot of representing the despised Hurons. For weeks we spoke so consistently the lofty language of Cooper's heroes that more than once we inadvertently startled the uninitiated and covered ourselves with confusion. I remember that "Hist!" "yonder varlet," "not so," and "stay thy coward hand" were constantly on our lips in our talk with one another, though it hardly comported with common usage to say to one's mother, as E—— once did when his objected to some action, "Thou speakest ill."

Mindful of the customs of our prototypes, in our battles we waited in "ambushes," and crept for hours through the thick underbrush in the fond belief that *Chingachgook* himself could not have moved more silently. We had barred out bows and arrows as manifestly too dangerous for weapons, and we went armed with what we called "darts," long chestnut wands that we carved elaborately and hurled at one another in attack. We had agreed

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to aim only at the torso of an enemy, and that he, being struck, was to count himself "dead." Once, rising from ambush to attack the Hurons as they came up a wooded path, my dart went wide, and struck H—— close to his temple. He uttered a most un-Huron-like howl and clapped his hands to his head, and warfare ceased at once as we saw the blood run down between his fingers.

Now, every boy has a vast awe for a blow on the temple, and in the expectation of seeing him collapse at any moment, it was a very frightened company that led the wounded Huron down to his mother. As she dressed the wound, and we, in the nervous reaction of our fears at the sight of her composed face, stood about her, garrulous in explanations, I weakly tried to excuse myself by contending that H—— had no right to dodge, and all would have been well if he had not. She diplomatically agreed, but added that as dodging seemed instinctive whenever a blow threatened, perhaps a better way of fighting might be found. We enthusiastically agreed in that moment of vast relief.

Yet blood flowed again in the play before our fascination for it ended. One Saturday afternoon a much older boy joined us, and expressed his gracious willingness to take part. Now, I had always claimed, and been allowed, the right to personate the silent, but lofty-minded, *Uncas;* but on the new boy's declaration that he would assume that character, the others, flattered by the interest of an older boy, readily agreed. I did not. Angry words followed, and then the sudden flashing up of hostilities, in which by some lucky chance I made my rival's nose bleed badly. He paused momentarily to stanch the flow of blood, but without ceasing his threats of dire vengeance, while from the safe distance of the tactical retreat I had made after my successful onset, I watched him with growing uncertainty. I was angry no longer, while he, it was evident, was furious, and this, coupled with his greater size and age, made me doubtful; and when at last I saw him making ready to come up with horse, foot, and artillery, I diplomatically changed the character of the contest and went into action. In other words, I fled.

All that beautiful autumn afternoon he doggedly chased me over the whole town, through dooryards and over back fences and up hill and down. With my growing confidence in my ability to escape, it became at last a game in a way that it was possible even to enjoy. Of course I might have gone home to a safe asylum at once, but my appearance at so unusual an hour would have caused surprised questioning, and to explain that I had blooded the nose of so nice a boy as my pursuer would probably have resulted in incarceration at home, and freedom, though in flight, was preferable to that on a holiday. On Monday, in the neutral territory of school, we could safely meet, protected by that admirable philosophy of boyhood, which believes that each day is sufficient unto itself.

§ 3

We did not wholly abandon "The Leather Stocking Tales" and the woodcraft of the red men, but "Ivanhoe" and *Robin Hood* for a time converted our primeval forest into "the greenwood," and as *Locksley*, or *Robin Hood*, we shot at peeled willow wands with

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cloth-yard shafts, and as a reluctant *Sheriff of Nottingham* harried H—— over the whole country-side. As the younger brother of E——, he was the lawful, if sometimes obstreperous, substitute for unpopular characters. We always used a "cloth-yard shaft," thinking the novel term a realistic touch, though long puzzled by the curious insistence of writers to make a yard of cloth the attribute of an arrow, like the tail to a kite. With the literal-mindedness of youth, we could see no other explanation.

But it was the genius of E—— that made "Ivanhoe" really live, at least for a thrillingly dramatic hour. *Locksley's* skill had speedily grown tame, especially as we had never succeeded in making it our own, and one day, idly wandering in search of something to do, we had come to the familiar pastures of Level-land, on the top of the hill east of the village. The first field, for the time in pasture, was like a great saucer, or amphitheater, on the slopes of which two of the farmer's horses were browsing. The "upper barn" stood at the northeast corner of the field, and was used only for hay, the farmer's main barn being down in the village and not far from his house, which stood next to my father's. Whatever happened in the bowl was reasonably safe from observation.

To E——'s fruitful mind there came the thought that a kindly Providence had here provided the lists for the tournament in "Ivanhoe," which we had read over and over again; and there were the farmer's horses. A spoken hint of his thought was alone sufficient, and a moment later we were racing home for bridles and lances.

Perhaps an hour later, with our improvised bridles of small rope noosed over the heads of the horses, we had mounted our steeds from the fence, and with two long poles for lances, had taken our places on opposite slopes of the field, with the bottom of the bowl between us, where we were to meet in mimic battle. But as E—— raised his hand as a signal to advance, and, clapping my heels against the ribs of my charger, I felt myself in motion, misgivings seized me. A vast gulf appeared to yawn before the low-held head of my horse as, stumbling, he jogged down the steep slope, and my lance wavered uncertainly in a hand that seemed to know instinctively that it could be better employed by grasping the mane. My horse, in passing, snatched at a tall weed, and the convulsive movement caused by the action tore the bridle from my hand. It fell out of my reach, of course, and as I looked anxiously up for my foe, I saw with vast relief that his steed, becalmed, was cropping the grass on the opposite side of the slope, with E—— desperately tugging at the bridle.

From the depths of his hereditary knowledge as a descendant of horsemen in his loved Wyoming Valley, E—— gravely declared that the horses needed training, to which I as gravely agreed, and for a time we walked them up and down the slope. Because neither would take to himself the shame of confessing that his ardor had cooled, we again paused at the top for a fresh trial.

But the horses had grown nervous, and as we neared the foot of the slopes they broke into a lumbering gallop. Mindful of my misfortune with the dart, we had already agreed to aim our lances low at each other's legs and to grasp them lightly; but now as we seemed to rush together in a vast cata-

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clysm of nature, we lost our heads and desperately tried to pull up. With our slight strength and with bridles of small rope without bits, it was like binding the unicorn with his band in the furrow, in the picturesque image of futility of the Book of Job. In the confusion of that last exciting moment I never knew what actually took place. E—— always insisted that I had let the head of my lance fall to the ground, and the butt had knocked me over the tail of my horse. It may be so, but that hardly explains why we found ourselves sitting face to face on the earth, with our lances crossed under us, and the horses galloping side by side over the crest of the hill.

We never troubled the farmer's horses again. We had momentarily been moved by the brilliancy of an idea into an unusual audacity, and now, in our failure, we thought only of the penalties that might follow discovery. It did not add to our peace of mind that our bridles still decked the horses, and, in our fear of being seen, we dared not attempt to recover them. For days we did not go near the field, and when we went to the farmer's house for milk, as was the custom of all in our neighborhood, we tried to select the moments when the farmer himself was absent.

§ 4

It must have been about this time that I became the proud possessor of my first dog. I do not remember his appearance with any degree of exactness, and I have no knowledge of his pedigree or even of his kind. The fact that he had come aboard my father's vessel in a Southern port with so great an air of confidence in his welcome that my father had not had the heart to appear cold to it, and had subsequently brought him home to me, argues nothing as to his quality at all. Probably he was of the sort that all the world recognized as being a dog, but about which the knowing would be politely incurious; but he accepted me so loyally and affectionately as an equal, ignored my faults so tactfully, and was so eagerly my companion, that I should have been less than a boy not to respond in kind. We were inseparable whenever it was possible, and I can still remember the times when, on going to school or church, I was forced at the gate to order him back. He would look at me with the surprised air of one who had expected something better of me, and then would stop short in his tracks, and until my head dropped below the level of the road at the great oak he would stand motionless.

He became a great part of our games; indeed, at times the greater part, for so uncanny was his skill in finding me, wherever I might be, that shortly it led to experiment, and then to a new game. A boy will believe what he wishes to believe, and in time one forgets all one's failures, but this much is certain, that we were firmly convinced that Jack could follow our trail unerringly by the scent. We knew "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Jack had come aboard my father's vessel in the South, and to us, of course, the logical conclusion was clear: my dog was a runaway bloodhound.

With one of us sent on ahead as an escaped prisoner or slave, we ran many miles through the woods and fields before the game lost its freshness; but in time, with so rare a possession, I was naturally eager for new worlds to conquer. There were still foxes about us in those days, and my mother herself

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had often seen deer come down to drink at the pond into which I had been thought to fall, and rabbits and squirrels abounded, of course. As an adjunct of the dog, a gun was needed to make life complete.

It was a difficult thing to obtain, for my mother was timid about guns; but she had to deal with a persistency that was more harrowing than her fear, and she finally yielded, though the gun I was first permitted to bring to the house as my own was indifferent enough. Indeed, I imagine that it was mainly because of its indifference that she yielded, on the extraordinary theory that the poorer the gun, the safer the gunner. It was an old army rifle that had been converted into a muzzle-loading shotgun, and was so long and heavy that any attempt to bring it to my shoulder to meet the flight of a bird was beyond my strength and alertness; and Jack had proved disappointingly ineffective in bringing us within sight of four-footed game. On those early excursions I was usually accompanied by my boon companions of the hour, one or the other of whom obligingly permitted me to rest the barrel of the gun on his shoulder whenever we approached a spot that seemed a likely one for game. Having a vast credulity as to what were likely spots, we usually presented the extraordinary spectacle of three small figures in single file, the foremost with the barrel of a gun laid across his shoulder, the second with the butt of the stock clutched at his breast and his finger on the trigger-guard, while the third carried powder-horn and shot-pouch, stalking perpetually through the landscape, like figures on an Assyrian cuneiform. Later, with a crotched stick that we hung half-way down the barrel, we devised a rest for the gun not unlike those that we had seen portrayed in pictures of ancient harquebuses. If it brought us no greater success than our old method, it at least gave us the satisfaction of masquerading as historical figures, and simply to carry a gun seemed to gild the day with romance and the possibility of happy adventure.

Once, indeed, when later I had acquired a real shotgun, I had met with success of a most unusual fashion. We had gone out that day without a dog, an elder brother of my companion having claimed by the rights of seniority the admirable pointer that we usually shot over, and, the season being near its close, we tramped all the afternoon over fields undisturbed by the whir of wings. The legal period for snaring quail had expired, and with our recent promotion to the ranks of real hunters, we had quickly acquired a natural indignation of illegal practices, and having by chance come upon four snared birds, we had pocketed them, after the manner of our elders. Passing through a patch of woods on our way home near twilight, we had put up a flock, but with no chance to shoot, owing to the screening foliage. The birds had risen near a pile of underbrush, and knowing their propensity to hide whenever a covert was at hand, we pounced upon the scrags, and caught two that had become enmeshed in the network of branches. Naturally, we were uplifted by the extraordinary luck of six quails without firing a shot.

For the two that were alive I made a comfortable pen of a large box, and all winter I fed them with wheat and patiently tried to tame them. But wildness was in their nature, and seemed

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only to increase with the approach of spring; and when at last the forests had begun to show yellow and red, I pushed aside the slats of the box and caught the frantic creatures one by one. I held up my arms and spread my hands open. With just the pause of a second, as though for the moment they could not believe they were free, their wiry claws clutched at my palms, and then with a whirring roar of their wings they shot straight east past the line of cherry-trees on to the woods. I had lost my possible pets, but two plump birds had been spared the sparse table spread in the snow-fields. I hope that, with all their terror of me, they at least boasted of my wheat among their lean companions.

We never had the fine duck-shooting of the Great South and Peconic bays, but even in the hardest winters, when ice made the use of boats impossible and the few small feeding-grounds were covered, we sometimes hoped against hope and walked the sound beach by the hour on the small chance of a shot at the few ducks that fed alongshore. One bitterly cold day two or three of us were skulking behind the ice-cakes piled high on the beach, following the course of some ducks that appeared to be nearing the land, when we heard a faint shout, and, looking up the steep face of Mount Misery, saw a boy that we knew wave his hand. A moment later we saw him drop over the edge of the cliff and prepare to descend.

One who has sailed up and down the sound knows the high, white cliffs of that part of the island, and Mount Misery is one of the highest. The cliffs are of sand, and in summer are soft and yielding, but in winter they are sometimes like granite, and we shouted to the boy to go around to Money Hollow and come down through the gorge. But either he did not hear us or thought little of our caution, for he came steadily on, while we, with the aggrieved complacency of those whose warnings of disaster have been scorned, gazed upward in the eager expectation of what we thought likely to prove a thrilling spectacle.

We were not disappointed. He slipped a little at his first step, and fell to his knees on the next, and on his third was in full flight, wheeling and turning with extraordinary rapidity, his arms and legs flaying the air, raying out from his body in eccentric circles. He had dropped his gun at the start, but it loyally refused to leave him, and amicably, side by side, they wheeled and bumped down the frozen declivity. I know that I was fascinated by that gun, but whether with the horror of potential catastrophe or with a morbid curiosity to see it suddenly spit fire, I am not sure. I know the thought was present in my mind that a boy who would attempt to come down the face of Mount Misery on a day like that would be just the one to walk through the thick woods on the summit with his gun at full cock.

Boy and gun reached the foot neck and neck, and came to a full stop on the shore. As he rose to his feet, the boy was a spectacle. His clothes were frayed by the frozen grit, and his face and hands scratched and bleeding; but he had come so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that in his dizziness and bewilderment he had not yet felt the full pain. For a moment he stared at us vacantly; then he spoke.

"Well, I got down," he said with the challenging air of one who half expected us to deny it.

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About that time I had become, with another small boy, the owner of an old-fashioned rifle. Under the spell of "The Leather Stocking Tales," we had called it "Kildeer," in the fond belief that it was like that of *the Deerslayer*. But prowling one day about a local workshop, we had come across a long-barreled pistol of an antique type and had asked the owner about it. He was the stuttering man who at the time of our great revival had not risen for prayers because of his fear of swearing at an inopportune moment, and presently he succeeded in telling us that it was a dueling-pistol. I was excited at once, because I had recently come into the possession of a life of Andrew Jackson, and his marksmanship made me emulous. We began bargaining, offering our rifle in exchange, and finally succeeded in obtaining from the owner the promise to look at the rifle "some day."

But "some day" to us, in our boyish eagerness, meant at once, and ten minutes later we thrust the rifle into his hands, and presently went out to the meadow in the rear of the shop to shoot at a mark. With a knowledge of human nature and the psychology of trading that neither of us knew we possessed, we purposely shot wild, but loudly marveled at the skill of the other. He turned to us solemnly and said: "B-b-b-boys, I c-c-c-can't h-h-h-help it; r-r-r-runs in th-th-the f-f-f-fam'ly. M-m-my w-w-w-wife's f-f-f-father, you k-k-k-know, is th-th-the b-b-b-best sh-sh-sh-shot r-r-r-round here."

In the end we carried the pistol home in triumph. A great attraction was the mold for making its own bullets which went with the pistol, and I have a recollection of absorbing times spent in molding bullets and melting the lead in a frying-pan over the kitchen stove —and incidentally of appearing at school with a bandaged face from peering too closely at the sputtering lead in a moment of surprising eruption.

We never became Andrew Jacksons and we never fought a duel, and after, by happy chance, I had splintered the end of a new knife that I had used as a bull's-eye stuck through the center of a piece of white paper, we turned our attention to shotguns again. The knife thereafter was of little use as a knife, but I carried it for years, my pride in it as a proof of my luck—it could always be camouflaged as skill—being greater than the need of a more useful knife.

§ 5

Of course we had the usual games of the period, which we played at school and on holidays, like prisoners'-base, huck-chuck, and snap-the-whip, which we oftener played on ice. There was also the game that we called "mummy-daddy," in which for some unknown reason we always carried whip-like wands as we chased one another over the hills in a sort of hare and hounds. Our chief athletic sports were the running and broad jumps and the hop, skip, and jump, though oftener we made it a hop, three skips, and a jump, and some of us put up horizontal bars in our back yards for such gymnastic feats as we could compass. Trap-ball was just passing as I came to the age for it, but one-old-cat was always popular—so popular with me, indeed, that once through it I fell into temptation, and suffered so swift a retribution that I might have passed as the personal embodiment of a tale right out of a Sunday-school book of the period.

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One Saturday morning my mother had sent me to the drug-store in haste for a bottle of sirup of squills for a younger brother, and no one could have censured my lack of speed until I was half-way home again. There, at the foot of Thompson Street, the boys were playing ball. Now, I have always felt that when one has saved a penny, he has a right to spend half of it in celebration of his thrift; and here it seemed wholly commendable to pause a moment to catch my breath and join in the game while I waited. I had thrust the bottle into a trousers' pocket for the greater freedom of my hands; unfortunately, however, the transfer did not stabilize my legs, for almost immediately I fell, breaking the bottle in my impact with the hard earth. Now, nothing in the world is stickier than sirup of squills, and it was a wholly dolorous youth who hurried back to the drug-store for a fresh bottle, and thence by a back street home.

I cannot recall clearly, but I think it more than probable that my confession of having stopped to play ball brought in its wake one of the rare corporal punishments that I received from my mother. They were always amicable affairs in a way, in which the parent suffered more than the child. I took good care of that. She would tell me gravely that she would have to whip me, and would send me out to cut a switch. I always cut it from an apple-tree, and solely for the reason that apple-tree switches are characteristically short, and, being short, are necessarily lacking in thickness. What thickness they had I sometimes neutralized by making a cut in the twig half-way up its length, on the logical assumption that the normal mother who broke a whip on her child would more speedily arrive at a state of penitence. After all, the punishments were wholly satisfactory; for they restored our cordial relations, they never hurt, and one needed to feel no remorse after having paid the physical penalty of wrong-doing.

Base-ball was not popular, though mainly for the reason that there was scarcely a piece of ground in the whole neighborhood level enough for a proper field. We did organize two clubs, the Young Americas and the Excelsiors, which played for a season. I well remember the great trepidation of mind with which once after Sunday school I found the captain of the Young Americas and his advisers waiting for me outside and how solemnly they debated my availability. We wore for uniform a broad collar of red flannel, with two narrow edgings of white tape, and with cuffs to match. The cuffs and collars of the Excelsiors were similar, but of blue flannel instead of red.

A great test of prowess was "climbing the hickory," a tall and slender walnut-tree that stood at the edge of the school-house woods. It rose slender and straight without a branch for forty or fifty feet, and was worn almost to the smoothness of glass by the countless arms and legs that had desperately encircled it. To reach the small clump of limbs at the top was in a way our *toga virilis*, and failure to reach it at last would always have been a cloud on the memory of our youth. In my sensitiveness to the thought of continued failure in public, I went to the tree to practise alone after dark many times before I reached a state of assurance, and when at last in public I lifted my hand to grasp the first bough at the top of the tree and quickly drew myself up to a sitting position, I

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was happy indeed. I can still see the upturned faces of the watchers below and feel the joy of the moment.

The Civil War had made war games popular in my very early boyhood, and about a great granite rock in the woods near the school, drift from the glacial period, we staged many battles, and in winter built snow forts and fought over again the attacks on Fort Donelson and Fort Fisher. We had a "rebel yell" of our own invention, I remember, the fascinating privilege of using which went a long way in overcoming the partizan reluctance of boys to serve on the Confederate side. Once engaged, however, they fought valiantly—too valiantly at times, for in the zest of battle they falsified history by refusing to yield, much to the wrath of the Union troops, who were naturally strong for historical truth.

The harbor, of course, was late in freezing over, and the ice was usually too rough for good skating; but sometimes a period of warm weather or of rain would cover the ice with water, which, freezing, would give us a perfect surface of wide extent. Sometimes we made ice-boats, and once at least the harbor was thronged with sleighs for weeks, and horsemen came from far and near for a great racing concourse.

Even when the ice was rough, there would often be patches of smooth, thin ice in the lee of large vessels laid up for the winter. Now, fresh water cracks and is brittle, but salt water bends without cracking, and it was always a delight to skate swiftly across these thin places and feel the ice rise and fall beneath one's feet. Often one's skate-blades would cut through the ridges raised by the weight of the body gliding over the thin, but tenacious, surface, yet still hold one up; sometimes, however, the ice would collapse with a swiftness that was startling. In the uncertainty lay the fascination.

But it would be to the Swamp, on the high ridge south of the village, or to Billard's Pond, to the east, that we would hasten with the first freezing weather. Though I sometimes went to the Swamp to skate, I knew it far better in summer, when I often went there with a gun to watch the woodcock come in to drink at twilight. Billard's Pond was nearer. To reach it we would pass through the woods, and down a narrow valley where the leaves lay deep underfoot, across a stubbled field, then down a steep path by the edge of an amphitheater of steep, wooded slopes that rimmed the oval pond on all sides save the north, toward which we could look out over the meadows and creeks of Mount Sinai Harbor to the far hills of Connecticut beyond the blue sound. The pond was not deep, and, sheltered as it was, the new ice was like glass, and black from the bottom of dead leaves. Going thither on a Saturday morning at the beginning of the season, we always took the steep path on a run when we saw through the trees the glitter of the black ice. I remember the thrill of those moments yet—the first ice of the year!

At first we would try it doubtfully, for with our initial venturing from shore the hollow, cracking sound would run in swift zigzags over the whole surface, with an ominous echo on the steep slopes. But we had an old saying, "As long as she cracks, she holds," and on the strength of that doubtful wisdom we ventured farther and farther, until we skated from end

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to end. Along the west bank, because of springs, the ice was always thinner, which, naturally, made it the one spot where we most desired to be. At one point a large tree thrust a bough straight out over the pond, two or three feet above the surface. Once to two of us it looked like a challenge, and presently we were tossing a penny to settle the matter of which should try first to reach it. I lost, and, going back a short distance to gain speed, I turned toward the tree with a rush; but six feet or more from my goal I broke through. I floundered on, and as, cold and dripping, I drew myself up to the limb, I heard a shout and, looking back, saw my companion speeding on over the same path, now, of course, a mass of broken ice, with only a certain wetting before him. Nine boys out of ten would have declared that they had not bet on a certainty, and would have felt themselves free to default; but he was the tenth. He went to sea later, and I have rarely met him since, but nothing has changed my old respect for his act. My respect was not less great because I could not be sure that I should have done the same thing. I thought that I should, but I could not be sure. The doubt troubles me yet.

There were winters, too, when we coasted for weeks, and all the roads leading down to the village would be thronged at night and on Saturdays, though the Long Road, near my father's house, was by far the best. It was a wild and exhilarating flight, and dangerous, too, with sleighs constantly passing on the narrow street at the foot of the hill. A few have been killed there, and many injured, and I myself was once knocked senseless, and bruised and stiff for weeks. Yet I think that my pride was hurt even more. It seemed woefully lacking in skill to fail at last where for years I had been able to meet every emergency; and to meet every emergency was, in that seafaring community, always the highest test of one's character.

Our sleds were not of the flimsy sort sold in cities, but were stout and often finely constructed. Those of my younger brothers were made by the local carriage-maker, I remember, and were as handsome in their way as his best carriages. My own was made long before my time, and to-day is seemingly as strong as ever, though eighty years or more have passed since the first boy of my family brightened its steel runners for the first time.

But finally there would come days when brown patches would appear on our coasting hills, and the ice on the harbor would look dingy and watery. Sometimes we amused ourselves by poling cakes into the open stretches and drifting before the southwest winds; but it was only the half-hearted sport of those who wait for better things. Presently a warm wind would blow down the smoky valley, the willows grow tawny on the edges of the meadows, the sweet flag lift green spikes, and we would turn eagerly to our boats again, which had wintered high on the beach, and overhaul the sails and spars, which we had stored away from the inclement weather. The real beginning of the year was at hand.

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The Crystal Heart

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

Author of "The Dark Tower"

Drawings by Norman Price

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–V. From the beginning Joy Featherstone smiled unexactingly at a universe that she loved. She was nine when Rosemary, last of a large family, was born, and Joy knew she could never love anything so much again, not Maude, her companion sister, or Nicolas Pennant, who loved her better than any one else, despite Maude's desire for first place in his affections. On her fourteenth birthday Joy promised him that as she might no longer kiss him, she would kiss only relatives until he should return four years later from India. After that promise she could n't feel quite like a little girl again. Rosemary developed a rare and incurable wasting disease, and the task of caring for her lay chiefly in Joy's devoted hands. She gave herself completely to fighting Rosemary's unbearable pain, and when Nicolas came home on leave she had no thought or comfort to spare for him from her awful concentration.

VI

ROSEMARY'S illness had seemed so interminable that its swift conclusion, the brief few minutes of flurry at the end, was as startling as if there had been no preparations at all. Joy had gone to bed as usual, and toward dawn she was wakened suddenly by the massive presence of Patch whispering by her bedside as if she were afraid of being overheard.

"Oh, if you please, Miss Joy, there 's something happening to Miss Rosemary!"

In an instant Joy was flying down the passage, the sleep torn from her eyes and heart. As she reached the door she heard the loud cardiac breathing, which had come on in the last few days, louder than ever. The child was sitting up in bed; her eyes had a curious, restless expression. She seemed to be looking in turn at everything in the room, as if she was going away on a journey and wanted to remember her old possessions, which she must leave behind. Her eyes fell on Joy almost accusingly.

"I should like you to sing," she said clearly, with little pauses between the words, "'Three blind mice.'"

Joy knelt down beside the bed, slipping her arms under the huddled little form, and raised a quivering voice. The child's bandaged little hand waved flutteringly in time to the tune Joy sang:

"Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife;
She cut off their tails with a carving-knife.
Did you ever see such a thing in your life?
Three blind mice!"

"Oh, my dearie, would n't you like a nice little hymn instead?" urged Patch from her station behind the bed.

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But Rosemary did not seem to hear Patch; her mind was taken up with the absorbing occupation of her breathing. Rosemary murmured:

"Is the night coming or going away, Joy?" She was looking into the light of dawn, but her eyes were growing dim; she could no longer see the familiar things.

"It 's going," said Joy, breathlessly; "the night 's nearly gone, Rosemary."

The little life snapped softly like a worn thread; there was no struggle. A breath came and shook her for a moment, and then passed with her beyond the reach of pain.

"O Miss Joy, Miss Joy!" sobbed Patch, "the blessed innocent is gone!"

Joy still held the child in her arms, but she was aware that the silence, which came from nowhere and filled the room, had robbed her.

"There, there, my dear, put her down! Put her down!" urged Patch. "You can't do no more for her now. You 've done all you could for her always, the praper lamb!"

Joy was quite submissive about it. She laid the little figure back on the pillow and walked to the open window. The garden was full of mist. A thick, white blanket lay over the valley and hid the waterfalls. On the little lawn streamers and folds of mist moved lightly in the dawn wind. The silly little tune repeated itself in Joy's mind:

Three blind mice, see how they run!

She had been afraid of Rosemary's death. The thought of its approach had haunted her for weeks, night and day, as a thing ominous and terror-striking, an experience more awful than pain. And now it had come and gone as lightly as the wind moving aside a little shape of mist; and there was nothing left but love.

Rosemary's death made very little difference to the life of Rock Lodge. Mrs. Featherstone hardly seemed to notice it, but people who knew her best said it was curious, but that from the day the child died they never saw her laugh again. Mr. Featherstone prefaced nearly all his remarks with, "Since the terrible loss of my little daughter—" The rest of the family were quite normal about it.

Even Joy was normal. She felt so much happier and freer, and as if her heart had suddenly expanded to meet everybody else's. She wanted to see Nicolas again, but it was a long time before she saw him properly. He had been at Rosemary's funeral. Joy had suddenly realized that he was standing close to her at the grave-side, and she had been very glad of his presence.

She had not minded the funeral; it did not seem to have anything to do with Rosemary. It was a blowy autumnal day, with spaces of light-blue sky between white, polished clouds. The dead leaves ran across the graves, and far below them the sea plunged playfully in and out of the rocks. The clergyman's white surplice blew up all round him like a toy balloon, and Joy thought she must be sure to tell Rosemary how funny it looked; and then something very sharp went through her like the prick of a needle, and she remembered that she would never tell Rosemary anything funny any more.

Julia wrote to her afterward, and said that Nicolas had been given leave to attend the staff college for a year's course, so that he would n't be going back to India for a long time. She wrote as if she were a little hurt with

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Joy about something, but she did n't explain what it was. A very few weeks later Julia married Owen, and went to live far away in Surrey.

It was nearly a year before Nicolas came back from the staff college. He ran across Joy unexpectedly at the churchyard gate.

"Hello," he said. "I was just coming up to see you."

Joy had a basket of roses on her arm. She was going to put them on Rosemary's grave. She would n't have gone on doing it with any one else, but it seemed quite natural to go into the churchyard with Nicolas. After she had put the roses all round the green little mound and Nicolas had fetched the water for her, she went and sat with him on a bench by the church.

Joy scolded Nicolas a little for not having written to her or been for such a long time to see them.

"Has it seemed long?" said Nicolas.

"Years and years," said Joy, sadly.

Nicolas thought she meant that the time had seemed long because she had been unhappy about Rosemary, but he was n't quite sure. He began to play with a ribbon on Joy's dress.

"It seemed long to me, too," he said in a shy voice, "but I did n't want to bother you."

"As if you *could* have bothered me!" said Joy, reproachfully. "Why, Nicolas, I don't think there 's anybody I know as well as I know you."

"Still, I suppose you may know a person too well," said Nicolas, tentatively—"too well to be interested in them, I mean."

"O Nicolas!" exclaimed Joy, indignantly, "how horrid of you to think such a thing! The more you know a person, the more you love them."

Nicolas did n't say anything at all to that; he seemed quite extraordinarily interested in Joy's ribbons.

"You did n't seem to want me last time I was here," he went on after a pause. "I expect it was because you were upset, but I felt badly—as if you did n't want me to share it with you. You were rather sick with me for some reason or other, were n't you?"

Joy thought for a moment. She remembered dimly that she had had a queer, unkind feeling about Nicolas, but it had n't lasted, and she could n't remember now why she had had it.

"I expect," she said thoughtfully, "it was because I was so upset and I could n't share it. It was like waiting for something that was going to happen. I could n't stop it happening however hard I tried, but it seemed as if I had to keep waiting for it, and I did n't want to have to attend to anything else while I waited."

"Well, I did n't get much attention," said Nicolas, with a rueful laugh. "D' you think you could give me a little more now, Joy?" He had stopped playing with her ribbon, and took hold of one of her hands, tentatively at first, and then, as she made no effort to withdraw it, with firmness.

It was a curious feeling being held like that by Nicolas, very protecting and kind. Joy liked it; she made no effort at all to take her hand away.

"Of course I 'll attend to you," she said quickly; "I want to hear everything about you."

Nicolas gave a contented little sigh, but he did n't seem to have anything more to say. He just sat there, with his shoulder touching hers, looking down at her hand.

"Begin at the beginning and end at the end," Joy, said "as in fairy-tales."

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"He ran across Joy unexpectedly at the churchyard gate"

"You 're the beginning," said Nicolas, quietly, "and you 're the end—and all the rest of it. Nothing has happened to me except you."

Joy remembered what her mother had told her long ago about men. Perhaps she ought to take her hand away from Nicolas, but she did not want to. She felt a great tenderness for Nicolas. It was not exactly love, but a very little would have turned it into love.

"You see," Nicolas explained, "you were too young before I went to India, and when I came back, I suppose you were too unhappy; but I have felt just the same always. Do you remember what I asked you to promise me in the Doone Valley?"

Joy nodded.

"You might have known," she said, "that I should n't, anyhow. But I remember promising."

"Of course your mother was perfectly right," Nicolas said—"to stop my kissing you, I mean; but she would n't be right to stop it now, if you liked me enough to let me, Joy."

"Enough," said Joy, thoughtfully, "to let you kiss me. Why, of course I do, Nicolas."

But Nicolas did not take any advantage of this lightly given favor; he only put his hand on Joy's shoulder and drew her round so that she was looking straight at him.

"Enough to marry me," asked Nicolas, firmly. "I could marry you now. I have enough for us to live on, and of course, as I 'm the eldest son, I shall eventually have Pallant. We could take a furnished house at Aldershot until I have finished my course, if you don't mind furnished houses.

"I know it 's rather a sacrifice to ask of any woman—that Indian business, I mean. Sooner or later you have to choose between leaving your husband or your kids; but I know how you love children. I hope I should n't be selfish about you, Joy."

And then he saw that Joy was horrified. She was shaking all over under his hand. Cold perspiration broke out on her forehead. It had all swept over her again, that premature agony of the tortured child. Her mind felt frantic, as if the child's screams still lingered in it, as if death had done nothing to relieve her.

No, she could n't face that again. She could n't risk having a child, not even for Nicolas—another child that might be put under the harrow like that and cry out to her to release it.

And when she met Nicolas's eyes,

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the horror went straight through him. He thought it was horror of himself. He sprang to his feet.

"Joy," he cried thickly, "d' you feel like that?"

Joy could not speak; she only nodded, with shaking lips. She wished he had n't got up and gone away from her. She had a hunger for his protection and the solid, kindly comfort of his touch upon her shoulder; and yet she had no right to take that comfort.

Nicolas looked horrified, too, and he looked angry, as if the horror was unfair to him, after his great content.

"I beg your pardon," he said fiercely; "I 've made the most abject mistake. I thought you said I did n't bother you, but I see I do. Never mind; I 'll never, as long as I live, touch you again. Don't be afraid. I see exactly what you feel. You don't like saying 'No' to me, because I 'm such an old friend, but you 'd hate me to be anything more to you. I was right, after all, to keep away from you after last time, and a fool to come back."

"I could n't face it," whispered Joy, —her cheeks had become a curious gray-white, and she was still trembling,—"not yet, Nicolas."

"You 'll never have to face it," said Nicolas, bitterly, "either now or at any other time. Good-by."

He hurried away from the little churchyard and out of her sight down the long hill. Joy shut her eyes for a few moments after he had gone. The sunlight on the late September flowers frightened and hurt her. This had never happened to her before. She had been so quiet and happy all the year. She had n't had to think of children, little children that might look up at her with hurrying, questioning eyes—eyes which she could not satisfy; children who might cry out at her, "O Joy, I don't like pain; take it away!" And she could n't take it away.

If only Nicolas had known that it was n't of him at all that she was thinking, if he could have heard that dreadful little tune pursuing her, he would have understood the horror, and he would have taken her in his arms and taught her how horror can be healed. But Nicolas had understood nothing but that his love was dreadful to the only person in the world whom he could ever love.

VII

People at places like Lynton do not have nervous breakdowns, but sometimes they feel the need of going away for a little change. A little change, it was decided, was what Joy wanted after she had refused Nicolas, and it was very convenient that Julia Ransome, far away in a place called Surrey, should have had twins and want Joy to come and help her look after them.

The twins were expansive, voracious creatures requiring a great deal of concentration. Nothing went wrong with them, but they had a great many wants, and all of them were compulsory. Joy became absorbed in the twins. Weeks slipped into months, and she still bore with Surrey.

Julia and Owen had a fine and flowered place, very dry and light. Their large, new, pompous house had every convenience and no significance. There were excellent meals and beds in it, and expensively dressed neighbors streamed hilariously through the house and out into the neat, flat garden to play games. There was seldom an hour out of the day in which there was not a meal or a game going on.

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"'You 're the beginning,' said Nicolas, quietly, 'and you 're the end'"

Julia and Owen entertained a great deal without taking much trouble about it. There was always enough of everything, and when they said they must have more, they only meant that they had to order it. There were no contrivances and no sacrifices in their household life; after Joy came, even the question of the twins, which had weighed slightly on Julia's mind, despite the presence of an excellent old nurse, immediately lifted. She was free now to be more constantly where Owen wanted.

It sometimes flashed through Joy's mind that marriage had changed Julia. The Pennants had never spent money as if it were water, or time as if it were as irresponsible as air. They had duties and difficulties, and on the whole they profited by both these limitations. With all that was going on around her, Joy was aware of a curious lack of profit.

Joy wondered if Julia felt it, too, and missed the vast expanses of the moors, where one could walk all day long and meet nothing but one's own thoughts, and where life itself took all the time there was. In the old days she could easily have asked Julia which life she preferred, but now she could n't ask her. Marriage had flowed around Julia like a tidal sea, and cut her off from the mainland of girlhood. She was radiantly happy, but she was not within reach, and her eyes wore a gay and guarded expression, as if what she enjoyed had in it a hint of danger.

Sudden impatiences and irritations broke through her happiness. It was not when her own will was crossed that Joy noticed these uncharacteristic flurries. Julia had submerged her personal will; but if by any chance Owen could not have what he wanted, Julia, whose temper had always been placid and impregnable, flamed up into sudden vehemence. She wanted so much to make Owen happy that it seemed as if something was at stake if she did not succeed. Beneath the easy flow of her life there were secret snags which broke into a curious violence.

But if marriage had changed Julia, it had done nothing at all to Owen Ransome; he was gayer than Joy remembered him, but he had probably not been gayer then only because she was sad. Even now he could easily suppress it, and about his gaiety there was never any hardness or ruthlessness, as there sometimes was about Julia's.

He was a charming host, eager about the amusements of his guests and never seeking to emphasize his

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own. Owen loved his twins. Joy found him oftener in the nursery than Julia. He confided to her that he felt it terribly absurd to make such a sweep into fatherhood, but he always knew how much they weighed and which was cutting his first tooth.

Owen's manner to Joy was perfect. It was as if he had found in her something specially delightful which would please his wife; it was almost as if he felt the need of propitiating Julia. Yet what need had he to propitiate his happy wife? She had everything in the world she wanted, a husband she adored, health like fine steel, children that would have won any baby prize if they had not been born in a sphere above the need of prizes. Julia could have all the clothes, conveyances, and friends she liked. There was no one to say "No" to her least reasonable wishes.

Joy could not imagine Owen ever saying "No." If he had a fault, it was a too ready acquiescence in the wants of others, so ready that he sometimes gave his agreement without seeing that their wants conflicted. His good nature had no apparent end. It was perhaps merely the profundity of his love for Julia which gave him the appearance of trying to lay his hand upon a compensation for her, as if there was something which, after all, he knew she had not got.

"Oh, I know I am the luckiest person in the world," Julia would say to Joy, with an undercurrent of irony in her voice; "you need n't tell me that. I have n't even the smallest of Job's boils, let alone his misfortunes. I suppose, if I saw a misfortune, I should not know what it was."

"Oh, but it 's more than the things you have n't got," Joy said in the only memorable conversation their interrupted life ever left them peace to go into. "It 's being, I suppose, so loved. I can see it in you, Julia, as if some one had set a lamp behind a curtain. You pull the curtain down, of course, I know, but the light shines through."

Julia gave her a long, curious look, then she said:

"And you, my dear—don't tell me you have n't as much right to such an illumination as I have. How about the love that poor old Nick has for you? You 're the gentlest human being I know, and yet it 's odd, to say the least of it, how you hurt without a qualm the person who loves you most."

"I did n't hurt him without a qualm," Joy answered in a low voice, "but it 's so much to be sure of, Julia. I want to know I can bear it. I think now I can nearly bear it. Your babies are so well; neither of them ever has anything the matter with it."

Julia stared a little.

"My babies?" she asked. "What do you mean, Joy? What have my babies to do with your not marrying old Nick?"

"Don't you know why I refused him?" Joy asked. "I told him I was afraid if I had children they might be ill. I have n't talked to you very much about that time with Rosemary. I did n't think I could; you 're so happy, and one can't tell happy people everything. But I 've been very frightened about children being ill. No one could mind death for people after they 'd seen pain; but pain is dreadful, and you can't stop it. That 's what I 'm afraid of. But I 'm getting better all the time; being afraid is n't any good. I think in the end it makes more pain, so I do try not to be afraid."

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Julia looked at Joy for a long time, and then she said in her tender voice:

"Are you quite sure Nicolas understood that that was why you were refusing him?"

"I think he must have understood," Joy replied. "I tried to tell him, but he went away very quickly. Being married must make it easier to tell people things, because they 're always there."

"No, it does n't," said Julia, quickly; "it makes it harder. You see, you 've said all you 've got to say. They know, or think they know; you can't make a fresh impression on people who already know."

"But some people understand so quickly!" Joy persisted. "I should think Owen did without being told."

Instantly that guarded look came over Julia's eyes. She ceased to be Julia; she became a wife.

"He is wonderfully sympathetic, is n't he?" she said in a cheerful, perfunctory voice that put an end to the subject. It was as if Julia still wanted to say something more, but not about Owen.

She waited for a long time, hoping that Joy would give her an opportunity; but Joy did n't want to talk to this new Julia, who had an incommunicable consciousness. She wanted the old one, who talked on the same footing as herself. Finally, Julia produced in despair a fresh subject which might have a more fortunate turn.

"It 's curious," she said, "how much Nicolas dislikes Owen. Did you know they had been at school together? I simply can't have him in the house. Owen 's perfectly willing,—he 's most dear and kind about it,—but Nicolas won't come."

"Not even to see the twins?" Joy asked in horror. Julia shook her head. "But surely he must say why," Joy insisted. "It is n't like Nicolas to be so utterly unfair and unkind."

Julia rose slowly and straightened a picture on the wall; she answered Joy without turning to face her.

"He did n't want us to get married, you know," she said. "He 's terribly obstinate. But, Joy dear, he would not make a bad husband—poor old Nick!"

The next morning Joy got a letter from her mother to ask her to go home.

"We have had rather an excitement," Mrs. Featherstone wrote. "Nicolas has been at home for a week or two lately, and he and Maude seem to consider themselves engaged."

Joy was sitting in the rose garden when she read this letter. It had always seemed to her rather a silly little garden, like something arranged for a bazaar.

There were rows and rows of very expensive teas. They smelt extraordinarily strong and sweet and had the most exquisite coloring; but they grew there in that flat, expensive way only because they had been planted without love or forethought by gardeners.

Her eyes lifted themselves to the finished blooms, and something in her heart fluttered desperately as if it felt itself suddenly drawn in and caged. Something that had been wild and free and quite nameless knew that it would never feel free again. Joy had never wanted anything for herself before, and even now she felt she had no real claim on Nicolas; only he had always stood there, the one solid figure in her life. He had n't been like a light inside her; he had never come near enough to her for that, but

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as long as Nicolas lived, she had felt sure that he was there for her.

It would n't make any difference now, she told herself. Maude's husband would be her brother, and all her brothers were dear to her, and would be just as dear whether they married or not. Yet she could not help that sharp rebellion of instinct which behind her reason told her that it would never be the same, that already it was different.

The curious feeling in her heart grew all the time. There was nothing to look forward to any more. She need n't be afraid of having a sick child, and, with the final retreat of that fear, hope darkened in her. There would only be other people's children now, and other people's loves.

Maude's, for instance. Of course Maude would want her back at once. They must get everything ready together, and Maude would want to tell her about Nicolas. Already Maude knew a great deal more about Nicolas than Joy would ever know. Joy had never known Nicolas as a lover, and lovers are always different. They conceal more, perhaps, but they give more. They give all they have; they conceal only what they have not.

A hot wave of color swept over Joy's face as she envisaged Nicolas as a lover. Then, resolutely and without hesitation, she put the Nicolas of her dreams out of her heart forever; the Nicolas of fact remained. He was going to be her brother-in-law.

She made this final transference very swiftly, and as she looked up, she saw Owen Ransome watching her through the roses. He came and sat down beside her without speaking. He had a quality of easy intimacy which was very reassuring in moments of emotion.

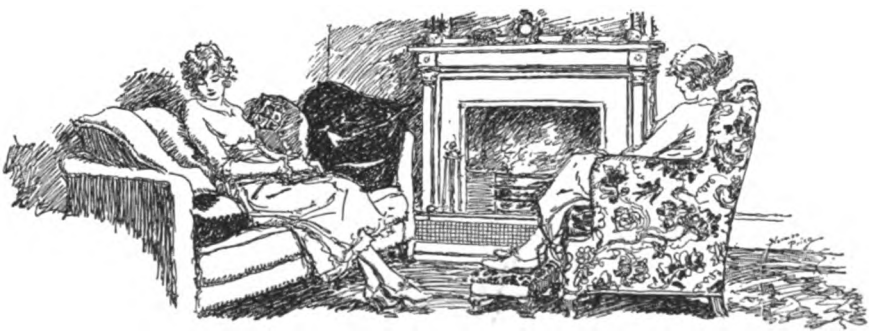
Joy said at once, and with no visible effort:

"I have very good news this morning. Nicolas is going to marry my sister Maude. I must go home at once."

"That won't be very good news for Julia," Owen answered lightly—"your going home, I mean. And the other—you are really pleased about it? I remember your sister Maude. She was a little like you, about as like you as a garden flower is to a wild one. You don't mind my calling you a wild one, I hope."

Joy shook her head.

"I know I am untidy," she said



"'Being married must make it easier to tell people things'"

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regretfully; "I always was; it takes so long not to be, and there are always so many other things I want to do instead. Maude manages her time better, of course, and I think the marriage will be a very good thing, because, you see, I love them both so much, they could n't have nicer people for each other."

Owen hesitated for a moment; then he said a little dryly:

"Nicolas is n't very imaginative."

"No," agreed Joy, truthfully, "I don't think he is; but I don't think people *have* to be, do you, if they 're kind and straight and like Nicolas, I mean?"

Owen gave an odd little laugh.

"I don't think they *have* to be at all," he said; "but I think, if they are n't, they are liable to make rather serious mistakes."

"But Maude is n't imaginative, either," Joy explained a little anxiously; "so, you see, he won't be likely to make any bad mistakes about her, will he?"

"Oh, no," agreed Owen; "I should think Maude would be perfectly safe."

Then he stood up in front of Joy as if he wanted a man who was staying in the house, and appeared to be going to approach them, not to see that she was there.

"I think you look as if you felt the heat this morning," he said in a persuasive tone. "Do you know what I 'd do if I were you? I should cut along up to the nursery,—it 's the coolest room in the house,—and I 'll send breakfast up to you. It 's such a bore having to talk to a lot of people round a table in the morning, particularly when one is n't feeling very fit. Don't come down again till lunch. I 'll tell Julia your—your good news."

"Oh, will you?" asked Joy, with a little gasp of relief.

It was quite true she did feel the heat, for when she stood up, her knees shook under her, and it suddenly seemed as if it would have been extraordinarily difficult to tell Julia that Nicolas was going to marry Maude.

Joy gave Owen a quick, grateful little glance, and he met her eyes with an expression that was like sympathy, only, of course, he had nothing to be sympathetic about. He merely had, as Joy had noticed before, particularly nice, kind eyes.

VIII

It came slowly and wonderfully to Joy that she was in her own country again. The earth itself turned from its drab browns and grays to a deep, rich red. The fields and hedges lost their look of overcareful handling, and melted into moors. The trees, heavier and more human, brooded tenderly over the wet, green pastures. The country became moister and milder. Ferns grew in every cranny; the thatched houses had a blurred and weather-beaten homeliness. The people she saw from the train windows were more placid; they moved slowly, with the air of natural things, unsurprised.

Joy had a sense of enormous thankfulness in finding herself at home. Nicolas might fail her, but not the incorruptible shapes and colors of her native Devon. Nobody here would fly about all day long and arrive nowhere.

Maude met her with Fidget at a junction ten miles from Lynton. She seemed part of the freshness and sweetness that was in Joy's heart. She had loved Maude always and accepted

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her always; there could be nothing inimical or painful in the round, soft, pink face uplifted for her kiss.

Maude hurried her along to the dog-cart to relieve Fidget's well-known dislike of standing.

"I did n't bring a groom," Maude explained; "I wanted to talk. We can drive in turns if you like. Dick, have you everything in at the back? All right, Hoskins; let her go, please. There, we 're off! It is nice to see you, Joy; nicer than to see anybody, except Nick, of course."

"I 'm awfully glad, dear, about Nick," Joy said gently. She had been afraid it would be a little difficult to speak of Nick for the first time; but it had not been difficult, and if it had been, Maude would not have noticed.

"There," said Maude, with satisfaction, "I knew you would be glad. I told mother so. Mother and father have both been rather awful. I can't tell you what a mercy it is you 're back. They behave as if I 'd done something shabby. If they expect people to get engaged sitting round a tea-table under the noses of their parents, they 're very much mistaken. But of course they 're both hopelessly old-fashioned. I wanted to tell you all about it first, so that you could see my point of view. What are you staring at so hard?"

"Nothing," said Joy. "Only the hills are just the same. They have the old purple look, as if there was a spirit of darkness moving over them."

"Of course they 're just the same. You 'd hardly expect the hills to change just because you 've been to Surrey, would you?" asked Maude with some impatience. "As for purple, you might call them purple if the heather was out, though heather is really red; but as the heather 's not out, they can't even be *called* purple. There must be something wrong with your eyes."

This question rapidly settled, Maude returned with relief to her more personal topic.

"My feeling was, you see," she explained, "that I 'd much better make hay while the sun shone. It 's no use pretending I 'm as pretty as you are, Joy, and though I love having you at home, I get a good deal more attention while you 're away. There 's Nick, for instance. He never looked at me while you were there; but when you were n't, I took care that he should. That 's what all the row 's about. I don't see why poor Nick should n't have a wife and children like everybody else just because *you* won't have him. He was very down in the mouth at first. He used to spend all the time fishing, and never opened his lips. I hurried off after breakfast and fished with him. They made a fuss because I did n't let them know where I was going, and if I had, they 'd have made another fuss because it was n't proper. Being proper is n't the way to get married now, and so I told them; but they only got rattier. They thought I was 'visiting the poor.'"

Joy considered these statements carefully. She could picture very well what happened as far as Nick was concerned. He must have sat taciturn and disgusted on a bank, too polite to get up and go away; but where her imagination broke down was what in particular Maude had done to shake him out of his gloom and turn him into a lover. She knew Nicolas and she knew Maude. What she did n't know was what made the

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"'Being proper is n't the way to get married now'"

farmers' sons stare at Maude when they did n't stare at her, and it was precisely this quality which had drawn Nick out of his gloom.

"We all thought you were never coming back," Maude went on, "you seemed so wrapped up in Julia and her old twins. I told Nick you 'd never marry. You 're just one of the women who don't."

"Am I?" asked Joy. "But—" and then she pulled herself up. What had been on her tongue's tip was that nobody but Nick had ever asked her, and that she had n't meant to go on refusing Nick.

"I 've been quite unhappy," pursued Maude in a loud, cheerful voice which bore no community with grief. "You see, I don't mind telling you it was n't particularly easy getting engaged to Nick; he always had that nursery idea about you. But he does want to marry and he always liked me well enough; and now it all depends on you really whether it comes off or not."

"On me?" asked Joy, in astonishment. "But, my dear, it does n't depend on any one *now* except upon you and Nick."

"Oh, that 's all nonsense, of course," said Maude, with the unruffled cynicism of common sense. "Being engaged is no help, really. Men and women in love don't depend on anything except whether they have the chance or not. The question is, Are you prepared to keep out of my way?"

Joy drew in a wondering breath. Was that, after all, one of the ways in which to look at love?

"I 'll keep out of your way, of course," she agreed. "Only, Maude, do you think you 'll be happy with a man who only wants you when—when other people are n't in the way?"

"Oh, it 's different when you 're married," Maude explained. "You never understand about things like that, but I do. I shall know where I am when I marry Nick. Besides, you can't seriously imagine Nick breaking a vow, can you? When we 're married, we 're married; he 'll see that for himself."

"But he ought to be able to see it now," Joy persisted. "You know I 'd never dream of coming between you, but if there 's the slightest danger of his turning to me, why did you ask me to come back?"

"Well, there is n't any danger unless you let there be," Maude said frankly. "I wanted you all right. You and I have always done things together, and

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no one sews as well as you do. Patch is no use unless she has you to stand over her, and, for another thing, I wanted you to make the parents less sniffy. If you 're on my side, everything will be easier all round. I 'll take on Nick if you take on everything else."

The purple shadows had grown darker; the dense bloom upon the hills made them seem as if they were inclosing Fidget, the dog-cart, the long, winding ribbon of road, in a fuller tenderness. Joy could feel on her lips the keen and tonic taste of the sea.

"Very well," she said after a long pause, "I 'll take on whatever you like; only you must n't ask me to do anything at all about Nick. What has to be done about him must always be done through you. I want him to feel I 'm just the same as any other sister, not a person who has to manage or explain or even keep out of the way."

"There 's only one thing you must do about him yourself," Maude agreed when she had thought this over. "When you first see him be sure and tell him you 're glad. If he believes *that*, everything will be easier."

Joy forgot about Nick for the rest of the evening. It was almost bewildering to see with her eyes all that she had been seeing only in her heart. Everything had to be visited. She wanted to see every one she knew and then all the things which belonged to those she loved. Certain of them had escaped her memory, and came upon her suddenly with a happy thrill of recognition.

She had forgotten the solid set of her mother's work-basket planted upon the drawing-room table. Her father had often expostulated upon its presence in a room so sacred to gentility, but Mrs. Featherstone merely replied that she sat where she worked, and worked where she sat, and this strange and inexplicable repository had remained a public landmark.

The dogs bustled to and fro in an ecstasy of proprietary welcome. They were just as anxious as Joy was that nothing should escape her notice. Mr. Featherstone was gratified by Joy's return. She was his favorite child, and he took it as a personal compliment that she should be so pleased to come back.

"Your old father has seen to things while you were away," he said, as if his ministrations had kept the cliffs in their places and carried on the career of waterfalls. It had, as a matter of fact, been her mother who saw to the animals and had taken over, in addition to her own, all her daughter's duties. Mrs. Featherstone said nothing at all on Joy's arrival; she only held her close for a moment and looked at her with eyes in which a very deep love showed for a moment like a warning and then vanished.

Patch cried when Joy rushed up to the nursery to embrace her, but, then, Patch cried very easily. There was no need to seek a reason for her tears.

Maude had Rosemary's room now, and Joy slept alone, but she did not sleep much that first night. The harvest moon, the color of an orange, leaned over the edge of the valley and took all the shadows out of the rock garden. The garden was full of its mysterious, thin light. The flowers around the lawn bathed in it, but though their petals were very plain, it could not give them any color. The sea moved far away and softly, as if

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it were complaining in its sleep. Sharper, and with a melancholy wail, an owl hooted. The night was still, but there was a restlessness in it, as of unknown forces which stir before they act.

After breakfast next day Nicolas came. Joy saw him first, but she remembered that it was not she who must run down the drive and open the gates for Moonlighter any more. She hurried up to the nursery, where Patch was sitting, and they sewed together all the morning.

Joy went down for lunch and saw Nicolas alone for a moment in the garden, close by the hall-door. She said, "Nick, I 'm so glad!" but she felt a little breathless as she said it. She held out both her hands to him, but Nick took only one of them, and even that he dropped almost as soon as he had touched it. He looked at her with a curious sternness without attempting to smile.

"Are you glad?" he asked. "Very well, then; so am I." And he turned away from Joy and went straight into the house.

It was perfectly easy for her to avoid Nicolas in the weeks that followed. Indeed, she had no opportunity to do anything else. Nicolas avoided her. He never looked at her or spoke to her if he could possibly help it. It made Joy feel very sad. She had believed it possible that a new love could not altogether sink an old relationship, and she had not thought it would be so difficult to have less and still keep that less alive. But this new Nicolas had no need for her at all. She seemed not to exist for him even as a shadow.

Nicolas was a most kind and attentive lover. There was perhaps neither the enthusiasm nor the pride of possession natural to a young man, but Nicolas was always reserved. It was not strange that he should hide his feelings, and his actions were perfectly satisfactory. He always stood by Maude's side as if he was prepared to do what she liked and enjoyed being in her presence.

They were both thorough sportsmen and they spent all their time riding, shooting, and fishing. When it was dry enough and they wanted to be at home, they played tennis valiantly on the lawn, and chaffed each other in the family circle round the tea-table.

The marriage was to be in six weeks, and Joy found her whole time and energy absorbed in helping her mother with the arrangements and finishing Maude's trousseau.

It was to be a big county wedding, and they were to have a large reception afterward. Nicolas was going to retire from the army. His father had died a few months previously, and he had become the owner of a large, rather scattered estate. Nicolas was going to be his own bailiff and keep the stag hounds for the Exmoor Hunt.

It was just the kind of life Nicolas liked, but no one would have guessed this fact from the expression his eyes had in repose. Maude was as near the height of human happiness as any mortal ever reaches. She came in and out of rooms as if she was conferring a favor by her presence, her pink face grew almost solemn with importance, and there is very little doubt she would have patronized Mrs. Featherstone if she had dared. She treated Joy as if she were a younger and wholly insignificant being, to whom Providence intended her to be benevolently disposed.

Mr. Featherstone had recovered

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from the nefarious way in which he considered the engagement had taken place; he would never quite forgive Nicolas for not having married Joy, but he felt an increased appreciation for Maude because she was marrying Nicolas.

Nicolas was the most suitable match in the neighborhood, and he made, unasked, extremely handsome settlements.

"In the case of my death," Mr. Featherstone remarked with the sympathetic gloom no other subject inspired in him, "at least *one* of my children will be provided for."

It was a week before the marriage. Patch had gone down for her tea, but Joy still sat in the nursery, where she had been putting finishing touches to Maude's wedding dress. She was tired of sewing, but she did not want to go down to tea; she had heard people drive up and a clamor of half-strange voices in the hall. Patch would bring her up something by and by, and when she was rested she would finish off Maude's new caps.

She went to the nursery cupboard and pulled out their old Noah's ark. Mrs. Featherstone had told her, if she thought it was in good enough repair, she might give it to the twins. There were no such Noah's arks to be found in modern toy-shops; each animal was covered with actual hair, and all were small, but beautiful, copies of the originals.

Nicolas had had a peculiar gift for mending animals, and whenever he came over to play, necks, legs, and arms recovered their natural attitudes. Joy stood the animals out one by one upon the window-sill. There was a lifelike monkey, a peacock with real feathers on its tail, and a very large, fat dove. Apparently the raven was missing, but a guinea-pig came out the size of a wolf. Then the giraffe appeared, whose neck Nicolas had mercifully restored to him, and it was just as she stood him up to see if he was perfectly himself that Nicolas opened the door and came in. He said:

"Oh, they told me Maude was here," and then stopped as if there was nothing more to say, looking at the animals.

He was standing by the nursery door holding the handle in his hand as if he was afraid of letting go.

"No, she is n't here," said Joy, carefully; "but, Nicolas, I 'm glad it 's only me. I wanted to say something to you."

He came forward and stood near her, looking at the giraffe as if he was fascinated by it. His eyes for the first time since she had come back did not look hard.

"These are our old animals, you know," said Joy after a pause. "Do you remember the peacock's tail? You helped me dye the feathers blue when the old ones came off, and Rosemary cried."

"I remember," said Nicolas in a curious, dry voice.

"I can't find the zebra," Joy went on a little breathlessly. "Can you think what happened to it?"

"I think we buried it in the garden under the pink may-tree," said Nicolas, "as a sin offering, because we liked it the best and had stolen old Honeyman's apples. I don't remember unburying it."

Nicolas knelt down by the window-seat and pulled out of the ark a chicken the same size as a spotted leopard with which it had got inextricably mixed.

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"This fellow's leg is n't right," he said unsteadily. "Have you any glue?"

Joy found some on a shelf, and Nicolas very carefully set to work upon the leopard's leg.

"What was it you wanted to say to me?" he asked without raising his head.

"Oh, nothing really," Joy explained; "nothing now. I was rather upset before, because you were n't friendly to me, Nicolas, and I—you see, I thought I was coming home—"

Nicolas bent lower over the leopard's leg.

"What d' you mean?" he asked. "You are home, are n't you?"

"Not if you 're not friendly," said Joy, quickly. She knew now what she had wanted to say to him. "You see, Nick dear, when the boys marry, I sha'n't lose them. Why, I could n't bear it, could I, not to go on being their sister? And I don't see why I should n't keep you in the same way. You have always been one of the boys, Nick."

Nicolas put down the leopard, abruptly.

"I 've heard from Julia," he said, and without a word of warning he buried his hard head in Joy's lap and burst into sobs.

Joy knew that Nick never cried, not even when he was only eight years old and broke his wrist jumping. His breath came in great gasps, as if he were running a race and had been beaten. Joy put both her hands over his head and bent over him.

"O Nick!" she whispered, "Nick! my Nick!"

Nicolas, after a minute or two, got up and stood with his back to her, looking out of the window.

"I 've been a fool, my dear," he said at last, "and I 've got to go on being a fool. That 's all there is to it. You 'd have done what I asked you if I 'd waited. That 's what Julia told me. I suppose it 's true?"

"O Nick," she said, "she ought n't to have told you—not now. It is n't any use, is it? I 'd do anything in the world you wanted always—except hurt Maude."

"Yes," he said without turning toward her; "but that 's the point, is n't it? The only thing I want *would* hurt Maude. But we may as well have the whole thing out now, anyhow. I thought when I asked you that time it was me you minded,—my being your lover, I mean,—but Julia says it was n't. She says you were afraid because of Rosemary, and having a kid that might be ill, and that you 'd have got over it, and that, anyway, you liked me for myself. Don't mind telling me the truth now. I 'll do just what you wish. I 'll always do what you wish, but I want to know."

"O Nick," said Joy, "I thought you knew what I meant then. It is n't any use my saying it. Oh, but of course I liked you."

"Enough to marry me?" Nick persisted.

"Enough for anything in the world," said Joy, firmly.

Nicolas said nothing for a long time; then he said in a low voice:

"I suppose you would n't let me kiss you once?"

Joy hung her head miserably. She wanted to kiss him, her arms ached to hold him close against her heart and take his pain into her very being; but even if she took it, she could not keep it. He would have to take it away with him in the end, and some instinct told

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her that if he held her in his arms, he would have to take more pain.

She shook her head without speaking, and held out her hand to him. Nick took it, and very gently kissed each of her fingers. Then he said:

"I 'd like it for a bit if we did n't see each other." And Joy said:

"Shall I go now, Nick, or wait till after the wedding?"

And Nick said:

"Oh, the wedding does n't matter. Better stay till that 's over, of course."

Then he remembered about the leopard's leg, and finished it properly before he went down-stairs.

(To be continued)

Irony

By OLGA MISHKIN

A black, fathomless night,
Myriads of twinkling stars
Looking down upon a graveyard—
A dark, mysterious graveyard,
Cold, uncanny silent.
And many, many fireflies,
Dancing little fireflies,
Flitting in and out among the tombstones,
Tiny sparks of light
Hovering over tombstones,
Cold, hard tombstones.

Two young lovers,
Beautiful, happy lovers,
Sitting on a dead slab of stone,
Embracing on a spiteful, scorning stone.
And the stars are merrily winking,
And the glow-worms are joyously twinkling.

A loud, devilish laughter,
A derisive, piercing laughter,—
The heart is chilled with fear—
An open groove of earth,
A coverless, gaping grave;
A form,
A white, transparent form,
A shimmering, uncertain form!
A pointing, mocking finger—
And laughter!

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Jack London: Man and Husband

From "The Book of Jack London"

By CHARMIAN LONDON

WOULD to Heaven that every pair of men and women could know the privilege of the illuminating sort of experience that was Jack's and mine during the six months before our marriage! By virtue of strenuous work and play together, by our wedding date in November there was little of which we did not have a fair inkling as concerned each other's temperament and idiosyncrasies. For the most part the study was smooth sailing, though sometimes it was an adventure beset by snags.

Jack always pleaded not guilty to the passion of jealousy, despising and deriding it as a low, animal trait, which it indubitably is. With an exceptional capacity for tolerance toward almost every human weakness save disloyalty, he could not harbor any sympathy with that calamity of the ages, sheer animal jealousy.

"Should you turn from me to another man if I could not make you happy, I 'd give that man to you on a silver platter, my dear," he would declare, "and say, 'Bless you, my children!' But I don't believe I could send *you* on a silver platter to another man—quite."

What better place than this further to interpret Jack London's relation toward women? I, who have known the clasp of his soul, known him at his highest, can yet withdraw from that fellowship and regard his masculinity objectively. Asking my reader to bear in mind earlier manifestations of his philosophy and emotions toward the little women of his adolescence, I want to record some of the aspects of his mature attitude.

He was not prone to allow women to interfere with the business of life and adventure. He liked to think of himself as in Augustus's class—a man that women could not make or mar. In short, he was not a man who lost his head easily. "God's own mad lover dying on a kiss" was an appealing line to his sense of poesy, but Jack preferred to live, rather than die, on that kiss. Love, in brief, should be a warm, but normal, passion that made for fuller living. At one period, after soaking himself in a vast accumulation of erotic literature, pro and con, he told me that he felt himself lucky to have been born so rightly balanced physically that no abnormalities of his early rough days, or contact with the decadences of super-civilization, had touched him to his hurt. The alienists interested him intellectually, but he was nicely averse to abnormality of any stripe.

§ 2

I had supposed that there would be little of the proprietary in the regard of so broad-minded an individualist. One of my own most vital surprises was to find that Jack was just as adorably medieval as any other lover in this

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world when it came, say, to financial matters. Having been myself independent, and believing that he would take this into consideration, I looked for him to make no matter of a separate bank-account, or at least of the "allowance" loved of wives, in order that I might suffer no sense of bondage. But no. Like the bulk of men, his was the pleasure of spending his own money upon the "one small woman." Any other arrangement was frowned upon. At the suggestion a frost seemed to spread over his face. And, seeing that it was he, I found the bondage sweet.

Jack charmed women of all classes, and while he held a reserved opinion as to the intellectuality of the average female brain, he could not abide a stupid woman. His own adventurous mentality had made him pursue women out of curiosity, and learn them too well, perhaps, for his own good. He was of two distinct minds about them, and swung from one to the other: their innate goodness and stanchness commanded his worship, while their pitiable frailty and smallness wrung his spirit. "Pussy! Pussy!" I can hear him purr at any backbiting among his friends. Woman, weighed by his biological judgment, represented the eternal enemy, and he liked the line:

Her narrow feet are rooted in the ground,

from Arthur Symons's "The Dance of the Daughters of Herodias." Yet this very belief, not always voiced without contempt, must have given rise to his pronouncement in "John Barleycorn," "Women are the true conservators of the race."

He spoke of woman as "the immodest sex," and by saying that "men are far more modest than women," he stepped into the heated air of argument, bringing down storms upon his head. But he considered that he had several blazoned names to bear him out, among them Jean Paul's, "Love increases man's delicacy, and lessens woman's," and Bernard Shaw's, "If women were as fastidious as men, morally and physically, there would be an end to the race."

I must admit that I have seen him play down, not always up, to women and their vanity; but, to his credit and theirs, he never left them long deceived. And he would not try to deceive one who spoke his own language, though he made it extremely difficult for that person to understand his.

He had struggled against misogyny, winning out because he had had experience enough with exceptional women of conscience and brain to keep him healthy in his point of view. Besides, in the last extremity, he was a one-woman man, glorying in the discovery of this. In my copy of "Before Adam," in 1907, he wrote: "I have read Schopenhauer, and Weininger, and all the German misogynists, and still I love you. Such is my chemism —our chemism, rather." He showed an actual reverence for the woman who "informed" her beauty or, better, her lack of beauty, who waged incessant warfare upon her imperfections, who wrought excellently with the material at her hand.

Jack owned to annoyance that the public denied he could write convincingly about women. "And yet," he would say, "I know them too well to write too well about them. I 'd never get past the editor and the censor."

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§ 3

And so I became conversant with that "swarm of vibrating atoms" which men knew as Jack London, the youthful literary craftsman who had, as one critic put it, "lived with storms and spaces and sunlight like a kinsman." That was it; the dominant note of him was spaciousness, for the inflowing and out-giving of all available knowledge and feeling, the blood of adventure, physical and mental, scorching through life's channels. "Visualization is everything for the teacher," he said, "and I love to teach, to transmit to others the ideas and impressions in my own consciousness."

And it always seemed to me, observing, that while others were merely scratching the surface of events, Jack was getting underneath them, deeper and deeper into their significances.

Religion, as the average man knows religion, had no part in him. Spiritualism had been the belief in his childhood homes, a thing of magic and fearsomeness; but his expanding perceptions could not countenance that belief. His hope for bettering human conditions had filled depths of being which might have responded to divine philosophy. As he had written to Anna Strunsky, "Somehow, we must ever build upon the concrete." Now his oft-repeated criticism rings in the ears of memory: "Will it work? Will you trust your life to it?"

To the exclusion of all else, I now devoted myself to mastering the open book that he tried to render himself to me. Even the piano was silent except when I played for Jack, and the trips to Berkeley with my music-roll became less frequent and eventually ceased, I will say to his unqualified disapproval. He never could understand, in the long years of our brimming life, why I could not give more time to music, since he, too, loved it so. I learned the eloquence of his tongue, the fine arrogance of his certitudes; his convictions I came to respect for their broad wisdom; and I knew, too, and richly, the eloquence of his silences in the starry moments that come to those who loved as we loved, and, loving, understand mutely. More than once Jack has broken a comprehending pause, or even interrupted speech to say to me the dearest and finest of all his salutations in my thrilling ears:

"My very own twin brother!"

One thing in that earlier association with Jack was almost uncanny: he never seemed to fail of my high expectation. Tremulous, I all but expected him to fail of making good to my ideal in this or that small, fine particular. But in vain; usually he surpassed the tentative demand I made upon his quality. His own failings he had, to be sure, but they were not those ordinarily suspected of lesser men.

The frankness which we continued to practise and exalt made our relationship, through thick and thin, a gorgeous achievement. So I walked softly that spring and summer and fall, dedicated to discern with my own soul's best all of him that was possible, that I might enlarge and fix this kinship forever and forever. Upon one star I was intent: never must our love and its expression sink into commonplace, but must be kept from out "the ruck of casual and transitory things." And this was Jack's reply:

"Commonplaceness shall have no part with us unless I myself should become commonplace, and I think that can never be."

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And Jack London learned his woman, playing her game as she tried to play his. With his broad sympathies, to his own peculiar interests he subjoined mine; and I, in return, widened my focus to include hobbies for which I had theretofore had no caring, thus creating fresh interests for my own sphere. Jack, for example, loved keenly a good card game. I had little use for cards, but I applied myself, to the end that before long I could play a fair game of whist or cribbage or pinochle. And when Jack found that certain stern methods of instruction distressed and stood in the way of quick absorption on my part, in all gentleness he went right about in his lifelong tactics, exhibiting due appreciation of the increasing harmony that prevailed in his life. He had until then rather prided himself upon an ability to shake knowledge into others, and I credited him with altering his way to favor me.

§ 4

Another thing came to me for my soul's good and Jack's multiplied content—that I sinned against the Holy Ghost if I should interrupt him in the development of a spoken thought. If so interrupted, "the flight that midmost broke" was never resumed and completed. Brain and artistry were outraged and wounded, and the result was a distinct loss to myself.

"There 's the one moment for everything, and it never will come again, my dear," he illustrated; but he would not go on. "I despise gabbly women," he would say. "They all talk at once, and somehow do seem to get one another; but the effect upon me is pandemonium, madness. I like you least when you are with a lot of women and join in the babble. It ruins one's listening faculties."

Critics then, as now, were prone to despatch the subject of Jack London's personality with words like "primitive," "uncouth," "brutal." He saw the primitiveness in all life, in himself, as he saw everything else, and made all things come under the empery of his thought and written language; but he did not live primitively, inasmuch as he was of a delicate, complex, and withal simple nature. Robustness of body and mind offset, almost contradicted, that sensitiveness to impressions, that reaction to beauty of every sort,—though more particularly intellectual beauty,—and to sympathy from others in his mood, his aims; and his shrinking from hurt, although only from the very, very few.

Jack's writing, his thousand words a day, was done in a little workroom established in the two-room cottage, quite without any of that work fever often necessary to writers. And whensoever art conflicted with substance, he invariably maintained: "I will sacrifice form *every time* when it boils down to a final question of choice between form and matter. The thought is the thing." As some one has said, "He cared little for writing and a great deal for what he was writing about."

Here is further expression of his unrelenting realism, his "brass-tack" reality, although it seems to me, all having been said, that his materialism incarnated his idealism, and his idealism consecrated and transfigured his materialism.

"I no more believe in the art for art's sake theory than I believe that a human and a humane motive justifies the inartistic telling of a story. I believe there are saints in slime as well as

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saints in heaven, and it depends how the slime saints are treated—upon their environment—as to whether they will ever leave the slime or not. People find fault with me for my 'disgusting realism.' Life is full of disgusting realism. I know men and women as they are, millions of them yet in the slime state. But I am an evolutionist; therefore a broad optimist. Hence my love for the human, in the slime though he be, comes from my knowing him as he is and seeing the divine possibilities ahead of him. That 's the whole motive of my 'White Fang.' Every atom of organic life is plastic. The finest specimens now in existence were once all pulpy infants capable of being molded this way or that. Let the pressure be one way, and we have atavism, the reversion to the wild; the other, the domestication, civilization. I have always been impressed with the awful plasticity of life, and I feel that I can never lay enough stress upon the marvelous power and influence of environment.

"No work in the world is so absorbing to me as the people of the world. I care more for personalities than for work or art."

And he always stuck to it that Herbert Spencer's "Philosophy of Style" helped him more in his youth than any other book—save Ouida's "Signa," his initial impetus—to success in literature.

"It taught me," he said, "the subtle and manifold operations necessary to transmute thought, beauty, sensation, and emotion into black symbols on white paper; which symbols, through the reader's eye, were taken into his brain, and by his brain transmuted into thought, beauty, sensation, and emotion that fairly corresponded with mine. Among other things, this taught me to *know* the brain of my reader, in order to select the symbols that would compel his brain to realize my thought or vision or emotion. Also, I learned that the right symbols were the ones that would require the expenditure of the minimum of my reader's brain energy, leaving the maximum of his brain energy to realize and enjoy the content of my mind as conveyed to his mind." But he added, "In my grown-up years the writers who have influenced me most are Karl Marx in a particular, and Spencer in a general, way."

§ 5

The pleasurable course of our companionship had its normal interruptions. I had to become familiar with his man humors. His immoderate smoking was a trial; but after once broaching the subject and finding it a tender one with him, I dropped all reference to the matter. Though he admired frankness and courage, the pettish side that women know of the biggest men, where their personal comforts are in question, prevented my courage from demanding what I had confidently hoped would be its meed. I should have known better; but, then, I was learning. At no time did I ever hear him advise against smoking, yet he promised his nephew, Irving Shepard, a thousand dollars if he would refrain from smoking until he was twenty-one.

Long, hot afternoons of type-writer dictation under the trees sometimes got on our mutual touchy nerves, and we became cognizant of still more of each other's peculiar caprices. Or suddenly, not yet versed in his "brass-tack" reasoning, his "arithmetic," I

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might quite unwittingly start disputes in which I had no chance against the assault of his logic, and would struggle with nerves that urged me to weep in sheer feminine bafflement, hating myself the more heartily. But always before me rose an honest warning with which Jack had forearmed me.

"One thing I want to tell you for your own good and our happiness together. I do not think you are a hysterical woman. But don't ever have hysterics with me. You may think I am hard. Maybe I am; but very earliest in my environment, in the very molding of the tender thing I was, I came to recoil from hysteria—all the bestiality of uncontrol and its phenomena. And in my manhood I have seen tears and hysteria and false fainting spells, all the unlovely futility of that sort of thing that gets a woman less than nothing from me. So never, never, I pray, if you love me, show yourself hysterical. I promise you I shall be cold, hard, even curious. And I will admit, in your case, that I should be hurt as well. But remember always, this coldness is not deliberate of me; it 's become second nature, a warp. I cannot help shrinking from hysteria as from unforgotten blows. Once, when I was about three,—and this is burned into me with a hot iron, —flower in hand for a gift, I was brushed aside, kicked over, by an angry, rebellious woman striding on her ego-maniacal way. Well, I made an unhappy mouth and went on my own puzzled, dazed path, dimly wounded, non-understanding. And that woman I believed the most wonderful woman in the world, for she had said so herself. So this and other hysterical scenes have seared me, and I cannot help myself."

He loved argument, but his arguing was always impersonal. I think the following letter to his friend, Blanche Partington, written in 1911, after a warm discussion upon Christian Science generally and Christ's temptation in the wilderness in particular, is of value as an illustration of this characteristic.

Dear Blanche:—

Bless you for taking me just as I am, and for not implying one iota more to me than what I stand for.

I am, as you must have divined ere this, a fool truthseeker with a nerve of logic exposed and raw and screaming. Perhaps, it is my particular form of insanity.

I grope in the mud of common facts. I fight like a wolf and a hyena. And I don't mean a bit more, or less, than I say. That is, I am wholly concerned with the problem I am wildly discussing for the moment.

The problem of the "language of the tribe," I fear me, is more profound than you apprehend—also more disconcerting than you may imagine for the ones who attempt to talk in the lingo of two different worlds at one and the same time.

Affectionately thine,
JACK LONDON.

Sometimes, when he had been shockingly literal in language of interpretation in one field or another, with blazing, unrepentant eyes he would lash out:

"Am I right? You don't answer. Am I right? If not, show me where I am wrong. I must be shown."

The intense effort required to "show" where I thought him wrong would keep me awake morning, noon, and night, more especially since I nearly always had to own to myself,

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and finally to him, that he was right. Slowly I began to lean upon his judgment, for time and again I found he could not fail me. In the beginning I have in sheer exhaustion been guilty, though very rarely, of the unworthy ruse of giving in when I was not convinced. But let him suspect the attempted deceit, and the dawning light in his face fell into dark disapprobation. So I came to face every issue with him squarely, no matter what the price in time, inconvenience, nerves, everything.

Luckless was the victim who could not benefit by the brusque tonic of his argument; and, indeed, it was a tonic to himself, until the years when he grew too weary with the hopelessness of leavening the inert mass of humanity. H. G. Wells's definition of the average mind—"A projection of inherent imperfections"—would have suited Jack.

§ 6

He was an unfailing wonder to us all. Despite his boredom with small minds, one would see him completely possessed, enthralled, by the simple goodness of some character in the humblest walk of life. There were in the neighborhood certain characters who had fallen into ways of hopelessness, and Jack's manly tenderness, always augmented by an unostentatious hand in his pocket, was a speechless pleasure to me, one to emulate for his sweet sake. Then there would be his unbounded appreciation of some tiny farm where, perhaps, a bygone workman of Jack's, with wife and child, lived happily with one cow, one horse, a few chickens. And his delight shone all over him if he detected an idea of his own which had been incorporated into the other's agricultural equipment.

He cared almost nothing at all, except as it might affect his market and his authority, for public opinion of himself or his books. But I came to find him simply, touchingly sensitive to approval from the exceeding few whom he loved, and another exceeding few whose discrimination he revered.

It is beyond hand of mine to limn with strong and supple strokes a convincing picture of this protean man-boy. To me he stands out simple enough in all his complexity, yet I can scarcely hope to leave this impression with the reader, so numberless were the factors in the sum of his glowing personality. And the greatest, perhaps, of all ingredients in his make-up was the surpassing lovableness that made his very deficiencies appear loveworthy. No matter what the irritability of mental stress from whatsoever source, appeal to him with love and desire of understanding, and the world was yours could he give it to you.

One peculiarity or failing I never could fathom. Despite the smallness and fineness of his hands, the taper fingers and delicacy of their touch, he was all thumbs when it came to manipulating small objects, say, rigging up fishing-gear, buttoning or hooking a garment, tending his stylographic ink-pencils. He might easily have been the original model of the humorists' exasperated husband playing maid to his wife's back-buttoned raiment. He did it willingly enough when no one else was about, but with much unsaintly verbiage, of which he gave due heralding. Yet with this clumsiness, which was a fount of speculation to Jack, he was able to pride himself that

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he never broke anything. This was all the more remarkable when taking into account the fact that he invariably "talked with his hands." Once, waving his arms at a table, I saw him sweep a "student" lamp clear, which he caught before it could reach the floor; but he never broke the finest porcelain.

In these months we rode systemically all over the valley, and explored the sylvan mazes of its embracing ranges and the intricacies of little hills, with their little vales, that to the north divide the valley proper. And we visited the hot-springs resorts southerly in the valley, Agua Caliente and Boyes, for the tepid swimming-tanks.

We boxed, we swam, we did everything under the sun except walk. Jack never walked any distance save when there was no other way to progress. And I was in entire accord with this, as with a thousand and one other mutual preferences. I have seen him deprive himself of a pleasure if walking was the means of getting at it. "You are the only woman I ever walked far to keep an engagement with," he told me; then spoiled the pretty compliment by adding mischievously, "but I rode most of the way on my bicycle. That night,—you remember?—when I got arrested for speeding inside Oakland's city limits."

Those who regarded Jack London as physically powerful were quite right, but they would be astonished to find that his big, shapely muscles of arm and shoulder and leg, equal to any emergency whether from momentary call or of endurance, were not of the stone-hard variety, even under tension. Why, I, "small, tender woman," as he liked to say, could flex a firmer bicep than Jack's, to his eternal amusement. But we were as alike as some twins in many characteristics, particularly our supersensitive flesh. I had always been ashamed that despite years of horseback-riding, let me be away from the saddle for a month or even less, and the first ride would lame my muscles. To my surprise, Jack, who became an enthusiastic and excellent horseman, showed the identical weakness to the end of his life.

§ 7

As the weeks warmed into summer, campers flocked to Wake Robin, and the swimming pool in Sonoma Creek, below the Fish Ranch's banks, was a place of wild romping every afternoon. Jack taught the young folk to swim and dive, and to live without breathing during exciting tournaments of under-water tag, or searching for hidden objects.

There were mad frolics on the sandy beach at the northern edge of the bathing-hole, and no child so boisterous or enthusiastic or resourceful as Jack, "joyously noisy with life's arrogance." He trained the young campers to box and to wrestle, and all, instructor and pupils, took on their varying gilds of sun-bronze from the ardent California sky that tanned the whole land to warm russet.

I am suddenly aware of the fact that much as Jack shared his afternoons in sport with vacation troops of campers, many as were the health-giving things of flesh and spirit which he taught them, not one learned from him in the sport of hunting. Nor can I remember him ever going out hunting in this period. The only times we saw him with firearms in his hands were at intervals when we all practised shooting with rifle and revolver at a target

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tacked against the end of an ancient, ruined dam across the Sonoma. Once, long afterward, in southwestern Oregon, Jack was taken bear-hunting in the mountains. When he returned to the ranch-house he said:

"Mate, these good men don't know what to make of me. They offered me what the average hunting man would give a year of his life to have—the chance of getting a bear. As it happened, we did not see any bear; but coming into a clearing, there stood the most gorgeous antlered buck you ever want to see, on a little ridge, silhouetted against the sunset. The men whispered to me that now was my chance. They were fairly trembling with anxiety for fear I might miss such a perfect shot. And I did n't even raise my gun. I just could n't shoot that great, glorious wild thing that had no show against the long arm of my rifle."

So the children at Wake Robin—how little a child will miss!—resurrected the old ditty of two summers gone, about "The kindest friend the rabbits ever knew," and loved their big-hearted play-friend the more.

One small Oakland shaver, badly out of sorts with his maternal parent, one afternoon began "shying" pebbles at all and sundry. After every one else had gone to supper, Jack excepted, the little fellow sullenly turned his jaundiced attention to the one live target remaining, friend or foe it mattered not. Jack admonished him to stop, but instead, he selected larger missiles and went on firing them. Furious because Jack laughingly dodged them all, the mite jumped up and down in baffled wrath and shrieked: "You hoodlum! You hoodlum!"

"Now, I wonder," Jack reflected through a cloud of cigarette smoke after supper, "where he heard me called a hoodlum."

Again recurring to Jack's alleged brutality, I smile to think how considerate he usually was. In all the rough-and-tumble play with the children and often young folk of maturer growth, any one who was hurt by him quickly smothered the involuntary "ouch" because all knew it was unintentional.

About the water-hole, not one playfellow but would gladly drop the strenuous fun to listen to Jack read aloud, and sometimes, at special urging from the charmed ring, he would with secret gratification respond to a request for some story of his own making. Joshua Slocum's "Sailing Alone around the World" came in for its turn, and suddenly, one day, Jack laid down the book and said to Uncle Roscoe Eames:

"If Slocum could do it alone in a thirty-five-foot sloop, with an old tin clock for chronometer, why could n't we do it in a ten-foot-longer boat with better equipment and more company?"

Uncle Roscoe, devoted yachtsman all his life, and to all appearance as devoted as ever at nearly sixty, beamed with interest. The two fell with vim to comparing models of craft, their audience open-mouthed at the proposition. All at once Jack turned to me, and I am sure there was no misgiving in his heart.

"What do *you* say, Charmian? Suppose five years from now, after we 're married and have built our house somewhere, we start on a voyage around the world in a forty-five-foot yacht. It 'll take a good while to build her, and we 've got a lot of other things to do besides."

"I 'm with you every foot of the

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way," I declared; "but why wait five years? Why not begin construction in the spring and let the house wait? No use putting up a home and running right away and leaving it. I love a boat, you love a boat; let 's call the boat our house until we get ready to stay a little while in one place. We 'll never be any younger, or want to go any more keenly than right now. You know," I struck home, "you 're always reminding me that we are dying, cell by cell, every minute."

"Hoist by my own petard!" Jack growled facetiously, but inwardly approving.

And this was the inception of the *Snark* voyage, most wonderful of all our glittering rosary of adventurings.

§ 8

Aside from the campers, who did not invade his sanctuary, Jack saw almost no visitors. "One," he once told a reporter, "was a Russian Revolutionist; the other I avoided." Never shall I forget the latter incident. We were swinging in his hammock at the far end of "Jack's House" from the road, when we glimpsed the unannounced and unwelcome figure on the pathway from my aunt's home. Undetected, we slipped from the hammock, and kept still invisible as we soft-padded around the cottage, always keeping on the opposite side from the searching caller, who shortly went away. "I 'm going to put up two signs on my entrances," Jack said with a twinkle. "On the front door will be read: 'No admission except on business. No business transacted here.' On the back: 'Please do not enter without knocking. Please do not knock.'"

He was as good as his word. I lettered the legends, and Manyoungi nailed them up, to the scandal of the neighbors. But this summer was the one and only period of inhospitality of any length in Jack's whole life, an instance when he really wanted to be let alone, a necessity in his development at that phase. A few months later, in Boston, he gave this out to one of the papers:

"No, I do not care for society—much. I have n't the time. And, besides, society and I disagree as to how I should dress and as to how I should do a great many other things. I have no time for pink teas nor for pink souls. I find that I can get along now less vexatiously and more happily without very much personal dealing with what I may call general humanity. Yet I am not a hermit; I have simply reduced my visiting-list."

Society always had him at bay about his clothing. Once he wrote: "I have been *real*, and did not cheat reality any step of the way, even in so microscopically small and comically ludicrous a detail as the wearing of starched collar when it would have hurt my neck had I worn it." How he would have bidden to his heart that "Shaw of Tailors," H. Dennis Bradley of London Town, who wishes, amid other current post-bellum revolutions, revolution in the matter of starch: "If starch is a food," he adjures, "for goodness sake eat it; do not plaster it on your bosom and bend it round your neck. The war has taught the value of soft silken shirts and collars; and we shall not return to the Prussianism and the militarism of the blind, unreasoning 'boiled' shirt without a murmur."

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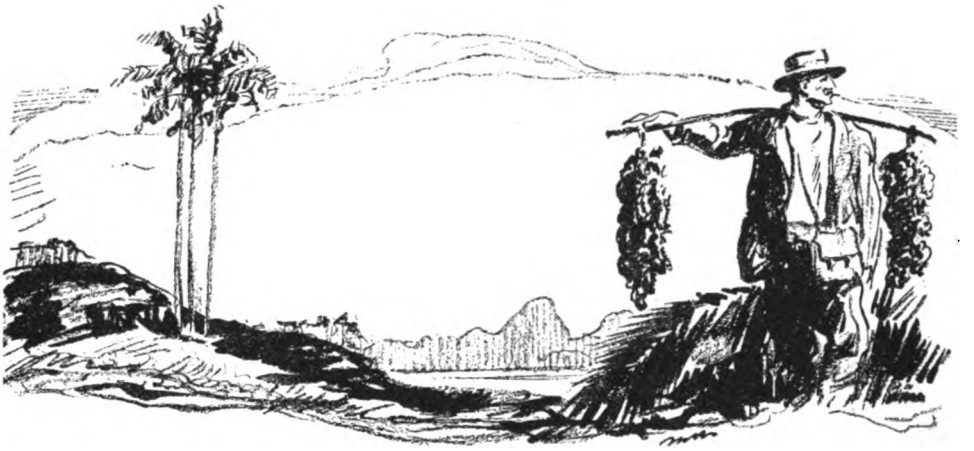

A Showman in Brazil

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Drawings by C. B. Falls

I HAD long expected far-famed Rio to be the climax and end of my South American wanderings. The Portuguese civilization had never aroused any great interest within me; a glimpse of Brazil, with possibly a glance at Venezuela on my way home, to complete my acquaintance with the former Spanish colonies, seemed a fitting conclusion of a journey that had already stretched out into almost three years. Unfortunately, I had not been keeping my ear to the ground. Years of carefree wandering in those regions of the earth where life is simple and in which man learns to depend chiefly on himself had caused me to overlook certain characteristics of the more complicated world I was now rejoining. The reserve fund I had unexpectedly succeeded in saving from the maw of Brazilian profiteers was in paper milreis, but as one had always been able for more than a decade to turn 300$000 into twenty English gold sovereigns at will, I had neglected to do so at once.

On the bright winter morning of Saturday, the first of August, I strolled out of my modest hotel and along the Avenida Central with the usual leisurely manner of a man who has not a care in the world, almost instantly to recognize that there was something strange in the air. Before the offices of the "Jornal do Commercio" and the "Jornal do Brasil" were gathered seething crowds, eagerly spelling out the unusually voluminous bulletins in the windows. I paused to read with them. Some one, it seemed, had kicked over the balance of power in Europe, and France and Russia had decided to try to give Germany the licking for which she had long been spoiling.

The news came to me out of a trop-

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ically clear sky. I did recall having glanced at a brief newspaper paragraph in the misspelled Spanish dialect used in Brazil, somewhere during my journey northward from Uruguay, to the effect that some prince of Austria and his consort had been killed at some town in Serbia of which I had never heard; but I had known other assassinations of Europeans of high degree, even kings and emperors, to blow over without a war resulting. Squabbling was always going on in the Balkans, and surely there were princes enough over there, so that the loss of one or two should not greatly worry any one. The pessimists had it that there was going to be a long and a real war. In common with all the other wise men of the period I smiled condescendingly at the silly notion.

Yet here were very decided rumors of war. Maps were already appearing in the windows of newspaper offices, with scores of black- and red-headed pins on them to show the advance of the various armies. The flurry might not amount to much, but it was high time I turned my paper milreis into real money, bought my ticket, and got out of this temperamental country before something serious really did happen. I strolled on, and dropped into one of the countless "exchange" booths which flourish in and about the Avenida Central, and, handing out my three hundred thousand reis, requested the man inside to hand me back twenty gold sovereigns. He looked at me scornfully, pointed to a small paragraph in the newspaper under my elbow, and went on painting a sign on a piece of cardboard. By these two announcements I learned the astounding news that the milreis, which had been rated fifteen to the English sovereign as far back as men with average memories could remember, had dropped overnight to *twenty-three* to the pound! In other words of the same profane nature, my hundred dollars had dwindled in a few hours, merely on the strength of a bit of news from squabbling Europe, to about seventy dollars. I refused to be "done" in that fashion. It was merely the familiar old trick of bankers, who were taking advantage of a temporary scare to rob the garden variety of mankind of their hard-won earnings. In a day or so honesty, or at least competition, would prevail, and my milreis would be worth more nearly their honest value again. I repocketed them, and decided to wait until the exchange moderated. I did wait, and two days later my seventy dollars were worth less than sixty!

It may seem ridiculous that a man with three hundred thousand in his pocket should worry, at least to those who do not know Brazil, her currency, her prices, and her profiteers. But I began to show mild signs of uneasiness. Not merely was the money I had saved by superhuman efforts to carry me home just calmly melting away in my pocket without so much as being touched, but before long even touching became unavoidable. In less time than it would have seemed possible a third of my miserable paper money

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had disappeared, I scarcely knew where or when. Even if I got away at once now, I should have to go straight home without touching at Venezuela, and if I did not hurry, I should not even get home. I raced to the steamship offices. What a shock! Not only had the value of my money been cut in two, and a third of it been used up, but the price of steamship tickets had suddenly and mysteriously doubled, and only English gold was accepted. If I could have jumped upon a steamer that very day I could still have paid for a third-class passage home. But there was no boat due for three days, and there were very good chances that she would be several days late.

§ 2

Meanwhile, a "state of siege" and a twelve-day holiday were declared by the Government, so that even those who had money in the banks were no worse off than I, and as the value of the milreis went steadily downward, prices went sky-rocketing. Day after day I invaded every steamship office in Rio, without distinction as to race, color, or customary rascality; I took captive every ship's captain who ventured ashore, offering to do anything for my passage from shoveling coal to parading the poop with the captain's brown wife's pet poodle. Nothing doing! Even if a ship did now and then lift anchor and sneak away in the general direction of the United States, there were crowds of would-be passengers with vastly more influence, and far more mesmerism over the root of evil, than I, who were quite as willing to do anything within the pale of respectability to reach "God's country."

I might, of course, have cabled home for passage money. There were probably one or two persons in my native land who had both the wealth and the confidence required to answer properly to such an appeal, but I had long since made it a point of honor that when I got myself in a hole I should get myself out again without screaming for a rope.

§ 3

Psychologists as well as mere world roustabouts will probably admit that the more nearly a man is "busted," the more ready he is to "take a chance." I am evidently subject to the same laws as more respectable members of society. At any rate, when I got down to my last few milreis I grew bold, and instead of squeezing the last loaf of

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bread out of each of them, I squandered what I had left in lottery-tickets. On the following Saturday there was to be a "drawing extraordinary," in which the first prize was to be nothing less than a hundred million reis! If only I would take the trouble to pick the right ticket, I should have no further worries about getting home; I might even buy a steamer for the trip if necessary. Besides, I wanted to know how it felt to be a multimillionaire, even though a multimillionaire in Brazil must still be very circumspect as to how he spends his money.

The lottery drawing was held down behind the main post-office of Rio. A crowd of chiefly collarless and rather vacant-faced men and women who for long years had been incessantly chasing that will o' the wisp called the winning number by buying a few "pieces" of ticket whenever possible were already gathered in and about the frontless shop when I reached it. No small number of them were quite evidently so carried away with visions of what they were going to do with their winnings when their lucky day came that they had played hooky and jeopardized their real source of income. Even I felt the subtle breath of hope, fed chiefly on ardent desire, which swept through the sour-scented throng as the formalities began. In real money and at normal exchange a hundred million reis reached the respectable sum of about $332,000, and even though Brazilian paper had dropped to half its pre-war value, though every "piece" of ticket pays a commission to the vender, and must bear the ubiquitous "consumption" tax in the form of a hundred-reis stamp, though the Government takes five per cent. of all large winnings, and loads

down the winner with so many other stamps, taxes, and grafts that it requires a lawyer to dig him from under them, there would still remain at least the price of the bridal suite on any steamer plying the east coast of South America.

The deadly sameness of the process of drawing made the formality a soporific which, combined with the tropical heat and the fetid breath of the multitude, soon left me drowsily leaning against my compact neighbors. Time and again some insignificant prize was announced and set down by the scribes around the walls, until I began sleepily to wonder if the hundred million ball had inadvertently, to give the officials all possible benefit of the doubt, been left out of the urn. When at last the "*cem contos de reis*" was droned out by the wooden-voiced announcer in the same bored, monotonous tone with which he had often mentioned the equivalent of a dollar, my thoughts were wool-gathering, and it was not until a flutter went through the crowd that I recognized the significance of the announcement. I glanced at the ticket in my hand, then at the number on the whirligigs. Protector of the Penniless! They were the same—at least the first three numbers on them were! An African-pated blockhead of unusual height blotted the last two of

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those on the platform out of my field of vision. I shouldered him aside like a mad bull, treading underfoot a few immediate bystanders. The surge of pleasure that was mounting my spine turned to angry disgust. The last two figures were not even near enough my own to give me the booby "approximation" prize. With my usual carelessness and stupidity I had bought the wrong ticket, and the glamour of being a multimillionaire faded to the real, but familiar, experience of being "dead broke" in a foreign land. My disappointment was evidently widespread, for the tightly packed throng began instantly to ease off, and quickly melted away like molasses from a broken jug, so that by the time I reached the street there were hundreds of other glum-faced persons shuffling off it in both directions.

§ 4

Hardly was my last milreis gone when the exchange improved, and Brazilian money went more than halfway back to normal. The newspapers of the capital were nothing if not unreliable. Rumors flew more thickly each day until all the nations of the earth, including my own, were reported to have entered the war, and as the papers of Rio rarely carried a single line of news from the United States, it was hard to distinguish rumor from fact. During the second week of August the incensed *povo* and scattered groups of *populares* paraded all over town, mobbing the stores that had raised the prices of food stuffs; before the newspaper offices were hung small samples of poor bread, placarded with the names of the shopkeepers who had sold them. Even the courts did not function, on account of the holiday, and the Government was finally compelled to take advantage of the "state of siege" to punish the most flagrant cases of profiteering, and to publish a list of prices of food which could not be exceeded without loss of license and possible imprisonment. But the ways of the Brazilian are devious, and no great improvement was accomplished.

It was after three of a blazing afternoon that I rode on my street-car pass out to Ipanema, where I had discovered a mass of rocks with several little coves in which no bathing-suit was needed. There was a marvelous little private sand beach, and a rock-walled dressing-room where only a stray negro wench could see me if she chose to look, and from which I could just see the tips of the Corcovado and the "Sugar Loaf," and, across the turquoise bay, silhouetted at this hour against the sun side of the sky, box-shaped Gavea, hazy blue with distance; and all a swim cost me here was the time needed to ride out to it amid the peerless scenery of Rio and its environs.

I had ridden halfway back to town when I looked up from reading one of Brazil's epics called "O Uruguay," and caught sight of the back of a head that looked familiar. The hat above it and the coat below I had certainly never seen before, and I could make out little of the face; but that little merely increased my conviction. By the time we had passed the tunnel I decided to make sure, and moving up

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close behind the familiar head, I pronounced a name in a mild voice that would probably not have attracted any attention if the name was not the right one. The man turned around quickly, then thrust out a hand. As I had suspected, he was Raymond Linton, not only a fellow-countryman, but a fellow-statesman, whom I had last seen in Buenos Aires.

A year before Linton had acquired the Spanish-American concession for Edison's recently invented "Kinetophone," or "talking-moving pictures," and having played before all the uncrowned heads of Peru, Chile, Uruguay, and the Argentine, was still operating two separate outfits of this theatrical novelty in the last two of those countries. The entertainment had taken so well in Spanish America that he had purchased the rights for Brazil also, and having left Buenos Aires on the last day of July, little suspecting what the world had in store for itself, he was planning to start a third outfit in Rio de Janeiro.

"But I 'm in tough luck," said Linton after our preliminary greetings and immediate personal history had ended.

"How come?" I asked rather idly, to tell the truth, for my thoughts were still chiefly on my own predicament.

"You remember my B.A. manager?" he replied. "Splendid fellow and just the man I needed to handle the proposition up here in Brazil as soon as I get it started. But he is a Frenchman, and the day after I sailed he was called home to join the army. So now I 've got to rush back to B.A. to keep that end going, and I have a brand-new outfit, with special films in Portuguese and a man fresh from the Edison plant, landing from the States to-day. This man knows all the mechanical and electrical part of the job to perfection, but he probably never heard of the Portuguese language, and could n't tell a Brazilian from an honest man. So I am mighty hard up for some one to take charge up here, and I don't know where on earth I 'll find him.

"By Jove!" he went on a moment later, as the street-car swung out upon the Beira Mar, "I wish you felt like staying down here six months or so longer; I 'd make you a proposition."

"For instance?" I asked, entirely out of idle curiosity. "I will not spend another month in South America under any circumstances, but I may have to in spite of myself."

"If I could get a man who knows the South-American from spats to hair-oil as well as you should after three years with him," went on Linton in great earnestness, "I 'd offer him a salary and a percentage, guaranteeing that he would not get less than"—naming a considerably larger sum than I had ever been paid as a respectable member of society—"a month, with all actual traveling expenses, first class, paid, all arrangements to be in U. S. currency, to take charge of the Brazilian end of this business and play in every city in the country of over fifteen thousand population,—there are about fifty of them,—and cover the

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entire republic, coast and interior, clear from the Uruguayan border to where the Amazon begins to run down off the Andes. It would mean about six months playing the principal towns, and after that the man could take the thing around for another half-year to the smaller places if he wanted to, and by the time he got through, he 'd know Brazil better than Edison knows electricity."

"Mighty interesting proposition," I remarked as the street-car drew up at its destination beside the Largo da Carioca, "and I hope you find the man you need. As far as I am concerned, I have a serious problem on my hands, too, and that is how to get back to the U. S. A. early enough this fall to join in an important coon hunt."

For I had not for a moment seriously considered the offer as made to me, or at least as acceptable. I had already been three times as long in South America as I had expected to be when I first set out to explore the traces of the old Inca highway between Quito and Cuzco. I was decidedly "fed up" with "Spigs" and all their ways. Too long a time outside the United States atmosphere is not good for the mind one wishes to keep American, just as too long a time in the tropics is injurious to the body one would keep robust. Moreover, never having seriously tested it, I was not at all certain that I had the charlatanism indispensable to any success in the realms of "practical business," and there was still a possibility that I might get aboard something or other northward bound.

Next day I took to pursuing ships and skippers with renewed energy. But the town was swarming with stranded Americans willing and able to pay any sum that could be mentioned in one breath for the privilege of sleeping in a stoke-hole of anything bound for the United States. That afternoon I dropped in on Linton at his hotel and entertained him with a hypothetical question.

"Suppose," I murmured in my most casual tones —"suppose such a man as you are looking for would sign a contract for only six months, that he wanted his salary to start at once instead of the first of September, and that on the day he signed he would need an advance of about five hundred thousand —er—reis to get a proper movie-magnate silk hat and diamond solitaire, what would be your private remarks when you reached the bathroom?"

"If he had your experience with South-Americans, for instance," came the prompt reply, "I 'd have the contract ready within half an hour."

"Thanks for the compliment," I replied. "I just wanted to know from a sociological point of view."

Whereupon I set out once more, and went over all the steamship offices and captains' favorite barrooms with a fine-tooth comb, only to be more than ever convinced that my native land had lost all desire ever to see me again. So late that evening, having paused at the edge of the impassable sea to shake

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a fist at the northern horizon and vociferate "to H—Halifax with a country you can't so much as get a foot on!" I stopped at Linton's hotel to sign the contract he had just drawn up. By its terms I was to take full charge of the tour of the Kinetophone in Brazil, playing the entire country, except the states south of São Paulo, which I had already seen, ending up on the Amazon six months later, and receiving my first month's salary at once—as soon as the banks opened. Early next morning a messenger from the steamship office I had most often pestered brought me word that if I would report at once I could sign on a ship sailing that evening for Pensacola, Florida, and later in the day I was offered a chance to go to New Orleans as a deck-hand. But, then, it would have been a long walk from either of those ports to the place I called home.

§ 5

During the remaining half of August I did little but spend my first month's salary, chiefly among the tailors and clothiers of Rio, at prices which made the advertisements in the New York papers look painfully enticing. Linton had arranged his Buenos Aires business to run on without him until we could give the customary special performance before the president of the republic, which he hoped would be within a week; but he had reckoned without Brazilian red-tape. The outfit arrived the day after I signed the contract,—eight large pieces of what looked like the baggage of a barnstorming company, and Wayne Tuthill of Long Island and the Edison factory. "Tut," as it was natural he should be quickly dubbed, was a tall, handsome, ingenuous, yet not "easy," lad of twenty-four, of that clean-cut, clean-minded type of American youth that makes the libertine *juventud* of South America stand in such striking contrast. He had never before been outside the United States,—which I rated an asset,—but had been the unhesitating choice of the company when Linton wired them to send down their best practical electrician and operator who would accept a year's contract.

Though it was some time before we got our show started, or even got the outfit ashore, we were a busy trio for all that. First and foremost there was the Herculean problem of getting the thing through the customs. This was no such simple little matter as going down to the ugly little green *Alfandega* building on the waterfront, opening the boxes, paying our duty, and taking them away. Knowing that it costs more to get a moving-picture film into Brazil than to buy it in Europe or the United States, we were prepared to be held up by the mulatto footpads masquerading as a government, if only they would have it over with at once and let us go our way with whatever we might have left.

It took a full week to do this, and it would have taken longer had nature not gifted me with an impatience ca-

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pable of developing into profanity. In the end Linton was sentenced to deposit seven hundred dollars, which it was solemnly promised would be returned to him when the outfit was taken out of the country. Officially the American dollar is worth 3$120 in Brazil. I immediately reduced the seven hundred dollars to milreis at that rate, and Linton prepared to pay it. But, we were informed, the Government accepts its own money only at 4$120 to the dollar. More figuring, resulting in the discovery that we must intrust the Brazilian treasury with nearly three contos! Thirty-five per cent. of this deposit must be in gold. I began to compute this percentage by dividing by 4$120. The broker smiled at me as at an amusing child. When the milreis is figured *back* into gold, he explained, the dollar must be taken at 2$120! In other words, a Brazilian government official can demonstrate before your very eyes that thirty-five per cent. of $700 is $480!

Our next task was to hire a lawyer to get the trademark "Kinetophone" registered in Brazil in the name of the Edison Company. This matter is of prime importance to any one introducing a new invention into the land of *amanhã*. It is not that the Brazilians are so inventive that they can imitate new contrivances readily; on the contrary, their mechanical genius is close to zero. But if he seldom invents or imitates, because it is too much trouble, the "Brazie" is not lazy in the sense of complete indolence. He has the tropical desire to get through life as easily as possible, as well as the gambling instinct, and laborious trickery seems to him a lesser effort than work. Being quick to appropriate the ideas of others, he is much given to stealing trademarks.

§ 6

The chief moving-picture man of Brazil, with a series of cinemas in Rio and São Paulo and connections elsewhere, was a Spanish ex-bootblack. Like his colleagues and rivals, he informed us that it was not customary in Brazil to pay a fixed sum for such a novelty as we had to offer, that he "never risked a cent," but that he would be willing to talk to us on a percentage basis. Next we were informed that the ex-bootblack had Missouri blood in his veins, and that he would not believe in the drawing powers of Edison's new invention until he had been shown. We had no misgivings as to our ability to show him, so we went out along the Mangue Canal, with its mirrored double row of royal palms on each bank, and rented for a day the old openwork wooden "Theatro Polytheama," where we gave the doubting Thomases of the "movie" world and a throng of newspaper men and "influential citizens" a convincing private exhibition.

Next day we signed a "fifty-fifty" contract with the ex-bootblack to play for sixty days in his establishments

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in Rio, São Paulo, and neighborhood. By that time it was September 7, one of Brazil's two Independence Days, being the anniversary of the "cry of liberty" of Pedro I, at Ypiranga, in 1822. Finally, at one o'clock on the afternoon of the fourteenth, we gave the first public exhibition in Brazil of the Kinetophone, and before midnight we had given eleven of them. We opened in the "Cinema Pathé" on the Avenida Central, in many ways the proudest and most *à la mode* motion-picture house not only of that sumptuous thoroughfare, but of all Brazil. Our début was not attended with the customary formality. For a week Linton had been cooling his heels in the anteroom of the Cattete Palace, hoping to have the honor, and incidentally the prestige and publicity, of giving the president of the republic a private exhibition before disclosing the virtues of the new invention to the general public. But those were busy times in government circles, and in addition to his manifold political troubles, the president had recently married an eighteen-year-old wife, so that we at length were forced to start without his blessing and the customary send-off of all important novelties in Latin-American countries.

When our first day was ended, at a few minutes before midnight, we found that the box-office had taken in considerably more than three million—reis! Even in real money that was more than a thousand dollars.

That very night Linton fled to Buenos Aires, leaving behind a document making me the "Brazilian concessionary" of the Kinetophone, and the weight of the whole enterprise fell abruptly on my unaccustomed shoulders.

(To be concluded)

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The Ukraine and the Balance of Power

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

DESPITE the manifest failure of statesmanship to bring peace to Europe and the world, it is fruitless to talk about the bad faith of Germany, the abstention of the United States, the disconcerting long lease of life of soviet Russia, the imperialism of Great Britain, the militarism of France, and the unreasonableness of small states and subject nationalities. For each of these factors, taken by itself, is a result rather than a cause of the failure of the Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties fashioned after it and dependent upon it. If we content ourselves with calling one another bad names and seeking to find the source of our ills in some one unruly national attitude, the chaos will only increase. It would be easy to build up a convincing brief against the foreign policy followed by every nation, friend and enemy, since the armistice of November 11, 1918. But we get nowhere unless we are able to show that the present state of affairs is due not to errors of statesmen dealing with specific problems, but to fundamentally unsound and irrealizable concepts in the treaties.

Among the unsound and irrealizable concepts on which the Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties are based we can point out: (1) creating a league of nations whose charter provides for the permanent hegemony of five nations, with widely divergent interests; (2) reserving the advantages of the treaties to a few nations, but making all members of the league responsible for their execution; (3) treating the vanquished enemies as criminals without even right to counsel or appeal to an impartial tribunal, but at the same time not providing jailers to keep them in prison during the period of punishment; (4) denying the principle of reciprocity in contractual obligations; (5) declaring that the treaties are based on the principle of freeing peoples from alien rule, but limiting the application of the principle to a few especially favored peoples, and violating it in other cases; and (6) maintaining the old balance of power theory.

When we analyze the treaties and study the course of the negotiations we see that the first five concepts are the children of the sixth. All the treaties are explained by the fact that the dominating idea of the peace conference was the restoration of the balance of power. The European statesmen, who triumphed at the expense of Mr. Wilson and his Fourteen Points, had no reason to be surprised at the abstention of the United States. Had not Mr. Wilson himself issued the clear warning, before the conference assembled, that the United States could enter no international association which was not a league of all for the common good of all?

In the long fight in the United

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States Senate against the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles without reservations, Senator Knox contended from the beginning that the real issue before the American people was not the surrender of sovereignty implied by Article X of the covenant; that it was primarily a question of our willingness to join forces with other nations to impose upon the world and to maintain the terms of peace contained in the Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties. He contended that since these treaties did not establish a new-world order upon the principles for which the United States had fought, the Senate was not justified in committing the United States to the unqualified support of a new *status quo* in Europe and throughout the world that would make permanent the political and economic supremacy of certain nations.

The questions raised by Senator Knox were kept in the background during the campaign, but when Mr. Harding became President, he did not hesitate to make this thesis his own. In his first message to Congress President Harding gave the real reason for our unwillingness to ratify the decisions of the Paris peace conference. The American people are ready to coöperate with other nations in a world-wide reconstruction, but we cannot be partners in an alliance devised to keep the control of world affairs in the hands of a few nations. In other words, the interests of the United States do not call for a revival of the balance of power theory.

§ 2

The balance of power is the dominant consideration in the foreign policy of every continental European nation. Several races in turn, when their country has become too prosperous or powerful, have found that their success led inevitably to a coalition of their neighbors. The present plight of Germany is an old story. The hour of humiliation crowds fast upon the hour of glory. The presence of Great Britain on the side of the victorious coalition, and the unwillingness of the British Government to help enforce a peace too disastrous for the vanquished, is also an old story. The aim of British intervention was the maintenance of the balance of power, and not its destruction. The all-powerful Continental ally might soon become the next enemy.

After European wars the victors have aimed to weaken permanently their enemies by depriving them of frontier provinces, and by seeking to underwrite the results of their successful war through an alliance with others whose interests are similar.

During the last two years the peace conference and the supreme council have followed traditional European precedents except in one particular. The intervention of the United States, which had no interest in the European equilibrium as it was conceived by European statesmen, led the victors to hope that they could associate the United States with themselves in the enforcement of a peace whose main object was a new *status quo* decidedly to their advantage and not at all to the advantage of the United States.

We Americans have been so sentimental about the war, its causes, its conduct, and its aims that what has gone on in Europe since the armistices is not pleasant reading. Some stop their ears and shut their eyes. Some

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relieve themselves by calling the chronicler of post-bellum events a "pro-German" or "Sinn Feiner." Many are cynical, declaring that there is no remedy. Some affect to think the muddle in Europe does not affect us.

But the Harding administration realizes that we must lend a hand to Europe. How? And in what measure? American public opinion will not be able to help intelligently and constructively in the solution of world problems unless there is a study of specific international situations, how they have arisen, and how the European powers have attempted to deal with them. None of these problems is more enlightening than that of the Ukraine. It illustrates how the balance of power theory makes Prussians of us all.

§ 3

When the European war raised the question of subject nationalities, the Entente propagandists ignored the oppression and the aspirations of all other peoples save those under the yoke of enemy countries. The censorship, rigorously enforced in France, forbade even the discussion of the hopes of the Poles. There was wisdom in this. Self-determination was a war weapon, and not a profession of faith in an ideal. When every nerve was strained to beat Germany to her knees, it would have been folly to discuss matters tending to undermine the solidarity of the Entente coalition. But as the war dragged on, the principles proclaimed by Premier Asquith and Premier Viviani proved pervasive. Much to the alarm of Entente statesmen, it was discovered that these principles could not be limited. They were espoused by President Wilson. They aroused the hopes of races subject to the Entente powers. Russia succumbed to the disruptive force of self-determination before Austria-Hungary did. Had not the United States intervened, the collapse of Russia would have proved fatal to the Entente's hope of victory. When the victorious powers assembled at Paris to make peace, nationalist movements had got beyond control. Because they did not recognize this unwelcome fact, the Entente statesmen have seen their efforts to reëstablish peace prove fruitless.

The Ukrainians are by far the most numerous of the races aspiring to independence through the disappearance of the Romanoffs and Hapsburgs. There are thirty-five million Ukrainians, most of them in the six southern and southwestern former Russian "governments," or provinces, and in eastern Galicia. The Ukraine is larger than Germany and twice as large as France. It stretches from the Carpathian Mountains to the Black Sea and the Caucasus. It contains the oil-fields of Galicia and the famous Donetz coal- and iron-region. Almost all the cereals, cattle, sugar, and salt exported from the former Russian Empire came from the Ukraine. If the Ukraine manages to survive and keep within its boundaries the territories in which its race predominates, it will be the most populous and the richest of the new states created by the war and, next to Russia, the largest country in Europe.

An independent Ukraine, however, does not seem to fit in with the interests of the victors in the World War, as these interests are conceived by their statesmen. Hence every possible ef-

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fort is being made to deny the existence of a Ukrainian race. During the last few years the most absurd and unfounded statements about the Ukrianians have been circulated and have gained credence. To get at the truth we must consult authorities who wrote before 1914. In those days, uninfluenced by political considerations and the prejudices born of the war, historians, geographers, ethnologists, and philologists of France, Germany, and Great Britain did not question the fact of the Ukrainian, or Ruthenian, race. They wrote voluminously of its origin from a distinct Slavic immigration, of its racial characteristics, of its language, more nearly allied to Serbian than to Russian, and of its independent history before it was swallowed up by the Polish and Muscovite empires. Students of the history and peoples and languages of eastern Europe have never dreamed of confusing Great Russians (Muscovites) and Little Russians (Ukrainians). Simply because the Ukrainians are Slavs and have been subject to Poland and Russia for nearly three centuries, must they be considered as a branch of the Russian race and their language a Russian dialect, or must the right of Poland to seize the territories they inhabit be admitted? If such theses were consistently supported by the Entente governments, what would become of Poland's claims against Russia and Germany?

The reader demurs. Since the days when Jane Porter's Thaddeus of Warsaw held a place in his heart beside Robert Bruce, he has heard of Poland, her sufferings, her wrongs, her aspirations. But he is unfamiliar with the Ukraine. How many Occidentals know more of Mazeppa than the adventure of the wild horse? And if Cossacks are perchance identified with the Ukraine, this confirms the Russian connection, and adds an impression of unruliness and anarchy. We are creatures of habit, blissful in our ignorance, and so we have readily believed the propagandists when they told us that the Ukrainian nationalist movement is an artificial creation of German propaganda during the war, launched to destroy Russian unity, and continued after the Revolution to thwart the reconstruction of Poland. Because one never happened to hear of the Ukraine, the Ukraine does not exist. Or because one does not want the Ukraine to exist, the Ukraine does not exist. The French peasant dismisses the unfamiliar with a positive "*Je ne le connais pas.*" That settles it. I fear we have his mentality without his frankness. The possession of the one, or the absence of the other, is disastrous. The peasant does not have to bother with the unknown, for the unknown does not affect his life. Intelligent public opinion, however, which is the salvation of democracies, has to know about Ukraines, willy-nilly, in order to deal with Ukraines. Annoying factors in world-politics do not disappear by ignoring them.

§ 4

Speaking in the Russian Duma on February 24, 1914, before the outbreak of the war, Paul Miliukoff said:

All sides of Ukrainian life are penetrated by the nationalist element. At the same time, the Ukrainian movement is thoroughly democratic; it is carried on by the people. For this reason it is impossible to crush it. But it is very easy to set it on fire and in this way turn it against ourselves, and our authorities

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are successful in their work in this direction.

This was the confession of a failure unparalleled in the history of Russification. The Great Russians began their attempt to assimilate the Ukrainians in 1690. They started with the Poles in 1830, and with the Finns only in 1900. Ukase after ukase was aimed by successive czars against the Ukrainians to compel them to abandon their nationality. The crowning edict, in 1876, suppressed the Ukrainian language altogether. Deprived of schools, of newspapers, of books, of the right of assembly, of the use of their mother tongue in the administration, in law courts, and in business, the Ukrainians contrived not only to keep intact their language in the home, but also to develop and enrich their literature. Patriots were exiled to Siberia or fled to Galicia. Just as Posen in Germany became the center of Polish propaganda, Lemberg in Austria was the foyer of the Ukrainian nationalist movement. So successful was the preservation of the mother tongue, to the exclusion of Russian, that the agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society with the Russian Army at the time of the Russo-Japanese War reported to London the necessity of using the Ukrainian Bible in their work among the troops. But the Russian Government refused the request of the British and Foreign Bible Society for permission to distribute the New Testament in Ukrainian. The refusal, which denied the existence of a Ukrainian-reading element in the Russian Army, was in itself an admission of the fact.

After the revolution of 1905, Lithuanian and Polish schools were allowed, but no Ukrainian schools. This proved which nationalist movement the Russians regarded as the most formidable of all.

The sixty-three Ukrainians elected to the first Duma asked for autonomy, and, pending that, a complete restitution of language and other rights. But the ukase of 1876 was only partly rescinded. When it was a question of a minority within the borders of the empire, liberal and constitutional Russians proved themselves even more zealous oppressors than reactionaries. But, as M. Miliukoff admitted in 1914, the Ukrainian nationalist movement, having permeated to the peasant masses, could not be stamped out. From 1907 to 1914 the national revival in the Ukraine foreshadowed the destruction of czarist Russia, and close students of eastern Europe realized the impossibility of the collapse of the Russian Empire leading to a reconstitution of medieval Poland. Hence Poles united with Russians in a desperate attempt to prevent the inevitable. Petrograd kept a firm hand on the press, watched the Galician frontier for contraband literature, and acted rigorously in the matter of clandestine schools. But the Ukrainians found a means of propaganda that baffled the functionaries. The Government could not suppress the drama, folk-songs, and national dances. When the war of 1914 broke out, more than three hundred theatrical troupes were agencies of the national spirit in the Ukraine.

It was no surprise to the initiated that after the revolution of 1917 the Ukrainians were the first and the most numerous non-Russian element to make demonstrations in the streets of Petrograd.

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§ 5

All the various nationalist movements throughout Europe during the last century possess features in common. They are fostered everywhere by the same internal and external influences, express themselves everywhere in the same aspirations, and lead everywhere to the same perplexing conflict between ideals and expediency. At the peace conference and in the supreme council the striking difference of attitude toward the claims of races aspiring to freedom was not in a single instance the result of any degree of merit of the claims. After two years of study of the treaties and the decisions of the supreme council, I cannot find a single instance where the delimitation of frontiers or the recognition of a new state was not made on the ground of the political and economic interests, fancied or real, of the great powers. This is a sweeping indictment, but it is none the less a difficult one to disprove. The treatment of the Ukrainians is one of the most telling counts in the indictment. Why were the Ukrainians treated in a different way from the other subject races of the Romanoff, Hapsburg, and Hohenzollern empires? On the ground of a square deal for all, and in the interest of a durable peace, the question is pertinent.

The real answer is that an independent Ukraine stood in the way of every combination to create a new balance of power favorable to France in Europe and favorable to Great Britain outside of Europe. This statement will be strenuously denied by propagandists, but I believe that the facts in the case support the statement.

From the beginning the revolution of 1917 was nationalist and separatist in the Ukraine. A national congress, composed of representatives of the economic, professional, and coöperative associations, municipalities, zemstvos, and peasants, was held at Kieff on April 8, 1917. It joined with three other congresses—of soldiers, farmers, and working-men—to choose a provisional parliament and set up a provisional government. The first Ukrainian Rada (parliament) had eight hundred members, seventy-five per cent. of whom were Ukrainian nationalists and the minority Russians, Jews, and Poles.

In the meantime elections by universal suffrage were taking place for the all-Russian Constituent Assembly. Out of one hundred and fifty members, the Ukraine sent one hundred and fifteen nationalists, with the mandate to insist upon the independence of the Ukraine unless the defunct imperial Government was replaced by a federation in which the Ukraine would be a member equal in every way with Great Russia. This experiment was not tried out, for the Bolsheviki dissolved the all-Russian Assembly on October 6, 1917. Lenine's program was the world-wide application of self-determination. The Ukrainians took him at his word. The Ukrainian Rada decided to hold elections for a Constituent Assembly. Out of ten million votes cast, eight million were in favor of constituting an independent state. But before the elections were completed, the Bolsheviki invaded the Ukraine. Like British, French, Germans, Poles, Italians, and reactionaries of their own country, the Bolshevists intended to limit the application of the principle of self-determination only to others. The Ukraine, rich

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in coal and iron and cereals, and mistress of Russia's Black Sea outlet, must not be allowed to secede.

It is impossible to go into the confused and complicated history of the Russian portion of the Ukraine since the rise of Bolshevism. The misfortunes of the Ukrainians have come from the fact that the independent existence of their nation was an obstacle to the political aims of all the rival forces contending for supremacy in Europe, and at the same time proved an irresistible magnet to the occult powers behind armies, which lust for oil and coal and iron and monopolies of food stuffs and raw materials. Since the beginning of 1918, the Ukraine has been the theater of an unholy contest between Germans and Bolshevists, French and British and Bolshevists, czarists and Bolshevists, Poles and Bolshevists. Germans, French, British, and czarists have one after the other been compelled by military reverses to lay down the battledores. Poles and Bolshevists are still using the Ukraine as their shuttlecock. At present the game is a draw. The final round has not yet been played, but the observer has watched the contest long enough to realize that a sense of honor and ideals have never controlled the thoughts or actions of any of the players.

During these years of strife the ideals we cherished in the war have been lost sight of. Wholly under the spell of the balance of power idea, Occidental statesmen have failed to demonstrate in their post-bellum diplomacy a difference in aims and methods between the victors and the vanquished. If, owing to the difficulty and confusion and uncertainties of the Russian situation, this judgment may seem to be unfair, because it is founded upon insufficient knowledge, it is well to consider the dealings of the supreme council with the Ukrainians of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. It may be true that Paris had no control over the happenings in most of the territories of the former Russian Empire, including the Ukraine, but the peace conference did assume to be in a position to liquidate the Hapsburg Empire.

§ 6

We remember that Poland was the victim of three partitions, but we forget that large portions of the territories taken from Poland were acquired by her through conquest and were inhabited by non-Polish populations. An evening with his "Encyclopædia Britannica" is all that a fair-minded man needs to convince him that the Poland of 1921, as tentatively reconstituted by the treaties of Versailles, St.-Germain, and Trianon, and by subsequent decisions of the supreme council and dealings with the Bolshevists, has been created through the use of arguments on one frontier the validity of which is flatly denied on another. There is a place in Europe for a liberated Poland. Is there a place for a medieval empire, reconstituted by force and trickery, with larger and more populous Alsace-Lorraines, Schleswigs, and upper Silesias than those the holding of which in duress by Germany shocked the conscience of the civilized world?

I put the question squarely. The supreme council, under pressure from France, has consented to making Poland a large country, with enormous frontier provinces inhabited in large majority by non-Polish races. The

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sole reason for this is that France wants a strong ally to take the place of Russia in the new European balance of power. In pursuance of this policy, the principle of nationality is invoked in the Treaty of Versailles against Germany and denied in the Treaty of St.-Germain and the Treaty of Trianon when the Ukrainians advance against the Poles identically the same plea the Poles advance against the Germans. This is not a question of slight rectifications of frontier, in which border races must invariably suffer for economic and strategic reasons, but of huge provinces with millions of people.

When one talked with the Poles at Paris about their claims to different portions of German territory, they used to say: "Do not judge by a few cities, but go out in the country, and you will see that it is Polish. It is preposterous for Germany to claim these regions simply because some cities are German, largely so because of functionaries and their families." You granted the reasonableness of the argument, and then shifted the discussion to eastern Galicia. You informed your Polish friends that you had done precisely this thing in eastern Galicia, and that your impression of the country, confirmed by reference to the statistics of the Poles themselves, had been that, outside of Lemberg and one or two other towns, there were no Poles at all except the great landowners, the very class the Poles railed against in Posnania and East Prussia. Enthusiasm for the principle of self-determination suddenly died. "The Ukrainians are pigs," said a Pole, pounding his fist on the table. "They have no rights." A frown came over the face which had been almost tearful during the exposition of the wrongs of Polish peasants in Prussia.

Of the five million inhabitants of eastern Galicia, the Ukrainians number three and a half millions. The Poles are not more than three quarters of a million, including all their functionaries, military and civilian. Up to 1907, when universal suffrage made possible the use of the ballot as a weapon, the Ukrainians were in complete subjection to the Poles, who were given hands free in Galicia by the Austrians in return for their support at Vienna against other Slavic elements of the empire. From 1907 to 1914 the Ukrainians in Galicia gradually began to assume a political influence in proportion to their numbers, but the Poles used against them every foul means that the Prussians used against the Poles in Posnania. When the Russians invaded eastern Galicia in 1914, they were welcomed as liberators, but they treated the Ukrainians more ruthlessly than the Poles had treated them. For more than four dark years Poles and Ukrainians alike lived under the military rule of Russians and Germans according to the varying fortunes of battle.

After the collapse of the Hapsburgs, the National Ukrainian Council took possession of eastern Galicia, and proclaimed this province, together with Ukrainian parts of Bukowina and Hungary, the Western Ukrainian Republic. On January 3, 1919, before the gathering of the peace conference, the Galicians proclaimed their union with the Ukraine, and sent delegates to the peace conference. Their situation demanded the immediate intervention of the Entente powers. For, while they were fighting the Bolsheviki, the Poles declared war on them, seized Lemberg on November 22, 1918, and

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the usual atrocity stories, vouched for by neutral observers, began to leak out, to the discredit of the Polish army. The Poles had the ear of the peace conference; the Ukrainians had not. There was no question of justice in the matter, or even a desire to hear both sides of the case. While the Ukrainians were fighting the Bolsheviki, and despite the fact that the Bolshevists had killed five thousand during three days in Kieff, the Poles at Paris tried to get every one to believe that the Ukrainians were Bolsheviki. In this way they secured the aid of the Entente powers to stamp out the independence of the Ukrainians in eastern Galicia.

During the first months of the peace conference the Poles gave unquestioned proofs of their bad faith, but they were backed as favorites all the same. On March 19, 1919, the peace conference invited Poland and the Ukraine to conclude a truce. The Ukrainian Government made an affirmative answer, the Polish Government declined. Later, although M. Paderewski gave his word to the Entente premiers and Mr. Wilson that General Haller's army would not be used against the Ukrainians, if it were allowed to go to Poland, the Haller army was sent immediately to the Ukrainian front. Financed and equipped by those to whom the pledge had been given, the Haller army in a new offensive overran eastern Galicia. After playing with the Ukrainian delegation for two months, the treachery of the Poles was rewarded by an authorization of the supreme council, July 11, 1919, to the Polish Government to administer eastern Galicia. Four days later the Ukrainian delegation protested solemnly against this decision on the ground of disregard of the principle adopted by the conference itself for settling moot questions; that is, a plebiscite of the people concerned. No reply was given. On October 20, 1919, Poland was made mandatory of eastern Galicia for twenty-five years, after which time there was to be a plebiscite. On December 22, 1919, M. Clemenceau told the Chamber of Deputies that the supreme council had decided to change the provisional character of the decision and attribute the province definitely to Poland. This has never been confirmed by any official statement, but Poland has been holding eastern Galicia under strict martial law ever since. Only Ukrainians in exile are able to cry out against the persecution of their race. For the time being the balance of power policy has won.

§ 7

For two years this story has been growing on my desk, as I have been able to verify fact after fact. I am an *ami de la première heure* of the Polish cause. But a man would stultify himself, or prove his insincerity, who would sustain Polish claims both in Posnania and eastern Galicia. The Poles cannot be right in both cases. A blanket approval of Poland is possible only for the man who believes that the balance of power theory is the basis of sound reconstruction and that the sensible maxim for statesmen is that might makes right.

Here in America we need full information about what our intervention in Europe will lead us into. More now even than last year we have reason to be glad that we are not committed blindly to policies conceived in the interests of European nations.

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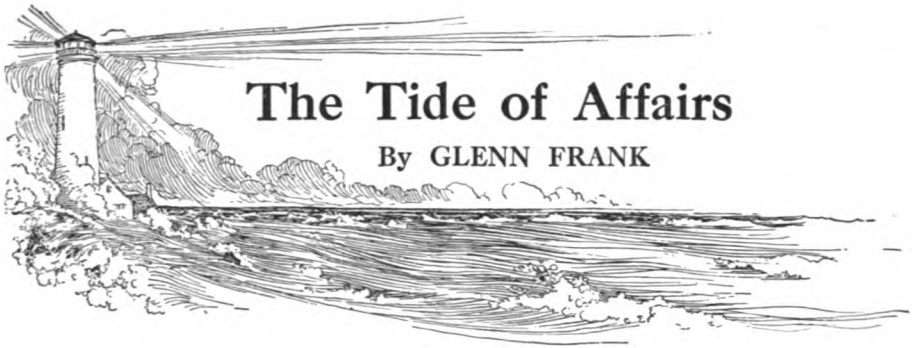

The Tide of Affairs

By GLENN FRANK

Profits and Politics in Mexico—A Further Word on Winged America—All-Year-Round Political Parties—Who Is Gandhi?

PROFITS AND POLITICS IN MEXICO

THIS is to be a comment upon the relation between American profits and Mexican politics, an attempt to suggest the kind of politics in Mexico that will net the largest profit to business men in the United States. It is frequently assumed that the material interests of foreign business men who have investments in Mexico force them to fight in self-defense against the coming of a liberal democratic régime in Mexico. On the contrary, the fact is, I think, that liberal politics in Mexico is the best guaranty of liberal profits to foreign business in general, and in particular to the foreign investor in Mexico. If foreign business men have opposed political liberalism in Mexico, it has not been intelligent materialism, but muddled thinking on their part, that has dictated their opposition.

An astute and penetrating critic of contemporary affairs was asked what he thought was most wrong with the American business man. He replied, with a twinkle, "He does n't understand business." By which he meant, as it later appeared, that the American business man frequently brings the short view to bear upon social and political policies, deriding as radical and dangerous proposals which, when put into effect over his protest, prove to be in the interest of sound business. Nowhere has the truth of this observation been more plainly proved than in our relations with Mexico.

In all our dealings with this distraught people, the temptation of our politicians and our business men has been to sacrifice the permanent advantages of a long future to the quick profits of the immediate hour. It must be plain by now that no artificial advantage gained by winning over this or that Mexican president to the side of the foreign investor class can be permanent. A permanently peaceful and prosperous Mexico is the only Mexico that can prove permanently profitable to the foreign investor. Any Mexican policy, therefore, that does not make for a permanent settlement of the Mexican muddle is not only poor statesmanship, but "bad business," regardless of the immediate concessions it may secure. All this seems so obviously true that it should

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importance of aviation as part of our problem of national defense, civil development, and international relations. All this was discussed at length in the former editorial. But since then Mr. Harding has addressed himself to the problem, inviting consideration by the Senate and House of a Bureau of Aëronautics in the Department of Commerce. This suggestion is interesting in the light of Mr. Harding's announced determination to do away with the wasteful duplication of efforts by the several departments of the Federal Government. Is this proposal in line with a closer and more intelligent coördination of the work of the federal departments? Let us see.

The establishment of a Bureau of Aëronautics in the Department of Commerce would mean the creation of the twenty-second agency having something to do with aëronautics. The overlapping of departments in Washington is an old story. Our Federal Government is a veritable crazy-quilt of conflicting functions or, at best, duplicating efforts. It is difficult to make a plain statement of this overlapping of departments without being accused of an attempt at flippant humor.

For instance, Mr. Hoover, in an address before the American Engineering Council in Philadelphia a few weeks ago, illuminated this problem of scrambled jurisdictions by describing the Chinese puzzle the mariner has to wrestle with in the exercise of his duties. Mr. Hoover was not trying to be funny, but this was the result. I quote from memory. The mariner obtains his domestic charts from the Department of Commerce, his foreign charts from the Navy Department, and his nautical almanac from the Naval Observatory—and in some circumstances he gets sailing directions from the army. In a fog the mariner may catch radio signals from both the navy and the Department of Commerce, while he listens to fog-horns and looks for lights and buoys provided by the Department of Commerce. If he sinks, it is the Treasury Department that saves his life. He anchors at the direction of the army, which depends upon the Treasury Department to enforce its will. The mariner's boilers and lifeboats are inspected by the Department of Commerce. His crew is certificated by one bureau of the Department of Commerce, signed off in the presence of another, inspected at sailing by the Treasury Department, and on arrival by the Department of Labor.

Do we want our aviators to get tangled in such a red-tape net? We do not. The implications of aviation in matters of national defense, civil development, and international relations are too fundamental to intrust to scattered subordinates. The problem is big enough to challenge the administrative genius and statesmanship of the ablest man in American public life. These early days of development will be the most critical period. It is now that we need aërial statesmanship, if we shall ever need it. The direction of our aëronautical future should be placed in the hands of the best man obtainable—some man, if we can find him, who combines an H. G. Wells vision with a James J. Hill genius for constructive promotion.

Manifestly, we cannot attract to the post a man of the desired caliber if we make it merely a bureau in one of the federal departments. We must attach to the post a dignity commensurate with the man and give him freedom of

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will have much to do with his success or failure. Now, what are the factors in the situation which the business man must consider in determining what his attitude toward Obregon shall be? They are, I think, few, simple, and imperative.

Obregon is not a radical. That helps a lot, to begin with. At best or at worst, as one's point of view may dictate, he is a liberal. Despite the fact that Obregon has two highly intelligent radicals on his staff of intimate official advisers, there is nothing to indicate that he purposes the sponsoring of any subversively revolutionary policies against which legitimate business interests must in self-defense fight. The gravest danger is not that Obregon will insult foreign business interests, but that he will concede too much to them.

Let me hasten to explain fully what I mean here lest I be wholly misunderstood. I am trying to say only that if Obregon imitates the policies of Diaz, he will suffer the fate of Diaz. If in his efforts to conciliate foreign business interests he alienates the Mexican people from his administration, he will arouse in the Mexican masses an increasing distrust and hatred of the foreign investor and thus postpone further the day of settled business relations. Some months ago I wrote: "Mexico will not tolerate another Diaz. Her blundering and graft-stained adventurings towards constitutional government since the fall of Diaz may have been a sad travesty upon democracy, but in them the Mexican people have tasted the wine of liberalism—a heady wine that never leaves a people as they were before."

This is the first fact to be kept in mind in any consideration of the present Mexican problem. If to-morrow foreign business interests could induce Obregon to hand them a blank check to be filled in by their maximum immediate desires, it would be the worst thing that could happen to the foreign investor in Mexico. Why? Because it would straightway turn the popular opinion of Mexico against Obregon, insure for him the fate of Diaz, Madero, and Carranza, and set the stage for the next Mexican revolution, with all the business losses that would entail.

It is, therefore, to the best interest of business men everywhere that Obregon succeed in establishing a genuinely liberal national policy that will at least measurably satisfy the majority of the Mexican people. Here is an instance in which intelligent self-interest and political idealism are one and the same thing. Liberal statesmanship in the domestic politics of Mexico is the biggest asset conservative foreign business interests can have. Whatever may be said for such policies politically, manœuvering for a return to the "strong government" of Diaz and angling for American intervention, are examples of the baldest business stupidity.

A FURTHER WORD ON WINGED AMERICA

THE extensive correspondence called forth by the editorial on "Why not Use Our Wings?" that appeared in these columns three months ago justifies this further word on our national problem of aviation, which we are attacking only in timid and tentative fashion. It is unnecessary here to repeat the references to the primary

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importance of aviation as part of our problem of national defense, civil development, and international relations. All this was discussed at length in the former editorial. But since then Mr. Harding has addressed himself to the problem, inviting consideration by the Senate and House of a Bureau of Aëronautics in the Department of Commerce. This suggestion is interesting in the light of Mr. Harding's announced determination to do away with the wasteful duplication of efforts by the several departments of the Federal Government. Is this proposal in line with a closer and more intelligent coördination of the work of the federal departments? Let us see.

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action and real authority. Under such conditions, any man would be happy to accept the post as an opportunity for far-reaching national and international service.

This is the least we should consider doing. The direction of our aëronautical future is a task that should not be left in the hands of private concerns. Stimulus and direction should be given by our Government. We are already two years behind Europe in this field. Great Britain and France began two years ago an organization of aërial effort far more ambitious and comprehensive than the program now suggested for the United States. Again, why not use our wings?

ALL-YEAR-ROUND POLITICAL PARTIES

Too frequently a political party is only a campaign organization, functioning feverishly while offices are being *won*, then falling into a patronage-gorged slumber while offices are being *administered*. When now and then, as under Mr. Wilson, a political party has soberly assumed an all-year-round responsibility for the exclusive control and administration of the Government, it has seemed to sunder rather than cement national unity of thought and action. Yet the biggest problem of our politics to-day is the discovery of ways and means of making our political parties function intelligently between campaigns as well as during campaigns.

I can best get at what I have in mind by the simple reporting of what is to me one of the most significant bits of political news that has come to my ears for many months. The Democratic party has employed a Mr. Robert Goldsmith to act for twelve months of the year as director of research for the party. That is to say, the Democratic party is to have a studious gentleman, unhampered by the whims of a constituency, who, in addition to the gathering of "campaign material," may act as a sort of intellectual servant at large to Democratic senators, representatives, and party chiefs, unearthing for them authentic information on the problems before the Government, helping to put a basis of fact under all legislative discussion, helping to forestall snap judgments and to hamstring mere prejudice and passion in debate.

It is to be hoped that the leaders of the Democratic party will not permit this post to degenerate into a mere editorship of a campaign text-book. This appointment of a research director for a political party suggests the next great step in American politics. If the Democratic leaders will only see its full significance and develop it! Now, Mr. Goldsmith is a catholic-minded gentleman, with an almost uncanny sensitiveness to sources of information, but he should be surrounded by a staff of research associates and given adequate funds for the organization of the work on a comprehensive scale. Then the Republican party should follow suit by the organization of a research committee under a capable director. Until something like this is done, we shall remain under the tyranny of catchwords, and continue the attempt to administer a world power with the tactics of parish politicians.

It would require a Senate and House of supermen to deal intelligently with all the problems that confront our legislators, if each legislator were ex-

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pected to unearth and master for himself and by himself the countless facts involved. Yet that is what we are asking of our senators and representatives. We elect to the Senate or the House a man from some small inland town, a man of nominal educational qualifications, a man who has neither read nor traveled widely, and straightway ask him to pass judgment for us upon the tangled and technical problems of our industrialism, and to aid in drafting for us a scheme of relations with the rest of the world which he has never seen and of which he, perhaps, knows next to nothing. This is not a flippant fling at our representatives. Of almost any American in their place the same might be said. A constantly changing body of elected representatives cannot be expected to have universal knowledge at their finger-tips. We must put back of the changing body of representatives a constant body of researchers. The researchers will provide the facts and the representatives will act upon them.

We often wonder why it is that England comes out of almost every conflict, military or diplomatic, with flying colors. The reason does not lie primarily with her premiers and cabinet members, but with the constant body of men who give their lives to the service of the Government. Secretaries of state for foreign affairs may come and go in England, but the Foreign Office goes on forever. Many of the brightest and best men from England's universities are attracted to permanent government service. These men become experts in given fields. When crises impend in British politics, the statesman can always touch the buzzer and call to his side the scholar who supplies the facts in the case. This constant body of informed men is so vital a factor in British politics that it is almost true to say that the elected members of the Government are the "showmen" of British politics, while the sustained statesmanship is supplied by the men in the background.

Maybe we shall some day overhaul our civil service and achieve something of a like result, but in the meantime our most hopeful opportunity lies in the development of research committees within our political parties. In doing this we should be only tearing a leaf from the record of the British Labor party. Its research committee makes fundamental studies of any and every question that confronts the Government. Its assembled information is at the disposal of its servants in the Government, and is available when the party desires to make a statement to the country. With such a committee in each party, we might in time get away from the studied inanities of our conventional party platforms and achieve statements that would capture the imagination of the country and serve as blueprints of progress.

The party that first develops a comprehensive research department will gain an untold advantage over the party that retains the ancient hit-or-miss relation to facts. Its representatives in the Senate and the House will, when the system is really in working order, hold a decided advantage over the representatives of the opposition. With both parties supported by such committees of research, the "Congressional Record" might become a document of compelling interest to the public. It may be suggested

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that the research committees of political parties could not be relied upon for unbiased information, that they would bend facts to the exigencies of party politics. If, however, both parties had such committees, each party would know that the opposition, with the same facts at hand, would be on the alert for misinterpretation. The system would, in fact, enforce a refreshing sincerity in political discussion.

Under the research director of each party there should be numerous subdirectors in charge of special fields of investigation. The members of these committees should be "above the battle" of politics. They should be members of a sort of party civil service. The rewards of the work should be sufficient to attract able men to it as a life work. Then, maybe, we could evolve a sustained national policy, avoiding the serious losses of our present system of four and eight year swings of the partizan pendulum.

WHO IS GANDHI?

THE most interesting political personality in the world to-day is, without doubt, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, the man who is sweeping India with his doctrine of passive resistance to British rule. The story of this Indian Tolstoy runs back over many years, but it was not until a few months ago that his personality began to commandeer space in our newspapers and magazines. Despite several discussions of his career that have appeared lately, I am persuaded that a brief study of his personality and program will be welcomed by the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. It is predicted by some observers that within two years Gandhi's name will be upon the lips of the whole world, as Lenine's name has been since his assumption of power in Russia. Here, then, is the bare skeleton of Gandhi's story.

This man, who is called Mahatma (Saint) Gandhi by his devoted followers in India, was born fifty-two years ago near the industrial city of Ahmedabad. His ancestors were folk of cultivation and wealth. His father accumulated his fortune in trade, but later took part in politics. Mohandas received his early education in his native city. Later he was sent to England to study law. At an early age he began to show the ascetic and spiritual tendencies that to-day distinguish him. Before going to England to prepare for the bar, he became a teetotaler and a vegetarian and took the vow of chastity. After his legal education in England, he returned to India and for a time practised law in Bombay. His asceticism increased. He gave away the major part of his fortune and in effect took the vow of poverty.

After he had been practising law in Bombay for some time, he was sent to South Africa in connection with an important case. While there he became interested in the lot of his fellow Indians, some 150,000 of whom were in South Africa, chiefly in the Natal province. The situation between the South African Government and these Indians was similar to the situation created in California by the presence of a large alien body of Japanese. The same anti-alien feeling ran high. The South African Government undertook to stop further Indian immigration and to expel the Indians already there.

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The Government struck a snag in its attempt to expel the Indians already in South Africa. A treaty stood in the way. South-African employers who, like some of our employers, depended upon cheap alien labor opposed the move. And, of course, the Indian Government protested. Blocked in this attempt, white South Africa made it very unpleasant for its Indian residents by innumerable irritating discriminations, into which it is not necessary to go here.

Gandhi threw in his lot with that of his fellow-Indians. He won a fight against the Asiatic Exclusion Act by legal tactics. Then, in his fight for political and social recognition, his distinctive tactics of passive resistance were brought into play. This contest has been clearly described by Mr. John Haynes Holmes, who, quite naturally, is attracted to Gandhi because of his adherence to non-resistance. Mr. Holmes says:

Acting as the leader and counsellor of his people, Gandhi founded a settlement in the open country, just outside the city of Durban. Here he gathered the Indians, placed them on the land for self-support, and bound them by the solemn vow of poverty. Here for years these organized thousands of resisters, suffering constant deprivation and frequent outrage, carried on their struggle against the government. It was in essence, I suppose, a strike—a withdrawal of the Indians from labor in the towns and villages, and a paralysis, therefore, of the industrial and social life of the republic. It was such a strike as Moses declared in ancient Egypt, when he led the Israelites out of the land of Pharaoh into the vast reaches of the wilderness. But this strike, if it may so be called, was in one thing different from any previous strike in human history! Universally in movements of this kind, the resisters make it their business to take quick and sharp advantage of any difficulty into which their opponents may fall, and press their claim the harder for this advantage. Gandhi, however, took the opposite course. Whenever, in these years of struggle, the Government became embarrassed by unexpected troubles, Gandhi, instead of pushing the fight ruthlessly to victory, would call a truce and come to the succor of his enemy. In 1899, for instance, the Boer War broke out. Gandhi immediately called off his strike, and organized an Indian Red Cross unit, which served throughout the war, was twice mentioned in dispatches, and was publicly thanked for bravery under fire. In 1904, there came a visitation of the plague in Johannesburg. Instantly, the strike was "off," and Gandhi was busying himself in organizing a hospital in the pest-ridden city. In 1906, there was a native rebellion in Natal. Again the strike was suspended, while Gandhi raised and personally led a corps of stretcher-bearers, whose work was dangerous and painful. On this occasion he was publicly thanked by the Governor of Natal—and shortly afterwards, on the resumption of the resistant movement, thrown into a common jail in Johannesburg! . . . He was thrown into prison countless times, placed in solitary confinement, lashed hand and foot to the bars of his cage. He was again and again set upon by raging mobs, beaten into insensibility, and left for dead by the side of the road. When not outraged in this fashion, he was insulted in public, mortified and humiliated with the most exquisite pains. But nothing shook his courage, disturbed his equanimity, exhausted his patience, or poisoned his love and forgiveness of his foes. And at last, after twenty years of trial and suffering, he won the victory. In 1913, the Indian case was taken up by Lord Hardinge, an imperial commission reported in Gandhi's favor on nearly all

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the points at issue, and an act was passed giving official recognition to his claims.

The same principles are now dictating Gandhi's policy in India. He returned to India in 1913. In his absence the revolutionary forces had been gathering. He became at once a leading figure in the movement against British rule. But, true to his policy, when the war began in 1914 Gandhi gave his support to England. He professes to have believed throughout the war that when the war was ended India would be given at least a workable home rule that would enable the people of India to work out their own destiny. In that faith, he says, he supported England during the war as far as he could consistently with his religious principles. He was disappointed with what he terms the "half-hearted reform bill" offered by England. And then his long avowed faith in the fairness and justice of England was finally shattered by the Amritsar massacre. For Gandhi that was the last straw. Straightway he began in earnest to work for a complete boycott of the English Government by the Indian people.

He is now leading a revolution against British rule that is giving the leadership of the British Empire many sleepless nights. It is, however, a revolution with a difference. In striking contrast to Lenine, Gandhi asserts that "the condition of success is to insure entire absence of violence." His plan is one of thoroughgoing noncoöperation. It involves the surrender by Indians of all titles and honorary offices bestowed by the British Government, the abstention of all Indian students from schools owned or aided by the British Government, a boycott of British courts and the setting up of private courts of arbitration, a refusal upon the part of all Indians to take office in the new assemblies provided by the recent act, a boycott of all British goods, the resignation of all Indians from government positions, and a refusal to pay taxes levied by the British Government. All this is to be carried out in a peaceful manner.

These measures are, as I understand, to be adopted progressively. That is to say, all of these items of the noncoöperation program are not urged at once, but the plan is to make the boycott progressively severe until independence is achieved. Gandhi sees the possibility of this movement getting out of his hands and becoming the usual violent revolution, but he contends that if violence comes, it will be caused by the repressive measures of England, not by him or his followers.

This apostle of a new kind of warfare is a frail, small man with sunken cheeks, extreme modesty of bearing, and a weak voice; but his appearance is the signal for the assembling of crowds that sometimes number fifty thousand. The disinherited millions of India look to him as to a messiah. The development of his movement will be one of the highly interesting points in world politics for many months to come. Will his influence be confined to what he calls "this religious battle" with the British Government, or will he emerge as the dark-skinned messiah of that unified world of color which is disturbing the thought of the ardent defenders of white-world supremacy?

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There was a great admiral's galley ready to put to sea against Genoa

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 102 August 1921 No. 4

Messer Marco Polo

By DONN BYRNE

Drawings by C. B. FALLS

THE message came to me, at the second check of the hunt, that a countryman and a clansman needed me. The ground was heavy, the day raw, and it was a drag, too fast for fun and too tame for sport. So I blessed the countryman and the clansman, and turned my back on the field.

But when they told me his name, I all but fell from the saddle.

"But that man 's dead!"

But he was n't dead. He was in New York. He was traveling from the craigs of Ulster to his grandson, who had an orange-grove on the Indian River, in Florida. He was n't dead. And I said to myself with impatience, "Must every man born ninety years ago be dead?"

"But this is a damned thing," I thought, "to be saddled with a man over ninety years old. To have to act as *garde-malade* at my age! Why could n't he have stayed and died at home? Sure, one of these days he will die, as we all die, and the ghost of him will never be content on the sluggish river, by the mossy trees, where the blue herons and the white cranes and the great gray pelicans fly. It will be going back, I know, to the booming surf and the red-berried rowan-trees and the barking eagles of Antrim. To die out of Ulster, when one can die in Ulster, there is a gey foolish thing. . ."

But the harsh logic of Ulster left me, and the soft mood of Ulster came on me, as I remembered him, and I going into the town on the train. And the late winter grass of Westchester, spare, scrofulous; the jerry-built bungalows; the lines of uncomely linen; the blatant advertising boards—all the unbeauty of it passed away, and I was again in the Antrim glens. There was the soft purple of the Irish Channel, and there the soft, dim outline of Scotland. There was the herring school silver in the sun, and I could see it from the crags where the surf boomed like a drum. And underfoot was the heather, the springy heather, the belled and purple heather. . .

And there came to me again the vision of the old man's thatched farmhouse when the moon was up and the bats were out, and the winds of the County Antrim came bellying down the glens. . . The turf fire burned on the hearth, now red, now yellow, and there was the golden light of lamps, and

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Malachi of the Long Glen was reciting some poem of Blind Raftery, or the lament of Pierre Ronsard for Mary, Queen of Scots:

Ta ribin o mo cheadshearc ann mo phoca sios.
Agas mna Eirip ni leigheasfadaois mo bhron, faraor!
Ta me reidh leat go ndeantar dauch combra caol!
Agas gobhfasfaidh an fear na dhiaidh sin theid mo lar anios!

There is a ribbon from my only love in my pocket deep,
And the women of Europe they could not cure my grief, alas!
I am done with you until a narrow coffin be made for me!
And until the grass shall grow after that up through my heart!

And I suddenly discovered on the rumbling train that apart from the hurling and the foot-ball and the jumping of horses, what life I remembered of Ulster was bound up in Malachi Campbell of the Long Glen. . .

A very strange old man, hardy as a blackthorn, immense, bowed shoulders, the face of some old hawk of the mountains, hair white and plentiful as some old cardinal's. All his kinsfolk were dead except for one granddaughter. . . And he had become a tradition in the glens. . . It was said he had been an ecclesiastical student abroad, in Valladolid, . . and that he had forsaken that life. And in France he had been a tutor in the family of MacMahon, *roi d'Irlande*, . . and somewhere he had married, and his wife had died and left him money, . . and he had come back to Antrim. . . He had been in the Papal Zouaves, and fought also in the American Civil War. . . A strange old figure who knew Greek and Latin as well as most professors, and who had never forgotten his Gaelic. . .

Antrim will ever color my own writing. My Fifth Avenue will have something in it of the heather glen. My people will have always a phrase, a thought, a flash of Scots-Irish mysticism, and for that I must either thank or blame Malachi Campbell of the Long Glen. The stories I heard, and I young, were not of Little Rollo and Sir Walter Scott's, but the horrible tale of the Naked Hangman, who goes through the Valleys on Midsummer's Eve; of Dermot, and Granye of the Bright Breasts; of the Cattle Raid of Maeve, Queen of Connacht; of the old age of Cuchulain in the Island of Skye; grisly, homely stories, such as yon of the ghostly foot-ballers of Cushendun, whose ball is a skull, and whose goal is the portals of a ruined graveyard; strange religious poems, like the Dialogue of Death and the Sinner:

Do thugainn loistin do gach deoraidh treith-lag—

I used to give lodging to every poor wanderer;
Food and drink to him I would see in want,
His proper payment to the man requesting reckoning,
Och! Is not Jesus hard if he condemns me!

All these stories, of all these people he told, had the unreal, shimmering quality of that mirage that is seen from Portrush cliffs, a glittering city in a golden desert, surrounded by a strange sea mist. All these songs, all these words he spoke, were native, had the same tang as the turf smoke, the Gaelic quality that is in dark lakes on mountain summits, in plovers' nests amid

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the heather. . . And to remember them now in New York, to see him. . .

Fifteen years had changed him but little: a little more tremor and slowness in the walk, a bow to the great shoulders, an eye that flashed like a knife.

"And what do you think of New York, Malachi?"

"I was here before, your honor will remember. I fought at the Wilderness."

I forbore asking him what change he had found. I saw his quivering nostrils.

In a few days he would proceed south, when he had oriented himself after the days of shipboard.

That night it seemed every one chose to come in and cluster around the fire. Randall, the poet; and the two blond Danish girls, with their hair like flax; Fraser, the golfer, just over from Prestwick; and a young writer, with his spurs yet to win; and this one . . . and that one.

They all kept silence as old Malachi spoke, sportsmen, artists, men and women of the world; a hush came on them, and their eyes showed they were not before the crackling fire in the long room, but amazed in the Antrim glens. . .

Yes, old Malachi said, things were changed over there, and a greater change was liable. . . People whispered that in the Valley of the Black Pig the Boar without Bristles had been seen at the close of the day, and in Templemore there was a bleeding image, and these were ominous portents. . . Some folks believed and some did n't. . . And the great Irish hunter that had won the Grand National, the greatest horse in the world. . . But our Man of War, Malachi? . . Oh, sure, all he could do was run, and a hare or a greyhound could beat him at that; but Shawn Spadah, a great jumper him, as well as a runner; in fine, a horse. . . And did I know that Red Simon McEwer of Cushundall had gone around Portrush in eighteen consecutive fours? . . A Rathlin Islander had tried the swim across to Scotland, but did n't make it, and there was great arguing as to whether it was because of the currents or of lack of strength. . . There were rumblings in the Giants' Causeway. . . very strange. . . A woman in Oran had the second sight, the most powerful gift of second sight in generations. . . There was a new piper in Islay, and it was said he was a second McCrimmon. . . And a new poet had arisen in Uist, and all over the Highlands they were reciting his songs and his "Lament for the Bruce." . . Was I still as keen for, did I still remember the poems, and the great stories? . .

"'Behold, the night is of great length,'" I quoted, "'unbearable. Tell us, therefore, of those wondrous deeds.'" . .

"If you 've remembered your Gaidhlig as you 've remembered your Greek! . .

"It 's a long time since you 've had a story of me, twelve long years, and it 's a long time before you 'll have another, and I going away to-morrow. Old Sergeant Death has his warrant out for me this many a day, and it 's only the wisdom of an old dog fox that eludes him; but he 'll lay me by the heels one of these days, . . then there 'll be an end to the grand stories. . . So after this, if you 're wanting a story, you must be writing it yourself. . .

"But before I die, I 'll leave you the story of Marco Polo. There 's been a power of books written about Marco

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Polo. The scholars have pushed up their spectacles and brushed the cobwebs from their ears, and they 've said, 'There 's all there is about Marco Polo.'

"But the scholars are a queer and blind people, Brian Oge. I 've heard tell there 's a doctor in Spain can weigh the earth. But he can't plow a furrow that is needful for planting corn. The scholars can tell how many are the feathers in a bird's wing, but it takes me to inform the doctors why the call comes to them, and they fly over oceans without compass or sextant or sight of land.

"Did you ever see a scholar standing in front of a slip of a girl? In all his learning he can find nothing to say to her. And every penny poet in the country knows.

"Let you be listening, man, Brian Oge, and let also the scholars be listening. But whether the scholars do or not, I 'm not caring. A pope once listened to me with great respect, and a marshal of France and poets without number. But the scholars do be turning up their noses. And, mind you, I 've got as much scholarship as the next man, as you 'll see from my story.

"Barring myself, is there no one in this house that takes snuff? No! Ah, well, times do be changing."

I

Now it 's nearing night on the first day of spring, and you could see how loath day was to be going for even the short time until the rising of the sun again. And though there was a chill on the canals, yet there was great color to the sunset, the red of it on the water ebbing into orange, and then to purple, and losing itself in the olive pools near the mooring-ties. And a little wind came up from the Greek islands, and now surged and fluttered, the way you 'd think a harper might be playing. You 'd hear no sound, but the melody was there. It was the rhythm of spring, that the old people recognize.

But the young people would know it was spring, too, by token of the gaiety that was in the air. For nothing brings joy to the heart like the coming of spring. The folk who do be blind all the rest of the year, their eyes do open then, and a sunset takes them, and the wee virgin flowers coming up between the stones, or the twitter of a bird upon the bough. . . And young women do be preening themselves, and young men do be singing, even them that have the voices of rooks. There is something stirring in them that is stirring in the ground, with the bursting of the seeds. . .

And young Marco Polo threw down the quill in the counting house where he was learning his trade. The night was coming on. He was only a strip of a lad, and to lads the night is not rest from work, and the quietness of sleeping, but gaming and drinking, and courting young women. Now, there were two women he might have gone to, and one was a great Venetian lady, with hair the red of a queen's cloak, and a great noble shape to her and great dignity. But with her he would only be reciting verses or making grand, stilted compliments, the like of those you would hear in a play. And while that seemed to fit in with winter and candle-light, it was poor sport for spring. The other one was a black, plump little gown-maker, a pleasant, singing little woman, very affectionate, and very proud to have one of the

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great Polos loving her. She was eager for kissing, and always asking the lad to be careful of himself, to be putting his cloak on, or to be sure and drink something warm when he got home, for the air from the canals was chill. The great lady was too much of the mind, and the little gown-maker was of the body, to be pleasing young Marco on the first night of spring.

Now, it is a queer thing will be pleasing a young man on the first night of spring. The wandering foot itches, and the mind and body are keen to follow. There is that inside a young man that makes the hunting dog rise from the hearth on a moonlit night: "Begor! it 's myself 'll take a turn through the fields on the chance of a bit of coursing. A weasel, maybe, or an otter, would be out the night. Or a hare itself. Ay, there would be sport for you! The hare running hell-for-leather, and me after him over brake and dell. Ay! Ay! Ay! a good hunt 's a jewel! I 'll take a stretch along the road."

Or there is in him what does be troubling the birds, and they or tropic islands. "Tweet-tweet," they grumble. "A grand place this surely, and very comfortable for the winter. The palm-trees are green, but I 'd rather have the green of young grass. And the sea, you ken, it becomes monotonous. Do you remember the peaches of Champagne, wife, and the cherry-trees of Antrim? Do you remember the farmer who was such a bad shot, and his wife with the red petticoat? I 'm feeling fine and strong in the wings, *avourneen*. What do you say? Let 's bundle and go!"

He wandered out with the discontent of the season on him. The sun had dropped at last, and everywhere you 'd see torches, and the image of torches in the water. On the canals of the town great barges moved. Everywhere were fine, noble shadows and the splashing of oars. There was a great admiral's galley, ready to put to sea against Genoa. There a big merchantman back from Africa. And along the canals went all the people in the world, you 'd think. Now it was a Frenchman, all silks and satins and *"la-di-da, monsieur!"* Or a Spaniard with a pointed beard and long, lean legs and a long, lean sword. And now it was a Greek courtezan, white as milk, sitting in her gondola as on a throne. Here was a Muscovite, hairy, dirty, with fine fur and fine jewels and teeth sharp as a dog's. And now an effeminate Greek nobleman, languid as a bride. And here were Moorish captains, *Othello's* men, great giants of black marble, and swarthy, hook-nosed merchants of Palestine; and the squires of Crusaders, pretty, ringleted boys, swearing like demons. And here and there were Scots and Irish mercenaries, kilted, sensitive folk, one moment smiling at you and the next a knife in your gizzard.

And as he went through the courts there were whispers and laughter, and occasionally a soft voice invited him to enter; but he smiled and shook his head.

Near the Canal de Mestre, which is close by the Ghetto, he stopped by the wine-shop called The Prince of Bulgaria, and he could hear great disputation. And some were speaking of Baldwin II, and how he had no guts to have let Palæologus take Constantinople

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from him. And others were murmuring about Genoa. "Mark us, they mean trouble, those dogs. Better wipe them off the face of the earth now." And a group were discussing the chances of raiding the Jewish Kingdom of the Yemen. "They've got temples there roofed with gold." . . And an Irish piper was playing on a little silver set of pipes, and an Indian magician was doing great sleight of hand...

"I 'll go in and talk to the strange foreign people," said Marco Polo.

II

Now, you might be thinking that the picture I 'm drawing is out of my own head. Let you not be thinking of it as it is now, a city of shadows and ghosts, with a few scant visitors mooring in the canals. The Pride of the West she was, the Jewel of the East. Constantinople was her courtyard. Greece, Egypt, Abyssinia, Bulgaria, and Muscovy, her ten-acre fields. The Crusaders on their way to fight the Saracen stopped to plead for her help and generosity. There were no soldiers more chivalrous, not even the French. There were no better fighters, not even the Highland clans. Sailors? You 'd think those fellows had invented the sea. And as for riches and treasures, oh! the wonder of the world she was! Tribute she had from everywhere; the four great horses of Saint Mark they came from Constantinople. The two great marble columns facing the Piazetta, sure, they came from Acre. When foreign powers wanted the loan of money, it was to Venice they came. Consider the probity of Venetian men. They once held as pledge the Crown of Thorns itself. King Louis IX of France redeemed it.

The processions of the tradespeople were like a king's retinue, and they marching in state on the election of a doge. Each in their separate order they 'd come, the master smiths first, as is right, every one garlanded like a conqueror, with their banner and their buglers. The furriers next in ermine and taffeta; the tanners, with silver cups filled with wine; the tailors in white, with vermilion stars; the woolworkers, with olive branches; the quilt-makers in cloaks trimmed with fleur-de-lis; the cloth-of-gold weavers, with golden crowns set with pearls; the shoemakers in fine silk, while the silk-workers were in fustian; the cheese-dealers and pork-butchers in scarlet and purple; the fishmongers and poulterers, armed like men-of-war; the glass-makers, with elegant specimens of their art; the comb-makers, with little birds in cages; the barber-surgeons on horseback, very dignified, very learned, and with that you 'd think there 'd be an end to them, but cast your eye back on that procession and you 'd find guilds as far as your sight would reach. . .

Let you be going down the markets, and what would you see for sale? Boots, clothes, bread? No, they were out of sight; but scattered on the booths, the like of farls of bread on a fair-day, you 'd find cloves and nutmegs, mace and ebony from Moluccas, that had come by way of Alexandria and the Syrian ports; sandalwood from Timor, in Asia; camphor from Borneo. Sumatra and Java sent benzoin to her markets. Cochin China sent bitter aloes-wood. From China and Japan

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and from Siam came gum, spices, silks, chessmen, and curiosities for the parlor. Rubies from Peru, fine cloths from Coromandel, and finer still from Bengal. They got spikenard from Nepaul and Bhutan. Their diamonds were from Galconda. From Nirmul they purchased Damascus steel for their swords. Nor is that all you 'd see, and you 'd be going down by the markets on a sunny morning, and a fine-thinking, low-voiced woman on your arm. You 'd see pearls and sapphires, topaz and cinnamon from Ceylon; lac and agates, brocades and coral from Cambay; hammered vessels and inlaid weapons and embroidered shawls from Cashmere. As for spices, never would your nostrils meet such an odor: bdellium of Scinde, musk from Tibet, galbanum from Khorasan; from Afghanistan, asafetida; from Persia, sagapenum; ambergris and civet from Zanzibar, and from Zanzibar came ivory, too. And from Zeila, Berbera, and Shehri came balsam and frankincense. . .

And that was Venice, and Marco Polo a young man. And now it 's only a town like any other town but for its churches and canals. There 's many a town has ghosts, but none the ghosts that Venice has; not Rome itself, or Tara of the kings.

"Once did she hold," Randall quoted,
"the gorgeous East in fee;
And was the safeguard of the West; the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea!"

Time is the greatest rogue of all. Not all the arrows of Attila can do the damage of a trickle of sand in an hour-glass! Tyre and Sidon, Carthage, ancient Babylon, and Venice, queen of them all.

I am describing Venice to you for this reason. You might now stand where Troy's walls once were and say to yourself: "Was this where Helen walked with her little son? Was this where the loveliest face of ages wept?" And a chill doubt would come on you, and you would think, "I 've been wasting my sorrow and wasting my love, for it was all nothing but an old tale made up in a minstrel's head."

And sometime in Venice, after your dinner in a hotel, you 'd go out for a while in a *barca*, that would have no more romance to it nor the bark a gillie would row, and you salmon-fishing on a cold, blustery day, and you would feel disappointed, you having come so far, and you 'd say: "It was a grand story surely, and bravely did it pass the winter evening; but was n't old Malachi of the Long Glen the liar of the world!"

I would n't have you saying that, and I dead. In all I 'm telling you, I 'd have you to know there 's not a ha'porth of lie.

III

And so Marco Polo went into the wine-shop to see and hear the strange foreign people.

It was a dark, long room, very high, full of shadows between the flaming torches on the wall. At one side of it was a great fire burning, for all it was the first night of spring. At one end of it were the great barrels of liquor for the thirsty customers: black beer for the English and Irish, grand, hairy

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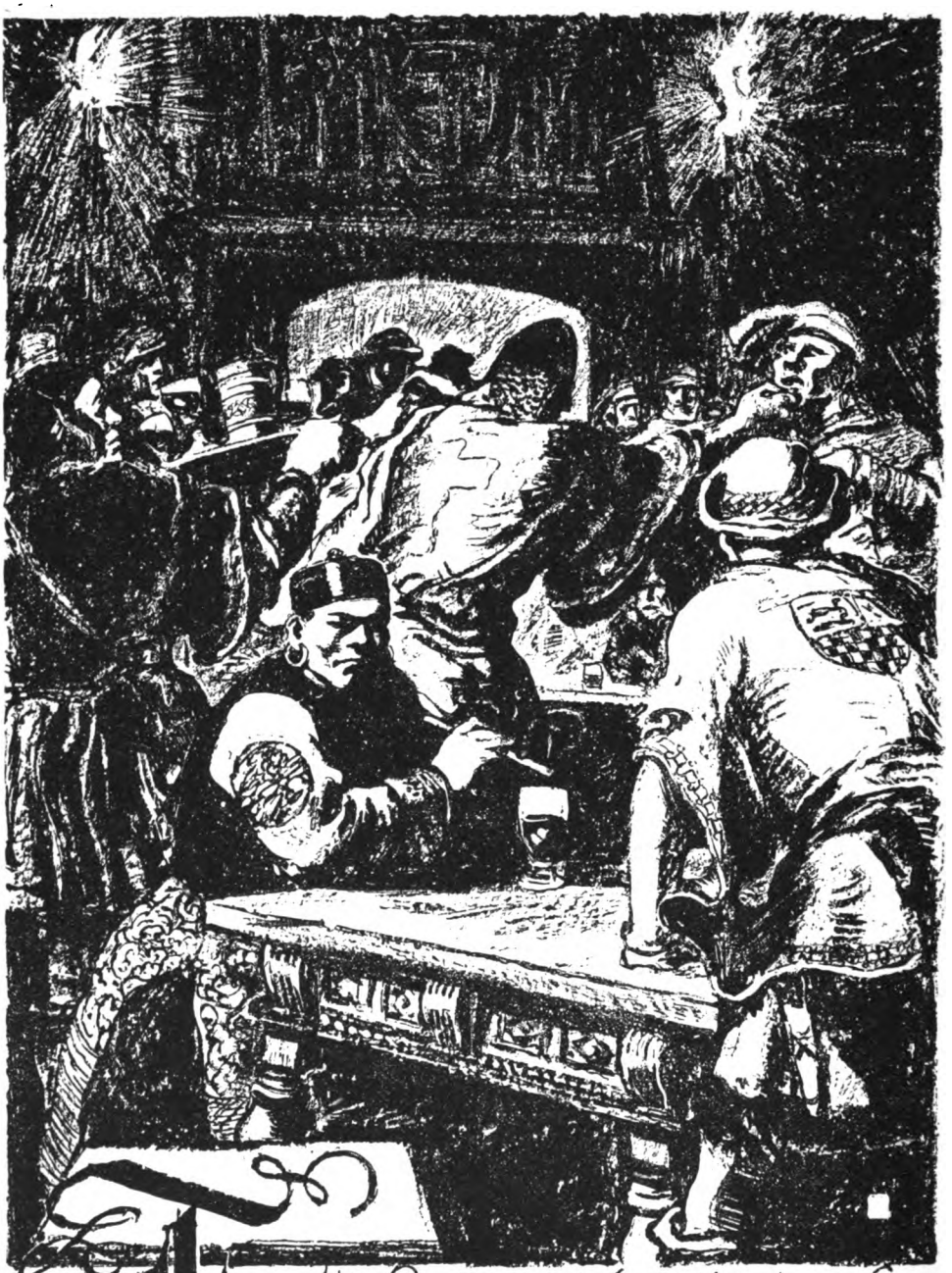

The chieftain snicks the knife from his arm-pit, and sticks him in the jugular as neat as be damned

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stuff with great foam to it, and brown beer for the Germans; and there was white wine there for the French people, and red wine for the Italians, usquebaugh for the Scots, and rum from the sugar-cane for such as had cold in their bones. There was all kind of drink there in the brass-bound barrels—drink would make you mad and drink would make you merry, drink would put heart in a timid man and drink would make fighting men peaceful as pigeons; and drink that would make you forget trouble—all in the brass-bound barrels at the end of the room. And pleasant, fat little men were roaming around serving the varied liquor in little silver cups, and fine Venetian glasses for the wine, and in broad-bellied drinking-pots that would hold more than a quart.

And there was such a babel of language as was never heard but in one place before.

Some of the drinkers were dicing and shouting as they won, and grumbling and cursing when they lost. And some were singing. And some were dancing to the Irish pipes. And there was a knot around the Indian conjurer.

But there was one man by himself at a table. And him being so silent, you 'd think he was shouting for attention. He was so restful against the great commotion, you 'd know he was a great man. You might turn your back on him, and you 'd know he was there, though he never even whispered nor put out a finger. A fat, pleasant, close-coupled man he was, in loose, green clothes, with gold brocade on them. And there were two big gold ear-rings in his lobes. He smoked a wee pipe with the bowl half-ways up it. The pipe was silver and all stem, and the bowl no bigger than a ten-cent piece. His shoulders were very powerful, so you 'd know he was a man you should be polite to, and out of that chest of his a great shout could come. He might have been a working-man, only, when he fingered his pipe, you 'd see his hands were as well kept as a lord's lady's, fine as silk and polished to a degree. And you 'd think maybe a pleasant poet, which is a scarce thing, until you looked at the brown face of him and big gold ear-rings. And then you 'd know what he was: he was a great sea-captain.

But where did he come from? You might know from the high cheek bones and the eyes that were on a slant, as it were, that it was an Eastern man was in it. It might be Java and it might be Borneo or it might be the strange country of Japan.

And there were a couple of strange occurrences in the wine-shop. The Indian juggler was being baited by the fighting men, as people will be after poking coarse fun at a foreigner. The slim Hindu fellow was n't taking it at all well. He was looking with eyes like gimlets at a big bullock of a soldier that was leading the tormenters.

"Show me something would surprise me," he was ordering. "Be damned to this old woman's entertainment!" says he. "As a magician," says he, "you 're the worst I ever saw. If you 're a magician," says he, "I 'm a rabbit."

And there was a roar at that, because he was known to be a very brave man.

"Show me a magic trick," says he.

Says the Hindu:

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"Maybe you 'd wish you had n't seen it."

"Be damned to that!" says the big fellow.

"Look at this man well," the Hindu told the room. "Look at him well." He throws a handful of powder in the fire and chants in his foreign language. A cloud of white smoke rises from the fire. He makes a pass before it, and, lo and behold ye! it 's a screen against the wall. And there 's great commotion of shadows on the screen, and suddenly you see what it 's all about. It 's a platform, and a man kneeling, with his head on the block. You don't see who it is, but you get chilled. And suddenly there 's a headsman in a red cloak and a red mask, and the ax swings and falls. The head pops off, and the body falls limp. And the head rolls down the platform and stops, and you see it 's the head of the fellow who wanted to see something, and it 's in the grisly grin of death. . .

"There 's your latter end for you," says the conjurer. "You wanted to see something. I hope you 're content."

The big fellow turns white, gulps, gives a bellow, and makes a rush; but the conjurer is n't there, nor his screen nor anything.

Everybody in the room was white and shaken—all but the sea-captain. He just tamps his pipe as if nothing had happened. He does n't even take a drink from his glass.

And a little while later an Irish chieftain walks in. He 's poor and ragged and very thin. You might know he 'd been fighting the heathen for the Holy Sepulchre, and so entitled to respect, no matter what his condition. And behind him are five clansmen as ragged as he. But a big German trooper rolls up.

"And what are you?" says the big, burly fellow.

"A gentleman, I hope," says the ragged chief.

"'T is yourself that says it," laughs the German trooper. The chieftain snicks the knife from his armpit, and sticks him in the jugular as neat as be damned.

"You 'd might take that out, Kevin Beg"—the Irish chief points to the killed man—"and throw it in the canal. Somebody might stumble over it and bark their shins."

Now this, as you can conceive, roused a powerful commotion in the room. They were all on their feet, captains and mariners and men-at-arms, cheering or grumbling, and arguing the rights and wrongs of the matter. All but the sea-captain, who saw it all, and he never blinked an eyelid, never even missed a draw of the pipe.

And then Marco Polo knew him to be a Chinaman, because, as all the world knows, Chinamen are never surprised at anything.

IV

So Marco Polo goes over and salutes him politely.

"I wonder if you mind my sitting down by you for a while," he says. "I perceive you 're from China."

The sea-captain waves him politely to his place.

"I 'm from China." He smiles. "You guessed right."

"Is it long since you 've been in China?"

"Well, that depends upon what you call long," says the captain. "If you mean time, it 's one thing. If you

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mean voyage, it 's another. For you 've got to take into account," says he, "adverse winds, roundabout turns to avoid currents, possible delays to have the ship scraped free from the parasite life that does be attaching itself to the strakes, time spent in barter and trade. Other matters, too: the attacks of pirates, cross-grained princes who don't want you to be leaving their ports with a good cargo in your hold; sickness; loss of sails and masts; repairs to the ship. It was n't a short journey and it was n't a long one."

"It will be a long ways to China, I 'm thinking."

"I can tell you how long it is from China to here, and you can reverse that, and you will get a fair idea of how long it is from here to China. I left Zeitoon with a cargo of porcelain for Japan, and traded it for gold-dust, and from Japan I went to Chamba to lay in a store of chessmen and pen-cases. And from Chamba I sailed to Java, which is the greatest island in the world. Java is fifteen hundred miles from Chamba, south and southeast, and it took me four months sailing; but a sea-captain cannot pass Java by, for it is the chief place for black pepper, nutmegs, spikenard, galingale, cubebs, cloves, and all the spices that grow.

"And I stopped at various small islands from there, until I came to Basma, which is the island of the unicorns. And there we trade in pygmies, which ignorant people think are human folk. They are just a wee monkey, with all the hair plucked out except the hair of the beard. There is great money in them.

"I stopped at Sumatra for cocoanuts and toddy, and just for water at Dragoian. Dragoian is not a good city. It is filled with sorcerers who have tattooed faces. At Lambri I put in for the sago you buy from the hairy men with tails.

"Son, never stop at the isle of Andaman. The men there have faces like dogs. They are a cruel generation, and eat every one they can catch. I could tell you a story, but I would not spoil this fine spring night. Go rather to the island of Ceylon, and see the King's Ruby, which is the greatest jewel in the world. I stopped there and at Coromandel for the pearls the divers go down in the sea for, and there are no clothes on that island, so that every one goes naked as a fish. And there is the shrine of Saint Thomas. I was there.

"Gujarat, Tana, I stopped there. The Male and Female Islands I put into for ambergris. Svestra, which is full of magicians—I was there, too. Madagascar and Zanzibar, where they live on camel flesh, I was there. And from Zanzibar I came north to Abyssinia, because I had to get an ostrich there for the King of Siam. And there was a letter and a parcel for the Sultan of Egypt. So I went to Cairo. I had a month on my hands, so I thought I 'd run over and see Venice, because it 's a hobby of mine, you might say, to see the world.

"Now let me reckon. Four and three make seven, and four more are eleven, and six are seventeen, and let us say nine with that, and you have twenty-six. And the month I 'm forgetting on the rocks of Aden is twenty-seven, and a week here and a week there for bad winds and such like. It would be safe to put that at three months. So it 's two years and a half since I left China."

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"You never," says young Marco, "met anybody in China by the name of Polo?"

"Poh-lo? Poh-lo? China's a bigger place nor you would imagine, laddie. There 's half a hundred million people there."

"These were foreigners," Marco explained, "traders. They were at the court of the great Khan."

"Polo? Polo? Well, now, I think I 've heard of them. Was one of them a big red-bearded man with a great eye for a horse and a great eye for a woman?"

"That would be my Uncle Matthew."

"For God's sake! And was the other a cold, dark man, a good judge of a jewel and a grand judge of a sword?"

"My father, Nicholas Polo."

"For God's sake! you 're the son of one and the nephew of the other!"

"Did you know them?"

"Ah, laddie, how would I be knowing people like that? Sure, they 're great folks, high in the esteem of the grand Khan, and I 'm only a poor sailorman."

"But you heard of them."

"I heard of them. They were in good health. And I heard they were on their way home, though they would travel overland and not risk the great dangers. I suppose, if they go back to China, you 'll be going with them?"

"I don't know," says Marco Polo.

"You ought to see China. It 's a great country, a beautiful country."

"It would have to be very great and very beautiful," says Marco Polo, "to outweigh the greatness and the beauty that are here. You must n't think I 'm running down your country, mister," says he; "but for greatness, where is the beating of Venice in this day? What struck Constantinople like a thunderbolt but the mailed hand of Venice? When the Barbary corsairs roamed the seven seas, so that it was no more safe for a merchant vessel to be sailing than for a babe to be walking through a wild jungle, it was Venice who accepted the challenge, and made the great sea as peaceful as the Grand Canal. Who humbled proud Genoa? And hurled the Saracen from Saint John of Acre's walls? Venice. And as for magnificence, the retinue of our doge when he goes to marry the sea with a ring makes the court of Lorenzo seem like a huckster's train."

"It is a crowning city."

"And as for beauty, sir," went on Marco Polo, "there is nothing in the world like San Marco's, and it ablaze in the setting sun, and the great pillars before it rising in tongues of flame. And was there ever in all time anything like the Grand Canal at the dusk of day, and the torches beginning to show like fireflies, and the lap of the water, and stringed music, and the great barges going by like swans, now a battle-hacked captain of war, now a great gracious lady? And the moon does be rising. . .

"You 've sailed all the way from China and seen strange and beautiful things, but I remember one summer's day, when I took my little sailing-boat and went out on the water to compose a poem for a lady, and the water was blue—oh, as blue as the sky's self, and the sands of the Lido were silver, and the water shuffled gently over them, as gently as a child's little feet. And there was a clump of olive-trees there

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so green as to be black, and there alighted before it a great scarlet Egyptian bird. And the beauty of that brought the tears to my eyes, so that I thought of nuns in their cells and barefoot friars in the hollow lands, and they striving for paradise. What did I care about paradise? A Venetian I. So why should I want to go to China?"

"You have made a great case for the grandeur and beauty of Venice," says the sea-captain. "It is lovely, surely," say he, filling his pipe; "but finer poets nor you, my lad," says he, lighting it, "have tried to describe the grace and beauty of Tao-san Tuen, and," says he, taking a draw, "have failed."

"Tao-Tuen is a beautiful name. It is like two notes plucked on a harp. And it must be a wonderful place, surely, if great poets cannot describe it."

"It is not a place," said the captain, "it 's a girl."

"As for women, Venice—"

"Venice be damned!" said the sea-captain. "Not in Venice, not in all the world, is there the like for grace or beauty of Tao-Tuen. They call her Golden Bells," he says.

"Is she a dancing-girl?" Marco asked.

"She is not a dancing-girl," says the sea-captain, "she is the daughter of Kublai, the great Khan."

"A cold and beautiful princess," says Marco Polo.

"She is not a cold and beautiful princess," says the sea-captain. "She is warm as the sun in early June, and she may be beautiful and a princess, but we all think of her as Golden Bells, the little girl in the Chinese garden."

"Did you ever see her?" says Marco, eagerly. "Tell me."

"I saw her before I left," says the sea-captain. "I was at the Khan's palace of Chagannor," says he, "seeing of the chief of the stewards was there anything I could get for him, and I in foreign parts. And as I was being rowed back along the river by my ten brawny sailormen, what did I pass but the garden of Golden Bells.

"And there she was by the riverside, a little brown slip of a girl in green coat and trousers, with a flower in her dark hair.

"And I lower my head in reverence as we pass by. But I hear her low, merry voice, by reason of which they call her Golden Bells.

"'Ho, master of the vessel!' she calls. 'Where do you go?'

"And the sailors back water with a swish, and I stand up respectfully, for all she is only a slip of a girl.

"'I go to foreign parts, Golden Bells,' I tell her; 'to far and dangerous places, into the Indian Ocean. To the Island of Unicorns and to the land where men eat men.'

"'I hope you come back safe, master of the vessel,' she says. 'I hope you have a good voyage and come back safe. It must be a dreadful strain on your people to think of you so far away.'

"'In all this wide land,' I tell her, 'there is none to worry about me. I have neither chick nor child.'

"'Golden Bells will worry about you, then,' she said, 'and you in the hazards of the sea. And take this flower for luck.' And she gave me the flower from her hair. 'And let it bring you luck against the anger of the ocean and the enemies all men have. And let me know when you are back,

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because I 'll be worried about a man of China and him in danger on the open sea.'

"And was n't that a wonderful thing from a daughter of Kublai to me, a poor sailorman?

"The son of the King of Siam came to woo her with a hundred princes on a hundred elephants, but she would n't have him. 'I don't wish to be a queen,' she told her father. 'How could I be a queen? I am only Golden Bells.' Nor would she have anything to say to the Prince of the Land of Darkness, who came to her with sea ivory and pale Arctic gold. 'The sun of China is in my heart, and you would n't have me go up into the great coldness to shiver and die?'

"So she remains in her garden by the lake of Cranes with Li Po, the great poet, him they call the Drinker of Wine, to make songs for her; and the *Sanang* Tung-Chih, the great magician, to perform wonders for her when she is wearied; and Bulagan, her nurse, to take her to her heart when she is sad.

"And sad she is a lot of the time, they tell me. She sits in her garden in the dusk, playing her lute, and singing the song of the Willow Branches, which is the saddest love-song in the world. . .

"And why she should be singing a sad love-song is a mystery, for her soft, brown beauty is the flower of the world. For there would be no lack of suitors for her, nor is she the one to refuse love. The only thing I make of it is that the right hour has n't come.

"'The beauty of Venice jumps to your eyes, but the beauty of this pulls at your heart. Little brown Golden Bells, in her Chinese garden, singing the song of the Willow Branches at the close of day. . . Is that not better nor Venice?"

But he got no word out of Marco Polo, sitting with his chin cupped in his hands. And that was the finest answer at all, at all. . .

(The end of the first part of Messer Marco Polo)

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Four Immoralities of the Church

By FRANK CRANE

This paper is not presented as indicating the point of view of THE CENTURY regarding the church, but because it is a thought-provoking statement that raises many challenging questions.—THE EDITOR.

THIS is not an attack on the church. I am a member of the church, believe in it, and love it. I hope I have sense enough not to condemn the church for those mistakes that are easily traceable to human frailty, and I thoroughly believe that in the principles and spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, and nowhere else so well, is contained the seed or vital energy which makes for the wholesome ripening of the human race.

The purpose of what I am about to say is to estimate the church, not to denounce it. As, for example, I love my nation, but at the same time my mind criticizes the nation-myth; I believe nationalities are a passing phase, beyond which evolution is rapidly carrying us, and that many disasters befall us because of our national vanities and obsessions. Nationalism is the hot seed-bed from which wars spring.

So I believe that the church in its present alinement is a temporary stage in the progress of the Christian idea. The purpose, the program, of Jesus is permanent. That is the enduring tree. It bears from time to time leaves, flowers, and fruit, according to season. So it bore churches, creeds, cults, which, when they have served their purpose, will fall away.

Jesus did not say He came to save His church, but to save the world. Christianity can triumph only as humanity, not as a group culled from humanity.

There are certain elements in the church, developed through its mixture with imperfect human nature and by infection from the vast heathenisms of the world's adolescence, which impede its growth. These I would point out.

After thirty years of activity as a Christian minister, I record what in my judgment are the four fundamental immoralities of the church. I say immoralities, because I believe these things to be deeper than errors; they are radical departures from the norm of Jesus. These are: first, that it is *exclusive;* second, that it is *respectable;* third, that it is *free;* and fourth, that it is *militant.*

§ 2

First, that it is exclusive. That is, it recognizes a non-membership. It excommunicates. It acknowledges there are heretics, infidels, what not, who are not of its body and communion. Thus it has boundaries. It is not the world; it is another one of the many sections into which the world is divided.

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I say this is immoral, because the distinguishing characteristic of Christianity is that it is the first great non-ethnic religion. Before it all religions had been national or racial expressions. The pride of the Jew was that he was not a Gentile. When the races fight on earth and sea, in Homer, their gods fight also in the heavens above. Jah, the Jewish god, quarrels through the pages of the Old Testament with the gods of neighbor states.

The thing that most offended the Jews in apostolic days was the fact that the new faith let the Gentiles in and gave them equal privileges with Israel. Against this narrowness Paul thundered. It took a divine vision to remove the prejudice from Peter's mind, and only an angel from above could utter so daring a command as "What God hath cleansed, that call thou not common."

And this same universality was the element in Christianity that puzzled and antagonized the Roman leaders. They refused for a long time to believe it to be anything more than another Jewish sect. They naturally took it for granted that anybody who came along with another god or set of gods than Rome's was trying to upset the Roman Empire and was a traitor. The martyrdoms in the arena were not prompted by religious ferocity or aimed at suppressing any one's religion: they were political; they were the proud protests of the "red-blooded Americans" of that day and place who would stand nothing but one hundred per cent. patriotism.

Christianity struck the world very much as the League of Nations strikes a "bitter-ender" in the United States Senate. And the fears of the Roman persecutor and of the stand-pat senator are both well founded; that is, their instinct is true, for it senses that in the end Christianity means the decay and death of all ethnic religions, and in the end the League of Nations means the swallowing up of nationalisms by humanity.

Now, the inclusiveness of Jesus' program is its very essence; so that when we make it exclusive we destroy its very nature. We pierce its heart. That is why it is immoral.

The churches, as we find them today, are organizations. As far as their form is concerned, they are in the same category as political parties, lodges, clubs, and orders. The common idea seems to be that Jesus organized a group, which He called a church, very much as we organize a rotary club, and that His ambition was that this organization should grow, by arguing and preaching, by building great structures and establishing schools, by getting hold of people influential in society and politics, by amassing numbers, and by holding gigantic conventions, until at last everybody would join, and that would be the final triumph of Christianity.

But He not only had no such thing in mind, but such a thing is utterly heathenish, a stone blindness to His intention, and directly opposite to His mind.

He never organized anything. His twelve apostles were no club, but merely His chosen friends. They never had but one official, a treasurer, and he went wrong. He found twelve friends (really more, for masculine historians did not count the women), and said to them that as He had made friends with them, so they were to go out and make friends with the rest of the human race.

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The idea was a gospel of contagious friendship, but it fell into a world obsessed with the triumphant fallacy of the Roman Empire, and sold its soul for a mess of organization-pottage.

Christianity is essentially unorganizable. When you organize it you destroy its chief charm. You change a living spirit into a dead steam-roller. It may be proper enough and advantageous to form societies, groups, brotherhoods, and other organizations inside Christianity to further the interests of Christianity, but for any such body to call itself the church, meaning that its membership is coterminous with the body of Christ's followers, is as absurd as for the Republican party or the American Legion to claim that not to belong to it is not to be an American.

The whole organization idea of the church is antiquated; it fits the time when men believed in a world-carpentry of seven days, each twenty-four hours long, and evolution was denounced as a heresy. But the world is past that form of thought. We know now that God does not make anything by carpentry, not even kingdom come. He grows things. If the kingdom of God ever gets here, it will be because it grew, not because somebody "put it across."

It was because of this fundamental apostasy that the church has made its amazing failures. When the Great War broke out, it had no sentiment by which to stop it. All it could do was to throw a few denatured platitudes into the devouring flame of mad nationalisms. If the church from the beginning had refused to be anything but coterminous with humanity, if it had set its face like flint against all barriers, whether of race, blood, creed, or conduct, it would have bred a Christendom that would simply refuse to go to war. But what could a church do when it was represented by a whole motley crowd of denominations each more anxious to cry with the pack of nationalist propagandists and to increase its own organization and prestige than to find and fuse with the heart of its brethren everywhere?

The colossal crime went on. The message of Jesus was peeped by only a few "pacifists," who were despised and hated quite as roundly as trouble-making Christians were suspected, thrown to the lions, or roasted in the days of Nero, and hated for precisely the same reason; for universality was quite as much a crime in 1917 as it was in the time of Paul. Because of the primal sin of exclusiveness and delimited organization, the church, when the world went mad, had no arresting word to say.

With each regiment of the slaughtering armies went a chaplain, but all the poor fellow could do was to attend the mangled victims and extend to them a hope of that brotherhood in death which it had been treason to practise in life.

The result of this exclusiveness, this identifying of Christianity with an organization, has been that real Christianity has been forced out into the highway, since it could not grow in the garden. It could not die. It is the truth, and truth is inherently inextinguishable. There is more Christianity in the world to-day than ever before, but it is not confined to the temple. It is permeating homes, markets, politics, education, literature, every department of life, while congregations in the churches dwindle.

And perhaps this is destiny's design.

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Jesus hinted at this, perhaps, when He said that His kingdom was "as a seed growing secretly," or, "as a lump of leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened." John glimpsed it, for when he saw the vision of the holy city he saw that there was no temple therein, and that the river of God flowed through the streets of the city.

But it has already taken Christianity two chiliads to get the incubus of Cæsar off its breast, and the task is yet far from completed.

§ 3

The second immorality is that the church is respectable. The error here is that ancient and common one of mistaking station in life for life itself. To belong to the church gives one a certain social position; it is an asset toward getting on, toward acquiring a reputation, even toward getting rich. This immorality flows out of the preceding one, for to be exclusive means to be respectable.

The church cannot thus reprove the class feeling, which is the curse of the world. It stands mute and helpless before the swarming millions, because itself is a class, and thus Socialism, Bolshevism, and all the cults of bitterness rage unstopped among the proletariate. This is why some labor agitators jeer at Christianity. Yet the more fools they, for the whole program of Jesus is theirs if they would only go up and take it, and it would do more toward advancing their interests than all the class nonsense ever uttered.

When church membership carries with it a certain social status it immediately becomes an external something, and ceases to be Christianity, which will always be an internal and spiritual something. Hence it automatically cuts itself off from that great multitude to whom Jesus especially addressed His message. His gospel, He said, was to be preached to "all the world," not to the members of the Second Presbyterian Church. If Jesus is in the church at all to-day, He stands at the door, and, extending His hand toward the vast crowd in the street, exclaims, "Behold my mother and my brethren!"

Because the church stands for social position, it has fallen before the three ruinous temptations, money, authority, and force.

The church has always been greedy for money. Its excuse, of course, is that it needs money with which to do good. But its error lies in assuming that mankind is morally helped by the giving or spending of money, while the truth is that almost the entire ethical value connected with money lies in the making of it. Money-making touches the whole life of the people, their daily concerns, their every activity; money-giving is too frequently only an attempt to heal the injustice of our methods of money-getting.

We talk of rich men doing good with their gifts, but the benefit is more dramatic than real. I do not know that it does much harm; I do know that, in the long run, it does little good. It probably makes little difference one way or the other. Forty billion dollars poured into the coffers of the church to-morrow would not advance the cause of Christ one inch, any more than building a gold fence around a sapling would make it grow faster. "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?"

The second temptation to which a church magnifying respectability suc-

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cumbs is authority. Once churchmen coveted political authority, cardinals sat in kings' councils, and bishops made war. Now we run to social authority. We have almost identified the church, religion, and Jesus with what might be called bourgeois prosperity or suburban respectability, for we keep shunting Christianity off into a class. We insist on pigeon-holing what should fill the house.

The third fatal temptation is the use of force. This is the most deceptive thing in the world. In its early days of triumph the church was carried away by it. The founder of Christianity rebuked the zeal of His disciple who cut off the ear of the high priest's servant who had come to arrest him; His followers in later centuries did not scruple to cut off the heretic's head. God is no conqueror, and the world His enemy; He is a father, and the world is His baby.

If I were chief monarch of the church, I would decree first of all that membership and full participation of benefits thereof should be extended to every human being in the community irrespective of his conduct or his character. The thieves, gamblers, harlots, and hoboes would be particularly welcome as needing the church most of all, the only stipulation being that they should *want the ministrations of the gospel enough to pay for them.*

§ 4

This brings me to the third immorality, that it is free.

There are only two ways to get anything at all in heaven or in earth. One is to pay for it; the other is—any other way. The first is honest, the second is not. Every proposal to give something for nothing is directly, or by implication and consequence, immoral. All giving is suspicious. It promotes vanity in the giver and subserviency in the recipient.

The church ought to assume that humanity wants its service sufficiently to pay for it. Men need bread, but nobody purposes to give them free bread. Men need music and art, but it is understood that they must buy a ticket if they want to hear the concert or visit the museum. The church would be on a sounder basis ethically if it sold its services like an honest merchant, and did not claim to be offering it to people for nothing.

All sorts of absurd reasons have been offered to explain why congregations are small except the real reason, that no admission-fee is charged. The way to fill the church is to have it cost twenty-five cents to get in. Then it would be as full as the motion-picture theater.

The first effect of charging admission to church services would be to improve the quality of the preachers. They would have to make good or quit. Most preaching is very, very poor. It is so by natural law. What costs nothing tends automatically to be worth about what it costs. The ministry, I think it was John Ruskin observed, is about the only calling in which any sort of incompetence is excused by the plea, "But he 's a *good* man." To a normal-minded person there is no more reason why a parson should be good than why a haberdasher or elevator boy should be good. Goodness is not a separate profession. It is a characteristic, not a specialty, and ought to characterize everybody.

And, speaking of goodness, by the curious law of reflex influences the ministry is one of the most difficult of

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callings in which to be good, meaning sane, sincere, absolutely honest, courageous, and clean. A business man has a much better chance to save his soul than a clergyman has, if by saving one's soul we mean being an entirely wholesome person. When one's profession is to be good, one's goodness is mighty likely to become professional. I have been a preacher for thirty years and have known many preachers, and my opinion is that they are, on the whole, a very decent lot. Of course they do not average as well as merchants, mechanics, farmers, and the like, who are engaged in more normal occupations, but in the circumstances it is surprising that clergymen are as good as we find them. For every influence in their profession operates to make them egotistic, insincere, intellectually dishonest, and cowardly. That they are not so, but, as I said, are a fine lot of men, is due, I think, to the incurable goodness of human nature, and shows how much temptation we can resist.

To many the proposal that the church sell and not give away what it has to offer will sound little short of blasphemous. And it would be so, if the church made a merchandise of *religion*. But it is not religion, not the spirit of God or the gospel of Jesus, which the church has either to give away or to sell. *It is service*. Like the broker or the advertising man or the lawyer, it truthfully should say, "We sell nothing but service." The lawyer does not sell justice; he sells his time and talent to you to assist you to get justice for yourself, which is the only way it can be got. So the clergyman and his church are bringing a service to the community which the people of the community want, and would be eager to get if they could pay for it like honest folk, and not have it thrust upon them as if they were mendicants.

For the people want the truths of Jesus. The common people have not changed; they hear Him as gladly today in Illinois as they did two thousand years ago in Judea. They want to hear about "what Jesus would do," and when Mr. Sheldon wrote his book telling this, and charged so much a copy for it, like any other merchant, the people bought it by the tens of thousands.

When you offer a man something for which he is expected to give nothing to you in return, you depreciate the value of your goods, you pose as his benefactor and superior, and you insult his manhood. You have no right to charge him for the gospel, because you cannot deliver the goods. All the gospel he can get he must find for himself, and you have no right to claim that you give it to him, for it is not transferable; all you can give him is your service, your time, and your expert advice. *And your immorality consists in assuming he does not want this*, and that the only way you can get him to take it is to give it to him gratis, and that by argument, by pleading, by working on his fears, by appealing to his desire for the social and other advantages incident to church membership; and by the excitement and hurrah of a revival meeting, you seek to make him take it.

He does take it, anyhow, because he really needs and wants it. But the whole transaction would be decenter and cleaner if you assumed that he wants it and is willing to pay you for your help in showing him how to get it. If you, as a preacher, did business

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so, you might be as self-respecting as a grocer. As it is, you walk the streets of your town with an air of apology, you are "set apart" at every social gathering, you are supposed to have no sense of the practical, neurotics flock to consult you, the haberdasher gives you ten per cent. off, and in any meeting of business men your opinion is never consulted, because you are not supposed to know about real folk and their workaday affairs. And all this rather contemptuous feeling toward you is camouflaged by a show of deference, by elevating you on a pedestal, an adulation that is attractive only to natures that are not quite robust. You seem to be a superior person; in reality you are as a child sent off to bed so you will not listen to the grown-ups' talk.

All this comes because, for one thing, you and your institution advertise to give people something for nothing. They retaliate for your treating them in a spiritually patronizing manner, by treating you intellectually and socially in a condescending manner. Action is equal to reaction.

I am utterly sick of attacks on commercialism, which is basically the most wholesome and ethical thing in the world.

The wage system is, at bottom, not a device of pirates, but simply a practical and morally sound system for exchanging labor; for money is crystallized labor, and when you pay money to the plumber for fixing your drains you are really exchanging your work for his work.

The sooner every form of so-called uplift, charity, and benevolence is put upon a strict basis of commercialism, and only that is offered to the people for which they are willing to return an equivalent, the sooner the folly, the waste, and the useless elements in it will be squeezed out.

But further insight into the psychology of patronage, which is what is the matter with most human institutions and customs, will be gained from a study of another fundamental immorality of the church.

§ 5

The fourth immorality I want to discuss is, that it is militant. This needs to be defined. I mean that the church aggressively proposes to do people good, to uplift them, to convert them.

This is spiritual snobbery, which is the worst kind. When I essay to convert you, I imply that I am better than you, and that you need to be made like me. When I approach you to uplift you and improve your character, it implies that I am as a teacher, you are as a pupil; I am as a papa, and you as a child.

This has always been a matter of mirth to healthy-minded observers. W. S. Gilbert, in one of the "Bab Ballads," tells of a clergyman with side whiskers and reversed haberdashery urging a drunken seaman in a low dive to reform, and promising him that if he did n't he would go to perdition, while, if he did, he might some day become like the parson himself. Whereupon the seaman, eying the laborer in the Lord's vineyard carefully up and down, responded that he thought on the whole he 'd rather go to hell.

Thoreau somewhere expressed the idea of most of us when he said that if he saw a man coming to "do him good," he would run away as fast as he could, as from the pest.

Generally speaking, the attitude of

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the church toward non-church people is that of one political party to another, of Greek to barbarian, of Jew to Gentile, a hostility to be ended by conquest.

Going back to the founder of our faith, we find none of this. Jesus held no monster revival meetings. He never manifested that zeal in proselyting known as "hunger for souls." He never labored with any lost sinner to convert him. Nor did he ever hautily announce that unless a man joined His company and obeyed Him, he would be eternally lost. He never deliberately set out to reform by organized effort anybody or anything.

In fact, He did not work; He loafed. During the three years or so of His ministry He seemed to have no particular occupation, but just wandered around and talked to anybody that would listen. He rebuked the efficient Martha, and declared that Mary, who talked with Him and neglected the housework, had chosen the better part.

He did not start any great works wherein to grind out the salvation of mankind. His results were gained by what He was, what He thought and said, rather than by anything He did. He was a gardener, not a manufacturer.

And you cannot see the point to that until you get the right notion of *what religion is.* It is nothing, in its essence, but personal influence. *Religion is the personal influence of God.* Jesus came to show us what kind of being God is. The dispute as to whether He is the son of God or merely a great teacher is as fatuous and useless as the ancient quarrel between the *homoöusians* and the *homoiousians,* who once butchered one another for the glory of God and a syllable. For your opinion about the office, nature, or kinship of Jesus is not what affects you; it is whether or not you feel His influence and accept and follow His ideals.

According to the Scriptures, it is Christ who saves souls, not anything He did. And precisely so what saving of the world, what bettering and uplifting of it, is done by the church is done solely by the personal influence of the people in it. We are the light of the world, and light functions by shining, not by struggle.

It has always seemed to me that the right attitude of church people might be expressed thus: "I am happy. I have a peace that passeth understanding. I have found the open secret, so that worry does not beset me, circumstances cannot defeat me, tragedy becomes triumph, and death spells hope and not despair." Do you suppose, if any band of people talked like that, and so lived that you could see they were telling the simple truth, that all the world would not want to be like them? They would have to hire police to keep the crowds back.

Jesus never tried, as far as we can read, to do anybody good; that is, His conscious effort was not to improve the morals of any one. What He was trying all the time was to make the people happy. He was forever talking about joy, not virtue. He seemed to think that children are the best part of the race, and told us that unless we be changed and become like them, we could not see the kingdom, and children are not particularly moral. They are, however, almost uniformly happy. "I have come that your joy may be full," He said. "Blessed, blessed, blessed," was His first sermon, and blessed means happy.

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We advocate Jesus as if He were a patent medicine to cure us all. He never used that figure of speech. He did not say He was our medicine; He said He was our food, bread, water, and wine. He was the manna. I like the word "father" for God better than Saviour. He is our life. He is the vine, we are the branches. It is all simple, beautiful, natural. It is not at all hot and horrible and orthodox.

He came to seek and save the lost, not to prove to them they are lost. And He did not bother with those who were not aware of being lost. He would not argue with the Pharisees. But the distressed and sick and ignorant sought Him. He did not force Himself upon anybody.

That is my notion of how a church ought to act—just a company of glad folk, not glad because they have accepted some crazy fad, but because they know how to live, because they have found in the limpid truths of Jesus how to be strong and patient and cheerful, how to carry on business successfully, how to manage politics intelligently, how to be content themselves and a source of contentment to others.

As a preacher in such a church one would preach sermons not to rescue the perishing, not to confound heretics, not to defend the faith (God save the mark! for surely the faith needs no defense, but is our defense), not to build up a large and flourishing membership, with forty committees and meetings and clubs, each one of which exists only as a *terminus ad quem*, and all that; but he could preach for the joy of it, preach sermons as a poet writes verse, or a sculptor models a statue, or a canary whistles.

Then preaching would be art, not the pinchbeck stuff it usually is. The preacher would be a merchant of joy, a retailer of helpful ideas. He would not bombard a lost and sinful world with them. He would assume that people want to hear them for the same reason he wants to utter them, because they help. And the people would appreciate the goods he had to offer.

Why should any institution with so splendid a vision be exclusive and respectable and apologetic and militant?

You have often read fanciful tales, such as "If Christ Came to Chicago," the object of every one of which is to show you how terribly God disapproves of you. But suppose, when you go to your room to-night, you should find God sitting there? I have a notion of what would happen. After you had gone through the genuflections and credos and confessions you have been trained to think would be necessary in such a conjunction, and had finally sat down to talk things over, you would soon discover a most amazing fact. And that is, *that He does not want you to do anything at all for Him. What He wants is to help you.*

As for your creed and your opinion of Him, whatever it may be, it is doubtless about as accurate as a ten-year-old boy's idea of the Einstein theory.

What is the matter with the church? It simply is not happy enough. It is full of imposing ceremonies, thundering moralities, rigid decencies, and clatter of rules, full of platitudes and polemics, venerable traditions, and infinite cogwheels of organization, everything except the spirit of the Galilean peasant who came from the Father to His garden of the world to plant in it the seed of love almighty.

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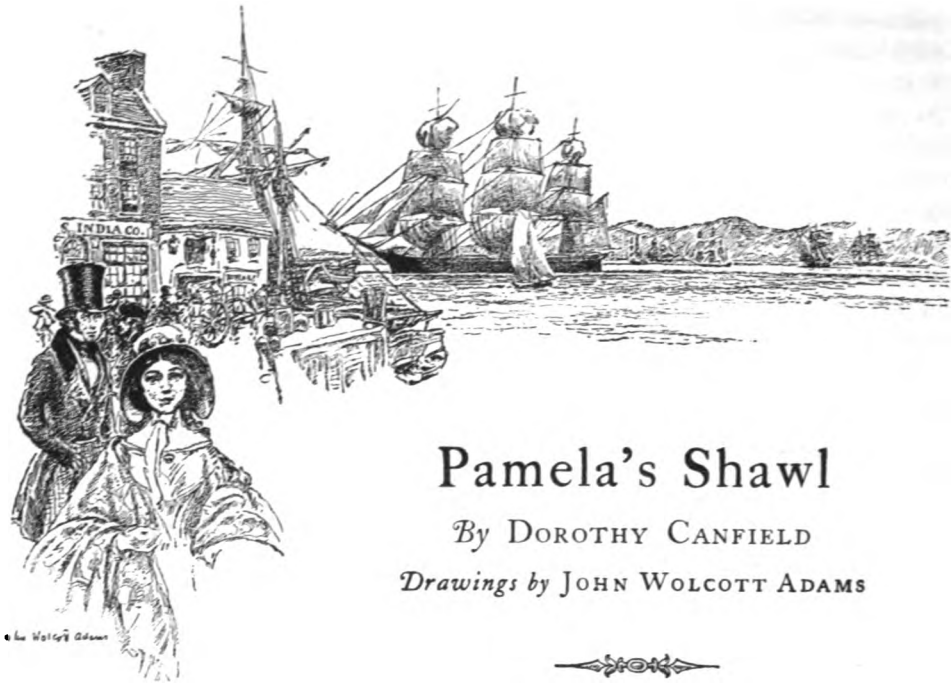

Pamela's Shawl

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Drawings by JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

FOR a long time it was only a legend to me—a legend to which as a child I used to listen, with my eyes on the portrait of Cousin Pamela when she was eighteen, with lappets of delicate lace falling over the burnished brown of her bandeaux. That charming, soft-eyed, friendly young face looked so startlingly unlike what one would think Cousin Pamela must have been as a young lady that, gazing up at it as I listened, I was always struck anew by the significance of the often-told story of her wonderful India shawl. Grandmother used to ramble on about it.

"It cost, my dear, one thousand seven hundred dollars, and it cost that in 1830, when money meant more than now. So you can imagine how valuable it must be now. We all happen to know exactly how much it did cost because of the quarrel between Pamela and her sister about it. They were twins, you know, just twenty-one years old when their uncle Cooke Clark died; but their lives had been very different. Pamela was to inherit a great deal of money from the grandmother she had been named for, and Melinda had nothing. She was married, too, to a poor man, and had two children. They married young in those days. So when it was known that Uncle Cooke had left his little fortune of thirty-four-hundred dollars to both his nieces equally, everybody thought that Pamela would let her poorer sister have the whole sum. Pamela thought she ought to do it, too, and I suppose she would if it had n't been for the India shawl. It seems she had been very much put out because somebody she knew in Albany (she had been brought up mostly with her rich grandmother in Albany) had

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what everybody said was the finest India shawl in America. I guess from what they say she had had that shawl rubbed into her till it got on her nerves. Anyhow, just before she was to sign over to her sister Melinda her share in Uncle Cooke's little fortune, she heard that a ship from India had come into New York Harbor with an India shawl that was the talk of the town. It was said that the captain had stolen it from an India princess who was in love with him. But be that as it may, Pamela took the packet-boat straight down the river to see it. Sure enough, there was a wonderful shawl that would make the one in Albany look like linsey-woolsey. It cost just one thousand seven hundred dollars. Was n't that queer? Almost as if it *meant* something. Pamela tried to wheedle her grandmother into buying it for her, but Great-grandmother Van Reuter was n't the kind to be wheedled into any such extravagance even by Pamela, who was her favorite.

"Well, there was Pamela in a tight place. She 'd been foolish enough to make her brags in Albany about bringing back a shawl that would make Mrs. Van Tromp hang her head, and she could n't bear to go back without it. And there was exactly the money she needed, in the bank, her very own.

"She went back to Albany with the shawl all right. They say she wore it as she stepped off the boat, and that Mrs. Van Tromp turned pale and went home and packed hers away in a trunk and never wore it again."

This was the point in the story at which I looked hardest at the dewy-young face with the smiling, friendly eyes. Yes, as she stepped off the gang-plank with the shawl about her shoulders, her triumphant gaze on the defeated Mrs. Van Tromp and her eyes turned away from her needy sister, that must have been the moment when she began to look like the Cousin Pamela I knew. And before that, she had looked like this picture! What a world we live in, to be sure!

The story was not quite finished, but my brown study was apt to last so long that I never heard more than the last of it.

"Melinda and her husband had been counting on that money to start a business of their own (Pamela had virtually said they could have it), and they were so disappointed they just picked up and moved out West, 'way out into Ohio somewhere. They did not write much, naturally, and Pamela felt sort of uncomfortable about writing them, I suppose. Anyhow, they lost track of each other. Pamela never saw her sister again."

Yes, that was the Cousin Pamela I knew, quite alone, with her money and her India shawl and her hard, amused eyes on the horde of us poor relatives with watering mouths and itching fingers, marking off each succeeding one of her interminable birthdays with the silent reflection that even Cousin Pamela could n't last much longer.

§ 2

Aunt Carrie Letchford had a gayer set of tales about this shawl—dear old Aunt Carrie, who could laugh like chiming bells over her patched dresses and shabby bonnets. When she was a lively young lady of twenty-one or so she was sent down to Albany for a time to "be company" for Cousin Pamela. You may be sure that Cousin Pamela has never lacked

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such volunteer unpaid maids and companions. Hardly one of the older Letchfords and Hitchcocks but has served in her youth an apprenticeship of bowing before Cousin Pamela's India shawl. There was even an attempt to commandeer my generation into the same service, but I was thought too plain and unattractive to suit Cousin Pamela's exacting taste, and my brilliant brother was just then beginning at college that friendship with the celebrated Dr. Brooke Hastings which was to mean much to him later, and although he was one of Cousin Pamela's favorites, he would not consider tearing himself away from his Arabic texts.

By the time Cousin Pamela was forty and a well-preserved spinster, with those dignified, commanding manners of hers very well formed, she had had twenty years of the India shawl. She had been too grand to marry any of the young fellows who gathered around her in her youth, and, besides, she had always been suspicious of their motives since she had overheard one of her admirers estimating the value of her famous shawl, and reasoning from it that her fortune must be prodigious. "It 's not prodigious at all, my dear," she would always say to her listener,—nobody on earth save herself had any idea of the extent of it,—"and as I did n't care to disappoint the poor young man, I refused him when he offered himself." She always added, if her listeners were feminine and young, "and from that time I have known how much *men* are worth." She probably had also a fairly clear estimate of how much women are worth, after a good many years of impecunious young cousins visiting her to seek their fortunes. Aunt Carrie, however, must have been a hard mouthful, and at the end was sent home in disgrace, laughing as she came.

"You never saw anything like it," Aunt Carrie would say. "The season in Saratoga was just on, and of course Cousin Pamela wanted to show her best, and we took the India shawl along. It 's simply enormous, you know, and weighs like anything. I 'd as soon carry around a featherbed in hot weather. But we did n't dare pack it in a trunk, for fear of losing it. In the train we had to have it in our laps every minute because Cousin Pam was sure there were thieves following her. She thought everybody knew about it and how much it cost, and she 'd snub anybody into the very ground who tried to be friendly and talk to her on the train.

"At the hotel it was worse. It had to go down to breakfast with us. I felt so foolish lugging that great heavy shawl around, with the perspiration standing out on my forehead, and me in a thin muslin dress! And Cousin Pam would clutch it and glare when the waiter offered to take it and hang it up out of the way.

"Well, I suppose by that time she had got the habit of dancing 'tendance on the thing, but it was something new to me, and it 'most drove me crazy, and in the end Cousin Pam sent me home in disgrace."

Shortly after that Cousin Pam took the shawl to a safe-deposit vault, where she locked it up, and where it remained invisible for the last fifty years of her life. Yet it continued to shade with its costliness the mental chambers of our family life quite as effectively as though Cousin Pamela was still carrying it about on her arm and snatching it from the waiter.

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§ 3

There came to be a sporting interest about it, if one may apply so frivolous a term to what disrupted families and parted mothers from daughters. Who would get Cousin Pamela's India shawl in the end? Her fortune, we divided and subdivided in our minds over and over, making our calculations according to her cordiality to this or to that one, her disapproval of this or that one's children; but the shawl could go to only one. To whom would it go?

I was quite grown up, was even past my first youth, when Cousin Pamela, having wrung everything from life that she wanted, made her final departure at the age of ninety. Many changes had taken place among us during her later years. I had begun to write down some of the old stories in our family, and once in a while to succeed in selling one, a fact which offered a sop of comfort to the circle of relatives mourning over my failure to secure a husband. My brother, the pride of the family, had taken a fatal fever in Asia Minor, where he had gone with his old friend, the Oriental specialist, Dr. Hastings, to conduct some excavations near the site of Nineveh. His death left his widow, gentle, dove-eyed Eleanor, quite alone. I was alone, too, and so was Aunt Carrie, who was now growing very old; therefore we three women pooled our solitudes and gathered ourselves into a sort of family in grandmother's old house, from one wall of which looks down the charming and friendly face of Cousin Pamela when she was

"'I felt so foolish lugging that great heavy shawl around'"

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eighteen. And now she was dead at ninety, the old lady who, as far back as the oldest of us could remember, had never had a friendly look for any one.

I remember that Eleanor and I, with Aunt Carrie sitting by to supervise, were picking currants when the mailman handed us the bunch of letters from the various relatives who had journeyed down to Albany to hear the will read.

They were written quite separately by a group of men and women who had nothing in common but a tenuous tie of distant blood-relationship, but one sentiment of outraged indignation animated them all. When she was thirty years old, Cousin Pamela's fortune had been put into an annuity. There was nothing left to be distributed at all!

My sister-in-law and I looked at each other in a stupefaction that was broken by Aunt Carrie's shout of laughter. "For sixty years," she cried, holding her sides—"for sixty years!"

§ 4

But how about the India shawl? For the moment it would not have surprised me to hear that the shawl was a myth, that the safe-deposit vault was empty. I was mistaken. The shawl was there, in excellent condition. It had been specially mentioned in the will, which had been made when Cousin Pamela was thirty-five. She had then willed the shawl to her dear friend, Amelia Berwick. Who under the heavens was Amelia Berwick? None of us had ever heard the name. The excited and righteously indignant letters went on to inform us that she had been a girlhood friend of Cousin Pamela's,—how incalculably distant seemed that girlhood!—that she had died fifty years before, that her children were dead, and that nobody knew anything of the family. The executor said that the shawl must remain in the vault until the proper formalities of inquiry were gone through with.

In short, the question of who was to get Cousin Pamela's shawl was as undecided as though she had not died.

Many and heated were the family councils that followed upon this. Some were for forcing the executor to sell the shawl and divide the proceeds, others presented the special reasons they had for claiming it themselves. The beginning of the dreadful quarrel between Aunt Margaret and her son's wife dates from this period, and it was as the outcome of a disagreement at one of these meetings that young Hugh Letchford slapped his brother-in-law's face, and the members of the families have never spoken to one another since. Even my gentle sister-in-law, though with her usual dignified good taste she said very little about it, felt bitterly that her rights were overlooked. She told me that Cousin Pamela had promised the shawl to her because my brother was her favorite.

As a matter of fact, our quarrels had at that time no effect upon the disposition of the shawl. The executor, a stiff-necked, formal old man, insisted that everything must stand in *statu quo* until "due inquiry" could be made for the heirs of Amelia Berwick. But as there was no money left to follow up those inquiries, and as none of us felt called upon to furnish funds for that purpose, it can be imagined that the inquiries were not pushed with remarkable vigor. The

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matter lapsed. The shawl remained in the vault, and gradually it lost its grip on the family.

§ 5

I shall never forget the first glimpse I had of that remarkable fabric. Eleanor had been away visiting some connections of hers in Albany, and when she came back had seemed preoccupied and distraught. After supper I asked her for some of her ballads; I had missed her singing during her absence. But she shook her head, and startled me by suggesting that we lock the doors of the house. This was a precaution we had never taken in our lives, and I doubted if we could find all the keys necessary. But she urged me on until, after much struggling with rusty bolts and bent keys, we were barricaded. Then she pulled down the shades, an action which positively alarmed me. We never pull them down except to keep the sun out. In the evening we always leave them up, so that people approaching the house can see if we are alone or not, and if they care to spend the evening with the callers already arrived. Those closely drawn shades made me shiver.

"Eleanor, what in the world—" I began. She put her finger on her lip with a secretive gesture, and disappeared up-stairs, returning at once with something dark and heavy over her arm.

She unfolded it endlessly; she spread it out over a chair, a stand, and the sofa.

"It is Cousin Pamela's India shawl," she said under her breath, looking at it reverently.

I looked at it reverently, too. Not for nothing had I been brought up in the tradition of that shawl. I do not think that either Eleanor or I thought it at all pretty,—for that matter, I never heard that Cousin Pamela ever considered whether it was beautiful or not,—but our reverence was none the less genuine. That was Cousin Pamela's India shawl! Think what it had cost! Yes, indeed, think what it had gone on costing for nearly a century!

With bated breath, we looked at its dull, blurred colors and the obscure, elaborate, and inexplicable design.

Then, my astonishment overcoming my reverence, I turned to Eleanor for an explanation. The matter was simplicity itself. One of her young cousins had married a young lawyer who was the son of Cousin Pamela's executor. The son had succeeded to his official position, but not at all to his opinions or temperament. Also he had never heard of Cousin Pamela's shawl.

"There 's a funny old relic," he told them one day at table as he related his difficulties in settling his father's affairs, "a shawl of the kind old ladies used to wear, and it 's been lying around for Lord knows how long—estate of Pamela Letchford, left to Amelia Berwick, and both dead years ago; no money to do anything with, no heirs to be found, no consequence, anyhow. Nobody on earth wears that sort of thing, anyhow. Father 'd gone on paying rent on a safe deposit for that just out of stubbornness, I take it, because he 'd begun. But I sha'n't! I shall take the—"

"And then I told him," said Eleanor, her eyes not meeting mine for the first time in all her life—"I told him about how Ned was Cousin Pamela's favorite, and how she promised the

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shawl to me." She flushed as she spoke, and looked defiantly at the shawl, smoothing a corner of it with trembling fingers. "It 's *right* for me to have it," she added. "Cousin Pamela told me—"

I did not ask then why, if it was "right" for her to have it, she had pulled the shades down so jealously, nor, later, why she kept it at the bottom of the oldest trunk in the attic. I did not need to. Cousin Pamela's shawl had taken a fresh lease of life and was beginning all over again.

§ 6

And now the shadow it cast was over the house I lived in. I did not see it after that one furtive peep, but it hung like a dark curtain between Eleanor and me. We always locked our doors at night now, and Eleanor had catches put on all the windows. Nor did she dare to leave the house alone. Gone were all our care-free berrying-days on upland pastures, gone were our sociable jaunts together to Rutland to do our shopping. Nothing was ever said about the reason, but I never pressed Eleanor when she said she "guessed she 'd better not go this time." She even rushed home from church with an anxious face, and went up-stairs to the attic before she went to see if the kitchen fire was still burning.

There never had been any secrets in our life before, and Eleanor found it hard to change her nature enough to guard this one. Emergencies were always arising. Molly Burgess ran in one morning to ask for great-grandmother's lace tucker to wear to a fancy-dress party.

"Don't you stir, Aunt Eleanor," she said fondly, moving toward the

"She unfolded it endlessly"

stairs; "you look awfully tired and worn these days, and I don't want to make you an extra step. I know just where you keep those old relics—in that little old trunk under the eaves."

She was half-way up the stairs before Eleanor could catch her breath and command her to come down.

"I 'll get it myself," she said, with a flustered attempt at dignity.

"Oh, no; don't you bother," said Molly, carelessly, continuing her rapid ascent. She was stopped by Eleanor's voice with a heat of scared anger in it that nobody had ever heard before.

"Mary Burgess, come right back here this instant! Is this your house or mine?" In the startled silence ensuing upon this unexpected speech, she went with trembling steps up past Molly and into the attic. Molly came back to me, wide-eyed.

"Say, what do you know about

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that?" she asked, evidently in genuine alarm. "Is Aunt Eleanor sick or something? She has n't seemed just right lately."

"Well, she is n't as well as she has been," I admitted rather sadly.

A few days after that I sent one of my young cousins up into the attic to bring down some extra bedding that was on one of the shelves. As he flung his armful of patchwork quilts and comforters upon the bed, I saw a rich, dark, soft fabric lying among those homely bed-coverings. I sat looking at it a long time.

Presently Eleanor came into the room, grew pale, and pounced upon it, turning to me with terrified, furious eyes.

"What do you *mean*—" she began.

I cut her short with the explanation.

"How could *I* tell you had—"

She retreated with it, shamefaced, but resentful.

"Well, after Molly's coming in so, I thought it would be better out of that trunk. You know what Molly's mother would say."

Indeed, I shuddered at what Molly's mother would say, at what the discovery of the thing would mean to the family at large. Eleanor was no more anxious than I to bury it in the darkness of Nibelheim.

I do not know in which crevice of our lair she next hid it, but one night I woke up to see her, with a candle in one hand, transferring it from the upper shelf of our closet to the linen-closet, under the sheets. The sight of her face made me grave. She never sang her ballads those days.

§ 7

It was not long after this that Dr. Brooke Hastings came to make us one of his infrequent visits, bringing with him, as usual, a breath from the pedantic specialist's world in which he lives, and to Dr. Hastings, as to our oldest friend, I told the story of Cousin Pamela's shawl. I made no comment on it, only looked hard at him as I narrated the course of the eighty-odd years it had been in our family. And when I had finished I said:

"You are a professional expert on India shawls, I believe."

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, as though he saw what I would be at—"yes, I am professionally an expert on India shawls."

"And you are also," I continued, "non-professionally an expert on human souls."

He shook his head.

"Ah, as to that, one can never be sure." He hesitated. "One is never more than an experimenter; one is mostly wrong."

He fell into silence, stroking his beard. I left him to his meditation.

That evening he startled Eleanor by saying:

"Your sister-in-law tells me that you have recently inherited a rare India shawl. You know my passion for Oriental fabrics. I do hope you 'll give me the pleasure of a look at this."

Eleanor looked at me reproachfully; but she must have reflected that none of the rest of the family knew Dr. Hastings, and it is probable that she felt an anticipatory triumph in at last displaying her hidden treasure. We were sitting, as we had every evening since the shawl entered the house, with drawn shades, locked doors, and bolted windows. There were, therefore, no preparations to make. Eleanor went across the room to the sideboard, and began fumbling in the

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drawer where we keep the table-cloths. So that was where she had put it last! She turned about with the precious thing in her arms, and, slowly unfolding it, laid its dimly opulent expanse out on the dining-room table.

There was a silence. Dr. Hastings got up, and turned the lamp a little higher. He put on his spectacles, and took a small magnifying-glass out of his pocket. He picked up a fold of the cloth and rubbed it between his forefinger and thumb. He clapped his eye to his magnifying-glass and examined one corner. Then he said:

"But, my dear lady, this is an imitation—a very poor imitation at that. During the years that your cousin's shawl lay in the safe deposit somebody must have substituted this worthless rag in its place, unless, indeed, your cousin herself was taken in. I don't suppose it ever occurred to anybody in those days to have such a thing appraised by an expert. I dare say there was n't any expert in this country at that time."

This was the point at which my nerves gave way. He was going on to talk in his leisurely pedant's way, but I could stay no longer. I was afraid to look at Eleanor; I was afraid to look at Dr. Hastings. I beat a retreat, murmuring to Eleanor some excuse about shutting up the hens.

I took a long time to shut up the hens, and out there under the stars I thought of many things. As I came back toward the house, I saw the red tip of a cigar approaching me, and made out under it the patriarchal white beard of the specialist in souls and Oriental fabrics. He halted, and surveyed me through the soft darkness.

"Well?" I said.

"Oh, very rare, very unusual, ancient Kashmir, a museum specimen," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "It must have been very old when it was brought to this country. Probably from some native ruler's treasure-store. The pattern shows that. And its age makes its value very great. It 's quite the finest I ever saw," he added in another tone, as if upbraiding me for urging him into a mistake. "But she began to cry, and I could n't stand that, and I came away. I told you one is never more than an experimenter, and generally wrong. Why did n't you tell me she had a special attachment for the shawl?"

"Oh, I don't think it 's the shawl she 's crying about," I said.

Eleanor met us bravely with a tray of cookies and a glass of lemonade. There was no sign of the shawl. And that evening, as she had not done for many weeks, she sang us some of her old Scotch ballads.

I had not locked the door after me when I came in from the hen-house, and Eleanor went to bed without thinking of it.

§ 8

A few days after that Eleanor and I went to the pile of burlaps and worn-out quilts and old rugs we keep in the woodshed to cover up the plants in the garden the first cold nights of autumn. And there was Cousin Pamela's India shawl lying between a horse-blanket and a flour-sack. Eleanor saw me looking at it, and said in as casual a tone as she could manage:

"It just occurred to me that nobody would make any comments on it, because none of the family now are old enough ever to have seen it. And, anyhow, they never notice what we put out in the vegetable garden. I

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thought it would be useful this way."

I made no answer, because I felt an excited tremor running over me. Eleanor went away with an armful of coverings, and I stood still, fairly swept away by a flood of new thoughts. I was amazed by the prompt fertility of my own invention, usually rather sluggish. My mind rushed from one detail to another, and found a solution for every difficulty. I could secrete the shawl very easily, I thought, and if Eleanor missed it, I could lay the blame on the chore-boy. The matter would be of little consequence in Eleanor's mind, of course. Then I could make an excuse for going down to the city, smuggle it into my trunk, and take it to Dr. Hastings, and tell him Eleanor asked me to dispose of it. With the money I could—

I found I had been gazing so fiercely at the shawl that I was a little dizzy, and I caught at the side of the door to steady myself. The night air blew in on me with an icy breath. Why did it feel so cold? I put my hands up to my cheeks and found them blazing. My head throbbed with a dull, heavy pulse like an ache. And then I knew! I knew what inheritance had risen up in me and set in motion all those swift and evil plans.

I am not ashamed to confess that as soon as I knew, I fled away with all my might, anywhere to get away from the pile of old clothes with the India shawl on top. I am not ashamed to confess that I felt a mortal terror of it. Nothing in the world would have induced me to touch it.

As I write, I look out from my window upon sheets of silver hoar-frost, clothing all the world in shining armor, and sparkling out a death-warrant to our garden—all but a few rows of cabbages which Eleanor and I covered up last night with things from the pile of old clothes in the woodshed. It is with a deep satisfaction that I see among these Cousin Pamela's India shawl, shimmering beautifully with hoar-frost. A wandering cow had stepped on one corner and trodden it into the ground. The row of cabbages beneath it hold up their knobby heads against its intricate, figured pattern, which once a Hindu princess wore. Ah, well-avenged Hindu princess! The blind and avaricious barbarians who for so long have clutched at that thing of beauty have paid full price for their misunderstanding greed.

Back of me, at the piano, sits Eleanor, singing a lilting, care-free ballad, as brave and sparkling as the hoar-frost. I note that the key of the front door is missing. We have not used it for weeks now.

Outside the sun is slowly melting the hoar-frost from the coverings in the garden. The minute and elaborate pattern of the Kashmir shawl flaunts its exotic beauty harmlessly up in the face of this alien Northern sun.

Yes, at last Cousin Pamela's shawl is safe. It can never harm any one again.

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Our Awakening Theater

A Survey of the Season 1920-21

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE American theater is looking back from these middle months of summer on the record of a highly encouraging season with something of the feeling of a young artist who is elated over his first major work, but a bit apprehensive of the possibility of living up to its promise. Those who like to make periodic appraisals of "the state of civilization" will probably call it the most encouraging season our stage has known. Certainly there have been a provocative range of plays and acting and the appearance of new forces, which will increase in importance in seasons to come.

Even before the war the theory and practice of the awakening theaters of Europe had begun to influence the American stage. The war served to heighten this influence, for by it European producers and actors were largely dispersed, and many of them came to America, the modern counterparts of those Byzantines who, fleeing to Italy from the Ottoman torch, sowed the seeds from which the Renaissance sprang. Only a few of our artists and esoteric little groups paid any attention to them at first; the rest of us were too preoccupied with world politics and bulletins of battle. But with returning peace we discovered that they had made inroads on our complacent traditions, had converted many of our designers and producers, and had even penetrated the barriers erected by the incredulous business men who control our theaters.

Two main aspects of this foreign influence deserve attention. For one thing, our own artists, spurred by the example of these European visitors, have gained confidence enough to break with tradition and to express themselves in their own way. Again, American prosperity has continued to lure to our shores players, playwrights, and producers from France, England, Italy, Russia, and Germany who have come to share in this prosperity and incidentally to enrich our artistic annals.

§ 2

We have not realized the full benefit of these new forces in our theater, because our dramatists have not provided plays worthy of interpretation by designers and producers who have caught the spirit of the new movement. The fact is that creative leadership in the American theater has come from those who design and produce plays instead of from those who write them. Men like Robert Edmond Jones and Arthur Hopkins, for instance, have been seeking in vain for plays through which to express their own impatient ideals. As if in answer to this summons, a young American, Eugene G. O'Neill, came forward last autumn with "The Emperor Jones," a curi-

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ously vivid foray into the realms of the imagination that has inspired the best efforts of both actor and producer. Instead of utilizing the obvious emotions of traditional romance, "The Emperor Jones" is a subtle psychological study.

Brutus Jones, Pullman porter, murderer, and fugitive from justice, has been raised by accident to the position of emperor of an island in the Caribbees; but as the play opens, the sands of his ascendancy are running out. When the tom-tom of his rebellious subjects reverberates from the hills, he flees through the jungle to escape by prearranged paths. In the jungle the insistent tom-tom still sounds; he loses his way, and succumbs to personal and racial terrors that troop from his conscious and subconscious memory. First, he sees the images of the trainman and the prison guard he had murdered and then, as he plunges deeper into the jungle, come the visible hallucinations of his inherited fears—the auction-block, the slave-ship, and the voodoo priest on the banks of the Congo. Describing a circle, he returns at dawn to the spot where he entered the jungle, and there, awaiting their crazed emperor, his pursuers end with a shot this tragedy of fear.

Here was a sharp and peremptory challenge to the forces of a new theater. This challenge was met by the masterly acting of Charles S. Gilpin, the negro actor, in the leading rôle, and by the illusion of jungle distances that the Provincetown Players achieved through the magic of their new plaster sky dome, which, arching over their stage, enabled them to get effects that were lost when the piece was intrusted to the awkward mercies of a Broadway back-drop.

But O'Neill was not content with having thus blazed a trail toward a new and virile romanticism. He followed "The Emperor Jones" with the relentless and bitterly truthful realism of "Diff'rent," a study in the tragic consequences of affection thwarted by false pride.

The old O'Neill herein emerged,—if a man in his early thirties can be said to have an elder phase,—the O'Neill of "Beyond the Horizon" and numerous one-act studies in naturalism, the O'Neill who faces life—or at least certain aspects of American life—with the stark honesty of the Russians. ✓ In the final month of the season "Gold," another long tragedy expanded from the earlier short play, "Where the Cross is Made," was brought to the stage, revealing a combination of the two moods of romance and realism, and establishing its author as the most stimulative force yet brought to light in our playwriting, if not yet surely the figure of supreme importance for which our drama has been waiting.

In a very real sense O'Neill solves the dilemma which confronts our contemporary theater: shall we devote our efforts to seeking out a new theater or shall we carry the old to a more finished state? There are those who feel that we have outgrown realism, and that progress toward a new theater is to be made only along the several imaginative paths opposed to it. With equal conviction, another group holds that we are not yet ready for the revolutionary expedients and esthetics of a new stage-craft, and that we must first perfect our realistic drama and theater, as Europe did in the last decade of the old century and the first of the new, before we can progress with

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confidence to more elusive manners and methods. With his sympathy for both the realistic and the romantic, and with the ease whereby he expresses himself in first one and then the other and sometimes even in both in the course of the same play, O'Neill seems to suggest the possibility of developing both the old realistic and the new romantic theaters simultaneously at the hands of those artists and under the patronage of those theater-goers who find one or the other the more congenial.

§ 3

Against the arresting image of O'Neill, other American playwrights thus far can match nothing but clever automata or elusive shadows that may in time develop substance. Adroit specimens of yarn-spinning, like Porter Emerson Browne's "The Bad Man," are not serious contenders for the heights to which O'Neill aspires, and even such honest efforts at a native realism as Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett" and Frank Craven's "The First Year" are interesting more for what they predict than for what they are. After listening to the satiric humors of Browne's replica of Pancho Villa or the coy confessional of Miss Gale's spinster or the naïve intimacies of Craven's victims of domestic adjustment, one can understand the point of view of those who insist on a further practice in realism before we proceed into less familiar fields or advance into uncharted territory. Even these outstanding examples of the season's native playwriting fall so far short of their full possibilities that it seems only reasonable to demand extended practice in these traditional forms; and yet, from the point of view of characteristic dialogue, of sympathetic and sincere acting, and of generally effective setting and production, such plays seem to many like a lesson so well learned that we should pass on to fresh forms. Their formula is known; financial reward is assured if the care of a Belasco is bestowed on them; and the excitement of discovery is limited to the searching of odd nooks and corners of human experience or to a restatement of well-known truths with the freshness of a Bernard Shaw.

It is interesting to speculate on the developments forecast, but unrealized, in these plays. Of course the melodramatic suspense and the humors of "The Bad Man" were its passwords to popularity, but its author inserted in and between the lines a satiric contrast between the ethics of banditti and those of contemporary civilization, often to the discomfiture of the latter. Why may not some equally incisive story-teller make a similarly frank and far more daring contrast between traditional and unconventional morality, between theoretical and practical ethics, between professed and practised religion? Why, indeed, is the story element necessary? Why may not these questions be asked of life as a conflict of abstract concepts without the interposition of story? But that perhaps is a task for the pioneers in a wholly new stage-craft, and has nothing to do with our accepted notion of the theater.

How about our realists, then, such as Zona Gale and Frank Craven? Will they give us increasingly intimate and elucidating glimpses of the men and women we see about us, the men and women we are? Will Zona Gale some day permit us to see the real moment of self-revelation of *Ninian Deacon* to

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Background and posture combine to express the hopelessness of prison in this scene from "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"

Lulu Bett and not simply the aftermath? Will Craven portray for us with all the warm sympathy of "The First Year" the obstacles of divergent convictions, far more serious than the mutual adjustment of habits, which sometimes rise between man and wife in the first year or the fortieth? Those who ask these questions are not insisting on gloomy or morbid endings to our realistic plays. Personally, I believe the revised version of "Miss Lulu Bett," with its so-called moral ending, is more convincing than the original conclusion to play and story. Our realism need not be decadent to be true, but it must be developed logically from its premises.

§ 4

In the absence of a wide range of full-bodied plays of our own, realistic or other, it is natural that our awakening theater should extend welcome to drama from overseas. Our stage has never been inhospitable to foreign plays. From the point of view of our theater distinct from our drama, they are as much a part of it as Shakspere is a part of the French and German and Russian theaters. The kind of European drama that finds its way to us, though, is the important consideration, and recent record shows a marked advance in taste in this respect.

Last season three English plays had their first performances on American stages, Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House," William Archer's "The Green Goddess," and John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart." Prior to the war all three would have had London rather than New York premières, a tacit, but emphatic, commentary on the comparative lethargy of the British theater. Of the three, the Shaw comedy reflected most credit on its author, on the Theater Guild who produced it, and on the American public who sensibly, if tardily, condoned Shaw's nonconformity during the war and accepted his bitterly incisive version of the responsibility of the entire European social structure for the coming of the conflict.

Certainly, "Heartbreak House" shows a new temper in the great satirist. He is not so sure of humanity's gift of self-mastery, and not so sure of himself, therefore, in trying to appeal to it. Through the play as acted runs a note of hopelessness, almost of tragedy, which was not obvious on the printed page; the ending is somewhat kinder and less dogmatic than usual, despite frequent flashes of the old-time wit and paradox of the author.

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Of other and flimsier cloth is the first original stage-play of William Archer, the man who translated Ibsen into English. The sinister trans-Himalayan villains, the throwing of the valet from the window, the wireless warnings, the aëroplane rescue, and the other obvious tricks of Archer's "The Green Goddess" are hardly the garments a dramatic critic, wearied by such expedients ineptly applied, might have been expected to wear to the theater for his début as a playwright.

Once the oddity of a critic on holiday has worn off, however, it is easy to join him and the *Rajah* of the sleek George Arliss on thrilling outing. Good journalism, these two plays, Shaw's of a smart and sophisticated editorial column and Archer's of the first-page foreign correspondent. Not so Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart," for try as he might to make the story significant to a present-day audience by introducing a modern Mary in a prologue and epilogue in modern Edinburgh, his Queen of Scots was as distant as dagger and doublet and far less looming and eternal than his Abraham Lincoln.

Without the freshness of a first performance, Great Britain sent other plays of varying mode and moment. John Galsworthy, at his best in "The Skin Game" and at his most courageous in "The Mob," assisted Bernard

Street scene from the film, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"

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Shaw in retaining the leadership for the elder generation against the prediction that younger blood would displace them and their like after the war. One of the favorite arguments of the winter concerned the supposed political symbolism of "The Skin Game": *Hornblower,* upstart and manufacturer, symbolizing central Europe run amuck in an ordered world; *Hillcrist,* scion of tradition, symbolizing England on the defense; and both of them emerging from the fight with unclean hands. It matters not whether Galsworthy intended such a parallel; there it stands as plain as a windmill on a prairie, adding point to an already compact and moving drama. Equally plain is the implication of religious bigotry at the root of Ireland's woes contained in St. John Ervine's early, and in some ways most gripping, tragedy, "Mixed Marriage," which a homeless group of actors, headed by Augustin Duncan and Margaret Wycherly, revived and played intermittently on half a dozen stages. Less obvious to us in America is the symbolism of Barrie's "Mary Rose," with its curious and baffling tale of ghostly return of the dead; but there are those who suggest that the play had as its motive a hint to bereft Great Britain that the dead and the living are both happier in their own sphere. Finally, for needful contrast from tears and trouble, "The Beggar's Opera," one hundred and ninety-three years young, shamed a populace who thought itself sophisticated, and A. A. Milne of "Punch," with "Mr. Pim Passes by," and Harold Chapin, with "The New Morality," adroitly turned for us the tricks of the drama of trivial pleasantry.

France and Hungary alone from the Continent sent us major works. Sacha Guitry, promised in person, was represented only by his chronicle of a famous clown, "Deburau." Despite Granville Barker's hippity-hop verse translation, it emerged at the hands of Lionel Atwill's suave characterization and David Belasco's expertly attuned production as a convincing proof that French taste in the theater is turning from the realistic to the romantic. Just what that realism was in its heyday was disclosed in Georges de Porto Riche's "Amoureuse," adapted to American conditions as "The Tyranny of Love," and later restored to its original locality. Written thirty years ago, it is still a stimulating example of the realistic manner at its best. "Liliom," Hungary's contribution, on the other hand, is neither realism nor romance; and yet it is both. Its author, Franz Molnar, calls it a "legend," but as interpreted by the Theater Guild there was no mistaking its genuineness as drama. Bold and naïve by turns, outspokenly common, and an instant later lyrical, it follows the vagrant course of its vagabond hero from flirtation to theft and suicide, from this random world of ours to a heaven of his own conception, and back again to earth for poignant proof of his worthlessness. Molnar has come near to inventing a new form of drama here.

§ 5

Yet, after all, the search for a new theater is something more than a search for new styles in realism. Superficially, it consists in a quest for simpler, less cumbersome, more suggestive, and less merely representative scenes and costumes to clothe familiar plays or new dramas written on their model.

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Fundamentally, it involves the discovery of wholly new ways of achieving emotional satisfaction in the playhouse. Obviously, progress has been prompter toward the superficial aim. It is easier to persuade producers and public to purchase new raiment than to grow a new soul. Yet fresh and exciting garments are likely to show up the prosy, monotonous, unimaginative character of that which they cover, and lead to its transformation in keeping with their challenge. That, at least, is the hope of those artists who are devoting their efforts to the superficial development of the art of the theater. That, I am sure, was the motive of Norman-Bel Geddes when he designed settings and costumes for the revival of "Erminie," which dance for sheer joy of line and hue. With faith in and a conception of a wholly new theater, he saw in despised musical comedy a means of attracting attention to the more daring things of which he dreams. That has been the patient purpose of Joseph Urban, too, through all these years of the Ziegfeld "Follies" and the past season's "Sally." And whether they realize it or not, John Murray Anderson, producer of "The Greenwich Village Follies," James Reynolds, designer of its most striking settings and costumes, and W. T. Benda, with his revival of the use of the mask, have assisted toward the same end.

It is only natural that alert managers, detecting the rewards to be reaped in these new fields, would try to unlock their secret. When the inquisitive one is as shrewd a craftsman as David Belasco and, like him, turns suddenly from supercilious condescension to emulation, the result is a bit droll, though at the same time encouraging. Temptation to dwell on the amusing aspects of such a change of heart as "Deburau" indicates should probably give way to satisfaction that one of the most formidable opponents of a new theater has confessed his artistic sins at least tacitly. Of course the departure from a slavish realism in "Deburau" is not violent, but the step is a considerable one for Belasco and justifies itself at every point, and there may be hope that, mindful of this necessary readjustment, he may not be so rash in condemnation of other outposts to which he may have to advance in future. Far less can be said for those who attempt, like the producers of "Spanish Love" and "The Lady of the Lamp," to copy without comprehension or skill. Aimless association of actor and audience, as in the former, and a few massive pillars with gaudy splashes of color, as in the latter, have nothing to do with a new stage-craft.

§ 6

But we are making headway also in the fundamental evolution of the theater. It is impossible to explain its goal simply and clearly, since few of the leaders of the movement know exactly for what they are striving. They are dissatisfied with the realistic representation of life, with the mere telling of a story in the theater. They believe that by symbolic and abstract means, by the use of suggestion and significant form, with or without the aid of a story, they can appeal vividly to the human emotions—as vividly at least as the traditional theater, once their audience becomes accustomed to what they are trying to do. Their efforts are probably parallel to the modern upheavals in painting and

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Sketch by Norman-Bel Geddes of his first-act setting for "Erminie"

sculpture, poetry and music. It is just possible that these tendencies will find a more congenial outlet through the theater than in any of the other arts, and that those who condemn them elsewhere may find them acceptable on the stage. At any rate, they need not necessarily displace the traditional theater, and the least we can do is to give them full opportunity to develop their possibilities side by side with it.

The only broad-minded attitude to take toward the abstract interpretation of "Macbeth" by Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones, for instance, is one not only of toleration, but of welcome toward such experiments. Here (for the first time on Broadway) was a venture full-bodied and daring toward a new theater. It would have been easy enough for producer and designer to repeat the formula of their "Richard III" of the previous season —to erect the mass of castle which would serve, as the Tower of London did for "Richard," as a permanent symbolic background, and against it, more or less dimly discerned, to present the succession of scenes in camp and heath and cave and within and without the walls of Fores, Inverness, and Dunsinane.

But it is clear that Hopkins and Jones had no desire to repeat the formula; they preferred to try something new. So, discarding scenery as representative of location, they set out to devise backgrounds suggestive of the play's psychological moods, abstractions in shape and light and sound intended to summon in the spectator the vaulting

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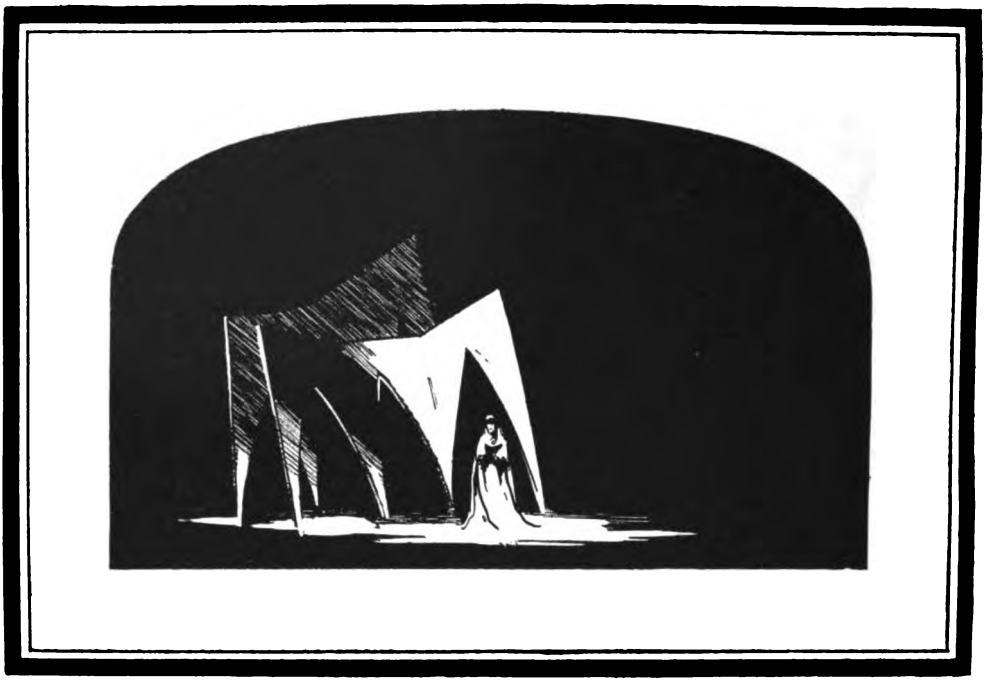

Drawing by Robert Edmond Jones of his setting for the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth"

ambitions and ominous forebodings of *Macbeth.* Successful to varying degree in the settings, the experiment went on the rocks through failure fully to attune the acting and the other elements of the production to this difficult formula.

It may be, however, the experiment was doomed in advance by the choice of a play so clearly adapted to realistic settings, and presented in that manner for so many generations that audiences had difficulty in divesting themselves of these preconceptions.

But the spirit back of the attempt is clearly eloquent of the new blood that is unmistakably surging in our theater, and is bound to find and have its way in time.

The surer path to success with new esthetic formulas was displayed in the first motion-picture to command consideration as a work of art, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," imported from Germany to serve as stimulus not only to our films, but to our theater. The purpose of "Dr. Caligari" was not unlike that of the Jones-Hopkins "Macbeth"—to emphasize the strained and terrifying motives and emotions of a tale of mystery and violence by means of distorted windows and walls and streets and by unusual expressionistic postures of body and features. The matter of this motion-picture, with its preponderance of horror, is perhaps not for us, but the method is general and irresistible. Built from the ground up to be interpreted by this method, it encounters none of the obstacles and prepossessions which gather around familiar plays and stories, and defy the explorative artist to touch them.

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Some of the leaders of the new movement in the theater boast that ultimately they will do away with actors in favor of super-marionettes. Meanwhile we have the actors with us, and it is important that their ranks be replenished from season to season with new blood. Emergence of fresh talents in acting is one of the most exciting things about the theater. In every country, and in America especially, with our inordinate passion for personalities, upflaring names become national property long before their bearers leave the metropolis on tour. By this process Charles S. Gilpin, the negro actor in O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones," has already won transcontinental acclaim, and is scheduled to appear soon in London. As artist Gilpin will naturally be limited in the expression of his gifts, but it is conceivable that their decisive nature will call into being further media for their use.

§ 7

From overseas have come two other recruits of the first order, Jacob Ben-Ami and Joseph Schildkraut. Ben-Ami arrived from Russia by route of the Yiddish stages of the Ghetto and the Jewish Art Theater; and in a Danish play of no great importance, "Samson and Delilah," he disclosed astonishing spiritual insight, technical proficiency, and adaptability to our tongue. His work at the Jewish Art Theater is guaranty of a range unmatched on our stage since Mansfield. Schildkraut, trained in boyhood to our speech and on Reinhardt's and other German stages to the technic of his art, returned to America last autumn, and found ultimate rewards and opportunities in "Liliom" with the Theater Guild. To compare the two without further evidence is invidious. We have room and to spare for both.

Growing skill of familiar players, too, promises to make up for those who have retired or lost their grip. Gilda Varesi, building slowly and surely, finally arrived at fitting outlet for her powers in the humors of "Enter Madame"; Clare Eames justified faith in her poise and intelligence in "Mary Stuart"; Carroll McComas was graduated honorably from the trivialities of farce to the exactions of realism in "Miss Lulu Bett"; and Lionel Atwill developed an unsuspected mastery of characterization in "Deburau." Less encouraging was the progress of some of our players, such as Walter Hampden, who added a prosaic *Macbeth* to an able, though uninspired, *Hamlet;* or Margaret Anglin, who spent the profits of "The Woman of Bronze," a tawdry and outmoded problem-play, on misplaced affections and aspirations for the classic Greeks and on an ambitious, but hardly expedient, effort to emulate Sarah Bernhardt as *Jeanne d'Arc.* Far less excusable and more dangerous to hard-won reputations were Mrs. Fiske's artistic dereliction in "Wake Up, Jonathan," and the fiasco of Ethel and John Barrymore in the futile and amateurish "Clair de Lune" from the pen of Mrs. John Barrymore.

To replace the finer impulses and the rebellious courage of the elder players, the institutional theater seems to be growing steadily in power. The Theater Guild, apparently, has little of the zeal for the native play of its progenitors, the Washington Square Players; but with a pugnacious board of directors and the scenic talents of Lee Simonson it is devoting an equal ardor to the quest for and the inter-

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pretation of significant European drama; while to the Provincetown Players has fallen the rôle of sponsor for untried American playwrights. The Neighborhood Playhouse continues to perform unpretentiously its dual task of social and esthetic guide for its locality, and occasionally, as in Galsworthy's "The Mob," to extend its influence potently and honorably to a far wider public. The Players' Fellowship, too, with Edith Ellis's dramatization of "The Dangerous Age" under the title of "The White Villa," indicated an original method of coöperative activity on the part of the actors themselves. Meanwhile, over the entire country the Little Theaters are springing to life of varying length and importance, although for the most part they have not yet outgrown the period of exclusive amateur clubs.

§ 8

All this, of course, sounds as if the theater in New York is the entire American theater, and to a great extent this is true. It is even truer to-day than ever before, with prohibitive railroad rates and an indifferent public elsewhere cutting a play short at the end of its metropolitan engagement. New York is, thereby, becoming dramatically self-sufficient, and its independence is forcing on the rest of the country an autonomy which may or may not be desired, but which will compel the upbuilding of institutional theaters in the leading cities if the art and pastime of the theater are to be preserved.

Costume design by Norman-Bel Geddes for "Erminie"

By implication, too, the contemporary posture of our theater holds possibilities of service as international trial-ground not only for our own artists and playwrights and players, but for those of Europe who find the conditions of a constrained economy galling. Unlike the Continental theater, though, which provides leisure and detachment for experiment and an atmosphere wherein theories and projects may be worked out in private and revealed to the public only on their satisfactory completion, the American theater, like every other phase of our life, is a here-and-now, opportune institution. We cut and sew our political and intellectual and artistic linen in the streets, and we wash and mend it with equal shamelessness. We are stumbling awkwardly into an appreciation of the need for a more vivid theater. We shall discover the ways to achieve it, just as we blundered into the expedients which make for social welfare. We are willing to try anything once, and the theater, despite its gambler's timidity, is in a mood to experiment. Those who understand us and our ways will not be discouraged if we expose our ignorance in the process, but will wait patiently for us to evolve something which, after all, is our own.

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the fly-leaves: "To the Master, feeble testimonial of respectful admiration"; "To the eminent Sébastien Mahaut, from his colleague and friend"; "To the illustrious author of 'Onomastique et Toponymie,' modest contribution of a faithful disciple."

Conscientiously, he ran through them, shrugged his shoulders, and once in a while kept one of the volumes on his desk. After reading it more carefully, he might give it the honor of a place in his library. But he rejected the greater part after an instant's glance, and a sigh of regret at having wasted so much of his precious time. He scribbled a few very courteous acknowledgments and said in a tired voice:

"Baptiste, take these up-stairs—you know—to the garret."

When the garret was full, M. Mahaut ordered them packed in hampers and sent to the country.

One day Baptiste had an idea. He suggested:

"Instead of spending money for carriage, monsieur would do well to sell those books. It would bring in a good deal of money to monsieur."

M. Sébastien Mahaut shook his head.

"I never could bear to do that," he said, "on account of the dedications. It would seem like betraying the confidence of those poor people."

"Monsieur has great delicacy," replied Baptiste, but inwardly he demurred.

Then a plan began to shape itself in his resourceful brain. It was with a certain timidity that he put it into effect, his master's scruples with regard to the dedications having inspired him with doubt as to its prudence. But among the volumes there were some that were not inscribed, having been received directly from the publishers. Baptiste took five or six of these to a dealer in second-hand books, who paid him three francs for them. He decided that this branch of commèrce had its peculiar advantages. The returns were mediocre, but the merchandise cost him nothing.

This initial profit gave him the taste for more. He ventured the sale of books bearing dedications, and, to his great surprise, the bookseller offered him very respectable prices, sometimes twenty-five centimes, sometimes even a franc, more on each volume. Baptiste, astonished, inquired the reason for this difference.

"It is because of the autograph dedications," replied the *bouquiniste;* "and if the buyer sees that the book has belonged to the library of a

"'Monsieur has great delicacy'"

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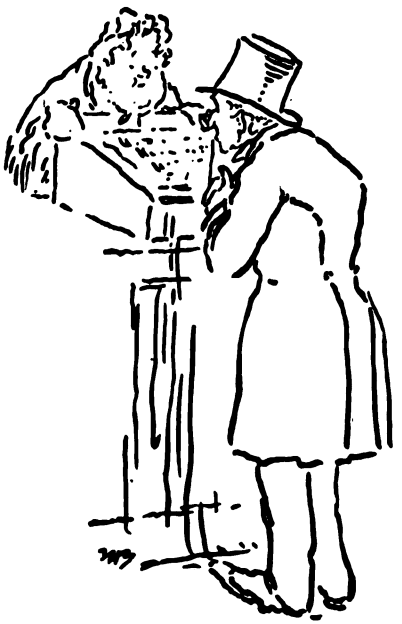
"But monsieur is n't a novelist," protested the cook; "he is—he is—a philologist. I think that 's what they call it. At the Academy they did n't know how to make the dictionary,—the spelling and all that,—so they borrowed him from another academy where they 're all very knowing and where he was already. Monsieur a novelist! You make me laugh. Look for yourself; you won't find a novel in the house."

Baptiste was inclined to take all this as mere exaggeration. He soon discovered, to his great disappointment and a corresponding melancholy, that the cook had understated the truth. M. Sébastien Mahaut lived the life of a cloistered monk. He had to be wakened, summer and winter, at seven o'clock in the morning, and he worked until noon, with naught to cheer him but a sober cup of tea. He wrapped himself in an old dressing-gown of Pyrennes wool, the remains of a holiday that he had spent at Mont Dore fourteen years before. Baptiste was shocked; he had supposed that members of the French Academy could not write unless enveloped in a red robe or at least in Turkish costume. That was the idea he had of their talent. The rest of M. Sébastien Mahaut's wardrobe consisted of his academician's uniform, extraordinarily shabby, because it dated from the time when he had been elected to the other academy; an evening suit which had to last five or six years; and a very modest street suit. There was not even a cigar in the house; M. Sébastien Mahaut did not smoke. On the very rare occasions when one was "at home" of an evening, he went to the nearest tobacco shop and bought two packages of "Londres" at thirty centimes.



"He went to the nearest tobacco shop"

And what the cook had said about the books was too true: light literature was conspicuous by its absence. Books arrived every day, however, in astonishing numbers, often five or six at a time, seldom fewer than two or three. Some were in paper covers, others were bound in various leathers and all manner of cloths. There were books in French, in English, in German, in Greek, and in Latin. At first Baptiste opened them with eagerness and curiosity, in the hope of finding something to satisfy his senses and his imagination. But it was not long before he so tired of them that he would not have deigned even to break the string with which the parcels were tied, had not M. Sébastien Mahaut issued strict orders, once for all, that he should undo them and cut the pages. After this the academician would look rather skeptically, as a general thing, at the dedications that adorned

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specialist, it adds still more to the value."

From that day onward Baptiste took particular interest in the dedications. When they were long and elegantly expressed, he prized them; but if, on the other hand, the author limited himself to some such banal phrase as "devoted homage," without even addressing it "To M. Sébastien Mahaut," he would exclaim, "Ah, the pig!" As for those who wrote nothing at all, he regarded them as the mud upon his shoes.

Finally, he took a bold step. One day, in the absence of the academician, he seized the best pen he could find upon his table, and transcribed on the fly-leaf of a book that had just arrived the most touching and fulsome epigraph that he could remember: "To the great philologist Sébastien Mahaut, humble and faithful homage of an admiration without bounds." And he bravely signed it with the name of the author as printed on the cover.

"He laughed and laughed as he had not done since his first communion"

His hand trembled a little when he offered the book to the *bouquiniste*, but the trick was not discovered, and the transaction was an advantageous one. Baptiste soon became hardened to these lucrative misdeeds. But one day he had a great surprise. The bookseller opened the volume that Baptiste had brought, and then burst out laughing in the most outrageous manner. He laughed and laughed as he had not done since his first communion.

"Ah, no!" he gasped, "ah, no! That, you know—"

"What?" asked Baptiste, indignantly.

The *bouquiniste* pointed to the dedication, and again his unseemly hilarity bade fair to bring him to the point of death. Finally, he recovered sufficiently to put his finger on the title.

" 'Traité de la vie et de la mort' " —and it is dedicated, 'To M. Sébastien Mahaut, my master and friend, FRANCIS BACON.' "

"Well?" said Baptiste, innocently.

"He has been dead these four hundred years, Francis Bacon. It 's a translation. Ah, no! no! You have the cheek!"

Baptiste turned away, broken-hearted. Books without inscriptions inspired him thenceforth with a holy terror. He abandoned them to the worms, in the garret. But the losses he suffered thereby grieved him sorely. The names of the authors became for him a chronological problem that he worried over, but could not solve.

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He ended by asking M. Mahaut one day:

"Does monsieur always know whether they are alive or dead, the people who write all this?"

"Naturally," replied M. Sébastien Mahaut, with some surprise.

For the first time since he had known him Baptiste had a feeling akin to admiration for his master. Until then he had always taken him for a poor sort of man.

"Monsieur knows a devil of a lot!" he admitted.

Miniature

By AMY LOWELL

Because the little gentleman made nautical instruments
And lived in a street which ran down to the sea,
The neighbors called him "Salt Charlie."
I wonder what they would have said if they had known
That he stole out every evening to a sweet-shop
And bought sticks of red-and-white sugar candy.
It was a pleasant thing to see him,
Standing meekly before the custom-house,
Sucking a sugar-stick,
And gazing at the dead funnels of anchored steamers
Against a star-sprung sky.

I thought of him in an oval gilt frame
Against sprigged wall-paper,
Done in Fra Angelico pinks and blues
Of a clear and sprightly elegance.
Wherefore, being convinced of his value as ornament,
I have set him on paper for the delectation
Of sundry scattered persons
Who consider such things important.

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The Hole in the Film

By CHARLES SAXBY

Drawing by O. F. HOWARD

RUMORS of the Koom Katia affair leaked out despite the pompous seals of military sanction and silence. They came seeping up through the gossip of the Cairo bazaars, spreading into the Arabic sheets circulated by the Egyptian Nationalists; in hints that General Sir Everard Boultbee's fatal "sunstroke" had really been contracted in a quarrel with his own officers—a quarrel over a dancing girl, and that the girl herself had afterward been shot. There had been something too hushed and hasty about the whole business; then, again Hollis and Le Marchant lacked imagination, adhering too doggedly to the story told by Frayne Millard, while of Hamid Vansittart there was no trace. But through it all there was never any mention of its chief figure. In his curious isolation behind the camera whose moving-pictures not only recorded, but actually precipitated the finality, Sears slipped by without once appearing on the public screen.

It was Frayne Millard who first discovered Sears on a morning in 1919, sitting on a baggage-laden motorcycle before the gate of Koom Katia, about the last place in which one would have expected such a fellow, with its sand, blazing sun, mangy *dum* palms, houses of sun-dried mud, and the fort itself, imposingly obsolete; and all about it the plain, vast, old, and ashen, under a sky that seemed to clamp down upon it like an inverted, blue-hot bowl.

To Millard, in his tired keenness, it looked like the end of everywhere, and nowhere in particular at that. But they were there to "hold it"—the usual British affair of a big name and an inadequate handful of troops, projected into a place virtually indefensible, with the rest left to the gods of luck. As he walked out through the gate that morning Millard was considering it all in a weary amazement at War-Office psychology, realizing how completely the department depended upon Sir Everard Boultbee, in his bronzed austerity, his personality merged into the blankness of thirty years of national prestige, and that peculiarly English combination of warrior and scholar, with a plastered-on reputation for something of a mystic. His presence there showed Koom Katia as a place of import, a ganglion of Sudanese legend, a city just then forbidden to all save the few. Yet here, all at once, was this Sears.

He was rather unbelievable as he sat there, straddling his motorcycle, with a trickle of smoke from his nostrils and that steady stare which one came to know as habitual to him; a fellow probably in his later twenties, obviously American, lithely supple, lean almost to angularity, his face smoothly narrow under a shock of hair.

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His clothes, beneath their powdering of desert dust, consisted of a striped shirt turned collarlessly in about the neck, a pair of ancient riding-breeches, and leather puttees above shoes of shabby tan. Since he was never seen in anything else, they were probably all he possessed. Minus the leather helmet and goggled visor, and with the addition of a cigarette stuck in a corner of his mouth, he appeared to consider himself presentable for any occasion.

For credentials he tendered the yellow slip of a radiogram addressed to himself at Assuan.

British headquarters Cairo want pictures Koom Katia you only available increased terms to undertake proceed via Khartum. COSMIC NEWS & FILM SYNDICATE, New York.

He seemed quite uninterested in it as he held it out, appeals from the very giants of publicity appearing to leave him unimpressed. Even at that first moment Millard found himself wondering what under the sun would impress this fellow, he looked so infernally detached from everything as he sat unconcernedly there in the face of those verities of earth and sky and the more pompous problems of official sanction for his presence. It was the latter that were the more pressing, and Millard realized that it was his duty to take them up.

"How did you get here without a military pass?" he demanded, and drew a stare of surprise.

"Me? I get anywhere." That was plainly just a statement of fact; then, from mere graciousness, Sears offered details. "I sat in trains until the end of the line, then I came on my motorcycle."

Millard visualized the two hundred miles from rail-head under the torment of a Sudanese May. It was intolerable enough even by the semi-speed of motor transport, and all the equipment this chap seemed to have was a suitcase, a ukulele strapped to its side, a motion-picture camera incased in canvas, and some hermetically sealed drums of film. But he seemed unimpressed by his exploit and gazed disgustedly at the radiogram.

"My rotten luck—one darn job after another."

"You have worked for the Cosmic people before?" Millard asked.

"They are my middle name. Len Cosmic Sears; that 's me. I was born in a projection room and weaned on developing fluid. I 'd just finished filming the Egyptian revolt for them, and now they send me up here."

"By George! you went through the revolt?" exclaimed Millard, and the other spat dispassionately into the sands.

"Yep; twenty reels of it, bully stuff. I was figuring on beating it back to Los Angeles. I always do seem figuring on that, but I never seem to do it."

There was a weariness in that which brought to Millard a mental glimpse of the fellow as some sort of young Wandering Jew of motion-pictures. He could imagine him as always aloof in the midst of some strange situation, viewing it all from the point of view of so many "reels," while the powers of the press stirred the air with messages for him to plunge into another.

Touching a match to his dying cigarette, Sears shot forth a question:

"What 's on up here, anyhow?"

"You mean that you have been down in Egypt and don't know?" Millard exclaimed.

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"The first thing a guy learns in the movies is to mind his own business."

"But considering that you have been in it all—"

"All I 'm in is pictures, thank you."

It was then that Millard first appreciated the peculiar quality of Sears's gaze. It came at him, across the sun and silence, in a glint of narrow-lidded, cool gray, as though Egypt, Koom Katia, even Millard himself, were merely the substance of a possible film—the sort of gaze he might have given had his hand been actually upon the camera-crank, translating it all into markings of light and shade upon a strip of celluloid.

Millard wondered if Sears would also look at Sir Everard in that way; still more, just how Sir Everard would regard Sears. The general did not take kindly to these modern methods of waging war by propaganda and governing by pictures. But since Sears was here, he must be looked after.

§ 2

Hamid Vansittart, of the secret service, came that evening, slipping inside the fort in some unexplained fashion of his own from one of his mysterious errands out on the face of the desert. One would hear a camel-driver howling under the palms, or see a youth from the Abyssinian border stalking naked and sullen through Koom Katia's mud-walled bazaar, and then suddenly Vansittart would appear, with his face like carved ivory underlaid by dark warmth, his ready laugh, and an arm quick to fall about one's shoulders. He appeared as they sprawled for vain coolness on a topmost roof, the fort piled beneath them under the moon like some cubist's dream.

"The kinema?" Hamid laughed. "You will have trouble photographing this." With a shrug he indicated the fort, weird with moon shadows, with a single golden window in the tower where Sir Everard sat in habitual seclusion. He went on: "Can you photograph a superstition? That is all Koom Katia is, a Sudanese superstition—which is why we are here."

"We must hold it if we are to hold Egypt," Hollis put in, much as he might recite a formula. It sounded like part of a ritual, of such sacredness that its utterance brought an effect of rising and facing the East. By contrast Sears was startling as he asked:

"Is it so necessary that you should hold Egypt?"

There was a chill at that, such as might have greeted the head of a snake suddenly thrust up through a crack in the flagstones. Hamid's voice grew dangerously velvet.

"Are we to understand that you are not in sympathy with the British occupation?"

"I 'm asking, that 's all," Sears answered. "If I 'm to make the films, I must understand the script."

Outlined against the Southern night, the two impressed themselves on Millard's mind, Sears so out of everything but those flickering pictures of light and shade; Hamid so tremendously "in" everything else. It was impossible to think of Vansittart as anything but the center of things; he was that now as he smoothed the situation.

"Then I 'll explain. It 's like the house that Jack built. Egypt is the key of India; to hold Egypt one must hold the Sudan, and it is the belief that to hold the Sudan one must hold Koom Katia."

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"And it is really Sir Everard who holds that," Millard amended.

"I see." Sears nodded, and again came that gray glint from between narrowed lids. "I 'll play that up in the films; that 's the dramatic point."

"And Fehmy Pasha, down in Cairo, with his agitation for Egyptian independence, is another — dramatic point," Millard said drily. Then he followed it by an apology just a shade too hasty and obvious. "Excuse me, Vansittart; I did n't mean—"

Hamid rose, waving the apology aside with a flashing smile.

"My dear chap, don't mention it. Of course everybody knows that the old boy is my cousin—on my mother's side. But it is the father, fortunately, who determines one's nationality. Besides, there 's Sir Everard, you know."

There was always Sir Everard; Millard found himself pondering that when later he was summoned to the general's quarters, and noted anew the ascetic barrenness of the room, the ascetic barrenness of the man himself, like some bronze statue. The narrow cot and ebony crucifix contributed much to his reputation. He looked like a Covenanter, sternly chaste in a creed that permitted him to send wave after wave of living men to be torn by high explosives.

§ 3

"Close the door, Mr. Millard," the general began as the other approached. "Wireless despatches have just arrived. They are at it again down in Egypt. Fehmy Pasha has escaped to the Bayouda, there is a general strike on all the railroads, and part of the Nile line has been destroyed."

Quickly Millard visualized that situation, hitting upon its salient point.

"Then that means no supplies for a while, sir; Khartum has no surplus to send us."

"It means more than that, Mr. Millard." The general rose, striding restlessly to the window, speaking half to that glimpse of wan vastness beyond the walls. "These things are known out there. How, we can't find out; but they are known, and it means that for our enemies the next week or so will be their time, while we are cut off."

"But these Southern emirs are loyal, sir," Millard objected. "At least, so Vansittart reports."

"Ah, yes, Hamid." Sir Everard's severity softened at the name. He murmured on, mostly to himself: "I 'm glad I got him away from that mess down in Cairo—young, ambitious, his mother's people. And there 's no knowing what Fehmy might have offered him."

So those rumors about Hamid had been true, Millard saw. He understood why Sir Everard had interfered on the fellow's behalf, bringing him South in an unofficial, personal sort of way. If this bronze general had a human spot in him, it was for this son of that Vansittart who had explored the Mayembe country with him back in the eighties. Tom Vansittart had remained in Egypt after that; had rather "gone country," in fact, marrying a pasha's widow and becoming something of a pasha himself. He was gone now, and only Hamid, "old Tom's boy," remained to link Sir Everard with that friend of his youth.

The general turned, recovering his usual military staccato.

"The despatches confirm the sending of this American photographer; but, all the same, see that he has no

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communication with the men. These Yankees are apt to have strange ideas."

There was nothing to trace the connection, but Millard instantly concluded that Hamid Vansittart had just been with the general, for he was perpetually mounting the tower steps in his noiseless grace. As no one else in Koom Katia, he had Sir Everard's ear, and seemingly the ear of the Sudan as well; that was what made him valuable. Millard wondered at his own decision to warn Sears that any more questions had better be asked of himself.

It was that, together with a vague idea of "keeping an eye on the fellow," which caused Millard to stop at the particular sweat-box assigned to Sears's use, an oven-like place opposite the gaping blackness of the arched gate. A single lamp made a half-dimness, and in a corner the motion-picture camera, set up on its tripod and adorned with weird trappings of mechanism, loomed like some heathenish image.

Perched cross-legged on the cot, Sears regarded his visitor with a touch of impudent understanding.

"Come to look me over?" he drawled. It was so nearly the truth that Millard found himself obliged to smile.

"Partly, perhaps; but I wanted to give you some advice."

There was a minute of scrutiny, a silent, open measuring of man for man; then Sears nodded in a certain satisfaction.

"All right; I 'll take it. Shoot."

"Be careful what you say, that 's all. These are ticklish times, and people are suspicious, and I don't want to have to put you under arrest.

"Arrest *me?*" Sears seemed to have difficulty in understanding that. "How can you do that when I am not in the story?" He frowned. "And how can I be in the story when I 'm making the films?"

"I think you will find that this is something more than a mere moving-picture drama," Millard objected.

"One never knows how a thing is going to turn out until one sees it on the screen," Sears replied.

The fellow's point of view seemed unshakable. It lay upon Millard's mind as he sought his own quarters, sitting long in the silence, which was broken only by the challenges of the sentries as the officer of the night went his rounds.

§ 4

For days the Koom Katia occupation dragged on, a round of military monotony amid sun, sand, and sweat. Isolated in his half limbo as the sole civilian, Sears went about such work as he could find.

As Hamid Vansittart had said, it was difficult to put the place into pictures. It persisted in remaining just a background, a splendid stage without adequate drama. Now and then some emir came drifting in from the edges of the papyrus marshes about the Nile, or from where the plain dipped down toward the untouched stretches round Lake Rudolph. Hawk-faced old chieftains, their fingers on the very pulse of African politics, they would stalk up to pay their respects to "Boultbee of Batanza," filling the forecourt with the color and unwashed stench of their retinues. With the camera hidden in his doorway as a concession to Moslem prejudices, Sears would grind steadily away at the crank, commanding the sweep of courtyard between yellow walls and

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the angle of the tower stairway down which the general would come.

It was one morning when golden light and level shadow brought a false effect of coolness that Millard found Sears photographing the empty archway. He often did that, catching it as a semicircle of dead blackness in the glaring, sun-lit wall.

"That arch seems to fascinate you," Millard said casually as he paused at the other's door.

"This place is so darn shut in," Sears answered, with a glance at the walls about them. "I 've got a hunch these pictures may need a hole in them. That 's what I said—a hole," he went on at Millard's look of inquiry. "That black arch won't register at all. It will stay as it was, a sensitive spot with nothing on it."

"Then what?" asked Millard.

A shade of impatience crept into Sears's voice that the other could not see what was plain to himself.

"When you go to the movies, do you ever see anybody walk on or off the screen through a wall? They go and come through doors, don't they?" he demanded, with a look of dislike for the whole place. "All these damn' walls; but if you 've got a hole, you never know what may come in by it—there 's somebody coming now."

Through the arch rang an echo of footsteps, rapid, light, and careless; then came a paler glimmer against the shadow, and then Hamid Vansittart appeared.

He stopped as he came into the sunlight, staring casually across to where they stood in the concealment of Sears's doorway. Obviously, he had not seen them, and the faint grind of the camera-crank struck on Millard's ears as almost a treachery. It seemed unfair to catch the fellow so unawares, his face unfixed for that inexorably recording lens. It was probably merely some trick of shadow, or a reflex from the preoccupation plainly written on Hamid's ivory face, but, lacking his usual smile and vividness of expression, there was something almost sinister. Never had his Egyptian blood showed so plainly as in that off-guard moment. Then he turned and walked rapidly back again, lost in the dark arch.

Leisurely capping the lens, Sears grunted in satisfaction.

"I 've been laying for that guy; he 's the only one who does n't want his map to go on the screen."

"It is important that he should not be known—his secret-service disguises and all that," Millard explained.

"Well, that 's the way to get them," Sears replied, nodding, "when they don't know they are being taken."

"How often have you got me that way?" asked Millard, laughing, and the other turned a cool glance toward him.

"I 'got' you the first time I saw you."

A queer sort of duck, Millard decided as he walked on; but the things he said had a way of sticking like slivers in one's memory. Those people coming on and off the screen, for instance—Millard had never considered that before. There was something a bit ghastly in it when one came to think it over, people walking out through those pictured doors to nothing at all.

He passed out through the arch to struggle with the daily problem of the inadequate transport from the railhead. Hamid was there, lounging in the shade, and Millard hailed him.

"Hello, Vansittart. Back again?"

"For an hour or two. I am off to the wells of El Kebar this afternoon."

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Hamid came closer, sinking his voice to a more cautious note. "There is some deviltry hatching over there."

It was probably of that that Hamid had been thinking as he came under the arch, Millard decided; but for some reason, which seemed principally no reason at all, he forbore to tell the other of Sears's photographing him. Then Vansittart grinned in frank confession.

"To tell the truth, I 'm hurrying off a bit; you 're going to have a regular visitation to-morrow. Sheik Djemal from Haïfa, most frightful swell in his way, travels with all the trimmings, including his favorite dancing girl."

"I have heard of him," said Millard. He had almost said that he had heard of him as some connection of that pestilent Fehmy Pasha, but he caught himself in time. There was no need to make Vansittart's position any harder; he was enough between the millstones of East and West as it was.

"By the way," the other went on in a note of warning, "don't let that American protégé of yours get up to any tricks with his camera while old Djemal is about. He 'd consider it a sacrilege to be photographed, and raise the very deuce."

"That is for the general to say," Millard answered. "And I hardly see why you call him my protégé."

"You seem a bit thick with him." Hamid laughed. "Pray for me over at El Kebar; I go as a blind beggar, with nothing between me and nature but a suit of brown dye."

A quirk of the muscles, and Hamid's lithe body sank in on itself in a grotesque distortion as he sketched a limping step or two; then he straightened up and passed on, smiling and debonair, already alight with his new adventure.

§ 5

So they thought he was too intimate with this camera chap, Millard reflected as he watched the other depart. Perhaps he had better draw off a bit; this isolated world of Koom Katia was virulent of gossip, its worst sin to be suspected of an idea that went an inch beyond the accepted formulæ.

Despite Vansittart's warning, Sears was ordered to make the films of Sheik Djemal's visit next day. The sheik was too important, his submission too much of a diplomatic feather in Sir Everard's cap, to be permitted to pass unrecorded. He came riding in at the head of his multi-colored mob with banner, shouts, and drums, and behind a screen of palm-branches Sears cranked steadily away. It was there that Millard joined him, snatching a moment's respite from the wearisome round of coffee, compliments, and cigarettes.

"Who is the doll on the donkey?" Sears asked.

She was coming in just then, her musicians in attendance, a girl probably from the hill country up toward Abyssinia, slimly supple, warm brown in color, her feet and hands reddened with henna, her eyes and lips heavy with paint, under a cloud of hair. There was something biblical about her as she passed by on her gray mount; and looking at her, one caught a glimpse of those strange women of the eye-for-an-eye days—Judith, Aholibah, pulsing in the warm darkness beneath the palms.

"Some sort of Sudanese Salome," Millard answered. "She will dance later to entertain Sir Everard."

"Then fix it so she 'll dance against that wall, close to the arch."

"Still sticking to your hole," said

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"It was to Sir Everard that she danced"

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Millard, laughingly, and Sears turned a meditative glance about the place.

"You are kind of like rats in here."

"And what possible difference could it make, having that arch in your pictures?"

Sears took his time in answering, his gaze bent inward as though upon some private problem of his own.

"I don't know yet," he said at last, "but it will be there if we need it."

The day dragged on with its mob of warriors, camp-followers, and all the hangers-on of a Sudanese semi-potentate. Amid it Sir Everard moved rather like a statue of himself, adept in every turn of this African diplomacy. A perfect picture of a perfect soldier he made, and there were moments when Millard found himself oppressed by a strange fear. The man was extraordinarily complete, and too much completing is often the ending as well.

Not until the shadows began to creep across the fore-court did the girl dance before massed ranks of the retinue, Djemal seated by Sir Everard's side, with flutes sounding thinly through thudding tom-toms, and the girl posturing against the yellow wall, with flaring skirt, girt breasts, and unbound waist, like some poisonously scarlet desert flower. It was to Sir Everard that she danced, whirling in the last passion of the music, flinging herself on her knees before the general, violently supplicating. His hand was already raised to plaster a gold piece on her damp forehead when she spoke, her words covered by the drums, and Millard saw Sir Everard's hand stiffen in surprise. Only an instant, then the general hid it with a laugh and a sentence of appropriate Arab ribaldry. But Millard had caught a nod of assent and a strange look—a look hardly such as is given by a man caught in a woman's fascinations; more a look of pride, as at the unexpected exploit of some one near to him.

§ 6

With the sunset Djemal rode out again, and the night shut down as black and hot as the lid of a stove, sickly with breaths from the monsoon breaking a thousand miles to the south.

Hollis and Le Marchant, dropping the day's smiles like masks, yawned weary satisfaction at Djemal's visit.

"They see we are here to stay. The old boy knows which side his bread is buttered."

"And he swings half this country, too; there will be no Nationalist rubbish up here."

"Pack of damn' rebels."

Oppressed by the heat, Millard found himself unable to join their chorus; there was an inner unease that sent him wandering on the walls. It was incredible that any one should want to keep such a place, yet that golden window in the tower, lonely and aloft, told of Sir Everard sitting at his task of holding it by the mere magic of his presence. It was that lighted oblong which was the real symbol of their grasp upon the place, not the fort guns or the thin line of transport, with the guarded wells strung like beads upon it.

Later on a moon, now past the full, hunched itself above the world's rim, looming saffron and distorted through the haze. In its wan light the fort seemed to hang suspended above nothing in particular. Something moved, and Millard, shooting out an instinctive hand, grasped an arm.

"This is sure' one sweet night," came Sears's voice.

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They moved on side by side, each drawing vague satisfaction from the presence of another as uncomfortable as himself. The fore-court was a smear of gray, dark solidities melting to shadow as they stepped into them. Only that golden-lighted window seemed entirely real. A splash of moonlight now lay across the tower side, and its pale reflection on the steps disclosed a mounting figure.

Millard was about to cry out, then restrained himself. Whoever it was must have passed the white sentry on guard at the foot of the steps, and orders must have been given. In the dimness it was impossible to see, but there were other senses besides sight. Millard caught the swish of a skirt, the unmistakable clink of anklets.

"So that 's the way of it," said Sears, and Millard, in involuntary loyalty to the general, found himself investing the moment with a mantle of sanction.

"She has private information for Sir Everard."

"Well,"—Sears shrugged as though tilting the whole affair into some pit of disregard,—"whatever it is, I guess it does n't go on the films."

"And of course that 's all you care about," Millard half sneered.

"That 's all I 'm here for."

Alone again, Millard found himself oppressed and ill at ease. In the tower the light burned steadily, but in his mind thronged unbidden apprehensions as to just what it might be shining upon in that upper chamber. At last he crossed the fore-court, mechanically returning the salute of the sentry as he mounted the steps. It was inexcusable thus to seek the general without summons and with no other reason than a vague and womanish fear. But his feet seemed to have volitions of their own, bearing him steadily upward. At the bend of the steps he came upon Sir Everard's Seedee boy servant, crouching sleepily over a water-pipe.

"David, is the sirdar alone?" Millard asked.

"Yes, sa-ar."

"That woman has gone?"

"Yes, sa-ar; ten minute' she be gone. I wait for call."

Millard sprang on up the steps. At the top the heavy door was ajar, swinging at a push, disclosing the barren room under its hot lamplight. Great moths beat against the ceiling as though in fright, and there sounded the chirping of a cricket hidden in some crevice.

Sir Everard sat in his accustomed chair, one arm resting upon his writing-desk, motionless, serene at first sight, though his whole figure was horridly sunk in upon itself, as though its apparent bronze had crumpled. A soft *drip, drip* spread in a blackish stain upon the floor, the gleam of a knife-hilt was under his breast, and that cricket shrilled away like the voice of a fool in a place of dread.

Millard's hands caught at his own throat, choking back the cry that came swelling up. In one flashing instant he saw that since it was Sir Everard who, dead or alive, really held Koom Katia, then it must be Sir Everard who continued to hold it.

§ 7

It was Sir Everard's orders that Millard called down the steps to the drowsy servant, his tones quiet and alert, with no trace of dismay—orders that brought Hollis, Le Marchant, and the ranking surgeon at once to the tower. In the hot lamplight of the

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chamber they gathered, linked by the knowledge that they alone possessed, and issued other orders in the name of that silent figure that sent the sentry and the servant David off on a four-day errand to rail-head and surrounded the entire oasis of Koom Katia with a ring of steel that none might pass.

There was just a chance that the dancing girl might be trapped within the cordon thrown about the mud-walled rabbit warren of a town. With the dawn the house-by-house search began. The crackle of wireless from Cairo brought warnings of grim possibilities should Sir Everard's death become known; and if that girl had made good her flight, the news must be already wide upon the face of the plain. Millard wished that Hamid were there, for his native knowledge would have been invaluable in that search; but the fellow was masquerading unreachably off at El Kebar, gathering information for a man whose ears were forever sealed.

Then suddenly Hamid came. How he had returned so quickly or how he had passed the cordon Millard forebore to ask, too relieved to see him in red tarboosh, with cane and cigarette, pushing his way through the throng with a single disdainful finger. As usual, he was all at once there, as though he had merely stepped from some convenient doorway, and his blithe ignorance of all that had happened was irresistibly remindful of that cricket chirping in the bloodied room.

"What 's this?" he laughingly asked as he sauntered up. "Are you playing 'button, button' with Koom Katia?"

"It is Sir Everard's orders."

"Orders—from Sir Everard!"

There was incredulity in that as it came from Hamid's lips with the suddenness of breath expelled by an unexpected blow. His eyes showed dismay, as though some black thing stirred under the surface of two clear, brown pools. He caught swiftly at Millard's wrist.

"What 's up?"

Not until they were safe from earshot beyond the walls did Millard speak, and Hamid covered his quivering face.

"Oh, God! Sir Everard—murdered!"

"Yes, murdered by Sheik Djemal's dancing girl."

"And it was I who brought Djemal to him!" Hamid cried.

Millard let that pass. There would be grilling enough for Hamid when general headquarters began their investigation; those millstones of his mixed ancestry would grind in upon him then. Picked out by crude sunlight against that hopeless plain, with his English trimness upon his half-Egyptian body, he looked like one who did not quite fit into either world.

"They are sending Hewitt with reinforcements from Khartum," Millard went on. "Until he arrives, Sir Everard must be alive. Five days—time enough for the Nationalists to wipe us all out if the truth becomes known."

"That girl will spread the news."

"If she got away," Millard grimly amended. "If they don't attack us, we can be pretty sure she is trapped in the oasis here; and then—"

Millard's silence of completion was as relentless as the blaze of the sun on the land around them, a land stripped of all pity, its only issues life and death. The fate of that woman was sealed by the harsh line of his lips.

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"If only I had been here instead of at El Kebar!" Hamid fretted. "If I could have seen her, I 'd know her again under any disguise."

"By George!" Millard gazed at the other in the light of a dawning idea. "Come with me to the fort. We 'll see."

It was to Sears's quarters that he went. The room was stifling with reflected glare, littered with odds and ends of camera-craft. Sears himself lay sprawled upon the cot, teasing his ukulele to sobs of sentiment. In all that fort, now seething with rumor, he seemed the only one at real ease.

"Those pictures you took yesterday, how soon can they be developed?" Millard asked, and the other's glance met his in guarded understanding.

"You mean the flash-lights I took in the tower last night at Sir Everard's orders?"

"No, the ones you took of the dancing girl."

"What—"

That was Hamid, and it sounded almost a cry as it cut across the drone of flies and the practised throbs of "The Rosary" from under Sears's fingers.

"You mean that you took pictures of Djemal's visit after my warning!" Hamid pursued accusingly.

"It was for Sir Everard to give orders about that," Millard answered.

Hamid moved jerkily about, his habitual nonchalance cracking like a thin veneer above inner commotion.

"I warned him—probably they found out about those pictures, and that had something to do with it all. Sir Everard promised me he 'd make that fellow keep his infernal camera out of it."

With a last thrum of his ukulele Sears picked himself off the cot, tossing his tumbled hair back from his forehead.

"You mean that I am responsible for it?" he asked.

"Those pictures would never have been made had I been here."

Picking again at the strings, Sears considered Hamid, then came a nod of non-committal agreement.

"Maybe a lot of things would n't have happened if you 'd been here," he said, and turned to Millard. "Can I speak with you?"

There was antagonism in the air as Hamid began an exit carefully casual; then he wheeled, his high-built, narrow face alight with purpose.

"Look here, Millard, that girl must have got away. Suppose I go out after her. I could probably pick up her trail and—"

"My orders from Cairo are to permit absolutely no one to leave the fort."

"You mean that I am under arrest?" Hamid stormed.

"No one is under arrest yet; we may all of us be so before this is over."

Hamid left. Watching his retreating figure, Millard remembered that the death of a chief is often the fall of his favorites. Deprived of Sir Everard's backing, Vansittart seemed to have already shrunk; there was something almost furtive in his retreating figure, shut in by those walls. Yet the fellow was rather fine in his way, too; there was no knowing what Fehmy Pasha might not have offered him to join the Nationalist cause. Possibly the governorship of the Sudan itself, with opportunities for its unbridled toll and loot; yet he had chosen to stick to the now tottering cause of his father's people.

"That guy would sure' have done a

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heap if he 'd been here," Sears mused as he also watched Hamid crossing the fore-court. "You can have those pictures to-night."

"Could you run them in the lantern that was brought up to amuse the men?"

Sears nodded an absent assent as he crossed to the camera and laid his hand upon it. At the accustomed touch a new authority seemed to come to him, and there was again that effect of one viewing things from some totally different point of view.

"I 'll print two sets of positives," he answered, apparently to himself, "one the way it was, and the other the way it might have been."

"You are a most extraordinary person," said Millard. "What do you expect to gain from printing a picture the way it was not?"

From his vantage-point behind the camera Sears's glance came again, a glint of narrow-lidded gray as blankly impartial as the lens itself as it followed Hamid's figure.

"Well, we might find out what would have happened if that bird had really been here."

"How can you make Vansittart here when he was really off at El Kebar?"

Millard's tone was sharp, irritated by the other's constant mystery. Yet he saw that Sears was unaware of being mysterious; it was simply that in his own queer way he regarded things as being all along just the pictures in which they ended. But there was more mystery than ever in his reply.

"Did n't I tell you I had left a hole in my films?"

With that Millard had to be content, seeing that to Sears it was somehow the crux of the whole matter. For the rest of the day Sears's door remained locked, a place of hot torment in which, half stripped for hopeless coolness, he plied arcane arts in the gloom of a red lamp. A sweating travesty of deity he might have been, making things that were not as though they were.

§ 8

It was past midnight when he emerged, reeling, haggard with heat, but upon him the light of a triumph accomplished. Tilting the contents of a canvas water-cooler over his head and chest, with wet fingers he caught at a cigarette and said;

"All set; let 's go."

At Millard's summons they came: Hollis, Le Marchant, the surgeon, and Vansittart, the four holders of the secret of Sir Everard's death, gathering uncomfortably like conspirators in the empty mess-room, whose blank wall was to serve as a screen. Silently they waited, oppressed by the potencies of the lantern, looming monstrous and inert, while all about them the fort lay like some super-heated catacomb of uneasy sleep.

Under Sears's touch the lantern sprang to an uncanny, sputtering life, casting an oblong of purple-white light as empty as the first day. There was something almost terrifying about it, that blank light was so horribly unconcerned as to what might come to fill it. When it came, it was almost worse, all the too well remembered happenings of yesterday flickering unsubstantially by in a ghastly effect of life. As he watched Djemal's motley crew come pouring through the arch, Millard felt again that cracking as though the back of his mind were about to fall out. Great God! where on earth were they coming from, pour-

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ing by the hundred out of nothing at all?

The dancing girl, full lipped, insolent, her eyes sultry under a cloud of hair, rode by on her donkey. At sight of her Hamid stiffened to keenness, like a setter at the flight of a bird.

"I have seen that woman before," he whispered.

It was probably only the remembrance of the day before, now bitten on their brains by the acid of spilt blood, but to all came a sense that they also had seen that woman before. The black and white of the pictures seized upon physical points with almost the crudeness of caricature; the girl was taller than they had supposed, and every now and then some turn or gesture brought a haunting, uncatchable memory. The memory was stronger as she danced; there was the swift intake of breath as they saw her fling herself before Sir Everard. Millard almost cried out to Sears to stop the damned thing before those pictured lips moved in the words that had led to the treachery in the tower. But Sears would not have heeded, he saw; the fellow stood there, cranking the old-style machine, his eyes upon the wall as those of one who waits the first sight of his own masterpiece.

He was looking at the arch, dark and empty at the side of the picture. But it was not so empty now. There was a moving glimmer in its depths, an advancing figure still hidden by the shadows; then suddenly, unbelievably, Hamid Vansittart appeared. Straight toward them he came, pausing as he caught the sunlight, with a glance of veiled preoccupation. There was an impression of something hidden and sinister, and again that resemblance tormentingly uncaught. It was an extraordinary apparition in direct defiance of all that had really been. With a strangling shout Hamid sprang to his feet, pointing at his flickering double.

"No, no; it was not so! I was not there." There was fear on his face, in his tone a passion of too much defense that struck strangely upon their ears. "How could it be?" Hamid was demanding of them. "How could I have come in like that when—"

He caught at his words as one who suddenly discovers himself on the brink of a precipice. But with an almost audible crash that haunting resemblance, the two figures on the screen, came together in Millard's mind, melting into one with a horrible certainty, and it was his cry that finished the broken sentence:

"*When you were disguised as the dancing girl.* Hold him, fellows!" Millard cried again. "Sears, run that bit once more. Now look at them."

None of them cared to remember that moment—Hamid writhing under their grip like some trapped animal while the evidence paraded again and again with the inexorableness of a veritable writing on the wall. They had the clue to that resemblance now, running it down item by item, the same high-built, narrow face, the unchangeable contour of the hands, a tilt of the chin, a habit of glance not to be denied by practice; then the comparison of the two as Hamid in person came through the arch.

"I see it now," Millard bitingly accused. "You whispered to Sir Everard who you were and that you had news for him. Then, when—it was done, you slipped back to the town to change your disguise. That was how you turned up so suddenly this morn-

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ing. But there are finger-prints on that knife."

"But how — how could it be?" Hamid cried.

§ 9

It was the question that lay in Millard's mind also, but in the rush of events it was days before he could ask it. Sears was leaving. Since he had made the pictures of the Koom Katia occupation, his work was done, and his baggage—camera, motorcycle, and all —was now piled upon the truck waiting to take him to rail-head. As he came sauntering out through the arch, a mushroom sun-hat tilted over one ear, the usual dead cigarette drooping from his lower lip, Millard halted him.

"Before you go there 's one thing I must know. How was it done?"

Sears stopped in evident surprise that any one should need to be told.

"Why, I told you I wanted to see what might have happened if that guy had been here that day, did n't I? And I told you I had left a hole in my films, too. Well, if you 've got a blank spot, you can print any other picture into it. See?"

"And you already had that picture of Vansittart coming through the arch." Millard remembered.

"Sure; that 's all there is to it."

Millard saw that to Sears that really was "all." Hamid's approaching court-martial; Hewitt's dramatic entry with the reinforcements; the flag still drooping above the fort in symbol of that strange, unbreakable British "hold" upon things; the invisible influence of the affair, spreading over half the world like ripples from a stone cast in a pool—all these things seemed to leave the fellow unimpressed. A flash upon a blank screen, and for him they were ended.

"You see, it 's quite simple," Sears said. "Well, so long. I 'm going to beat it back to Los Angeles this time, sure."

As he passed on, Millard felt a desire to call him back, oppressed by the inadequacy of this farewell, with its utter lack of drama. Considering all that had gone before, surely something more was demanded than this. Then he saw that the sense of what had gone before was for himself alone, and no such weight was resting on Sears's shoulders. To Millard, watching the other pass on through the arch to the vast outside, it was as though Sears was walking straight out of those Koom Katia pictures, while he himself was still held there upon the screen of events.

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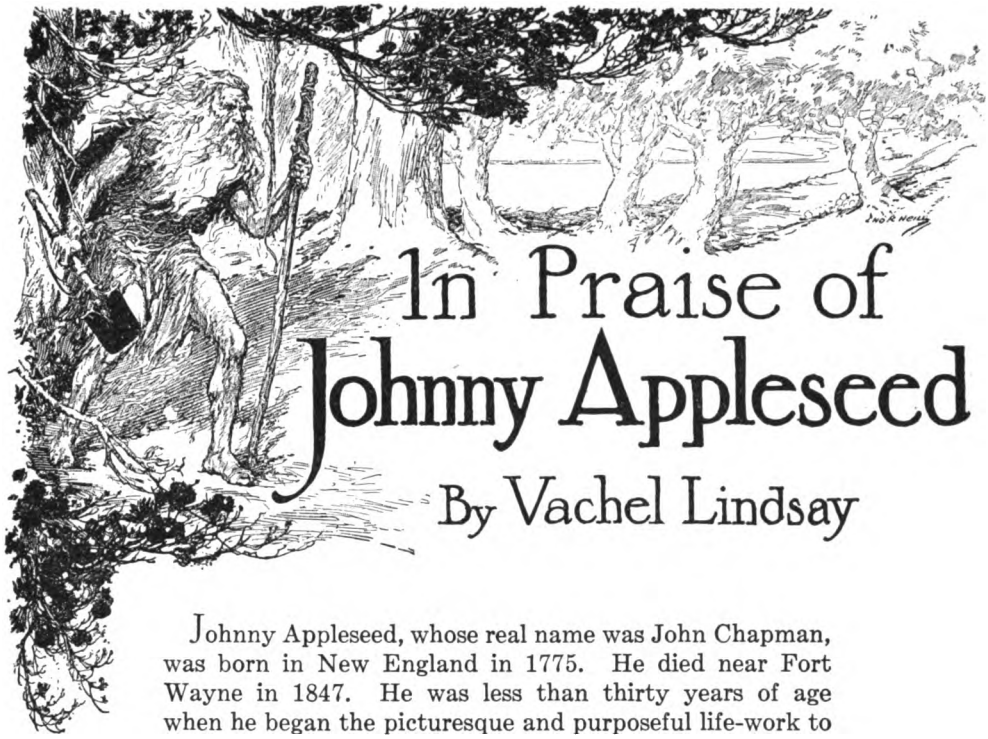

In Praise of Johnny Appleseed

By Vachel Lindsay

Johnny Appleseed, whose real name was John Chapman, was born in New England in 1775. He died near Fort Wayne in 1847. He was less than thirty years of age when he began the picturesque and purposeful life-work to which Mr. Lindsay pays vivid tribute in the following pages. In 1803, or perhaps a bit earlier, young Chapman moved westward to the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. There he began to work out the settled purpose of his life, which was to move westward, keeping always a little in advance of the peopled frontier, planting orchards as he went. As civilization periodically caught up with him, he disposed of his trees for a "fip-penny bit" apiece, for food or old clothes, or, more frequently, gave them away.

For forty-six years he walked barefoot and unarmed through the wilderness. He was often clothed only in an old coffee-sack, with holes for his head and arms, and carried a tin pan, which often served as his hat. The Indians regarded him as a great "medicine-man," doubtless because he scattered through the woods the seeds of medicinal plants, such as catnip and pennyroyal. He was a lover of children and animals. He was never molested by the Indians or by the beasts. He was welcomed everywhere. He lived to see his trees bearing fruit over a territory of a hundred thousand acres.

He was a sort of secular medicant friar. An incidental part of his mission was to spread the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg. In the following poem Mr. Lindsay pays homage to a character that has been too often treated as eccentric only.—THE EDITOR.

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In Praise of Johnny Appleseed

Born 1775 • *Died* 1847

By VACHEL LINDSAY

I. Over the Appalachian Barricade

In the days of President Washington,
The glory of the nations,
Dust and ashes,
Snow and sleet,
And hay and oats and wheat,
Blew west,
Crossed the Appalachians,
Found the glades of rotting leaves, the soft deer-pastures,
The farms of the far-off future
In the forest.
Colts jumped the fence,
Snorting, ramping, snapping, sniffing,
With gastronomic calculations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
The east walls of our citadel,
And turned to gold-horned unicorns,
Feasting in the dim, volunteer farms of the forest.
Stripedest, kickingest kittens escaped,
Caterwauling "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"
Renounced their poor relations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
And turned to tiny tigers
In the humorous forest.
Chickens escaped
From farmyard congregations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
And turned to amber trumpets
On the ramparts of our Hoosiers' nest and citadel,
Millennial heralds
Of the mazy forest.
Pigs broke loose, scrambled west,
Scorned their loathsome stations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
Turned to roaming, foaming wild boars

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Of the forest.
The smallest, blindest puppies toddled west
While their eyes were coming open,
And, with misty observations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
Barked, barked, barked
At the glow-worms and the marsh lights and the lightning-bugs,
And turned to ravening wolves
Of the forest.
Crazy parrots and canaries flew west,
Drunk on May-time revelations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
And turned to delirious, flower-dressed fairies
Of the lazy forest.
Haughtiest swans and peacocks swept west,
And, despite soft derivations,
Crossed the Appalachians,
And turned to blazing warrior souls
Of the forest,
Singing the ways
Of the Ancient of Days,
And the "Old Continentals
In their ragged regimentals,"
With bard's imaginations,
Crossed the Appalachians.
And
A boy
Blew west,
And with prayers and incantations,
And with "Yankee Doodle Dandy,"
Crossed the Appalachians,
And was "young John Chapman,"
Then
"Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed,"
Chief of the fastnesses, dappled and vast,
In a pack on his back,
In a deer-hide sack,
The beautiful orchards of the past,
The ghosts of all the forests and the groves—
In that pack on his back,
In that talisman sack,
To-morrow's peaches, pears, and cherries,
To-morrow's grapes and red raspberries,
Seeds and tree souls, precious things,
Feathered with microscopic wings,

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All the outdoors the child heart knows,
And the apple, green, red, and white,
Sun of his day and his night—
The apple allied to the thorn,
Child of the rose.
Porches untrod of forest houses
All before him, all day long,
"Yankee Doodle" his marching song;
And the evening breeze
Joined his psalms of praise
As he sang the ways
Of the Ancient of Days.

Leaving behind august Virginia,
Proud Massachusetts, and proud Maine,
Planting the trees that would march and train
On, in his name to the great Pacific,
Like Birnam wood to Dunsinane,
Johnny Appleseed swept on,
Every shackle gone,
Loving every sloshy brake,
Loving every skunk and snake,
Loving every leathery weed,
Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed,
Master and ruler of the unicorn-ramping forest,
The tiger-mewing forest,
The rooster-trumpeting, boar-foaming, wolf-ravening forest,
The spirit-haunted, fairy-enchanted forest,
Stupendous and endless,
Searching its perilous ways
In the name of the Ancient of Days.

II. The Indians Worship Him, but He Hurries on

Painted kings in the midst of the clearings
Heard him asking his friends the eagles
To guard each planted seed and seedling.
Then he was a god, to the red man's dreaming;
Then the chiefs brought treasures grotesque and fair,—
Magical trinkets and pipes and guns,

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Beads and furs from their medicine-lair,—
Stuck holy feathers in his hair,
Hailed him with austere delight.
The orchard god was their guest through the night.

While the late snow blew from bleak Lake Erie,
Scourging rock and river and reed,
All night long they made great medicine
For Jonathan Chapman,
Johnny Appleseed,
Johnny Appleseed;
And as though his heart were a wind-blown wheat-sheaf,
As though his heart were a new-built nest,
As though their heaven house were his breast,
In swept the snow-birds singing glory.
And I hear his bird heart beat its story,
Hear yet how the ghost of the forest shivers,
Hear yet the cry of the gray, old orchards,
Dim and decaying by the rivers,
And the timid wings of the bird-ghosts beating,
And the ghosts of the tom-toms beating, beating.

But he left their wigwams and their love.
By the hour of dawn he was proud and stark,
Kissed the Indian babes with a sigh,
Went forth to live on roots and bark,
Sleep in the trees, while the years howled by.
Calling the catamounts by name,
And buffalo bulls no hand could tame,
Slaying never a living creature,
Joining the birds in every game,
With the gorgeous turkey gobblers mocking,
With the lean-necked eagles boxing and shouting;
Sticking their feathers in his hair,—
Turkey feathers,
Eagle feathers,—
Trading hearts with the whole young earth,
Swept on winged and wonder-crested,
Bare-armed, barefooted, and bare-breasted.

The maples, shedding their spinning seeds,
Called to his appleseeds in the ground,
Vast chestnut-trees, with their butterfly nations,
Called to his seeds without a sound.
And the chipmunk turned a somersault,
And the foxes danced the Virginia reel;

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Hawthorne and crab-thorn bent, rain-wet,
And dropped their flowers in his night-black hair;
And the soft fawns stopped for his perorations;
And his black eyes shone through the forest-gleam,
And he plunged young hands into new-turned earth,
And prayed dear orchard boughs into birth;
And he ran with the rabbit and slept with the stream.
And so for us he made great medicine,
And so for us he made great medicine,
In the days of President Washington.

III. Johnny Appleseed's Old Age

Long, long after,
When settlers put up beam and rafter,
They asked of the birds: "Who gave this fruit?
Who watched this fence till the seeds took root?
Who gave these boughs?" They asked the sky,
And there was no reply.
But the robin might have said,
"To the farthest West he has followed the sun,
His life and his empire just begun."

Self-scourged, like a monk, with a throne for wages,
Stripped like the iron-souled Hindu sages,
Draped like a statue, in strings like a scarecrow,
His helmet-hat an old tin pan,
But worn in the love of the heart of man,
More sane than the helm of Tamerlane,
Hairy Ainu, wild man of Borneo, Robinson Crusoe—Johnny Appleseed;
And the robin might have said,
"Sowing, he goes to the far, new West,
With the apple, the sun of his burning breast—
The apple allied to the thorn,
Child of the rose."

Washington buried in Virginia,
Jackson buried in Tennessee,
Young Lincoln, dreaming in Illinois,
And Johnny Appleseed, priestly and free,
Knotted and gnarled, past seventy years,

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Still planted on in the woods alone.
Ohio and young Indiana—
These were his wide altar-stone,
Where still he burnt out flesh and bone.

Twenty days ahead of the Indian, twenty years ahead of the white man,
At last the Indian overtook him, at last the Indian hurried past him;
At last the white man overtook him, at last the white man hurried past him;
At last his own trees overtook him, at last his own trees hurried past him.
Many cats were tame again,
Many ponies tame again,
Many pigs were tame again,
Many canaries tame again;
And the real frontier was his sun-burnt breast.

From the fiery core of that apple, the earth,
Sprang apple-amaranths divine.
Love's orchards climbed to the heavens of the West,
And snowed the earthly sod with flowers.
Farm hands from the terraces of the blest
Danced on the mists with their ladies fine;
And Johnny Appleseed laughed with his dreams,
And swam once more the ice-cold streams.
And the doves of the spirit swept through the hours,
With doom-calls, love-calls, death-calls, dream-calls;
And Johnny Appleseed, all the year,
Lifted his hands to the farm-filled sky,
To the apple-harvesters busy on high;
And so once more his youth began,
And so for us he made great medicine—
Johnny Appleseed, medicine-man.

Then
The sun was their turned-up barrel,
Out of which their apples rolled,
Down the repeated terraces,
Thumping across the gold,
A presence in each apple that touched the forest mold,
A ballot-box in each apple,
A state capital in each apple,
Great high schools, great colleges,
All America in each apple,

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Each red, rich, round, and bouncing moon
That touched the forest mold.
Like scrolls and rolled-up flags of silk,
He saw the fruits unfold,
All color and all glory in one wild-flower-tangled dream,
Confusion and death sweetness, and a thicket of crab-thorns,
Heart of a hundred midnights, heart of thousand morns,
Heaven's boughs bent down with their alchemy,
Perfumed airs, and thoughts of wonder.
And the dew on the grass and his own cold tears
Were one in brooding mystery,
Though death's loud thunder came upon him,
Though death's loud thunder struck him down;
The boughs and the proud thoughts swept through the thunder,
Till he saw the wide nation, each State a flower,
Each petal a park for holy feet,
With wild fawns merry on every street,
The vista of a thousand years, flower-lighted and complete.

Hear the lazy weeds murmuring, bays and rivers whispering,
From Michigan to Texas, California to Maine;
Listen to the eagles, screaming, calling,
"Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed,"
There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.

In the four-poster bed Johnny Appleseed built,
Autumn rains were the curtains, autumn leaves were the quilt.
He laid him down sweetly, and slept through the night,
Like a bump on a log, like a stone washed white,
There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.

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Wilfred Reginald and the Dark Horse

By JAMES MAHONEY

Drawings by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

THE first of their crimes to reach the ears of Mr. Beecham, the youngest master, was Wilfred Reginald's. The morning after the Hallowe'en masquerade Wilfred Reginald arose before any other boy in either of the two dormitories was awake, went up-stairs to the infirmary in his pajamas and slippers, put himself to bed, and refused to get up.

"I 'm sick," he announced to Miss Canfield, the nurse, when she found him there as she passed by the door on her way to her bath-room. "I have a pain in my stummick, my head hurts awful', and I think I have a high fever."

Miss Canfield dropped her towels, ran for her faithful thermometer, and took his temperature at once. She was relieved to find it normal.

"Wilfred Reginald," she said, "there is nothing in the world the matter with you, or you would have a temperature. I 'll give you a little bicarbonate, and you can go on down-stairs with the other fellows."

"I don't wanta go down-stairs!" wailed Wilfred Reginald.

"Now, don't be stubborn, Wilfred Reginald. You know you have to sing to-day. There 's nothing at all the matter with you, and Dr. Sinclair is depending upon you for your solo. You *must* go down."

"I don't wanta go down-stairs!" he wailed. He delivered his ultimatum: "And I 'm not going to go—and—I 'm a very sick boy, if you only knew. You have n't got any feeling for me; you have n't got my pain in *your* stummick!"

He burst into perfectly genuine sobs. Miss Canfield was desperate. If Wilfred Reginald persisted in his obstinacy, it meant that she would have two patients on her hands before the end of the day, and one of them an adult; for Dr. Sinclair, the choir-master, would be a nervous wreck after even-song.

Wilfred Reginald was important. Not only was he the chief soloist of the cathedral choir, but the greatest boy soprano in the world. He meant everything to Dr. Sinclair. It was Dr. Sinclair who had developed his voice from the mere melodious rill it was in the child of nine until it had become a wonderful flood of pure silver sound in the boy of thirteen. This marvelous voice had become for the choir-master a cult, a second religion. If Wilfred Reginald became uncomfortable from overeating, the choir-master would be white and drawn with anxiety; and if Wilfred Reginald came in with wet feet, the choir-master would suffer all the nerve-racking tortures of a sleepless night. With Wilfred Reginald actually ill or as good as ill, and cutting his solo, anything might happen.

Wilfred Reginald knew this perfectly well; and the choir-master knew that he knew it. He also knew that this was the first time the boy had ever

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failed to come up to the mark. His regard for Dr. Sinclair, combined with a deep artistic pride in his own amazing gift, had spurred him on many an occasion to sing when, from real illness, he had hardly strength to walk in the procession in his heavy cotta. It was the knowledge of all this which dumfounded Dr. Sinclair when Miss Canfield told him at breakfast of Wilfred Reginald's delinquency and implored him to help bring the child to reason.

But their combined efforts were of no avail, and that evening Miss Canfield's worst predictions were justified. After the most trying day in Dr. Sinclair's life, she had to put an ice-cap on his head, give him a soothing draft for his nerves, and keep watch over him until he fell asleep.

Monday morning, after twenty-four hours in a dreary infirmary with all the blinds drawn, Wilfred Reginald made up his mind that he was sufficiently convalescent to come downstairs. But the relief of Dr. Sinclair's mind was to be short-lived. The disaster Wilfred Reginald had deliberately wrought upon the music proved to be only the first concussion of a veritable tidal wave of crime that swept over the school.

§ 2

No apparent cause could be found for the riot of deviltry that seethed beneath the calm and beautiful exterior the boys presented in the choir to an enraptured congregation. The reason for it all might never have been known if Vane had not knocked Mack unconscious with a broken beer-bottle. In the general conflict of emotion produced by this infuriated assault, their tongues were loosened, and the youngest master found his first clue.

After giving first aid to a limp and prostrate Mack and carrying him in to Miss Canfield's ministering care, he found the boys waiting for him in the common-room. They were pale with their terror at what had occurred, but their eyes gleamed with eager interest in the impending catastrophe they expected for Vane. Yet their paradoxical school-boy loyalty toward him held them silent.

"What did he do to make you so furious?" the youngest master asked, gently. "You must have had some reason."

"I don't know, sir," answered Vane. "He just made me mad, that 's all."

"Aw, you *do* know, too!" exclaimed Carson, indignantly. They felt that their need for loyalty had passed. There had been no explosion. Vane had not been struck down by the cataclysmic wrath of the gods, and the anticlimax left them too flat. Unconsciously, they began to manufacture drama to relieve it. "He said Queenie would let just anybody kiss her, and you *crowned* him!"

"Queenie 's Vane's girl!" chirped one of the youngest boys, rapturously.

"She 's not so my girl, neither!" cried Vane, forgetting his troubles in the joy of approaching conflict. "She 's Wilfred Reginald's girl. *He* invited her, I guess."

"You kissed her, anyhow," yelled Carson, "and she 's your girl. I would n't kiss any ol' girls."

"Aw, Carson," shrieked one of the youngest boys, "you kissed her yourself! I sawr it—be*hind* the gym*nas*yum *door!*" he added rhythmically.

"Well, she 's not my girl, *any*how!" claimed Carson, defiantly.

"She 's Wilfred Reginald's," repeated Vane.

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"She 's not," said Wilfred Reginald.

"Queenie 's Vane's *girl!* Queenie 's Vane's *girl!*" chanted a Greek chorus of youngest boys in ecstasy.

"She would n't dance with you, neither," Vane went on, determined to divert the ridicule from himself. "She would n't dance with *any* boy in nothing but a crummy ol' clown suit. She *told* me so."

"She did so dance with me!" yelled Wilfred Reginald. "I can prove it."

"Nothing but the first dance," said Vane, contemptuously, "an' she had to do that. A girl just has to dance the first dance with the fellow what invites her. An' that 's why you stayed in the infirmary that day an' would n't sing, an' everything. You were afraid we 'd laugh at you because the girl you invited would n't dance with you. *Yah!* you were a 'fraid-cat!"

"Queenie would n't dance with him!" chanted the Greek chorus. "Queenie would n't dance with WIL-furd REG'-nuld!"

Tears of humiliation came to Wilfred Reginald's eyes, but he managed a parting shot.

"Well, I guess a nice clown suit 's just as good as your mother's old jacket with ruffles sewed on it."

Vane had appeared at the masquerade ingeniously disguised as a "courtier under Louis XIV."

The master had let the argument proceed until he had gleaned enough facts to form a basis for further investigation, and then he brought it to an abrupt close by announcing that the next one to speak would go to the school-room at once. He wanted to know more definitely the precise character of Queenie's depredations. He remembered distinctly the spectacular appearance of the vulgar little girl at the masquerade, and he knew only too well what might be the background of one invited by Wilfred Reginald Koontz, that child of high-flaming genius and low, sordid extraction. After he had satisfactorily disposed of Vane for the present, he kept Carson, who seemed to be one of the principal figures in the drama, until they were alone in the common-room together.

"Tell me, Carson," he began seriously, "for it is something I really must know. Why did you kiss Queenie Kelly?"

"I did n't want to," protested the boy. "Really, I did n't."

"Well, why on earth did you do it, then?"

"She made me, sir."

"Oh," said the master. Then he added, "How *could* she make you kiss her?"

"She said, if I did n't, I was—I was —slow."

"Oh," said the master again. It was worse than he had believed. "What an awful child!" he said as he strode down the hall, "and what an ungodly name!" He was thinking of Queenie Kelly.

That evening he went to confer with the head-master before he led Vane into the presence.

"*Cherchez la femme,*" said the head-master, thoughtfully. "We must not allow her to be invited again."

But the effects of Queenie's depravity continued. The school post-box was full every day of letters bearing Queenie Kelly's East Twenty-third Street address. Stone, the steadiest boy in the school, who plugged away at everything he did until he had taken every prize the school had to offer, took to using the study hour for the composition of long epistles to the enchantress, and his average declined

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twenty-five per cent. Even Desmond, the devout, plunged incontinently into sin. He was the boy who, after wearing out the knees of his knickers praying in the cathedral, and the knees of his pajamas praying beside his bed, had rifled his mother's pocket-book of fifty cents, which, it developed, he added to his weekly allowance for the purchase of a box of candy as a present to Queenie. Desmond managed to obtain a pious satisfaction from his one sin after a blameless life.

"Now," said he, "I won't have to make up something to confess the next time I make my self-examination."

§ 3

Although time and the shortness of the memories of children slowly effected a reconstruction, and by the Christmas holidays Queenie was completely forgotten as far as the youngest master could ascertain, he feared in his soul a recrudescence of her after the post-Lenten dance. Already Dr. Sinclair had announced that he was preparing a musical surprise to spring upon a waiting world the very Sunday following the Saturday night upon which this dance was to be given, and the youngest master talked the matter over with Miss Hanson, the housemother. The head-master also spoke to her about it.

"'Well, I guess a nice clown suit 's just as good as your mother's old jacket'"

Two weeks before every dance the boys wrote upon little slips of paper the names and addresses of those whom they wished to invite, which, under promise of strict secrecy, they gave to Miss Hanson. If by chance there lingered in any of their minds a memory of the siren strong enough to induce an invitation, she could simply omit it from her list.

"I was on the point of not sending the first one," she said. "I had some idea of what she might be like."

"Well, there 's no fear of Wilfred Reginald doing it again," said the youngest master. "She pretty thoroughly sat on *him* the last time, and it looks as if the others have forgotten her."

"Even if they have n't," said Miss Hanson, meaningly, "a slip of paper is a very easy thing to lose."

§ 4

The months after the Christmas holidays passed with nothing untoward to interrupt the even tenor of school life, with the possible exception of Wilfred Reginald's unaccountable behavior with regard to his weekly allowance. He refused to spend a penny of it, and deliberately cut himself off from all excursions and parties involving any expenditure, however small. He even took to walking all the long

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distance home on Sunday evenings, no matter how bleak the weather, to avoid spending car-fare.

This worried Dr. Sinclair, who passed every winter a constant prey to the terror of a possible epidemic of sore throats, and he began giving Wilfred Reginald car-fare for the week-ends. Late one Sunday evening he encountered the boy half-way between the cathedral and Twenty-third Street, trudging doggedly home, fingering the nickels of the unspent car-fare in his pocket.

"Have you no regard whatsoever," exploded the great choir-master, frightening the child half out of his wits, "for the greatest voice God ever sent a cathedral choir?"

The perfidy of Wilfred Reginald with regard to the unspent nickels escaped him entirely, but from that time on he lived in mortal dread of what that extraordinary child might do. It presently appeared that Wilfred Reginald was indulging a secret passion with his ill-got hoardings, and the news was noised abroad that he was collecting fine raiment and concealing it in the lower drawer of his chiffonnier. First arrived a pair of trousers of dazzling white flannel. Later came a shirt of *crêpe de Chine*. These two garments were followed by a long succession of smaller accessories, including a violent purple tie brocaded with gold, and a pair of socks that would have put to shame Joseph in his spectacular coat and Solomon in all his glory.

It was not until a few weeks before the post-Lenten dance that the root of this strange passion became apparent. Miss Hanson was presiding over the ritual of the masters' coffee in the common-room after Sunday dinner, an observance which was one of her many contributions to the tone of the school.

"For once you are mistaken," she said to the youngest master; "Wilfred Reginald has done it again."

"What do you mean, Miss Hanson?"

"He has invited Queenie—"

"He 's simply unaccountable!" he declared, almost dropping his coffee-cup.

"It hurt me very much not to send the invitation," she continued, "for I believe he is counting on it. He has the most gorgeous collection of clothes in the lower drawer of his chiffonnier—"

"So that 's what they 're for!" said the youngest master. "I 've been wondering what he might be up to, but I never suspected—"

"That he was attempting a sartorial conquest of the lady?" rumbled the head-master, with an appreciative twinkle.

"The 'crummy ol' clown suit,'" said the youngest master—"of course that 's it!"

The choir-master, who up to this time had taken no part in the conversation, was becoming redder and redder with excitement. His face was nearly purple with emotion as he fairly shouted:

"That invitation *must* be sent!"

"Dr. Sinclair," exclaimed Miss Hanson, "have you forgotten the last time she came?"

"It will be worse if she does n't come. The service is too important. If he discovers that we did n't invite her, you cannot tell *what* that child will do. I cannot risk it. He 'll do something outlandish. He 'll ruin the service. He won't sing."

"Are we dealing with temperamental operatic stars, Dr. Sinclair?" asked Miss Hanson, smiling.

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"He 's worse than an opera-singer; infinitely," he lamented. "I can't believe you realize how very serious it is. I 've invited everybody of any importance in this town to that service. We 're going to sing the Gretchininoff Magnificat, the first time in America. Not even the Russian cathedral has done it. Wilfred Reginald has a solo; there 's an A in Alt, and nobody can take it but him. Miss Hanson, if he does n't sing, it simply can't be done. I 've already invited them all, and most of them have accepted. It 's a musical *event*."

"If it 's as bad as that," said Miss Hanson, smiling, "I can recall the invitations and postpone the dance."

"And put all their nerves on edge!" he cried. "I should never live through it."

"Very well, then, I 'll send the invitation," concluded Miss Hanson, wearily.

The head-master interrupted in a firm, clear voice:

"I 've promised Beecham," he said, "that that child should not come here again."

"If she comes again," said the youngest master, "I shall not answer for the consequences."

Dr. Sinclair rose.

"Mr. Beecham," he said with great dignity, "it is evident to me that you are entirely out of sympathy with the musical side of this school, and I wish to remind you that the sole reason for its existence is to supply the soprano voices of the cathedral choir." He turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

There was an uncomfortable pause.

"Well, invite her," said the head-master at last. "All I can do, Miss Hanson, is to appeal to you to deliver us from the consequences. I wonder if you know that I firmly believe that there is nothing you cannot do."

§ 5

His confidence in Miss Hanson was by no means unfounded, but in the matter of Queenie she felt herself to be at a distinct disadvantage. As time went on, and no solution of the difficulty came to view, the youngest master became abandoned enough to pray that the child might be taken violently ill at the last moment and be unable to come.

At last, however, Miss Hanson rose to the occasion, and beaming with pride, she called the youngest master into her sitting-room.

"I think I have solved the problem," she announced to him. "I am going to run a dark horse. Miss Van Lennep called here this afternoon with her little niece Marcia—"

"Miss Van *Lennep!*" cried the young man. Miss Van Lennep was the dread Miss Van Lennep of the ladies' committee appointed to oversee the affairs of the school, and as the school stood in awe of the ladies' committee, and the ladies' committee stood in awe of Miss Van Lennep, she was a very terrible person indeed.

"Yes, Miss Van Lennep," said Miss Hanson. "I persuaded her to bring Marcia to the dance."

"Is she your dark horse?" he inquired. "Marcia, I mean."

"If a dark horse can be so altogether lovely. I 'm expecting Queenie to be what the boys call a 'frost' beside her. She will *captivate* them. Then, Marcia has been beautifully brought up. The difficulty with Queenie, of course, was her unfortunate background, her total lack of any sort of bringing up. Now,

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" 'Look ut Wilfurd Reg'nuld in his long britches!' "

Marcia,—the Van Lenneps, you know, —if she does anything to the tone of the school, she will raise it."

"But how did you do it?" asked the master, with admiration.

"It took tact," Miss Hanson went on. "It was a distinct concession on the part of Miss Van Lennep. I assured her that the tone of the school was much too high for anything to happen which could contaminate Marcia in any way."

"If only it will work!" said the master.

"Oh, it will, it will," cried Miss Hanson. "You have only to see her."

Miss Hanson's confidence in her dark horse was so great that the youngest master became confident himself. But though he looked forward to the dance with diminished apprehension, he was not able to banish altogether the nervous strain of his waiting.

§ 6

At last the fateful evening arrived, and after dinner there was a wild stampede of excited boys to the dormitories to dress for the dance. The costume was to be, as on all formal occasions, white duck knickerbockers, blue jacket, patent-leather shoes, Eton collar,

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and dark-purple necktie. When the youngest master made his tour of the dormitories, he found the boys getting into these things in every stage of dress and undress. The hair of every one of them was plastered tight against his skull with the application of much water.

The curtains of Wilfred Reginald's alcove remained discreetly closed. Presently, however, he came forth resplendent, his necktie and socks screaming at each other in one glorious conflict of strident color. His cheeks were scarlet, and his throat was hot and dry, with his consciousness of the splendor of his garments.

"Look ut!" yelled Carson. "Look ut Wilfurd Reg'nuld in his long britches!"

There was a wild scramble to see the gorgeous apparition. Wilfred Reginald greeted them with a magnificent look of scornful indifference. Assuming a careless air and whistling a tune, he advanced debonairly toward the youngest master, who had seated himself on the radiator at the end of the dormitory.

"I expect it will be a very nice dance, don't you, sir?" he inquired, with the nonchalance of one to whom such things are trivial daily episodes.

The master's answer was drowned in a babel of sound. Up and down the dormitory taunting voices, raised to an exaggerated falsetto of affectation, carried on an imaginary conversation from alcove to alcove.

"Oh, yeh-yuss, a very nice dawnce! Chawmed, I 'm shuah. Such chawming britches!"

Society was assembled and ranged on the rows of chairs lining the walls of a gymnasium rendered festive for the occasion with bunting and banners. Lights shaded with crape paper flooded the scene with a golden glow. Society was composed chiefly of the parents of the boys and the little guests whom the boys had invited. The more distinguished members of it were gathered at the end of the room nearest the orchestra, and centered about the dean of the cathedral, who sat by his sisters, the Misses Beresford, and looked very handsome and distinguished in his clericals. The great Miss Van Lennep had entered late, with her little niece in tow, and a place was made for her in this group.

"Oh, you darling!" cried the Misses Beresford in duet at the sight of Marcia, and leaning impulsively forward, they gave her a collective kiss.

The child was lovely. A delicate flush lay warm upon the curve of her cheek. Her wistful mouth, with its half-parted lips, was as rosy and delicate as the petals of a flower. Her melting blue eyes shone starry below the waves of maize-colored hair lying finer than silken floss upon her forehead. An agreeable little curl fell above each shyly shrinking ear, and a cluster of still lovelier ones was gathered at the nape of her neck. She wore a Kate Greenaway gown of pale-yellow silk, with impossible little puffs at the shoulders pretending they were sleeves, and leaving all the loveliness of her dimpled arms to the delectation of a ravished world. Her hands were incased in the most absurd little white kid gloves imaginable. In all her innocence and fragility, the Victorian era would have claimed her for its own. She dropped a curtsy to the dean's sisters that went straight to their hearts.

When the youngest master saw Marcia, he crossed the room to Miss Hanson and took her hands in his.

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"Miss Hanson," he cried enthusiastically, "you are wonderful!"

"If the boys feel the same way about her," she said, smiling.

"They 're sure to," he said. "Poor Queenie does n't stand the ghost of a show." They looked down the hall to where Queenie sat blissfully self-conscious in the brave finery of a girl ten years older than herself, a spit curl of her red-gold hair curling as stiff as a spring upon her forehead, and a lump of it gathered into a bronze potato over each of her ears.

"I believe they will," murmured Miss Hanson, not without a pang of feminine pity for Queenie, who had evidently come to kill.

The orchestra had finished its tuning up, and the clatter of the patent-leather shoes of the boys coming up *en masse* could be heard in the hall. Some of the little girls, frankly eager, looked toward the door, while others hid their heads in alarm on their mothers' shoulders.

The boys stood for a moment in a hesitating group, too aware of the glory of their white knickers and their wet, sleek hair to be fully aware of their surroundings.

"O Aunt 'Trinka," cried Marcia, ecstatically, "are n't they just the most bee-you-tiful boys!"

The group of boys broke up rapidly as they recognized their friends among the guests lining the walls, and went to speak to them. Miss Hanson led the unattached ones up to Miss Van Lennep's corner and presented them to Marcia. She dropped a little curtsy to each of them in turn. The youngest master was watching nervously, but abandoned himself to unutterable relief when he saw on their blushing faces a blank stare of admiration replace the fixed smile of presentation. The orchestra plunged into a rollicking one-step.

In his killing clothes Wilfred Reginald strode up to Queenie and made the grave little bow that Miss Hanson had carefully taught them.

"O Wilfurd Reg'nuld," she cried, overwhelmed by the gorgeous vision, "you sure' do look grand!" She swung out proudly upon his arm, among the eddying couples of interlocked children that already filled the floor.

After this dance Marcia came darting across the floor, trailed by a wake of happy boys.

"O Aunt 'Trinka," she cried breathlessly, "they are just too lovely! Nine of them have asked me for the next dance!"

"But, my *dear*," said her Aunt Katrinka, "you can't dance it with *all* of them!"

"Oh, yes, I can. I 've divided it up. I just could n't disappoint any of them." Away she fluttered, with the boys crowding about her.

"Won't she be *devastating* when she is *twenty!*" Miss Van Lennep demanded of the roof of the gymnasium. "Whatever shall I do with her!"

Marcia was an undeniable success. She was so great a success that it was all Miss Hanson could do to pry enough boys out of her following to supply the other little girls with partners.

"We 'll have nothing to fear from Queenie this time," said the headmaster. "Miss Hanson's dark horse wins at a trot."

Between dances Marcia was hidden in the center of a swarming cloud of interested boys at the other end of the room.

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"What *do* you suppose they can find to talk about?" inquired Miss Van Lennep of North America at large.

The bishop came in a little later, and his advent turned the party into a veritable occasion. Miss Van Lennep captured him at once, took him into a corner away from the rest, and rendered his escape impossible.

§ 7

The circle she had left behind breathed more freely, and soon were engrossed in conversation. Suddenly the elder Miss Beresford arose, her long jet ear-rings quivering and glittering with her excitement. She could not trust the evidence of her unaided eyes, and she put up her lorgnette. Everybody turned to stare in the direction of her glasses, which converged upon Marcia, who, with Mack as her partner, was emerging from the group of boys that continually surrounded her.

"What in heaven's name," she gasped, "are those ridiculous infants doing!"

"Something less holy, I believe, my dear," suggested the dean, "than the place you have just invoked."

The couple swayed for a space to the lilt of the latest fox-trot; then they paused for an appalling moment, with their feet perfectly still, but their bodies following the syncopated rhythm with a barbaric movement first introduced into America as a dance on the Midway plaisance of the Chicago World's Fair.

"Ermyngarde," said the younger Miss Beresford, putting her hand on her sister's arm, "I believe—I believe—it 's—it 's the *shimmy!*" Her voice sank to a whisper on the last awful word. "I 've always wanted to see that."

"Cordelia! I must say—" began the elder sister, and sank powerless into her chair.

Miss Hanson and the youngest master turned to each other in one long, agonizing look.

"Oh," said Miss Hanson, when she regained the power of speech, "it 's indecent!"

"You see, it 's very easy," Marcia was instructing in her dulcet little voice. "Everything moves but the feet."

"What shall we do?" Miss Hanson implored the head-master. "This can't go on; but you know what it would mean if we offended Miss Van Lennep."

"Serve the refreshments early," pronounced the head-master, gravely and without hesitation, "and put ipecac in Marcia's ice-cream. That ought to finish her for the evening."

"How like you, Braine," said the dean, with delicate crow's-feet of amusement gathering at the corners of his fine, dark eyes. "How very, very like you! But the suggestion about early refreshments is n't bad. Tell Miss Van Lennep that Marc and I want her and her *charming* little niece to eat their ice-cream with us in Marc's rooms. The bishop is going, and she 'll be glad to come." He had no modest illusions about the value of his position. "We 'll keep her the rest of the evening, won't we, Marc?"

It was Dr. Sinclair whom he addressed as Marc, but all that gentleman and eminent choir-master said was:

"Thank God! that Queenie child is dancing with Wilfred Reginald!"

Under the hurried orders of Miss

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Hanson the distracted servants began a premature distribution of refreshments, and a regretful Marcia was spirited away by her awesome aunt to the rooms of the choir-master until the dance was brought at last to a satisfactory close. Wilfred Reginald continued to dance every dance with Queenie, who was thoroughly happy in the idea that her partner was easily the most elegantly dressed boy in the room. Thoroughly tired and thoroughly happy, the boys at last went to bed.

§ 8

The next morning the youngest master drifted into Miss Hanson's sitting-room to congratulate her on the successful handling of the difficult situation the evening before. It was their first opportunity to talk it over, and they were quite as gratified with themselves as if the dean had never made the slightest suggestion at all.

Into the midst of their elation Dr. Sinclair came like a dire presage of disaster, bursting into the sitting-

"'You see, it 's very easy, . . . Everything moves but the feet'"

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room in a frenzy of despair. He sank into a chair.

"Wilfred Reginald 's done it again!" he proclaimed in a voice that was almost gone.

"Dr. Sinclair," cried Miss Hanson in alarm, "what has that wretched boy done now?"

"He 's in bed in the infirmary and won't get up. I don't know what 's the matter with him. I 'm sure I saw that Queenie child dancing with him. He *says* he 's dying, and when I try to make him get up, he *howls!* It will ruin his voice."

Miss Hanson was speechless.

"Miss Hanson, don't you understand what I say? Good heavens! that service begins in an hour, and you tell me nothing to do. I 've invited everybody, Miss Hanson—everybody! What *shall* I do? What *shall* I do?"

"I 'm sure I don't know," she murmured feebly.

The choir-master sat bowed down under the weight of the catastrophe that Wilfred Reginald was about to bring upon a musical world.

"I can at least go up to see him," suggested the youngest master. "Perhaps I can do something." He had not the slightest idea what, but the choir-master had barely spoken to him since the invitation episode, and he hoped some inspiration might seize him. "Something within me tells me that it is Queenie again."

"Why did I invite that awful child!" wailed Miss Hanson, imploringly.

The youngest master found Wilfred Reginald with his face buried in a pillow wet with the tears of his weeping. He sat down on the edge of the boy's bed and put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"I 'm sorry," he said sympathetically, "although I 'm sure I don't know what 's the matter."

Save for a convulsive twist of his shoulders under the master's hand, Wilfred Reginald gave no reponse.

"Has anything very dreadful happened to you?"

"'I—I—I d-d-on't want to dance with *any* ol' girl nobody else wants to dance with!'"

No answer.

"It seems a pity, after having such a good time at the party—"

Wilfred Reginald turned with a violent jerk and faced the master.

"*Damn* that damn' ol' party!" he exploded, the fire of his indignation flashing from his tear-swollen eyes.

"Why, I thought you danced with Queenie all the evening!" exclaimed the astonished master.

"I—I—I d-d-on't want to dance with *any* ol' girl nobody else wants to dance with!" bellowed the boy.

"You 're not so different from the rest of us," thought the master; but what he said was: "Well, I would n't care about that, when everybody was

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talking about how nice you looked. And all of them wanted so much to hear you sing this morning. I 'm afraid you 've cried so much you won't be able to sing, and Miss Van Lennep asked to have a seat reserved especially to hear you."

All this was not strictly the truth, but the youngest master hoped the end was going to justify the means.

Wilfred Reginald's eyes became very wide and thoughtful. After a grave silence he spoke.

"Will—will"—he hesitated, fearful of what the master might think, and then he blurted out the rest of the question—"will Marcia be there?"

The youngest master saw light. He was stunned for a moment with this fierce illumination of his problem.

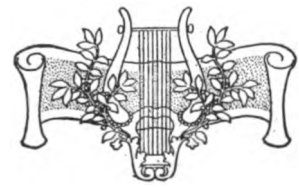
"I suppose so," said that shameless serpent of a master, and lied incontinently; "Miss Van Lennep asked for *two* seats."

"I feel much better," said Wilfred Reginald. "I don't think it would hurt me *very* much to get up."

Over an hour later the youngest master sat in the stalls of the chancel, watching with the eyes of a hawk for any misbehavior on the part of the rows of young cherubs who now were fluttering a little with the knowledge that in a moment they were to rise to their feet. Two great remote chords thundered dully out from the organ, seeming to shake the massive granite shafts about the frail white-stone lace altar. All the sanctuary was bathed in a flood of golden light, which lit up the expectant faces of the boys with an unearthly radiance. The echo of the organ died in the vaulting. The choir rose and began with a triumphal burst of sound. It was the Gretchininoff Magnificat. The master could hear the clear soprano voices of the boys following with ease the strange and difficult theme through all its contrapuntal phases.

"They are wonderful!" he breathed in awe.

Then a slight rustle spread over the entire congregation, and the guests of Dr. Sinclair, being much more accustomed to concerts than to church services, restrained a desire to applaud. Then, save for the basses booming deep and far below, Wilfred Reginald was singing alone. His voice soared high, white, and crystalline toward the A in Alt. He attacked it with accurate certainty and held it surely, producing his voice with a pure, piercing sweetness that made the beauty of the note almost unbearable.



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A Showman in Brazil

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Drawings by ARTHUR G. DOVE

THE "Companhia Brazileira" had advertised extensively, and the Kinetophone was well patronized from the start. Brazilians take readily to novelties, especially if they can be made *à la mode*, and our audiences of the second day included both priests and "women of the life," which is a sure sign of popular success in Brazil. As our doubled entrance fee of two milreis was high for those times of depression, also perhaps because the Cinema Pathé was considered a gathering-place of the élite, we got only the well dressed, or, perhaps I should say, the overdressed.

Our outfit consisted of fifteen films and their corresponding phonograph records. There was first of all, on every program, an explanation of the new invention and a demonstration of its power to reproduce all kinds of sounds, a film specially made to Lin- order, in Portuguese, with the flag of Brazil, the president's picture, and other patriotism-stirring decorations in the background. The only other film in the native tongue was a dialogue called the "Transformation of Faust," in which two Brazilians, who had somehow been enticed out to the Edison factory, ranted for six minutes through a portion of Goethe's masterpiece. But there were extracts from five popular Italian operas and three Spanish numbers, all of which took well with Brazilians, and though the remainder were in English, they were musical and comical enough to win interest irrespective of language; besides, the Brazilians are fond of the exotic.

The Kinetophone requires two operators, one in the booth and the other at the phonograph. Thus I was not only manager, auditor, and "concessionary," but obliged to run the stage end of the performance. Fortunately, we

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did not furnish the entire program, our part of the bill consisting of the "Portuguese Lecture" and two other numbers, filling one third of the hour, which constituted a "section," and leaving the rest of it to the ordinary films or whatever form of entertainment the local manager chose to supply. Every hour, therefore, from one in the afternoon to eleven at night, seven days a week, I had to be on hand to put on the first of our records, jump out to the edge of the audience to signal to "Tut" in his special booth, spring back again, and touch off the phonograph at exactly the right instant; repeat this with the other two records, thrust these back into their special trunk, lock it, and spend the next forty minutes, other duties willing, as I saw fit. Never during those eleven hours a day did I dare go far enough away from the theater to get a real let-up from responsibility. The most I could do was to snatch a lunch or stroll down to one end or the other of the *avenida*, to see the ships depart or, on windy days, to watch the sea pitching over the seawall of the Beira Mar, wetting even the auto-buses, and hurry back again for our part of the next "section."

In addition to running the films, "Tut" had to rewind them after every performance, so that his leisure time was ten minutes less to the "section" than mine. Then, less fond of strolling the downtown streets during our breathing-spells, he would retire to the unoccupied second-story anteroom of our theater with an American novel or magazine. There the Pathé had stored its supply of extra chairs, and from them "Tut" was wont to choose a seat, place it at the edge of the stone balustrade of the balcony, where he could look down upon the crowd surging up and down the *avenida*, and pass his time in reading. But the chairs, as is usual in South America, were of the frail variety, and "Tut," a generous six feet in height and by no means diaphanous in weight, had the customary American habit of propping his feet up on a level with his head, with the result that at more or less regular intervals *crash!* would go a chair. On the day when the manager, his eyes bloodshot with rage, requested me to visit the second-story anteroom with him during "Tut's" absence, the wrecks of eleven chairs were piled in one corner of it. After that I never had the audacity to go up and investigate, but crashing sounds were still frequently heard during the half-hour devoted to the voiceless films.

§ 2

On Thursday came the customary mid-weekly change of bill, and we were deeply thankful for a new Kinetophone program, after hearing the old one more than thirty times. The "music" that the cinema orchestra sawed off incessantly during every moment when we were not giving our part of the show also changed, though hardly for the better. We were a godsend to the musicians of that orchestra, for hitherto they had been required to play unbrokenly from one in the afternoon until nearly midnight. Our advent gave them ten or eleven twenty-minute respites during that time.

It soon made us nervous to know that we were the only persons alive or dead in the whole expanse of Brazil who could operate the Kinetophone, and that if anything happened to either of us, it meant a ruined performance, our income cut off, and an

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unamused Rio élite. Even if one of us failed to be on the dot ten times a day, the thing would be killed, for the *Carioca* is nothing if not critical, and of so little patience that word would have gone out at once, had we missed a single performance, that the "novelty" at the Cinema Pathé had failed. So I decided during our second week that we must get and break in a native assistant. Next morning the two principal dailies of the capital contained an appealing announcement. I intended to be particularly insistent on the points of youth, no family, and *algo de inglez*,—something of English,—but I soon found that we would be lucky even to get the indispensable requirements of cinema experience and a knowledge of electricity. In Buenos Aires mobs had besieged Linton's hotel in answer to a similar advertisement; in New York it would probably have brought out the police reserves at that period. Yet hardly half a dozen applicants turned up at the Praia do Flamengo after our morning swim to inquire languidly our desires. The first was a stupid-looking negro who did not seem to fulfil any of the requirements; the second was a shifty-eyed mulatto with no physique, badly needed for the one-night stands ahead; the third was quite visibly impossible, and not one of them spoke a word of English. I engaged the fourth man to appear. Carlos Oliva was of "Tut's" age, which did not hinder him from already having a wife and four children. But, then, so do all Brazilians, legally or otherwise. He was a Paulista,—that is, born in São Paulo, though of Italian parents,—a practised mechanic and experienced operator of ordinary "movie" films, and he looked intelligent, not to say handsome, which last might lead to complications in the theatrical world ahead. To be sure, he spoke no English, but that fond hope had died early, and it had become apparent that "Tut" would have to learn enough Portuguese to get along when it came time for me to move on ahead of the show and make bookings.

About the day Carlos joined us I found myself up against new and wholly unexpected troubles — silver troubles. It scarcely seems possible that any one would protest at getting too much silver, but many strange things happen in Brazil. There is no Brazilian gold except in theory; its paper does not suffice for small transactions. One day the Rio manager of the Companhia Brazileira met me at our usual noonday conference with the announcement that he would have to pay me a part of our daily percentage in silver. I saw no reason in the world why he should not other than the trouble of carrying it a few blocks to the bank, and accepting 200$000 in paper-wrapped rolls. But when I dropped these down before the receiver's window he declined to accept them. I fancied that the tropical heat had suddenly got the better of his sanity, and went in to see one of

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the English "clarks." There I found it was only too true; the banks of Rio do not accept silver! I had heard of South American banks doing all kinds of tricks, but I had never before known one to refuse money. I tried several other banks of various nationalities, with the same result; they all accepted only silver enough to make up odd multiples of ten milreis. The English manager of the British bank, who had lived so long in Brazil that he had lost some of the incommunicativeness of his race, took the trouble to explain the enigma to me. The year before, the agent of a German firm had arranged with certain Brazilian officials to issue a new coinage, and the firm had flooded the country with new and shining (German) silver. At the cinema door we naturally took in much *prata*, and even after making change a donkey-load of it remained to be divided every noon. I could not buy drafts with it on New York, the Government would not receive it, and being made in Germany, it was hardly worth melting up. Finally, I took to dropping the silver into the bottom of one of our trunks, until this became too heavy to be lifted by hand.

§ 3

Summer was already beginning to seethe in earnest when, on the first morning of October, I fled from our quarters on the Praia do Flamengo to the miserable old station of the Central Railway of Brazil. Notwithstanding my rule never to cover the same ground twice, I was returning to São Paulo, where our contract with the Companhia Brazileira specified that we should present the Kinetophone during the month of October. The long lack of rain was everywhere apparent, the entire country powder-dry and water-longing. Even the palm-trees looked wilted and bedraggled, drooping as if tired and thirsty. In folds of the earth clumps of banana-plants, sometimes a few choked coffee-bushes beneath them, called attention to primitive huts in which a black colonist and his numerous brood offered to the sun's caresses impudent bronze skins which it cannot tan. It was a nonchalant life at best, where the earth gives a maximum of return for a minimum of exertion.

The Companhia Brazileira operated eight cinemas scattered throughout the city, which were in the habit of changing their programs nightly instead of twice a week. As we were to play in them all under similar conditions, I set to work to shift our numbers in such a way that we had more than twenty-five combinations of program with our fifteen films, both in the hope that those who might already have heard one number would be attracted by the other two, and because the Brazilians will not stand for *sopa requentada* (reheated soup), as they call a repetition of program. I had been disgruntled, though not greatly surprised, to find that our coming had not been advertised, except with a small portrait of Edison in some of the newspapers, the ex-bootblack being a true Latin-American in never believing a promise until it has been fulfilled. This was quite contrary to our contract, yet it would have caused us to lose not one day, but several days, had I not forced the Spaniard to let us open

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at one of his theaters the following night and to plunge at once into advertising, which I aided by giving a special performance to the press and "influential citizens" at six that afternoon.

I decided to try my own genius at flimflamming the public. The usual posters, newspaper notices, and banners were all very well, but I wanted something special, something exotic, that could not fail to impress upon every one that the "Kinetophone, the wonderful talking-moving pictures, the marvel of the age," and so on, was in São Paulo for a very limited time indeed,—*só trez dias* (only three days)—after which it would move to another theater a few blocks away. I hired a little Italian dwarf who had been hanging around appealing for a job to parade the streets as a sandwich man. That particular form of advertising had apparently never been seen there. Using two of our large half-sheet portraits of Edison as a background, I had special sandwich-boards made on an original design of my own; but the painter, frightened at any suggestion of novelty, reduced my idea to the commonplace, and then told another man to complete the sandwich-boards. This he did eventually, under my stern supervision, and I turned the innovation loose on São Paulo, and an hour later met my dwarf carrying the two boards above his head in the form of a banner, which had been the "last cry" in Brazilian advertising for at least a decade. He had some maudlin excuse to make for not carrying out my plans as I had laid them, and next day he left even the banner loafing on a corner while he worked at a better job during the best hours of Saturday, leaving me no choice but to turn him back into the ranks of the disgruntled unemployed.

§ 4

All my other troubles as a theatrical potentate, however, were as nothing compared with my struggle against "deadheads." Though our contract called for "complete suppression of the free list during this engagement," the carrying out of that clause was quite another matter than inserting it. The excuses for entering a theater in Brazil without paying the admission fee are innumerable. One might think that a justice of the Supreme Court would be ashamed to use his office to force his way into a "movie" house, the admittance fee to which was barely the equivalent of a quarter, but that was by no means the worst of it. He not only demanded free admission, but usually took his entire family with him, and the average Brazilian family can fill many seats. It is the custom in Brazil for theaters to send annual passes to all the higher politicians. Thus a richly engraved yearly pass is given to the judge, and is marked as untransferable and for his personal use only. But he cannot, of course, be expected actually to show it, like a *popular*, or common fellow, or to have questioned his right to bring with him such guests as he may choose; that would be far beneath his official dignity. It is the business of every one connected with the theater to know the judge and not put him to the annoyance and degradation of showing that pass, which would be an insult almost compara-

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ble to dunning him for a debt. So he thrusts the obsequious gateman haughtily aside and marches in with his whole progeny, and a little later a barefoot negro boy appears with an elaborately engraved pass that states that he is a justice of the Supreme Court, and must be let in without questioning, lest one have to answer next day for contempt of court.

We were incessantly pestered by official mendicants and well-to-do beggars, by friends of the management or of the cinema employees, and by "influential people" in droves. Favor to a friend, a relative, an acquaintance, the friend of a friend's friend, to any one with an authoritative manner, and the lack of moral courage that goes with it, was the curse of all São Paulo's doorkeepers. If a man had ever met a person connected in any way with the institution, he expected to get the glad hand and a smiling invitation to "go right in." It was not so much that they were trying to save money; the milreis admission fee was not serious to the official and influential class: it was *fazendo fita*, showing off by stalking past the cringing ticket-collector with an air daring him to challenge them. To march in with his whole decorated, upholstered, and perfumed family gave a man the sense of being a person of superior clay for whom there are no barriers. At the "Cinema High Life," which prided itself on attracting *le monde chic* of São Paulo, I counted 215 "deadheads" one night out of an audience of barely six hundred, and I missed a number when duties took me away from the door, and did not count the score or more in uniform, or the friends of the stage hands who saw the pictures from the rear.

Once in a while, though by no means often enough to make up for the "deadhead" losses, men went to the other extreme in *fazendo fita*. A fop would now and then come in all alone and buy an entire box for himself; or a well-known man in the community would come the first night with his family, thrusting the doorkeeper aside, and take seats in the parquet, and the next night, when he came with his bejeweled mistress, he would take the best box available, and pay for it, less out of a sense of fairness than for the purpose of advantageously displaying his prize to his envious fellow-citizens.

§ 5

We found that the Kinetophone appealed less and less as we descended the scale of wealth and education. In the working-man's districts of Barra Funda and the like we were escorted by mobs of urchins until we felt like a country circus, but there was little gain in playing to such audiences. In the slang of Brazil, "wire was lacking," and we gave matinées to scatterings of "deadheads" and half-price children, and evening performances to thin, apathetic houses. The young toughs we would not let in free took revenge by mutilating our cloth-mounted posters of Edison, the managers lost our newspaper cuts, and nearly half our slight share of the receipts was paid in nickel.

But our engagement with the Companhia Brazileira was drawing to a

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close at an old theater out by the gasworks, and the hour had come for me to find out whether I was a real "movie" magnate or merely a ticket-taker; for the carrying out of a contract made by some one else is a wholly different thing from faring forth into the world and making contracts. I set out for the interior of the State of São Paulo, therefore, with misgiving not only as to my own abilities, but also because "Tut" and Carlos, who did not speak the same language, were left to run the show. However, either of them now knew both ends of the job well enough not to need to talk about it, and "Tut" could be depended upon to hang around the door whenever he was at leisure, and at least count the "deadheads" even if he could not keep them out.

I was bound for Campinas, third city of the state, but the town of Jundiahy "looked good to me" as we drew into it, and I dropped off there. It was a straggling coffee center of perhaps sixteen thousand inhabitants, rather picturesquely strewn over a rolling hillside, at the summit of which rose a big yellow building bearing the familiar name "Polytheama." In the electric light plant next door I learned the name of the manager, but had visited a dozen other buildings before I ran him down, only to find that the real owner and contract-maker was the prefect and chief mogul of the town. I found him surrounded by much ceremony in his inner sanctum of the *prefeitura*, introduced myself with as brief formality as possible, and told him that the Kinetophone was to finish in São Paulo on November 12, and that it might be to his advantage, as well as to that of Jundiahy, to have it stop there for the night of Friday, the thirteenth, on our way to Campinas. He replied that he had made a special trip down to São Paulo to see this new "marvel of the American wizard," but he had never dreamed we might be induced to come to Jundiahy.

He was indeed highly flattered, but could he and his modest little town really afford so remarkable an entertainment? I offered to book the attraction for $150. He looked up the rate of exchange in the São Paulo morning paper, smiled sadly over the figures he penciled on the margin of it, and regretted that it was impossible to pay a fixed sum, especially in those hard times. I took leave of him and turned back toward the station, intending to drop the matter and seek larger towns; but I felt almost superstitious at the thought of failing in my first attempt to make a contract, and yielded to the entreaties of the manager beside me to return and seek some other basis of arrangement. The prefect showed more pleasure than surprise at my return, and offered to rent me the Polytheama for one night at 80$, we to pay for orchestra, light, license, employees, and all the rest of it. I declined. "Tut" could scarcely be expected to handle so complicated a proposition to our advantage. It being then my move, I dug down into my portfolio and brought forth a contract that Linton had by some stroke of luck or genius made in a small town of Chile, giving him seventy per cent. of the gross receipts. I would have accepted the "fifty-fifty" basis on which

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we were then playing rather than begin with a failure, but by judicious use of the Chilean contract and my most fluent Portuguese I got the prefect himself to offer us sixty per cent., and having asked and been refused the privilege of charging to his expense the cost of our transportation from São Paulo, just in order not to appear too eager, I agreed. I drew up duplicate contracts on the spot, left a reasonable amount of advertising matter, and still had time to snatch a lunch before catching the next train northward. Yet there are men who believe that business cannot be done in a hurry in South America!

It was mid-afternoon when I reached Campinas in its lap of rolling hills, and the siesta-hour was not yet over. I took a *tigre*, a two-wheeled hack, to the center of town, and having installed myself in a big, bare front room of the principal hotel, with the customary black-beans-and-rice Brazilian diet, began my professional inquiries at once. The rink was a great barn of a place, and in the course of an hour I coaxed some of the negro boys attached to it to hunt up and rout out the manager. He was a plain, businesslike young fellow with almost American ideas of advertising and management, in which he was given *carte blanche* by the wealthy owner, and we were soon engaged in the preliminary matching of wits. I drew out clippings, old programs, articles on the Kinetophone from American, Brazilian, and Spanish-American papers as they were needed to clinch my arguments, and as he grew interested, we sat down at a table on the gloomy, unlighted stage, where a Portuguese company was mumbling and ranting through the "comedy" they were to perpetrate that night. I proposed that we play five nights at $250 a night. The youthful manager smoked half a cigarette pensively, remarked that if I had only come before the war he would readily have consented, but that now it was impossible. I sprang the incredible Chilean contract. No, he would only split even; there we stuck for some time. But the manager was adaptable, and we finally agreed that I should get sixty per cent. of the gross receipts during our sections.

It took me all the evening to draw up the contracts with the rink, write the contents of them in English for "Tut" and in Portuguese for Carlos, and detail to the manager our several advertising schemes; but I went to bed at last as highly satisfied with myself as it is well for frail humanity to be.

§ 6

In the best room available of the best hotel of São Carlos I could scarcely turn around without barking my shins, and the window opened so directly on the sidewalk that the shoulder of every passer-by seemed to jostle me. The weather was as volatile as a Brazilian, with heavy downpours for ten minutes alternating with ten minutes of sunshine. I waded down into the valley through wide streets reeking in blood-red mud and up to the Theatro São Carlos, the manager-owner of which I at length unearthed, despite the

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prevarications of his negro servants, in an office over the garage. I had his name signed to duplicate contracts when he remarked casually:

"Of course Edison himself comes with the show? Our people will be as anxious to see him as to get acquainted with his new invention, of which I have heard such splendid reports."

"Why—er—it may be, perhaps, that he will not be able to get here," I stammered. "You see, he has several little things on hand; besides, he is a married man and—and—"

How excellent my Portuguese and my winning salesman manner had become was proved by the fact that in the end I did not have to abrogate the contract for two days at the Theatro São Carlos.

I traveled on northward. Contracts for the various towns of São Paulo were in my pocket, and the Kinetophone was booked for several weeks ahead. Soon we were completely surrounded by coffee-bushes, which actually brushed the sides of the train and stretched away unbrokenly into the dense blue horizon for mile after swift mile. Endless and straight and unerring as the files of a well-trained army, up and down over hill and dale with never the slightest break in alinement, ran the rows. Down in the hollow of each *fazenda* there were long rows of whitewashed huts with dull-red tile roofs, all run together into one or two buildings, sometimes with a church attached. The soil was red, that ubiquitous red which is tracked along the sidewalks and into every shop and dwelling, until the whole town, the children that play in it, and the men that work in it take on a pinkish hue.

On beyond Riberão Preto we steamed for hours out of the vast coffee-lined basin on the train which left at dawn and took all day to get to the next town of any size. Coffee-fields at length gave way to brush-covered *campo* and scattered grazing cattle, the train winding in great curves around slight hills like water seeking an outlet, or a lost person wholly undecided which way to go. Early in the afternoon we crossed the Rio Grande into the State of Minas Geraes. Here we passed one station 3400 feet high, and all but shook ourselves and the cars to pieces as we rattled down again into Uberaba, 2500 feet high, just as the day was escaping over beyond the mountains.

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The Crystal Heart

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME, *Author of* "THE DARK TOWER," *etc.*

Drawings by NORMAN PRICE

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–VIII. From the beginning Joy Featherstone smiled unexactingly at a universe that she loved. She was nine when Rosemary, last of a large family, was born, and Joy knew she could never love anything so much again, not Maude, her companion sister, or Nicolas Pennant, who loved her better than any one else, despite Maude's desire for first place in his affections. Rosemary developed a rare and incurable wasting disease, and the long task of caring for her lay chiefly in Joy's devoted hands. She gave herself completely to fighting the child's unbearable pain, and after her death, she refused to marry Nicolas because of her horror at the thought of having a child who might suffer as Rosemary suffered. Nicolas thinks her horror is for him as a lover, and while Joy visits his married sister Julia, he allows himself to become engaged to Maude. Julia, to whom Joy has confessed her vanishing fear, writes him an explanation, but Joy and Nicolas agree on the impossibility of hurting Maude.

IX

THE wedding went off very well. Arrangements in the Pennant and Featherstone circles usually went off well. They were considered sacred and put before everything else. No one altered a plan lightly, and no one dreamed of letting a feeling interfere with an arrangement. People could feel as they liked, provided that they behaved as they were expected to behave.

Maude made an excellent bride; it was almost a pity that so much brisk competence should be confined to one occasion, but there was nothing in the robust appearance of Nicolas which promised to provide her with a further opportunity.

Nicolas stood up to his wedding as he would have stood up to be shot. No one could have told whether he was willing to be either married or shot, but they could be perfectly sure that he would go through the ordeal as if he were willing, if he considered it necessary to go through it at all. There was something about Nicolas's will as compulsory as a prison wall within which he condemned himself to solitary confinement.

Joy worked up to the last moment of the wedding, and mercifully through everything except the actual service. She had to remember lists of things which still needed the holding together of a careful eye. She dressed the bride and stood behind her at the altar. There were four bridesmaids, but Joy was the maid of honor. She could see Nicolas's unchanging face and steady eye whenever she looked up. He stood like a figure carved out of stone, and even when she could not see him, she knew how he looked.

They went through the whole long, old-fashioned service, and several

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hymns sung with penetrating ardor by their two village choirs. Everything was perfectly in order. The bride and bridegroom were told quite clearly what was expected of them, and about the whole transaction there was that particular blend of violent idealism and hard common sense which is so often found when the laws of God and man are expected to conform to one another.

Joy was a devout churchwoman, but it just flashed through her mind as she listened to the stately homily pronounced by the vicar that something or other, she did n't quite know what, escaped.

A few weeks after the wedding, while Nicolas and Maude were still enjoying their honeymoon (they had decided to spend it upon the golf course at St. Andrews'), Joy received a startling letter from Julia.

An accident had happened to her which did n't seem very clear even after Julia had rather elaborately explained it. She had gone up, she wrote, to the roof to have a look at a choked drain-pipe, and, slipping on a dead leaf, had fallen forty feet to the ground. She ought, she supposed, to have been killed; but she was n't in the least dead, and, barring rather a badly broken leg, none the worse for her fall. But would Joy care to come and look after her household for her until she could get about again? She knew it was rather a tall order, but the servants were good and already devoted to Joy, and she could n't trust any one else. Still, Joy must not come if she would rather not, *if for any reason she would rather not.* Julia underlined this statement. She added:

I know all about the wedding. Please don't tell me how beautiful a bride Maude looked. I thought you 'd have the sense to go home and stop it. When I found you had n't, I wrote to Nicolas,—I dare say you won't thank me,—and it appears to have been as useful as most attempts to put crooked things straight; but I can't bear to see a thing that *can* be helped forced into a stage where it can't.

Don't worry about them, though; they 'll probably come out all right in the end, and hardly know it if they don't. They have n't got any illusions to trip them up.

It 's you I mind about. Not that I think you *really* cared, but it 's dreadful to begin to care and to be left with that particular feeling on your hands.

Try not to be left long. I dare say you think it matters dreadfully whom you marry, but I don't think it does nearly as much as one imagines, provided the man is straight.

Don't be too romantic; take my word for it, it does n't pay.

The twins are getting on splendidly. They roar like the bulls of Bashan, and spend all their time waxing fat and kicking.

Yours ever,

JULIA.

P. S. It really does n't pay being too romantic.

This was an odd letter to receive from Julia Pennant, who was the happiest woman in the world. It puzzled Joy so much that she gave it to her mother to read.

Mrs. Featherstone was apparently even more struck by it than Joy had been. She read it through twice, and then asked rather irrelevantly:

"What do you think of Owen Ransome, Joy?"

Joy said at once that he was the most entertaining and sympathetic person she had ever met. He was full of kindness and tact. It was a

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"The wedding went off very well"

pity he did n't lead a life that was more worth while; but he was extremely rich, and often went to London or even to Paris and Antwerp for meetings on international finance. Still, most of his life was taken up with amusements; however, even the amusements were perhaps part of the upkeep of a business career. Joy did n't know much about business, but whatever she knew about Owen Ransome was to his credit, and she liked to praise him.

Mrs. Featherstone listened to her for some time in silence, then she said:

"People lead the kind of lives they are, unless they are quite abominably weak, when they are led by other people. Good people lead lives that *are* worth while. If they do not, I do not think they can be good."

"But I know Owen is good," said Joy, doubtfully.

"You mean you know he is pleasant," corrected Mrs. Featherstone. "People can afford to be pleasant without any very high moral standard."

"He 's fond of his twins," said Joy, protestingly.

"They 're nice, healthy children," observed Mrs. Featherstone, "and he is a rich man to whom fatherhood comes extremely easily. There seems to me no good reason why he should not be fond of his twins."

Joy looked a little uncomfortable. She could not quite give her reasons for thinking Owen good, but she knew she thought him good. Sometimes she was a little less sure about Julia, Julia had so manifestly changed. It really did seem sometimes to Joy that Julia had become a little worldly. She hoped her mother would not ask her any very direct question about Julia; but Mrs. Featherstone seemed to connect the two subjects in some mysterious way, for she said after a pause:

"I knew Julia Pennant very well, and I always liked her very much. I do not like that letter at all. Particularly I dislike her reference to Nicolas. Nicolas is married now. There is nothing more that can be conveniently said about him. Don't look so distressed, child. I do not blame you in any way. You have behaved very well, but I hesitate to give my consent to your returning to the house of any one who can write in such a hard and flippant spirit.

"It is an unreserved letter, too, and I never knew Julia Pennant unreserved when she quite obviously should not be. Marriage has dete-

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riorated her, and I was wondering if Owen Ransome is not to blame for it. Perhaps, after all, she is not happy with him."

"Oh, but I know they 're happy," exclaimed Joy, and then for the first time a curious doubt came into her mind. Were they, after all, so happy? She had both their words for it. Owen had said, "Of course ours is the ideal marriage," and Julia had said, "I am the luckiest woman in the world." They were undoubtedly in love. Could people be unhappy and yet in love if they were married?

The Ransomes were secure, good people with regular habits, blessed by twins, and respected by the world around them. These landmarks in a changing universe surely never deceived.

"I don't quite see," Mrs. Featherstone observed thoughtfully, "how Julia came to fall off the roof. She was always so sure-footed."

Joy laughed aloud at this.

"Oh, come, Mummy darling," she said, "you don't really think Owen pushed her off the roof, do you?"

Mrs. Featherstone shook her head. She smiled, too; but she did not say what else she had thought. She only ended by agreeing rather reluctantly that Joy should go to Julia for a few weeks. She would not have given her consent at all if she had not known that Nicolas and Maude were to return in a few days' time. Even though she had just said that nothing further could be said about Nicolas, once he was married, she realized that it was better Joy should not be exposed to seeing the final certainty too vividly presented to her until habit had made the situation easier all round.

Mrs. Featherstone had never mentioned the subject to Joy, but it is probable that she knew all there was to know. She had been annoyed by Julia's letter, but she had not been startled. She put her hand rather shyly on Joy's shoulder as she watched her turn to leave the room.

"My dear," she said, "I don't want to bother you, but one cannot live to my age and not know a little about life. Perhaps it would be a comfort to you to know that things that happen, however painful they are at the time, do not matter very much for long. Only how we behave to them matters. That matters very much indeed, and it lasts always."

Joy would have liked to say: "O Mother, but Nick is n't like that. He minds without stopping." For the only thing Joy felt really unbearable was Nick's tears. But before she had time to say his name, Mrs. Featherstone had pushed her very gently from the room. She did not want to hear his name even uttered. Nicolas was Maude's business now, and silence would teach Joy quickest that Nicolas was Maude's business.

X

It was late in the afternoon of a dull October day when Joy returned to Pollards. It had been raining for some time, and the air was full of the earthy smell of wet leaves. The dark clouds banked high over the brown, sodden foliage and the chill wind that blew against her face gave her a feeling of something sinister and disheartening. The long terrace, immaculately cleared from leaves, looked stale and empty. Pots of chrysanthemums and asters in their stiff rows had a frightened, apologetic air, as if

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"She gave it to her mother to read"

they were guests invited at the last moment to take the place of chosen friends. Pollards was not a house which could sink softly under a load of creepers; it stood big and bald, staring out flatly across its empty garden beds.

Joy felt, looking around her uncertainly in the gathering dusk, as if the house had no inner life in it. It was strange that Owen, who so understood intimacy, should have bought a "residence" and not a "house"; or was it perhaps Julia who had so wholly failed to transform it into what it should have been?

Joy suddenly became aware that the terrace was no longer empty. A figure was advancing toward her whom she mistook for a moment for Julia until she remembered that Julia could not walk. It was a much smaller figure than Julia's, but it advanced upon Joy with all the decision of a hostess.

"You 're Miss Featherstone," the young person asserted in a clipped, familiar tone. "Do come in and have some tea before you go up to Mrs. Ransome. I 'm Nina Mullory, Owen Ransome's secretary."

Miss Mullory was different from any one Joy had ever seen before. She had an air of more decision and less grace. She wore a provocative cherry-colored hat drawn rather markedly over one eye; her dress had those accentuated points of fashion which catch and haunt the attention without pleasing it. Her small, tip-tilted face was accentuated, too. Joy thought that Miss Mullory had very red lips for cheeks that managed to be so unnaturally white, and there was something odd about her eyebrows, as if they might have belonged more reasonably to a different face.

But it struck Joy even more that though Miss Mullory was obviously young, she had none of the disabilities of youth. It was in Joy that these disabilities instantly appeared. She felt aware that she had never been so shy before; it was as if she had to be shyer than usual to make up for the aggressive ease of Miss Mullory. Joy wanted to go to Julia at once, but she could n't make up her mind to say so. She stood there tentative and helpless while Miss Mullory gave rather sharp orders as to what was to be done with her boxes.

"It 's beastly damp," Miss Mullory observed over her shoulder to Joy, with some impatience. "Do come in."

Joy followed her submissively into

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the library. It was full of cigarette smoke, and there were a good many things lying about. It did not look like one of Julia's rooms.

Miss Mullory sat down immediately, with her legs crossed, and lit another cigarette; above it she deliberately studied Joy's appearance without concealment or friendliness. She might have been fingering a remnant in a sale that she considered over-priced. Behind Miss Mullory's bright, expressionless eyes her thoughts were busy.

"Of course she is pretty," Miss Mullory admitted to herself, reluctantly, "but she does n't know what to do with it. Look at her clothes and the way she lets her head hang. It 's astonishing if her color 's real; but it must be, I suppose. She has n't the sense to put it on so well if it is n't. It 's a bore she 's here, but I don't think it 'll really matter."

She signed to the butler to place the tray in front of her and poured out tea. The butler gave a pleading look in Joy's direction, but the crisis had passed before it occurred to Joy that, after all, as Julia's most intimate friend it was she who should have poured out tea.

"How is Mrs. Ransome?" Joy asked softly. She wanted with a curious urgency to bring Julia back into the room.

"Oh, I suppose she 's getting on all right," Miss Mullory replied, surveying her neat foot, impatiently. "We 'd have heard if she was n't."

Joy looked at her in a puzzled way. Who were "we"? Do secretaries identify themselves so intensely with their employers? But of course Miss Mullory could n't mean Owen, because Owen would always know how Julia was. Perhaps Owen had two secretaries; but Joy almost hoped he had n't. One secretary seemed enough.

"Owen won't be back," Miss Mullory volunteered, "till to-morrow. He 's off up in town. It 's beastly dull down here when he 's away. I don't know what to do with myself. I can't have my own friends down here, and I can't go off anywhere else, or he 'd come back and want me."

"I did not know he was so busy," said Joy, politely. "Of course it must make it very difficult."

Miss Mullory regarded her in a most peculiar way, as if there was a joke in the air which Joy had been a little too slow to catch.

"Miss Mullory sat down immediately"

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"It might be worse," she said, with a laugh. "Don't you think he 's awfully nice?"

Joy put down her tea-cup. She was very shy, but she was not timid, and she knew that she did not intend to discuss Owen with Miss Mullory.

"His wife is my greatest friend," she said quietly. "I think I have taken for granted that he was nice."

"Well, that 's a funny way of looking at men," said Miss Mullory, defensively. "I don't see what difference his wife can make, anyway. Either a man 's jolly or he is n't."

"I will go up now and see Mrs. Ransome," said Joy. "Thank you so much for giving me my tea."

The other girl leaned back in her chair and stared hard at her. Was this a declaration of war already? Did this very countrified creature, without a sense of the chief values of life, intend to snub a person who had been so extremely successful in "picking up a thing or two"? It almost looked like it, for though Joy's voice was extraordinarily gentle and she had smiled when she spoke, she got up quite decisively and left the room.

Miss Mullory frowned at Joy's departing figure. There were several important items of information which she had intended to extract from her in their first interview, and she had not extracted them. She had an uneasy sense that even though Joy was a fool, she was not going to be an easy one to handle. She had looked like a child and dressed like a child, but there was in the sudden steadiness of Joy's eyes when she suspected impertinence a quite curious likeness to Julia Ransome's eyes, and Miss Mullory had already met them once too often.

Joy ran up unannounced to the nursery. The twins were having their baths. It was an exquisite spectacle. They were sixteen months old now and could frankly participate in, or even more frankly resist, all the processes of life. Baths were the crowning-point of their day. Safe in expert hands, they trampled, crowed, and plunged in broad and spacious seas of warmth and buoyancy. They drifted with the tide, they fought convulsively with sponges; soap threatened and discomfited them momentarily, to sink with a roar into the oblivion of the past.

Pink, wet, and shining, they were at length withdrawn to broad knees and scrubbed with soft towels. They waved their legs in the air and shrieked a few well-chosen, but half-hearted, shrieks to show that they preferred the element of water, even though they admitted that the element of earth was no unsound invention. Sweet-scented powder was sprinkled over their finely manipulated persons. Refreshed and drowsy, they submitted in a kindly spirit to Joy's embraces, and let her carry them triumphantly to bed. Nurse was delighted to see Joy again, and gave her the crowded history of the twins' last two months. It did not strike Joy till afterward that neither Miss Mullory nor nurse had said anything about Julia's accident.

Julia's room, immaculately tidy, was very light and large. There was fresh air in every corner of it. Julia, propped up on an immense expanse of white pillow, looked peculiarly erect and fine. She had always impressed Joy as a being of inordinate daintiness, like the very finest Dresden china or the most carefully drawn and delicate old lace. There are beauties who

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could be planted and shine equally in any class of life, but Julia's beauty was singularly select. She could have been found only in an old and privileged order; the cut of her nostrils, the chiseled lids of her clear, fine eyes, had as unmistakable a look of breeding as the careful points of a race-horse.

She looked as frail as a flower, but she was in reality intensely strong. Nothing could change Julia; certainly falling off a house had n't. Her eyes lit with pleasure as they rested on Joy, and then a curious shadow passed over her face again, as if even over her pleasure in Joy she had to set a guard.

"My dear," she cried out gaily, "ring for tea. You must be dead after that abysmal journey."

"No," said Joy; "I had my tea down-stairs, thanks. A Miss Mullory gave it to me."

"Oh, yes," said Julia, indifferently; "Owen's new secretary. I am glad she had the sense. What did you think of her?"

Joy sat down close to the bed. She looked very steadily at Julia. Her beauty was unchanged, but it seemed to Joy as if a touch of something cold and hard, like frost, had been passed over it. She felt as she had felt when the wind had met her on the terrace, as if there was the chill of something cruel in the air.

"I don't think," she said considerингly, "I have ever seen a secretary before."

Julia laughed.

"My dear," she said, "you speak as if we had introduced you to a mastodon. There are a great many secretaries, but I am told they differ. You are at liberty to dislike this one, I believe, but not before Owen. Owen's secretaries have several stages. They arrive, they are angels, they develop habits and become human, they find Owen has no habits, raise their wings, and are no more seen. Mercifully, I am spared the stages of this one. I 'm to stay in bed, they tell me, for ages."

"How are you really, Julia?" Joy asked anxiously. "You can't be as well as you look. Tell me the truth; have you been awfully bad?"

"Never," said Julia, lightly. "Nothing in the world is more satisfactory than a broken leg. Everybody believes in it. There it is, you see, a presentable handicap, perfectly easy to explain. 'Poor thing, she 's broken her leg!' I rather like that type of sympathy. If people said, 'Poor thing, what she 's really suffering from is a broken nose,'—the kind, you know, put out of joint by the attractions of others,—well, then one would resent it, would n't one? But if there is such a thing as pure pity, I am sure it is reserved for broken legs. Mine is healing as rapidly as it can heal. I sha'n't even be lame."

There was no mystery about it, and yet Joy felt a curious reluctance to asking Julia how it happened.

"You 've seen the twins, of course?" Julia asked lightly. "You love me, my dear, but you 'd see me hanged, drawn, and quartered before you 'd let the twins suffer from a crumpled rose-leaf, now, would n't you? It 's curious, your passion for maternity. I remember when you were a tiny girl, you took nine dolls to bed with you and lay on the edge yourself. When the inevitable happened, it was always you that fell out."

"They 're so helpless," Joy pleaded. "You can't do too much for babies."

"Grown-up people can be helpless, too," said Julia, "but not, I grant, so

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"The twins were having their baths"

attractively. Besides, no doubt they ought to have managed better. Helplessness in an adult shows a muddled mind."

Joy was n't quite sure what Julia meant. Julia had always been so wonderfully clever and witty that every one admired her, even in London. It was rumored that a duke had proposed to Julia, and it was always a miracle to Joy why Julia should allow her to be her friend. But perhaps when you 're very clever and witty you still like to be loved, and Joy knew that nobody except Owen could love Julia with so deep and unchanging a love as hers.

"Why must Owen have a secretary in the house?" Joy asked suddenly. "He never did before. I thought secretaries were generally in offices in London."

Julia's eyes grew a little fixed for a moment before she answered, then she said:

"Owen 's been so nice about not leaving me since my accident. He had to go to town yesterday for the first time, but he 'll be back to-morrow. He 's done his work here instead. I miss him absurdly even for a day. It 's a pity I don't go in more for adoring my babies, as you do. It 's an occupation, is n't it? And it gives one another string to one's bow. You ought to hurry up and get a few of your own, you know, Joy."

Joy shook her head.

"Maude thinks," she observed, "that I 'm not a marrying woman."

"That 's rather neat of Maude," said Julia, "after she 's nipped off with your man."

"Oh, but he was n't—you must n't," Joy cried out suddenly. "If he had been, Maude would never have looked at him, and I—I would never have let him go."

Julia looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, then she said: "I 'm rather a brute, I know, but I had to say that. I won't bother you any more about poor old Nick. I 've asked you here, my dear, to take over my household. I shall be laid up for three months. You must take care of Owen for me and keep the little what-you-may-call-'em in her place. She 's quite inconsiderable, really, but I should never forgive myself if—I mean, you must have all your wits about you, Joy. You 're the best child in the world, but tell me frankly, have you any wits?"

Joy considered the question seriously.

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"Everything about Joy reminded Owen of the country"

"How do you mean, wits?" she asked. "I can run a house—I have for mother when she 's been away—and I can manage servants. Is that what you meant?"

"No," said Julia, still watching her carefully, "not altogether—servants."

"If you mean Miss Mullory," said Joy, "I was a little afraid of her just at first; but I think I sh'an't be. Poor thing, she has n't any manners, has she? So one has to be rather afraid for her. She might so easily make quite bad mistakes."

"She might," said Julia, with a queer little smile, "and I can't say I should be inconsolable if she did. But men, my dear—have you thought very much about how to manage men? I suppose they are n't all blind in Lynton, are they? Or did Nick scare them away?"

"I don't think I have thought particularly," Joy confessed. "You see, at home men are n't just men; they 're people one 's known awfully well all one's life. The men here won't be so very different, will they? And I shall have Owen to help me. I don't find Owen a bit difficult to talk to; he 's always been so kind to me. I think he must know how much I love you, Julia."

Julia said nothing for a moment, and then she said in a much softer voice:

"I remember how much you used to love me, Joy; but since my marriage do you think I have been altogether the same?"

"I don't know that you have," said Joy, frankly. "You 've had so many other things to think about, have n't you? But, Julia, I have n't had the other things; I 've always been the same."

Julia had stopped smiling now; she looked very grave. Joy wondered if, after all, she was n't in physical pain. She knew so well the pinched look of acute suffering, and for a moment, only for a moment, she saw it in Julia's face. Then Julia said as serenely as usual:

"No, I don't think *you* have changed. That 's why I sent for you, but I 'm not at all sure it was fair. You may find it a difficult situation."

Joy did n't say anything to this, because Mrs. Featherstone had brought her up to believe that people were meant to face difficult situations. Joy thought that the best way to do was to wait until it came, and then not to think too much about the difficulties. There was generally some situation left, and you could put the difficulties aside and work on that.

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Besides, even if Julia was up-stairs, Owen would be there to help her.

XI

It was an immense relief to Owen that Joy did not know. He saw in her confident, innocent eyes nothing but her friendliness. It was a perfect evening, still and warm, as if the last retreat of summer had found a momentary security. The late leaves hung brittle and expectant against the pressure of the air.

Owen found Joy on the terrace. She was hatless, and he noticed with delight the way her hair grew low on the nape of her neck. Her curls were the color of buttercups, little wisps and tendrils as soft as silk and like the crook of a baby's finger pressed against her white and flawless skin. Everything about Joy reminded Owen of the country—her sweetness, her simplicity, the unarranged and sudden way in which she caught his heart with her beauty. It was strange that Julia should have overlooked so terrible a weapon. He felt extraordinarily revived and comforted as he walked to and fro listening to Joy's gay stories of the twins, the wonderful things they performed so easily now, and the even more wonderful meanings she and nurse attached to their performances.

What had happened while Joy was away seemed like some melodramatic and bad-tempered dream, although it was not quite a dream. He reminded himself, with an esthetic sense of the pleasure of contrast, that behind him in the house there were two other women who had taken part in his dream and known it for reality. Nina Mullory was in the library, and could see them as they passed in front of the long French windows. Owen imagined her feelings with amusement. She would be standing looking out at them, her bad, small temper roused, like that of a dismayed kitten hunching up its back. His amusement ceased as he thought of the other woman up-stairs, who would never again give him the satisfaction of her emotions. She lay there with her impassive, frosty beauty utterly beyond his reach.

Joy was talking of Julia now, with deep praise of her in her voice, counting serenely upon the coöperation of her listener.

"I think Julia is the bravest woman in the world," Joy said with conviction.

"I am very sure of it," agreed Owen, with a laugh. "For sheer stand-up, knock-you-down courage she has n't an equal. She does n't understand fear. But do you know, Joy, I think it is easier for other people if you do."

Joy hesitated to admit that Julia had any quality which would make difficulties for other people, but she saw what Owen meant.

"Only in a way," she protested; "it much more braces you into being brave yourself. You could n't let her down."

"But if you were down," Owen persisted, "she could n't let you up. D' you see what I mean? She has n't got any margin of mercy for other people's funk."

Joy laughed her happy, easy laughter. She did not know how many occasions life gives for courage, nor how ominous is the failure of human beings to meet them.

"Well," she said, "you need n't worry much about courage, need you?"

The French windows swung open

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impatiently, and Nina Mullory joined them. Owen glanced from one woman to the other; but as his eyes rested on each in turn, he thought that he was looking from a woman to a child. He was struck with Joy's light-hearted, untarnished youth; and yet Nina Mullory was as young.

"You might have told me," said Nina, crossly, "that you were coming out here. It 's beastly being cooped up in the house all by oneself."

"My dear girl," said Owen, "the world is free, and this garden very particularly at your service."

He was very nice to Nina, Joy thought. She did not realize that good humor is often the easiest way of evading a difficulty. Owen was always nice. He sank into niceness as if it were a cushion and he had rather a weak back.

"I thought," said Nina, aggressively, turning to Joy, "that you always sat with Mrs. Ransome at this hour."

"Nina, Nina," Owen murmured softly. Aloud he said: "You don't grasp Miss Featherstone's tact. She expected me to go up to my wife, and did n't wish to forestall me; she was perfectly right. I 'll leave you to enjoy this jolly bit of summer together."

Nina tossed her head, and said something about his being dreadfully tiresome; but she could n't keep him. She had been tiresome herself, and Owen never stayed with women who became tiresome.

"He can't be going up to her," Nina exclaimed as Owen disappeared into the house. She spoke as if the idea positively shocked her. "I can't think what game he 's up to."

Joy looked at her in astonishment.

"He is n't up to any game," she said a little indignantly; "naturally he wishes to spend all his spare time with Julia." Miss Mullory stared at her. There was something in the quality of her stare that abruptly changed under the answering bewildered glance of Joy. It was as if Nina had meant to be insolent and suddenly felt a twinge of compassion. If Joy was really bewildered, there was nothing to be insolent about.

"You know Mrs. Ransome awfully well, don't you?" asked Nina, curiously. "Really, awfully well?"

"Of course I do," said Joy; "she is my best friend."

"Well, it 's odd," said Miss Mullory, dispassionately. "Why do you think she fell off the roof of the house?"

Joy drew in her breath suddenly at this question and looked up at the roof.

"Why?" she repeated hesitatingly. Surely Nina knew the story of the accident?

The light had begun to wane. The house looked startingly big and blank, and the roof a very long way off. Joy was struck as she had been on her first arrival with its blankness. It was a house that looked as if it had never had, and would never have, any history.

"She went up there," Joy continued obediently, "to see if one of the pipes was n't blocked, and she slipped on a dead leaf and fell."

Nina said nothing for a moment. Her eyes, too, ran over the massive, slanting roof, but without speculation.

"She fell all right," she said a little dryly, "and God knows why she did n't break her neck instead of her leg. She came down there by the bushes under the library window. I suppose they

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must have eased her fall. Nobody saw her, you know, or heard her; she did n't cry out. A gardener found her lying in a little heap ages after it must have happened."

Joy shuddered. It was the first time she had heard the details of Julia's accident. Some instinct in her, profound and compulsory, had stopped her asking questions.

"And Owen?" she breathed as Nina paused.

"The gardener shouted," Nina went on, unmoved. "We were sitting in the library. I suppose the shutters were shut, for I can't remember hearing anything fall. When the gardener called out, Owen ran and found her. He knew she was alive because she moved, but I don't believe she said anything. I saw her being carried in. Her eyes were wide open, like a sleep-walker's, and her lips shut tight. She looked as cool as a cucumber."

"But if she was conscious at all she would have cried out," Joy exclaimed. "She would have called for Owen."

Nina Mullory shook her head.

"She did n't," she observed, with finality, "make any sound from start to finish."

Joy was silent. She tried to think of all she had ever heard about accidents and the effect of falls, and she tried not to think how curious it was that Nina did n't seem to care. She was trying to make some impression upon Joy, but not that of sympathy.

"If you were to go up there now," Nina pursued after a long pause, "I bet you anything you like you 'd not find Owen there."

Joy turned on her in a flash of anger.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "What are you trying to make me believe? That Mr. Ransome does n't love his wife? It 's nonsense. I 've known them for years; I know all about them. Why, you 've hardly seen Julia!"

Miss Mullory stepped back as if she was alarmed by the whirlwind she had raised so suddenly out of perfect calm.

"I have seen her," she said doggedly, "once. That 's enough for me, and for her, too, I expect. I won't tell you any more. You can find out for yourself."

"You had much better not tell me anything," said Joy, indignantly, "if what you have to say is against my friends, for I simply should n't believe it."

"'A gardener found her lying in a little heap'"

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Nina laughed. It was a contemptuous, significant laugh. It seemed to dismiss the whole question of Joy's indignation as if it was as unimportant as an ignorant child's. It was the sharpest retort she could have made, and the most wounding. She went into the house after she had made it, leaving Joy alone.

Joy had a curious stifled feeling, as if there was n't enough air to breathe. She did n't believe Nina; she could n't believe Nina. The sense of Julia's love for Owen rested in her heart profoundly. Her friend's love was part of her life; half her renewed and liberated happiness was because she was with them, sharing the immensity of their gift. The quiet, prosperous garden was suddenly menaced by something strange that shook her spirit. The light lingered thin and ghostly on the yellowing leaves, as tentative and insecure as human thought.

What could she know of these two lives so close to her heart, and closer to each other's? The whole material world denied all knowledge of what went on behind it. She saw and loved, and knew nothing. There was only one thing left she could do: she could at least prove to herself that Owen was with Julia.

She hurried breathlessly into the house and up the wide, shallow stairs. She never forgot the sweet, keen smell of roses which filled the hall. Julia had made pot-pourri, fresh and strong, and placed it in Chinese vases underneath the stairs.

Joy stopped for a moment outside Julia's door, with her heart beating loudly in her ears. There was no other sound. She knocked, and heard Julia's clear, unhesitating voice telling her to come in. The vast, bright room, all polish and shining, flowered cretonnes, seemed to her the emptiest place in the world. Julia lay serenely on her high, white bed by the open window, dressed in a delicate-green dressing-gown the color of the sea. She was never idle, and she hardly glanced up from an intricate piece of embroidery she was at work upon as Joy came toward her.

Julia was not expecting any one, and she was quite alone.

(To be continued)

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The New Mind of England

By WILLIAM HARD

COMING up from Southampton to London, I bought a copy of the London "Times" in order to read the "agony" column and to be sure that England was as amusing as ever; but my eye happened on a little section of classified advertisements headed "Aërial Transport," and I noticed the following entry:

Taxi-planes—any journey—per mile 2 shillings 6 pence.

I never used any of those taxi-planes, but in London I became accustomed to dining with people who had just flown over from Paris. Now back in Washington, it seems odd to me that people rarely drop in for dinner by plane from New York.

And in Washington the new motor-buses seem rather deliberate. London motor-buses dart like gnats, and London girls seem to be able to chase them down the street and leap on their backs at almost any speed. After observing those girls, I was not surprised to observe the ones who find golf and tennis and hockey too slow and too feeble, and who play foot-ball. We have fewer teams over here of female foot-ballers who kick and collide their way down muddy fields in little white knee-breeches and manly joy. We have also fewer female magistrates.

On my second day in London I encountered several female magistrates, unofficially; there was a conference of them in the city. I think Great Britain's first female magistrate took office in January, 1920, in the person of Miss Ada Summers, Mayor of Stalybridge; but by the end of 1920 there were 350 in Great Britain.

I am convinced that the lion is a poor symbol for Great Britain. The lion, I am informed, is a beast that roars a bit, but sometimes fails to follow up the roar. There is a certain very honorable beast that is much more British. The elephant, I am told by the authors who wrote the books that I used to get off Christmas-trees, will put his foot on a bridge, and will straightway take it off if he does not like the feel of the structure; but, on the other hand, if he once starts going anywhere, he goes at a gait that is positively alarming in one so apparently disposed to stand still. The British are impressively stationary and deceptively mobile. When they go, they do go; and if they had the slightest impulse—which they have not—to represent themselves to the world as they really are, they would lower the lion and hoist the elephant on all their coats of arms and official correspondence.

British labor, I will say, is as elephantine as any other part of the British population both for speed and for caution. It has gone very far; it also has weight in Great Britain. In the parliamentary by-elections of 1920

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and of the early part of 1921 the British Labor party polled two fifths of all the votes cast; but when its Triple Alliance put its massive foot out on the bridge of a strike by the railway workers and by the transport workers in support of the miners, and found that the bridge was still shaky and unfinished,—still too unpopular with the "middle classes," still not popular enough with the workers themselves,—why, it pulled its massive and intelligent foot straight back off that bridge and stood flapping its ears and waiting.

It waits and waits and keeps looking for safe bridges. It gets advice from all quarters, angry advice, for instance, from Dean Inge and sympathetic advice, for instance, from the Bishop of Manchester.

Dean Inge seems to be very popular. He is "the gloomy dean," oi so Great Britain describes him and so revels in him. A word of gloom from Dean Inge is enough to brighten a whole day for the readers of any British newspaper. Last winter he morosely indicated the present attractiveness of the Labor party in Great Britain by saying that British times had changed since the times of the poet Cowper. The poet Cowper had said, "The person knows enough who knows a duke"; but today, said Dean Inge, a safer rule for an aspiring young man would be, "Marry an heiress and join the Labor party."

I do not know that the Bishop of Manchester is married to an heiress, if married at all. However, when I went to the head office of the British Labor party on Eccleston Square and asked Arthur Greenwood, who used to be a university professor, but is now managing secretary of all the Labor party's numerous "advisory committees," whether or not the Labor party had any bishops in it along with all its professors and barristers and major-generals and so on, he said:

"Well, we have one man who is going to be a bishop. He 's going to be Bishop of Manchester. He 's one of ours."

"Well," said I, "the king is head of the English Church. How will he like to have what we in America call a 'labor-skate' for a bishop under him?"

"Oh," said Greenwood, "Temple started well. He is a son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, and the king is quite used to him. He 's the king's chaplain."

Yes, he was the king's chaplain. I feared that Greenwood was "joshing" me,—or, as the English, in their purer speech, would say, "spoofing" me,—but he was not. Temple was the king's chaplain and a Labor party man, and was about to become Bishop of Manchester by and with the advice and consent of his Majesty's ministers, the chief of whom, the Right Honorable Lloyd George, was at that very moment calling on all his Majesty's good men and true to hold fast against the Labor party and prevent it from driving the coalition out of office and ruining the country. He was setting an example by intrusting a Labor party man with a bishopric.

Once upon a time—and I mean by that beginning to indicate that I am without the slightest knowledge whether the anecdote following is true or not, though I heard it frequently told—there was a report made on "The Workers' Educational Association" by Sir Basil Somebody, who makes reports on all sorts of deadly social menaces more or less, as Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer used to do in this

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country. Sir Basil resides in the upper levels of Scotland Yard, I think, and tracks radicals down from there to their mare's-nests, and comes back with documentary proofs of it.

Once he came back with a documentary proof of all the menacingness of the Workers' Educational Association, and it read so well that it was at once sent along, so the story says, to the king himself. The king looked it through, and then permitted himself, so the story continues, to be royally amused. He said:

"Sir Basil left out one point. The head of the Workers' Educational Association is my chaplain—Temple."

It may not be true that the king said it, but it is certainly true that Temple was head of the Workers' Educational Association; and the higher truth of the anecdote is that in Great Britain even the king himself may be able to check up and check down some alleged social menace by happening to know one of the menacers.

One day I went with an American friend to a luncheon party at which there were a British labor leader, an American admiral, and a British peeress. When the party was over, the American admiral said to me:

"I never invited a labor leader to my ship, but that man is a wonderful man, and I am going to invite him."

And he did. And on the way home my American friend that I had come with was full of wisdom about Great Britain's future. He said:

"You noticed the noble lady whose husband is in the House of Lords? You noticed that she and the labor leader were joking together all the time about things in her husband's politics and about things she knew all about in his trade-union? You noticed they were as thick as thieves and calling each other by nicknames? Don't tell me that the labor movement in Great Britain will be sent to jail or that the peerage is going to get massacred or that Great Britain is going to crack open at all its seams and sink. What 's going to happen is that the boat will wobble into port with a mixed crew of labor leaders and peeresses."

§ 2

Of course I should not be thought to believe that everybody in England is cool and calm about everything or that England itself as a whole is always cool and calm and reasonable. On the contrary, I spent six weeks in Ireland.

On the subject of Ireland I think England is far from being an elephant. On that subject I think that England is a sort of moth—a great armored dragon of a moth, but a moth—flying at a flame by instinct, without reason, and getting its wings scorched and feeling largely quite unhappy and ashamed about it, but really not knowing what in the world to do next except to fly at the flame again.

A British commission on Egypt can reason. I shall quote some of that reasoning. If the Egyptians rise, the British say, "Let 's think up something." If the Irish rise, the British say:

"There they are! Been rising for seven hundred years! We 're perfectly familiar with it. We know just what to do. In these circumstances one passes a coercion act. Pass a coercion act!"

It 's really not a policy; it 's a habit. And, then, too, there are so many other subjects to think about!

While I was in England the Wana Waziris submitted. They submitted absolutely; they sent in a *jirga* to say so. I did not know who the Wana

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Waziris are or what they are; I did not know, nor do I yet know, whether a *jirga* is a delegation or a person or a document. In any case, there were the Wana Waziris, who live, I at last made out, on the borders of Afghanistan, fighting, submitting, and causing thought.

There was also Mr. Popham Lobb, who is an administrator in the Lesser Antilles, and who asks for attention for his plan for a uniform government in the Lesser Antilles and the rest of the British West Indies. There are also the negotiations with France regarding dams for the development of hydro-electric power in the waters of the Upper Jordan and the Yarmuk, in the neighborhood of the boundary-line between the mandates to France over Syria and the mandate to Great Britain over Palestine. There is also the mandate over Nauru. As soon as I saw a copy of the mandate over Nauru, all made out to "his Britannic Majesty," I was bound to say to myself:

"Outwitted again! The British have got Nauru!"

But where was it? I pinned my copy of the mandate for it on a wall of my room and awaited enlightenment. In a day or two I got it. Two young members of the House of Commons came in and, on seeing my new mural decoration, at once, with one voice, said:

"Nauru? We know all about it. We had to vote a million pounds because of Nauru."

I think they said a million pounds. In any case, and without any guaranty of details, I shall not repeat my recollection of their delighted account of Nauru.

This Nauru is an island. It lies in the Pacific. It also lies south of the equator. Of course it belonged to Germany. The only way to get a mandate for anything is to have it belong first to Germany.

Premier Hughes of Australia saw this island and liked it. It consists of phosphates. Phosphates are useful for fertilizers. Mr. Hughes, being a good labor man and a good imperialist, wished to annex Nauru for his country, Australia. That is, he wished to mandate it, and he did.

He went to the Paris peace conference and got a mandate over Nauru in the name of "his Britannic Majesty," with the understanding that "his Britannic Majesty" would pass it on to his faithful subject Mr. Hughes and his loyal dominion Australia. There was also, perhaps, something about New Zealand. But it soon appeared that Great Britain had more to do than simply to pass on this mandate.

The phosphates which compose Nauru turned out to be owned by a British company. The Germans had owned the island, but the British had already owned the phosphates, and now the Australians and the New-Zealanders wanted to help own them. The next step was plain. It was taken. The British Parliament paid the British company a million pounds or some other suitable imperial sum to get out, in order that the Australians and New-Zealanders could get in.

This helped the British Empire, did it not? Then the British company took its million pounds from the British Parliament and started a much bigger digging of phosphates closer to the European market; namely, in a part of Africa that belongs to the French. Great Britain could say:

"Thus we see that by conquering

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Germany we have got the phosphates that we had already, and we have now paid for them; and by paying for them we have helped to develop the French Empire in Africa, and we are now ready to go into a partnership with Australia and New Zealand to develop Nauru and its phosphates."

It was something like that; it was at least as complicated as that. It is that sort of thing that gives the British enough things to think about to keep them from getting too excited about any one thing.

§ 3

Great Britain likes to call itself a "weary Titan." A truer description of its state of health was implied in a head-line I noticed in the London "Daily Herald." The news under it was, "A declaration by Senator Knox will be put before the next American Congress repealing the declaration of war against Germany." The head-line was, "AMERICAN HUSTLE!"

The British are still able to handle a good many of their affairs in the same year in which they are up for handling, and when the London newspapers printed the births and deaths of England and Wales for the year 1920, I could see that there are going to be people to handle them.

In the year 1920 the births in England and Wales were over 950,000. It was the largest number of births ever recorded in England and Wales, and the proportion of births to population —the birth-rate—was the highest since 1909. In that same year—1920 —the number of deaths was 466,000. It was the smallest number of deaths recorded in England and Wales since 1862, when the population was only about half what it is now.

It followed that in the year 1920 the "natural increase" of the population of England and Wales—the excess, that is, of births over deaths—was the largest ever recorded.

I noticed further that the rate of deaths of infants in London had dropped from the rate-figure 104 in the year 1917 to the rate-figure 75 in the year 1920.

I took all these figures from the newspapers, and I remembered a remark that I had heard from Captain Walter Elliot, M.P. He said:

> We introduce sanitation and old-age pensions and a Health Ministry and special care for infants and one thing and another, and we increase the population, and then where are we? What is England? England to an Englishman is a place in which to drive piles for docks. It is a firm place that won't give when you tie the *Aquitania* to it. An Englishman's life is to earn his breakfast at sea, and come back to England to eat it. We have to import our breakfasts. We have to export things to pay for our breakfasts. In order to make those things, we have to have cheap power. We had it. We had cheap coal. By having cheap coal we made so many things and imported so many breakfasts that we overpopulated the island. Now by sanitation and so on we are super-overpopulating the island. And now our coal has become expensive. Now we have costly power—extremely costly. Problem: how to support a population that is going up when our old advantage in cost of manufacture is going down? We are on an ice-raft in the Gulf Stream, and we have to find a new raft before we melt. That being the case, you will understand our childlike interest in the diplomacy of commerce.

I understand it, and I also think it is going to be successful. On the boat

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coming back to America I met some Americans who had recently been in the Baltic States.

We Americans refused to recognize the Baltic States. We had a theory about the "territorial integrity" of the Russian Empire. The British did not have that theory. They recognized those States. And those States have many natural resources, and they also have banks. Now, the British are well into some of those natural resources and well into some of those banks. That is what they have. We have the theory of the "territorial integrity" of the Russian Empire, which was certainly a very bad empire.

Having built a trade causeway into Russia through the Baltic States, the British then recognized Russia's present Government. They recognized it for trade. Mr. Lloyd George, in the House of Commons, made some remarks about the Bolsheviks of Moscow.

"They are very able men," said he. "I had no doubt from the first moment I had dealings with them that I was dealing with men of great ability." He then went on to give his receipt for teaching the Bolsheviks the principles of sound business. It was, "a little trading," "a little exchange of commodities," "a little experience in sound business."

Great Britain has the nerve to start in giving that experience to the Bolsheviks, and I suppose that when the British are managing the Bolshevik oil-wells at Baku, we will write them a little note, saying that even if they did get there first, we are still an idealistic people and believe in the "open door." Meanwhile the British are doing the work of breaking the door open.

They are also, I must point out, doing the work and paying the cost of breaking the door open in Mesopotamia. That Mesopotamian mandate is far from being popular in Great Britain. Lord Northcliffe's "Daily Mail" said that it was costing Great Britain thirty-five million pounds a year to stay in Mesopotamia, and that thirty-five million pounds a year was too much to pay for the privilege of "forcing the blessings of civilization on the Mesopotamian Arabs." The favorable comments on the mandate in the London press were mild and weak; the unfavorable ones were numerous and violent. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks put his finger boldly and even baldly on the central point of the matter.

He said that it might be all right to stay in Mesopotamia "if we had maintained the right of conquest and could exploit Mesopotamia for Great Britain." But "if our position is to be purely altruistic, if we are to pay thirty-five million pounds a year to stand there and hold the door open for everybody, if everybody is to get the open-ness, and we British are to do the whole paying of the cost, well! Why?"

I really do think that if we Americans want the benefits of the open door in Mesopotamia, we ought to come across with part of the cost of shooting the Arabs who interrupt the opening of the door and of the oil-wells. There is nothing idealistic in refraining from shooting the Arabs, and then wanting to get in on the results of shooting them.

From Mesopotamia I proceed to India. The British are able to reason about India quite a lot. In India they have an extremely dangerous enemy named Gandhi. He is the head of a

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movement that has separated an enormous number of people in India from all "coöperation" with the British Indian Government.

The British have four great leaders of "sedition" within the empire, De Valera in Ireland, Hertzog in South Africa, Zaghlul Pasha in Egypt, Gandhi in India.

Now, from the British newspapers in London I learn a thing about Gandhi that I know to be true about him. I learn that he is a "saint." He is. Neutral testimony about him is to the same effect. Gandhi is a man of the highest personal character.

I think the British are perhaps the only people in the world who, having been in India long and being now endangered by Gandhi, would be able to take the cool and just view of his personal character that I found printed often in the British press. I therefore, after having visited Ireland, often cursed out Henry II and Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell and William III for having got the British into a state of mind in which they seldom think of trying to take that same sort of cool and just view of the personal character of Mr. De Valera.

It happens that Mr. De Valera is personally a man not only of high character, but of a singularly sweet character. I know from personal observation that he is gentle, modest, kindly, pure of speech, and pure of thought, with a really quite astonishing touch of the quality that makes some people seem to be at the same time both very humanly near and very set apart. In London one sees Gandhi, who is Heaven knows how many thousands of miles away, much more closely and clearly and justly than one sees Mr. De Valera.

Also one sees the problem of Egypt much more penetratingly than one sees the problem of the general Irish settlement. I read Lord Milner's report on Egypt. What does it say?

It says that in Egypt there is a "nationalism" which "cannot be extinguished." So there is in Ireland.

It says that the thing to do is to let there be a "Government of Egypt by the Egyptians" and to get a "treaty" between that Government and Great Britain on the subject of British interests. It says that there is no use balking at the word "independence." It says that the thing to do is to negotiate a "treaty" which will be the "definition" of the relations between Great Britain and Egypt, and then let that "treaty" supersede all debates about "words and phrases."

Well, that is precisely what the elected representatives of the overwhelming majority of the Irish people in the Irish Parliament called the Dail Eireann have been asking the British to do in Ireland for now these several years past.

I claim that the British have been fighting the Irish so long that they have become the worst possible judges of what to do in Ireland. The report of the Milner Commission on Egypt is the work of political supermen. In Ireland the British are still bothering about words and phrases like "republic" and "British Crown." In Ireland, I would sum it up, the British are not themselves.

§ 4

So I turn with pleasure back to Great Britain, where in the week in which the Triple Alliance strike was called off I saw the British, I thought, more impressively themselves than

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they were even when I saw them during the war.

The first man I talked to when the miners first started striking was a man who happened to be very rich and also a peer and a conservative. He said:

"You know, I think these cuts in wages by the owners are too drastic. I asked my wife, 'Could you cut down your household expenses one third at one cut?' She said, 'Certainly not.' I said, 'Neither can a miner's wife.' You know, I rather like those miners for striking. It shows Great Britain is still Great Britain. The cuts are too much, and the miners won't take it lying down. There you are."

There was a considerable streak of sentiment of that sort in conservative quarters—ever so much more of it than I ever saw in such quarters in similar circumstances among us in America.

Then the London "Times," certainly not a "labor paper," began printing column after column every day of letters from distinguished people, discussing the main contention of the miners—the contention for a "national pool," for a fund to be supported by the whole mining industry, and to be paid out to reduce the enormous difference now existing between the wages paid to some miners in some mines and the wages paid to other miners doing the same quantity and quality of work in other mines.

These letters had not been running long before "The Times" was itself saying that some sort of "pool" was certainly an idea to be thoughtfully considered; and when I asked the secretary of one of the largest trade-unions in England what I ought to read about the coal strike in order to get really informed about it, I got the answer, "Oh, read the statements in 'The Times.'"

Meanwhile the rest of "The Times" was just as usual, including the "agony" column. In the midst of the last days of Great Britain, the weary Titan, I find it always reassuring at breakfast to begin "The Times" with the column given up to various communicative parts of this weary Titan and to read:

Ju Ju. Kick off at ten. Don't be late.
X. O. X.

Or,

Koki. What do I know of your affairs? Why should I be interested in your doings? I have no interest in you and no desire to hear of or see you. Whippet.

Or,

Lady having left foot size 5, right foot size 6, is compelled to buy two sizes of all footwear. What offer for spare parts? Box T. 34. The Times E. C. 4.

I contend that no nation that can produce the "agony" column can be in its last agony.

Anyway, the coal strike in itself—I say it with certainty—did not rouse England to any mood of "rallying round the flag" and "crushing" the miners.

Then came the threat of the strike by the Triple Alliance in support of the miners. That Triple-Alliance strike seemed to non-labor England to be "going too far." Volunteers come forward in great numbers to offer to do whatever they might be able to do in substitution for striking railway workers and striking transport workers. The leaders of the Triple Alliance paused and looked and put a foot out and pulled it back and considered.

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Then came the House of Commons. Two hundred members of the House of Commons, almost all of them non-labor members, met and listened to the chief spokesman of the coal-mine owners. Having listened to him, many of them thought that his case was not so good as they had thought it was before he came, and they voted with Captain Elliot, who rose and moved to send for Mr. Hodges, the leader of the miners.

Mr. Hodges came and spoke. By the end of the week I was hearing political people even in Downing Street, in the heart of the Government, saying easily:

"Now, when Mr. Hodges some day is prime minister—"

The verdict in favor of Mr. Hodges, in favor of Mr. Hodges as Mr. Hodges, was everywhere and it was emphatic.

Mr. Lloyd George, in the House of Commons, said that Mr. Hodges was "intelligent" and "able" and "sincere" and "honest," or the like. Members of Parliament said privately that Mr. Hodges had quite outspoken the spokesman of the coal-mine owners. Newspapers, "capitalistic" newspapers, said so, too, and printed his life.

He was still young, he was a college man, he was also genuinely a workingman. He had worked, so they said, in a mine. He had been sent to college, so they were told, by his union. He had finished college. He had gone back to work at the face of the coal. He had been elected to be a small officer in his union. Now he was top of his union. Look at him!

Incidentally, he had helped "stop off" the Triple-Alliance strike. In the course of his remarks to that committee of the House of Commons, and in reply to a question by Captain Colin Coote, he had said that in certain circumstances the miners would be willing to negotiate a settlement of wages temporarily without a "national pool."

The executive committee of the miners' union had then, nevertheless, insisted on sticking out for a "national pool." Whereupon in the Triple Alliance there was a strong feeling. Why strike to get a "national pool" for the miners when Hodges himself is willing for the time being to settle without a "national pool"? The Triple Alliance refused to strike—refused definitely and finally.

Meanwhile Mr. Hodges offered his resignation to his executive committee. His executive committee refused to accept it. Then the British public more than ever said, this Hodges is a strong man. By the end of the week the following things had happened:

§ 5

First, in certain highly influential quarters there had been enough calmness and fairness to want to get, and to get, a perfectly fair and full account of the case of the miners.

Second, in the Triple Alliance there had been enough calmness and fairness and caution to refuse to strike for the case of the miners when in the matter of the "national pool" that case was still unproved even to large numbers of workers.

Third, in an atmosphere thus sufficiently calm and sufficiently fair the British nation had looked at Frank Hodges and had judged his qualifications and qualities and had accepted him as a person who might turn out to be not only a leader of labor, but a leader of Great Britain.

I think I shall be lucky if I live to see ever again in any people such an

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assembling of discriminating decisions. I think Great Britain will float on ice-rafts in the Gulf Stream for a long time yet. And I cannot help adding that I think so partly because I think that some day there will be a Lord Milner for Ireland as well as for Egypt. And I cannot help adding further that one of the reasons why I think there will be a Lord Milner for Ireland is because I think Ireland will insist on it. I think, however, that in any case it is Great Britain within itself that is complicated and ingenious and amazing beyond any conceivable settlement of Ireland. While I was diligently sojourning in Great Britain there were two young men who were most especially getting on and growing as national figures. One was Mr. Hodges; the other was the Prince of Wales. Proletarian influence was growing. Royal popularity was growing. I left for America with no better final thought than the one that I suppose occurs to every departing American traveler; namely, that if a social fabric is strong that uses as many as possible of all known human instincts and impulses and developments, then perhaps Great Britain is still weaving a social fabric that is strong with a most exceptionally accumulated and accumulating strength.

The Travel Bureau

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

All day she sits behind a bright brass rail
  Planning proud journeyings in terms that bring
  Far places near; high-colored words that sing,
"The Taj Mahal at Agra," "Kashmir's Vale,"
Spanning wide spaces with her clear detail,
  "Sevilla or Fiesole in spring,
  Through the fiords in June." Her words take wing;
She is the minstrel of the great out-trail.

At half past five she puts her maps away,
  Pins on a gray, meek hat, and braves the sleet,
A timid eye on traffic. Dully gray
  The house that harbors her in a gray street,
  The close, sequestered, colorless retreat
Where she was born, where she will always stay.

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Jack London's Last Days

From "The Book of Jack London"

By Charmian London

On the Thursday before Jack's death, when Ernest Hopkins and two camera men had been photographing him both for movies and "stills," I had suddenly, in one or two of the poses, noticed something in Jack's face, an accession of something more than dimly felt of late, that struck fear into me. It can only be described as a deadness or an absence of life; something that no face, upon an erect figure, should have.

Sometimes when I gallop along the blossoming ways of Jack's mountain meadows, missing my strong traveler, it takes little effort still to hear his blithe, companionable *"Toot! Toot!"* I should feel no startling did he emerge, reining the Outlaw from the shadows of the trees, laughing from under the cow-boy hat.

He had been radiant in his hope that had no horizon. "I want to live a hundred years!" was his lusty slogan, repeated within a fortnight of his death. "See the dozens of boxes of notes filed away? Why, writers I know are looking about for plots, and I 've enough here to keep me busy with twice a hundred novels."

It was the expression of just such exuberance that Jack felt in this stanza, which was a favorite with him:

Let me live out my years in heat of blood!
Let me lie drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust a vacant shrine!

When he was gone, I smiled with appreciation of an enthusiastic, but uninformed, reviewer who, despite Jack's fifty-odd books written within seventeen years, credited him with more than double that number, "to say nothing of other forms of literature."

And there was also a letter that pleased me, written on November 20, and never read by Jack.

I have just seen your picture, driving two huge draft-horses to a manure-spreader. This is the picture of a man with a wagon-load of fertilizer. He is going to spread it over an acre of ground and make it fertile. In reality the man has an inexhaustible supply of mental pabulum which he spreads over the whole world, the dark spots are made lighter, the sloughs of despond are drained and made to blossom, . . . the weary and heavy laden are lifted up. . . . In reality you are subsoil-plowing the world, preparing it for the seeds of Universal Brotherhood, the while you dream dreams.

It would not be hard to imagine him a happy ghost revisiting his beloved lands or the running tides of

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San Francisco Bay, irresistibly drawn back to

> . . . the horses in the wagons with their kind long faces,
> And little boats that climb upon the wave.

And I could but think, viewing the excellence he left behind, the purity of his purpose, the way he went straight to his goal, that he made a shining exception to the rule that

> The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones.

I was sad when, on Saturday the nineteenth, our tenth wedding anniversary, I was unable to join Jack and a quaint woman guest at dinner. Jack brought her in to meet me, and later, having settled her somewhere with a book, returned to stroke my throbbing head. I remember reminding him of the fact that I was born and married in the same month, and that eight days hence, the twenty-seventh, would be my birthday. How little I imagined that there would intervene the date of my widowhood! Yet doom was in the air. Subtly I felt its clutch, and this was all my malady.

Jack wrote with unabated industry on Monday morning, and in the afternoon he came and coaxed me in a cheery and loving way to pull myself together and accompany him up-mountain. He wanted to see again a piece of land that adjoined the ranch, which he recalled as being well watered by springs.

"I may buy it," he said. "I could develop the springs, and that would mean bigger crops, bigger and better cattle and horses, life, more life, Mate Woman. Oh, it 's big, and I have so many plans and so much to do! Come on up with me."

It hurt to refuse, but I felt too weak and tired to face the long ride; so he went out alone, looking uncommonly disappointed. Yet what strength was mine but half a hundred hours later to meet the worst and not fail! So strangely are we constituted!

Upon his return he came breaking through the house with his merriest step to tell me every detail of his exploration.

"I found the trail without any trouble," he told me, "and when I came to the field I had in mind, there was a young fellow plowing. We talked quite a while, and I got off old Fritz to handle the soil myself. I found it of very good quality. It ran through my fingers so friable, you know. I 've discovered who owns it, and I 'm going to take up the matter as soon as I can land the prospect of some money in New York. Maybe that autobiographical stuff will pay for it." Then further: "I 'm planning to go on the twenty-ninth. And you 're *still* not coming with me?" he finished wistfully. Then he resumed the tale of his projects for increasing the abundance upon his acres.

§ 2

There followed a wakeful night for Jack, and he rose very late, frankly blue and complaining of fatigue. The dysentery was so much worse that I protested at his taking no measures to check an alarming condition. He worked but a short time, and the few pages of manuscript were the last he ever set hand to. The several letters he dictated to the machine were transcribed afterward by his secretary, and the very last letter

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he ever talked into the horn was the following:

Editor *Every Week*,
My dear sir:

Curses on you, "Every Week"! You keep a busy man busy over-time trying to get rid of you while unable to tear himself away. I wish the man who writes the captions for your photographs had never been born. I just can't refrain from reading every word he writes.

And the rest of your staff bothers me the same way.

Hereby registering my complaint,
Sincerely yours,
JACK LONDON.

He did not go out all day, and slept in the afternoon, rousing himself with an effort. Eliza came over to talk ranch business, and they were still at it when the first and then the second gong sounded for our supper. Having shaken off the half-stupor in which he had awakened, he had become very excited outlining his immediate intention to erect on the ranch a general store, a school, and a post-office. I heard him wind up:

"There are enough children on the ranch to open a school. The ranch people can have their homes here, trade here at better prices, be born here, grow up here, get their schooling here, and if they die, they can be buried on the Little Hill, where the two Greenlaw children's graves are. . . . No, I have n't in mind a community in the usual sense of a reform colony. I only look forward to making the place self-sustaining for every soul upon it."

Five days after that utterance, Jack London's own ashes were laid there on the whispering ridge.

Eliza told me later that in those days she worried about the overworking of Jack's brain. As far as possible she met him, yet wondered how he expected her to put the enormous tasks he prepared into prompt execution. A lesser man, in the throes of the toxemia that was destroying him, would have evinced a lesser "mania." Jack's mental vigor was spent logically along the lines of his ambition.

When Jack at length parted from Eliza that night of the twenty-first, he brought with him into the warm and cozy veranda the sweeping current of his fervor, and talked in the same vein. But I saw that he was strung to a breaking pitch of excitement.

"Your duck was perfection half an hour ago," I said, "but I 'm afraid it is far from that by now."

But he was not interested in ducks, and spoke much more than he ate, roving into a future heyday of the ranch. I distinctly recall one part of his conversation:

"There 's a big slump coming in real estate, country, not city. Recollect that man who came the other day to interest me in some of the land among the little hills north of us? I did n't like the looks of his speculation. But if I cared to play the dirty business game, I could buy in largely when the slump comes, cut up the property, and later on sell, as that man expects to do, to poor people at big profit. But I don't care to make money that way, Mate Woman," he broke off earnestly. "My hands are pretty clean, are n't they?"

I could thankfully respond to that. His business was clean: his vocation, the making of books; his avocation, agriculture.

He did not ask for music, nor did he frolic with the fox-terrier Possum, as he had done much of late, testing

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that keen little brain and great heart in a hundred ways. In half an hour Jack's exuberance had worn out; and with an apprehension to which I had been no stranger of late, I saw that he was getting argumentative, as if looking for trouble lest he fall into melancholy. He picked up two wooden box-trays of reading matter that he had brought with him, and lifted them to the table on which stood his almost untasted supper.

"Look," he said, his voice low and lifeless, "see what I 've got to read to-night."

"But you don't *have* to do it, Mate," I said, trying to stir his spirit. "Always remember that you *make* all this work and overwork for yourself, and it must be because you choose to do it rather than to rest. My ancient argument, you know!"

There followed a colloquy upon relative values, and then he stood up abruptly, came around the small table, and flung himself on the couch, into my arms.

"Mate Woman, Mate Woman, you 're all I 've got, the last straw for me to cling to, my last bribe for living. You know. I have told you before. You *must* understand. If you don't understand, I 'm lost. You 're all I 've got."

"I *do* understand," I cried. "I understand that there 's too much for you to do, and that you 're straining too hard to get it done. Are you so bound on the wheel that you cannot ease up a little, both working and thinking? You are going too fast. You are too *aware*. And you are ill. Something will snap if you don't pull up. You are *tired*, perilously tired, tired almost to death. What shall we do? We can't go on this way!"

The green shade was well down over his face, and I could not see his eyes. But the corners of his mouth drooped pathetically. Poor lad, my poor boy! he was, indeed, tired to death.

We lay there for an hour, he resting, sometimes sighing, saying little.

He put his arms around my neck.

"I 'm so tired for lack of sleep. I 'm going to turn in." Rising, he gave voice to something that startled me.

"Thank God, you 're not afraid of anything!"

Never shall I know why that came from him unless it was that he knew the unthinkable was upon him, that I would very shortly lose his dear comradeship, and felt that I would be gallant to cope with that disaster.

§ 3

When in the days to follow Jack's holographic will was read, first in the family circle, next by Judge T. C. Denny in court, and tacit responsibilities were made known, I could not help reverting to that fervent exclamation. Or was it an entreaty, a supplication? If a prayer, at least he had answered it by his own passive action in neglecting, during the half-decade the will had lain in deposit, to alter a line of it. In effect it is a love-letter, written by a wise man who knew our metal, and he named Eliza Shepard and my cousin Willard L. Growall as executors. But Jack gave loophole for discontent and criticism in that, beyond trifling provision for various beneficiaries, he stipulated, "Whatever additional may be given them shall be a benefaction and a kindness from Charmian K. London and shall arise out of Charmian K. London's goodness and desire."

Having not forfeited his trust, I am proud to append his closing paragraph:

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The reason that I give all my estate to Charmian K. London, with exceptions noted, is as follows: Charmian K. London, by her personal fortune, and, far more, by her personal aid to me in my literary work, and still vastly far more, by the love, and comfort, and joy, and happiness she has given me, is the only person in this world who has any claim or merit earned upon my estate. This merit and claim she has absolutely earned, and I hereby earnestly, sincerely, and gratefully accord it.

After he had gone to his room, I thought to cool my distressed head by a stroll in the blue starlight. The burden of my thought was that matters could not go on in this way, that I must make an effort to shake Jack into recognizing that he would have to change his physical habits.

When, at ten minutes past eight the next morning, my eyes opened upon Eliza standing by my bed, with Sekiné, our Japanese boy, in the background, I said, "Yes, what is it?" knowing well that only the gravest urgency brought them there. And just as quietly Eliza replied:

"Sekiné could not wake Jack, so came right to me. I think you 'd better come in and see what you can do."

The stertorous respiration could be heard before we entered the sleeping-porch. Jack, unconscious, was doubled down sidewise, showing plain symptoms of poisoning.

By means of strong coffee we had succeeded in producing some reaction before the doctors arrived and the real battle for Jack's life began, but not at any time did we succeed in coaxing the limp form to any effort. It was only by holding him up, one on a side, that Jack could be kept in a sitting posture on the edge of the bed; and when ranch men, waiting all day at call, had him on his feet, equilibrium of the heavy and nerveless figure was maintained only by sheer strength of his supporters. Body and will could not coöperate, and but several times, in the middle of the day, was there a flicker of intelligence. Every legitimate kind of shock was resorted to. Physically, he was for the most part beyond effort, but half-conscious response was obtained when we shouted alarming tidings across the abysm of coma:

"Man, man, wake up! The dam has burst! Wake, man! wake!" This caused a shudder in the congested, discolored countenance; the head jerked, the fixed and awful eyes made a superhuman effort to focus. There was a glimmer of consciousness, evanescent as the dying light along the wires in an electric bulb that has been snapped off. The awareness faded, faded, but, oh, the pang of happiness even this brief acknowledgement lent to us who stood by, together or by turn, in the struggle of those midday hours!

When I finally realized the futility of all our efforts, I felt that I must at least establish one last mental contact to serve me all the deprived years that would follow.

"Let me try something," I said, and they set him upright upon the edge of the bed, his helpless feet upon the fur rug.

Face to face, seizing him firmly by the shoulders, I shook him, not roughly, but decisively, and repeated:

"Mate! Mate! You must come back! Mate! Get me! You 've got to come back! To me! Mate! Mate!"

He came back. Of course he came back. Slowly, as something rising from

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that keen little brain and
in a hundred ways. In hal
Jack's exuberance had worn
with an apprehension to whi
been no stranger of late, I saw
was getting argumentative, as
ing for trouble lest he fall into
choly. He picked up two wo
box-trays of reading matter that
had brought with him, and lift
them to the table on which stood h
almost untasted supper.

"Look," he said, his voice low and
lifeless, "see what I 've got to read
to-night."

"But you don't *have* to do it, Mate," I said, trying to stir his spirit. "Always remember that you *make* all this work and overwork for yourself, and it must be because you choose to do it rather than to rest. My ancient argument, you know!"

There followed a colloquy upon relative values, and then he stood up abruptly, came around the small table, and flung himself on the couch, into my arms.

"Mate Woman, Mate Woman, you 're all I 've got, the last straw for me to cling to, my last bribe for living. You know. I have told you before. You *must* understand. If you don't understand, I 'm lost. You 're all I 've got."

"I *do* understand," I cried. "I understand that there 's too much for you to do, and that you 're straining too hard to get it done. Are you so bound on the wheel that you cannot ease up a little, both working and thinking? You are going too fast. You are too *aware*. And you are ill. Something will snap if you don't pull up. You are *tired*, perilously tired, tired almost to death. What shall we do? We can't go on this way!"

The green shade was

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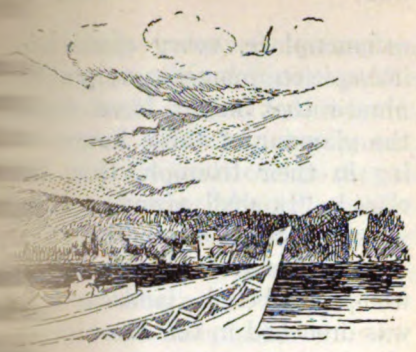

sses

WHITMAN

UGO

Did n't we agree that we ought spoil our recollections of that ful time by any anticlimax? uring the last three years we re- again and again to those at- s at self-delusion.

She must surely have found some else," Lawrence reflected while efully refolding the well-worn page. this thought he had a sensation of hysical sickness. "Could she bring herself to spend her second honey- moon here?"

This brilliant sky and water, these winsome villas threaded along the shores, the gilded mountains encircling this lake, had furnished the first set- ting for their married life. With what art had they not used all these charms of nature, all these poetic associations, to embellish their honeymoon! With the fervor of those who perceive, at last distinctly, the epicurean ideal, they had told each other, "We must exclude from this union everything but beauty." As a result, their so- journ in the villa near Tremezzo had been a romantic masterpiece. They had evaded every descent into the

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the unfathomable well of eternity, full knowledge came into those eyes that drew to mine in a conscious regard, and the mouth smiled, a fleeting, tortured smile. It seemed as if my unbodied soul went out to meet his in that instant. Instant it was, ineffable, brief; but it contained as great, as glorious a meeting of two as ever took place upon this planet. Yet it was not enough. Again I sent out the call to him upon the brink, and again the smile greeted me. Was it of hail and farewell to life as he had known it? Perhaps there was, too, upon the lips that strove to speak, the twist of contempt for the dissolution that was upon him. What would we not give to know those words he could not frame!

What I love to believe, when all else is said, is that he, who gave life and death an equal supremacy in his affection, was redeeming a promise made so long ago that it is woven into the fabric of all memories of him.

"Death is sweet. Death is rest. Think of it—to rest forever! I promise you that whensoever and wheresoever Death comes to meet me, I shall greet Death with a smile."

The sun went down upon our endeavor. They had brought him across into my glass porch, scene of so much quiet happiness, and there he died upon the couch where, a scant twenty-four hours earlier, he had cried to me: "You *must* understand! You 're all I 've got!"

We watched. The good breathing that had upborne expectation of recovery began to lag, and more labored became intake and suspiration. I became aware that one of the Sonoma physicians was leading me from where I stood at Jack's head. Mechanically, we sat down in my room. Minutes passed, a few, an eternity of them, it seemed. Longer were the intervals between those breaths so plainly heard, a very great interval, another, and then silence absolute, the sheerest vacuum of sound I had ever known. No one moved until Sekiné, his face an Oriental mask of ivory, stepped in and bent his head to me.

I, who had never before lost any one essentially close; I, who had been protected from all outward semblances of death, half an hour later went out with my own dead and sat by the sheeted form until, with every atom of understanding I possessed, I had reckoned for all time with the hitherto unthinkable thing, with that ultimate silence that lay upon the lips of my man. Let me review that day a thousand, thousand times; there is nothing new to face. The worst had befallen; the future was plain, a horizonless expanse of ready work in which one must in good time build out of the wreck a renewed, if different, joy of living and serving. It was good. It has worked. It has continued to work, test incontrovertible. I proclaim to those who mourn overmuch the worth and solace of my remedy.

§ 4

When, later in the evening, we crept, his true sister and I, into Jack's old sleeping-place, all was restored to order by Sekiné. The broad bed was laid and turned, the pillows piled ready for the reader, the little table set to rights, even to cigarettes, freshly sharpened pencils, and thermos-bottles of water and milk. It was incredible that the one-time tenant should be lying cold and insensible across the house. We looked at each other dumbly, and I sought the Japanese lad.

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"We always do it in our country for those who have died," he said unsteadily. "And I thought—" His explanation trailed into silence as he turned away. As long as he remained with the household, the bed was always in order, and we kept a single flower there and on the work-table.

Once, twice, in his later years, Jack, in chance reference to the possibility of his dying first, departed from his familiar, careless injunction of "Oh, if I should go, scatter my ashes to the winds, or, if you like, upon the bay or ocean." Eliza and I both recalled the time when, speaking of his love and hopes for the ranch, he remarked:

"If I *should* beat you to it, I would n't mind if you laid my ashes on the knoll where the Greenlaw children are buried. And roll over me a red boulder from the ruins of the Big House. I would n't want many to come. You might ask George."

But before his chosen ceremonial there were thrust in occasions which, left to his own choice, he would not have stipulated. Clothed in his favorite gray, as in gray I had first seen him sixteen years before, for a day he lay in his work-room, in a gray casket that was like nothing so much as a cradle. Passing by, I was touched by the smallness of it. I had thought Jack a larger man.

The neighbors came and went, in tearful awe of the unexpected demise of the lovable friend they yet had never understood. Little as he would have approved of exhibiting the discarded shell of him, it would have been needless affront to the tribute these people were accustomed to pay to the dead. And they had loved him more than they thought. As one of them said:

"I tell you, the death of Jack means a sorry day to many. He gave away a meal ticket and added to it a bit, too. His heart went out to the fellow who carried a roll of blankets—or no blankets."

On Friday, at dawn, I was awakened from fitful sleep by the rumble of the death-wagon coming up the hill. When, delaying, I slipped in to the abandoned work-room, the detached window-screen told of the manner in which Jack London had gone from his house.

Sekiné came to where I sat, thinking, adjusting, and held out a handful of keys, the dingy Klondike coin-sack of chamois, and a few stray notes, all taken from the ranch suit Jack had last worn. Sekiné murmured something about having put some notes in the breast-pocket of the burial clothes, together with a pencil and pad—"Just as he always had them, Missis," he whispered.

"But, Sekiné, the notes—what notes?" I asked, biting back the trembling of my lips at thought of the pitiful last service the boy had rendered, but fearful lest some latest words of Jack's had gone beyond recall.

"Something *I* wrote, and sent with him. No one will know," Sekiné explained. "I wrote,"—raising his head,—" 'Your speech was silver, your silence now is golden.' That was all. It was my good-by."

Jack himself would not have believed the warmth there was toward him in the skeptical old earth.

It was almost as if his actual death purged the mankind who knew him and his work, of jealousy, hate, and carping criticism; put a seal upon the lips of the meanest. Even his bitterest

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detractors tried to be fair and charitable. If I needed corroboration of my own belief in this man of mine, I could recall the mourning of his world. It must have arisen from his usefulness, his big contribution of heart's blood to humanity. Praise of him comes from all quarters and in many tongues, from every class of society, literally from rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, and the rest—aye, thief and worse! Out of prisons has come to me a wail at his passing; for the immaterial sweetness of Jack and his code, squareness, his long-suffering charity, that patriarchal kindness, had passed in and still live behind the bars.

One thing I do clearly recollect of those two days before Jack's ashes were placed upon the Little Hill: Eliza and I walked there alone in a wintry sunset. Hazen, who had preceded us with a spade to mark the spot, received his instructions about the red boulder. Six horses were needed to move it upon the steep knoll.

On Sunday morning, November 26, Ernest Matthews, accompanied by George Sterling, brought the urn from Oakland. We wreathed it with ferns and with yellow primroses from the sweet old garden. With the primroses, as a tribute to Jack's adopted home, Hawaii, I wound the withered, rust-colored *leis* of *ilima* once given Jack in Honolulu by Frank Unger and Colonel Sam Parker, now, too, both under the ground. One terrible moment was mine when, in the rain, I carried the small, light vessel to the wagon, the same in which Jack had so blithely driven his four. The urn seemed to gather weight until I thought I should be pressed to the earth, but before it had become insupportable I reached the hands that placed it upon the high seat.

Eliza and I, together, and my people, followed the horses at a distance. When we had all gathered upon the dripping slope, Mr. G. L. Parslow, our oldest ranchman, received the urn from Ernest Matthews, and set it, with its flowers, in the tile already cemented into the ground. At that moment a great flood of sun gold spilled upon us from a break in the leaden sky.

As the trowel relentlessly filled the space within the tile, with that curious transparency of mind in crises in which details stand out, I observed with satisfaction that was a reflection of Jack's effective sense of proportion, that exactly the right proportion of mortar had been mixed, not a trowelful too much or too little.

No word stirred the hush; no prayer, for Jack London prayed to no God but humanity. The men, uncovered, reverent, stood about among the trees, and when their senior had risen, the stone was rolled into place.

Before we turned to retrace our forlorn steps to the house it had come to me, once and forever, that this unpretentious sepulture beneath the tall pine was but a self-chosen memorial. Death, with Jack, had not seemed like death. Nature had slipped the moorings, and he, "bold sailor of the grey-green sea," had gone out with the tide, gallant, victorious, cruising beyond the outer reef, into the West, to a paradise of green lands with an ocean of sails just over the hill. This rugged monument, by his own wish, could never be a place for mourning, a spot to sadden his sweet and happy mountain-side.

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Many Kisses

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Drawings by LUI TRUGO

"JUST in time," said the man at the gangway, with a flash of his teeth.

Lawrence boarded the steamboat that was to take him up Lake Como to the Hotel di Tasso for a last talk with his wife.

He sat down in a secluded corner. As he lost himself in thought, he looked like a man of means, of social importance, of sensibility, who was face to face with disaster. Through all his increasing estrangement from Flora, all their temporary separations, he had refused to expect this. He had believed that somehow everything must finally be made right. Was it possible that two persons who had lived in such harmony could come to their parting without the agency of death? Even now he was incredulous as he took from his pocket her last note, the fine, peaked handwriting of which recalled to him her first love-letters.

He read again:

Have you forgotten how we sometimes wondered what the death of Love could be like, and how one should bury him? Did n't we agree that we ought not to spoil our recollections of that wonderful time by any anticlimax? Yet during the last three years we returned again and again to those attempts at self-delusion.

"She must surely have found some one else," Lawrence reflected while carefully refolding the well-worn page. At this thought he had a sensation of physical sickness. "Could she bring herself to spend her second honeymoon here?"

This brilliant sky and water, these winsome villas threaded along the shores, the gilded mountains encircling this lake, had furnished the first setting for their married life. With what art had they not used all these charms of nature, all these poetic associations, to embellish their honeymoon! With the fervor of those who perceive, at last distinctly, the epicurean ideal, they had told each other, "We must exclude from this union everything but beauty." As a result, their sojourn in the villa near Tremezzo had been a romantic masterpiece. They had evaded every descent into the

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commonplace, every contact at the inauspicious moment, every action and phrase that might have diminished the glamour of those hours. Exulting in their triumph, they had declared: "It shall always be so. We will never descend from these heights."

Lawrence averted his eyes from the well-remembered landscape, which was drenched in the sunshine of mid-afternoon.

"How long ago did this idea of separation come to her?"

For years, as it now seemed to him, Flora had been making her inner life inscrutable.

"But even in the beginning now and then she would conceal or distort the truth in order to please me, to comfort me, maybe to lull some stirring intuition of mine—to spare me who knows what?"

He revolted against that last thought. Surely his memories of their first days were safe?

"No, nothing shall rob me of those recollections. I would n't believe her even if she should tell me, in a moment of malice, that from the first— But she is n't malicious, and there will be no quarrel."

The steamboat whistle blew. His hands were turning cold. Just so, in the days before their marriage, his hands had turned cold whenever he found himself approaching her. He wondered at the recurrence of this phenomenon after the many years.

What a hold she still had on him, especially now that he was about to lose her! At his age, and with his public fame, was there not something shameful in such agitation? He tried to see himself as the world saw him—a man whose sensitiveness was regulated strictly by his will, who moved habitually in an atmosphere of triumph, who was supposed to be a serene and brilliant rationalist, incapable of these nearly juvenile emotions. But all his will power had been completely dispelled by that last note of hers.

"Why should I regard this affair so extravagantly? These separations are of common occurrence. Half of my friends have been through them, yes, and seem quite cheerful about the situation."

He kept clenching and rubbing his hands to warm them, so that she might not feel their coldness.

"But she may fail to offer her hand. What 's the usual thing at such a time?"

The steamboat was drawing in toward the shore. Before him expanded a long, amber-colored terrace. Behind the terrace stood a park of handsome trees. Beyond the trees rose a large, amber-colored building gay with striped awnings. He saw people moving about: women in light dresses, men in flannels, the titled Romans and rich Milanese, the wandering Americans and English, who were trying zealously to distract themselves.

Descending to the lower deck, Lawrence joined the travelers who were waiting to disembark. The heat, the odor of the engine, gave him a touch of nausea. The delay became insufferable. Then he found himself ashore, walking through the sunny grounds of the Hotel di Tasso with fear in his heart.

"How grotesque you are!" he muttered. "This is merely the progress of life. She is only thirty now, while you are nearly forty. Of course some younger man—"

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§ 2

There she was, under a palmetto, slowly rising from a wicker chair. She had on a pale-blue dress and a wide-brimmed, flowered hat. She seemed to him taller and more slender.

Flora approached with that familiar step, fastidious, splendid, unwavering, which had always suggested to him the progress of a goddess. Her large eyes, formerly so various in their manifestations, were blank to-day. Her lips, slender and scarlet, once so entrancingly graphic, were now composed. Then he smelled her perfume, the same through all these years.

She held out her small hand, which seemed as flexible as ever.

"Thank you," she said in a low voice, like the echo of old, amorous music. She glanced down at the overcoat on his arm, the walking-stick in his left hand. He explained.

"I left my valises at Como. No doubt I shall be able to catch the last boat back."

Nodding, she remarked:

"This place is impossible; there is n't a spot where we can have a quiet talk."

He repressed a painful smile at the thought that her own rooms had not seemed to her appropriate for their conversation. He inquired:

"Why not the lake?"

"I was going to suggest it."

They went down to a landing where there were boats for hire.

"Here 's my boatman."

Flora designated an old man in a blue jersey, duck trousers, and a red sash, who was standing beside a motor-launch, his hat in his hands.

Lawrence remembered how, when calling on Flora for the first time, he had suddenly perceived, through a sort of haze, a collie at his knee. "Is this your dog?" he had asked her in bewilderment. And, at her assent, he had laid his hand on the beast's head with a feeling of singular affection. Just now he had felt for this old man the same affection at her words, "Here 's my boatman."

They entered the launch.

"Where to, Excellency?"

"Anywhere. Up the lake." And to her husband, "Of course he does n't understand English."

Lawrence was thinking of another boatman, of another boat—a rowboat with a red hood faded by the sun and with cushions of damask. He was thinking of how that boat had slipped out across these same waters in the twilight, when the mountains were the color of amethysts, when the mist wrapped the villas in silvery gauze, when, far off to the north, the snow-peaks of the Alps tried to retain the escaping afterglow. He remembered the great calm of air and water and foliage amid which their two hearts had quivered. He recalled the slow dip of the oars that propelled them from one rapture to another, and her utterance as the dusk inclosed them:

"What a miracle we have made of life! But that 's because we were born for each other, for each other only."

The old boatman, one hand on the wheel, stared ahead with the sleepy smile of one who sees unfolding before him a prospect full of familiar reassurances. He steered a middle course, so that on each side, at the bases of the mountains, the villas were dots of white or yellow among their tiny groves. The sun was already declining.

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There came to Lawrence's mind a letter written by Flora just before their union. She had said:

I think these remaining days are going to be the longest that I have ever known. Maybe I 'm offending the gods by my impatience, since time is the very essence of our lives.

Was it she who had written that? Or was it another woman of her appearance?

Flora reclined against the cushions of dull-blue cloth, her head lowered, her white face shaded by her hat-brim. She had fixed her gaze on the engine, whose mechanism seemed to be feverishly consuming this last hour. The attitude of her tapering form recalled similar poses in gardens odorous with extravagant flowers, in boudoirs a-glitter with luxurious objects useless except to bring a curve of pleasure to her lips. The countless times that Lawrence, approaching her in such places, had restrained himself by an effort of will from embracing her, since he did not want his caresses to seem commonplace! Those precautions had been useless. At last he inquired:

"Why did you add that postscript to your note, asking me to come here? To me it looked like an impulse of the last moment."

"It was. I had to open the envelop to write it."

"I presume it was so that we could have a personal discussion about ways and means?"

Lowering her inscrutable gaze, she vouchsafed:

"Perhaps." Presently she asked, "Did this trip inconvenience you?"

"Not at all. As you know, I was in Rome for that convention, which ended yesterday. It meant merely a stop-over. How long have you been here, Flora?"

"Two weeks."

"Have you—have you seen the villa?"

She replied:

"It 's occupied by old Maxime Destouches, the French sculptor. Did n't you know him in Paris? He lives there alone, and is supposed to be half childish from old age. The other day I landed and walked through the garden. I did n't go into the house, for he was away at Bellagio."

"How did the place seem to you?"

"It was all so different! The sky was dull. I heard no birds singing. On the moist ground I saw the petals of white funereal roses. A chilly wind from the Alps set the cypresses to moaning as I went down the steps, which were covered with dead leaves. How strange! It was winter there. Even the water looked icy, leaden, bitter. Nature seemed in the conspiracy to crush any impulse—"

She checked herself with a sigh.

"What do they call the place now?"

"It has the same name," she said.

The villa was built on a wooded point of land, on a flowering terrace above some picturesque rocks. A stone staircase, with antique statues on its balustrade, descended to the landing-place of masonry, in a little cove overhung with Virginia creeper. Here the wavelets incessantly lisped against the rocks, and it was from the sound of these waves that the villa derived its name. It was called Many Kisses.

Lawrence looked to the left. They were nearing Tremezzo. At this very moment they were passing the villa. He saw the promontory, the familiar

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grouping of trees, and, behind the trees, the house half concealed by foliage. He made out the balcony and the French windows of her bedroom.

But he managed to achieve the comment:

"This is only an interlude for Many Kisses. The villa is old. It must have passed through any number of vicissitudes. Surely others before us found it admirable for the same purpose. Others will undoubtedly find it so again. Now, with old Maxime Destouches in occupation, the place is merely having, as it seemed to you, one of its winters. It will see new springtimes. It will justify its name."

The boatman inquired:

"Will her Excellency drink tea at Bellagio this afternoon?"

"No. Go on up the lake."

The sun had touched the mountains.

"Lawrence, I 've really tried so hard! I feel dreadfully about my inability to go on. Every recollection that I have of you is a reproach to me. If we never quarreled, it was more because of your resolve than mine that our association should n't lose a certain dignity. I have to thank you, too, for never making me seriously jealous. Or should I thank you for that?" She murmured, "Is it possible that a monotone of confidence is one of the fatal things?"

He tried to smile while responding:

"Certainly. Every one says so, now that I come to think of it. I should have thought of it sooner. Tell me, Flora, when did you reach this decision?"

"I felt that it was all up the last time we parted in Paris. Truly, Lawrence, even when I joined you there I was full of hope. That first day, when we went to Fontainebleau, I was almost absurd from my determination to be happy. Do you remember your joking with the old waiter, telling him that I was your gay little daughter? But you yourself looked so young that afternoon!"

"It 's happiness that makes one look young. I 'd just got you back again."

The sun was gone. Along the western cliffs a mist was already trailing its long bands against a screen of purple.

"But something was missing," she continued, with an accent of resentment. "Some magic, some intense radiance in the mind, some indescribable thrill, and that wonderful thought, 'This is immortality!' "

"You 're speaking for yourself, of course, my dear."

"Very well, though I think that familiarity had its effect on you, too. At the beginning, what a genius you had for creating the illusions of romance! At the end, the instinct, the habit, were still there, but not the first inspiration."

"Flora," he said, "it 's retrospection that produces the most vivid of those charms, which are only to be discovered through 'the pathos of distance.' All this while you 've been comparing the transitory moment to those first days of ours. Naturally, it was more and more difficult to match them, since, the farther they receded, the more beautiful they became."

She seemed about to reply, but with a look of shame she refrained from doing so.

Twilight had fallen. Along the shores points of fire were springing

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forth. The snow-caps in the north had faded to ashes-of-rose. Flora stared at the Alps. Through the gloom the afterglow reached down to bestow upon her pale face the last of its warmth. It revealed the sensitive fervency of her features. It appeared to emphasize that insatiable eagerness for romance in love which had dominated her life, and which now, undoubtedly, had brought her to this decision.

Lawrence mused:

"No longer through me; but she is still too young and beautiful to lose hope. Too many men must have promised her the renewal of romance, one of them tempting her, finally, to the trial." And aloud: "Flora, will you tell me who he is?"

She became extraordinarily still all over. Her face changed to a mask. And Lawrence, after an almost unbearable silence, heard a voice unknown to him pronounce the words in Italian, "Take us back!"

The launch, promptly making its turn, sped down the dark lake, this time near the western shore.

They had passed Menaggio before Lawrence spoke again:

"It would be foolish to argue such a matter. You came to me because you could n't help it. You 're leaving me for the same reason. We need n't be enemies."

"No! no!" she said plaintively, laying her hand on his arm. "Never enemies, Lawrence. Think of the past! I shall love that, and you in it."

The launch, passing the lights of Cadenabbia, approached Tremezzo. Ahead, on its promontory, appeared Many Kisses. By the steps that descended to the water a lamp was gleaming.

"I should like," said Lawrence, "to see the villa again even as it is now. Do you mind stopping there?"

She faltered:

"Don't do that, please!"

"Wait in the launch if you prefer not to go in. I shall stay only a moment."

She hesitated, then dismally ordered the boatman to stop at Many Kisses.

A man who had been walking in the black garden came slowly down the stone steps between the statues. Midway he paused in the lamplight. He was tall, stoop-shouldered, old, and feeble, with white beard and gaunt face. He stood like the guardian of some dark little isle beyond the border-line of the familiar world where mortals now and then come to lay away their dead joys.

§ 3

"So it is you, my friend. I am glad. Disembark, I beg of you. You are just in time for dinner."

Maxime Destouches pronounced these words in a voice that was hoarse from age, cordially, though without surprise. When Lawrence stepped ashore alone, the old sculptor inquired:

"Madame is unable to accept my hospitality?"

She raised toward the lamplight that delicate countenance of hers, more wan than ever, at this moment resembling the face of a sick person. Destouches regarded her impassively with his haggard eyes. He said quietly, but with a peculiar effect of emotionalism in restraint:

"Madame, I am a lonely old man whose house pleads for the beauty with which you might brighten it. To us octogenarians such acts of kindness may seem prodigious. Having seen

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your face, I am sure that your nature, whatever else it may harbor, does not contain cruelty."

The night breeze brought from the cypresses a long moan. There stole out through the gloom an odor of box-shrub. In the lull of the wind one could hear the wavelets at their ceaseless imitation.

She made a gesture as who should say, "For this, at least, I 'm not responsible." She rose, held out her hand to Lawrence, and set foot upon the landing.

Slowly they ascended the steps in single file, like three persons bearing a coffin up to a tomb.

"You are staying on the lake, madame?"

"At the Hotel di Tasso."

"Why have n't you come to see me before?" Destouches demanded, pausing, and turning to Lawrence.

"I arrived only this afternoon, and ought to leave by the last boat tonight."

"So soon?"

Again the sculptor preceded them along the path between shrubs that reached forth their twigs, amid the shadows, as if in mute remonstrance against this sad return. A startled bird flew away into the night.

"What was that?" exclaimed Flora, nervously. "A nightingale?"

"There are no nightingales at this season, madame," responded the hoarse voice of Maxime Destouches.

"There are still nightingales," Lawrence amended, "but they have gone to sing elsewhere."

The house grew distinct, its windows lighted, its door open on the white terrace between the two large Greek urns. A man-servant showed himself in a striped waistcoat, then vanished, to reappear almost instantly in a tail-coat with metal buttons.

Maxime Destouches stood aside.

"Enter, madame. Enter, my friend. For this occasion the place should be lighted *al giorno;* there should be flowers everywhere. See to it, Santo, and tell Santina to make haste. We will take our vermuth in the salon."

Everything was changed.

The furniture, the bric-à-brac and hangings, the very color of the walls, produced the effect of a place that Lawrence and Flora had never visited before. Yet the house, instead of gaining in modernity from these alterations, had become appropriate to a still older period of time—to the days of the Second Empire of France. Through the doorway of the salon, where looped curtains of velvet revealed a Venetian chandelier of many-colored glass, one half expected the apparition of a hostess in tune with this atmosphere—some fair woman in a chignon and a basque of lemon-colored satin, her corsage curved like a chalice, a bunch of camellias rivaling her bosom.

What had impelled the old artist to reproduce here a period of outworn taste, of esthetic unenlightenment, a style that nowadays must seem atrocious to a nature as fastidious as was his?

Through these changes the eyes of Flora and Lawrence searched avidly for some souvenir of the lost paradise, for some relic, however trivial, that might bring a precious pang. Of a sudden, forgetting his host, Lawrence passed into the salon. In the center of the *terrazzo* floor lay a disk of mosaic. The signs of the zodiac surrounded an hour-glass. The hour-glass was bound

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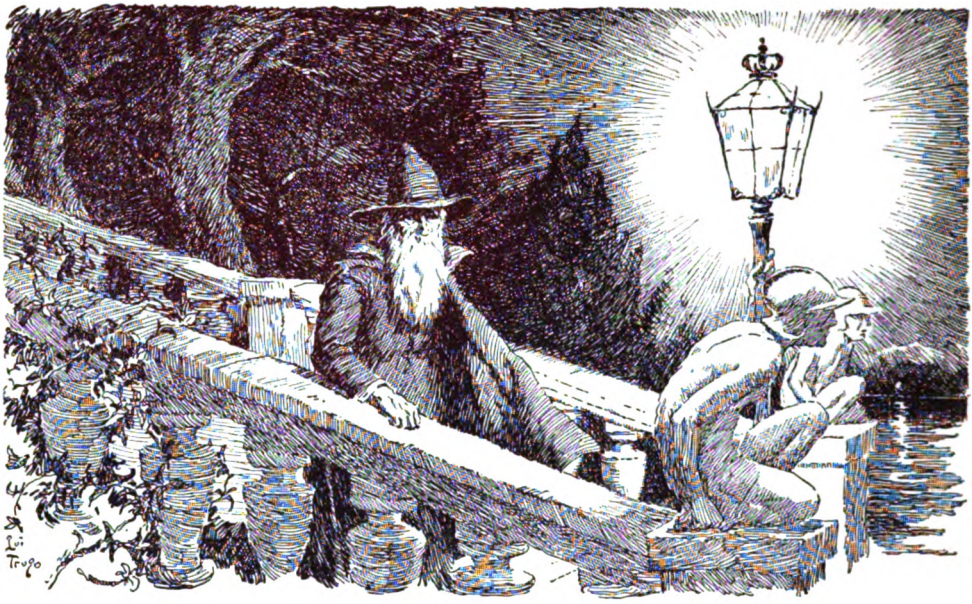

"He stood like the guardian of some dark little isle"

with a scroll. The scroll was inscribed, "*Carpe diem.*"

"Seize the day!"

Often in those three months of enchantment they had read that motto together, then had smiled at each other in their confidence of the happy future also. Lawrence saw Flora watching him from the doorway with her expression of sickness, of pity.

"But you have been here before," Maxime Destouches remarked in his hoarse, quavering voice.

"We once lived here."

"Really? In Many Kisses?"

"We had just been married."

The old sculptor, regarding first one and then the other from under his shaggy, white brows, resembled a man who, on taking his seat in a theater, sees the curtain rising on the counterfeit of an old play.

"*Mon Dieu!* what I must have done to your memories by these changes! These changes that cause others to choke with laughter, but that you must almost hate me for having made."

"Oh," Lawrence returned, "we are n't so naïve that we expected the survival of the past."

"No? That would have been naïve, eh?" And with a slight facial spasm, with a bodily tremor immediately controlled, Maxime Destouches mumbled, "Some time I may tell you a tale to make you change your mind."

The man-servant bore in three slender glasses of vermuth.

"*È servito, Eccellenza.*"

"Good. If you are willing, madame, let us dine."

The dinner-table was covered with a ragged cloth of the finest texture, furnished with heavy silver and glassware from Murano, adorned with white roses in a silver-gilt epergne.

Now in the candle-light Lawrence realized how feeble, mentally perhaps

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as well as physically, Maxime Destouches had become. All the old man's movements, looks, and words seemed natural only from a constant strain of will. In all he gave the impression of an actor whose private existence is extraordinarily disorganized, and who triumphs in the public rôle of normality only through a great imitative talent.

This was not the old age that closes a serene career; but, as Lawrence knew, the life of Maxime Destouches had never been serene. He had long been noted for his eccentricity, or, as his enemies declared, for something more than that. Recently, some one had said to Lawrence: "Destouches? He has senile dementia." Was it really true?

His large, haggard face was continually quivering, though almost imperceptibly, as though on the point of duplicating that nervous spasm. His hands—the big, withered hands, with rugous muscles, that had kneaded so much clay and hewn so much marble—moved with an almost furtive continence, as if he had resolved, "They shall not betray me." And his husky voice gave that effect of an intense emotionalism in restraint even when he murmured:

"I know you will pardon this repast of an old recluse who is often hardly aware of what he 's eating."

To-night they, too, hardly knew what they were eating; so it was their strange host who talked.

Inevitably, he talked of Paris; but he was so old that when he looked toward Paris he saw the city as it had been in his youth.

He had gone there in the fullness of youthful zeal, sure of triumph, dreaming, like Balzac's *Lucien*, of fame and love. He did not tell them of his great career, of the days when he worked like a Titan and lived like a prince of Bohemia, prodigal of his genius and his strength, "seizing the day." He might have mentioned the laurel-wreaths bestowed on him in pantheons, the tender gages left in his studio at dusk, the amazement of the ignorant as though at some flaming new sun, the adoration of beautiful creatures who saw in his undimmed eyes something at once unique and essential to their completion. But his listeners perceived all this behind the web of anecdote that he spun out for them.

"Bah! it 's all different nowadays. Paris is not the same place. So I shall stay here, for here is everything."

With a glance at Flora, he explained:

"You see, this is not the first time that I 've lived in Many Kisses. I spent a summer here over forty years ago. You had no idea that this villa was so old?" He drank his cordial in little sips. Setting down the glass with great care, he added: "In that day it had just been built for an Austrian, who died before he could use it. We were its first tenants, my wife and I. We spent our honeymoon here."

Through the open windows they could hear the wavelets ceaselessly kissing the rocks. The invisible foliage rustled, and a white rose-leaf fluttered into the dining-room like a butterfly, to sink to the rug. The man-servant, approaching the table with cigars and cigarettes, stepped on that flake of white.

"We will smoke in the other room, Santo."

They reëntered the salon.

"Seat yourself here, madame.

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Light the fire, Santo, and close the windows."

Yes, that gentle rustling was rain.

Old evenings of rain at Many Kisses, shaded lamplight, the glow from the fireplace, the delicious sensations of security and peace! The furniture of the Second Empire began to melt away. At last Lawrence was able to see this salon as formerly. Her seat had always been there, just where she was sitting now; his, precisely here. How had they chanced to return to these same places, even these same attitudes? Did Flora, shading her eyes with a hand made translucent by the firelight, appreciate the irony of this coincidence?

She turned blankly toward the old sculptor, who, from a cloud of cigar-smoke, was quavering:

"Unless it would bore you too much, I might tell you something about my wife and myself."

"On our first meeting," Maxime Destouches began, "all my senses thirstily drank her in—her peculiar beauty, her agitating voice, the extraordinary feel of the hand that she offered me, the unknown perfume that she used. Then, before my eyes, she receded into a fog. My perceptive faculties, hitherto acute, were disordered. I saw only that she was unprecedented, and that now my life promised to be complete.

"The week after our first meeting we were married, and came here to Many Kisses."

Maxime Destouches looked round him with that calm smile of an actor who, apart from his audience, is quite another creature.

"Many Kisses—she gave it that name. The water's eternal kissing of the rocks seemed to her a symbol of our love, which she expected to last forever. That word, forever, was always on her lips. 'It must never die. It must never diminish.'

"Now and then, when she said that, a prophetic dread descended into my heart. I was nearly twenty years older than she, and time had not yet tested her with the trials of familiarity, the seductiveness of novelty."

As he paused, Flora again raised her hand to shield her eyes from the fire. The old man continued, with that unnatural calmness:

"It 's a strange battle that we fight, we men who have managed to possess ourselves of beautiful women. If they come to us in love, we may rest easy for a while. But presently she perceives around her the men who are bent on showing her the most tempting forms of homage. They approach her in the power of their strangeness. They spread fresh plumage before her. They warble in a new key. All their talent is directed toward exciting her curiosity, thrilling her with romance, rousing in her a dream of new experiences surpassing the old ones—or, at any rate, the present ones.

"A conflict in the dark! For how are we to know if they are prospering, those birds of new plumage and new songs? Shall we learn from her? But it is above all when they are prospering that she is inscrutable. Or, maybe, because of pity and remorse, most tender. Occasionally, throughout a lifetime, one never knows for sure. But she at last told me."

Maxime Destouches made this announcement as if he were not speaking of a tragic moment. Holding his cigar carefully in his quivering fingers, so that the long ash might not break off, he went on:

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"I had gone to Rome for a species of convention at the Villa Medici; she had elected to remain in Paris. From Paris she wrote that she had something of importance to discuss with me. Most women would have said it all in a letter. Shall I tell you why I think she preferred to see me? I believe that even then she was not quite sure. She wanted to see me in order to weigh my influence against that of the other. Yes, I believe the balance was as close as that.

"But the scale swung the other way. She said that she had tried hard to be content with me, but that something was gone, some magic."

Flora, leaning her head against the chair-back, closed her eyes.

"That was undoubtedly true," Maxime Destouches admitted. "But, unfortunately, she went on to sophistries. She said that she could not bear to descend from the love that we had known to mere esteem. Better to separate in order that those recollections might not be spoiled.

"This romantic rigmarole was, of course, merely a weak attempt to obscure the facts. The facts were these: she considered life to be a diminishing opportunity into which must be crowded as much intense experience as possible. Her experience with me had ceased to be intense. At the same time—and this is the point of the matter—some one else had promised her a renewal of that intensity.

"I made no argument. Only a fool would have done so. Was I right, my friend?"

"The sculptor preceded them along the path between shrubs that reached forth their twigs"

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Lawrence did not reply.

"Do I bore you, madame?"

Flora gave no sign of having heard that question.

"If my story is commonplace thus far, perhaps the end is not."

He smoothed his beard with his shriveled hand, on which shone a splendid ring of emeralds and pearls, like a relic of ancient sumptuousness on the hand of a mummy.

"Leaving her after that last interview, I felt, naturally, as if the universe had crashed down round my ears.

"Not only the future was wrecked, you understand. The past, that invaluable past with her, seemed to lie in ruins, too. How could I think of it now in the same way? This act of hers was going to deform horribly all my best recollections of her. She was not only depriving me, so to say, of her contemporary self; she was also destroying her former self. She was murdering the girl who had raised her face to mine in the moonlight at Many Kisses to whisper with a divine sincerity, 'Forever!'

"What I did finally to prevent that crime may surprise you."

He gazed pensively at the long ash of his cigar, which began to tremble. Suddenly all the muscles of his face appeared in flux: he became unrecognizable. A shudder passed through his body as he regained control of himself, to present once more that appearance of almost terrible calmness and benignity. Only the little heap of ashes on the floor remained in evidence of that convulsion.

He looked at the end of his cigar regretfully as he resumed:

"This is how I prevented that crime. I said to myself: 'My wife, whom I loved, is dead. She died on Lake Como, in a villa called Many Kisses, during our honeymoon, at the height of her love for me. It 's true that there is now living a woman of her general appearance who even bears the same name, but that is not my wife. My wife, who is dead, was indeed a very different sort of person.'

"The soul of man has, among its peculiar qualities, this fortunate one—the capacity for obscuring its painful memories. Nowadays they say that this obscuration is accomplished by the subconscious mind; but the will may assist and hasten the process.

"Now I set my will upon forgetting her except as she had been at the first, in the fullness of her love for me. In the end I attained the understanding that my dear wife was dead, that she had died here in Many Kisses, loving me to the end."

Lawrence stared at the old man in awe. Was it the shock of that loss which had overthrown his mind, already trembling between genius and insanity? Was it then that people had begun to say in earnest that Maxime Destouches was mad?

As though he had said nothing unusual, Maxime Destouches continued:

"What a relief when I had attained that understanding! I was happy again. My work reached its best period. From one thing or another people deduced, 'He is in love again.' I was indeed in love, but not again. I was in love with the memory of my wife who had died here in Many Kisses, mine to the last. It was a new springtime for me. I had returned to my youth. I had regained youth's idealism in love, youth's devotion to one beloved object.

"You know how fame attracts idle

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women. More and more they trailed into my studio their exquisite toilettes, perfumed the air, moist from clay, with their elaborate scents, seated themselves on my faded divans with the lax grace of odalisks, smiled mistily into my face. They did not see that externally I was growing old. They saw only that I was a celebrated person about to become a classic. For me they resembled shadows.

"On a certain day, earlier than usual, I heard one of those light knocks on the door of my studio. It was she.

"Yes, it was she, the imposter who had the appearance and who bore the name of my wife, who had died at Many Kisses. She had on my wife's pearls, she used the same perfume. Her imitation was as nearly complete as possible.

"I asked her politely:

" 'Have n't you mistaken the door?'

"She sat down upon a divan—the divan upon which they usually sat down—and burst into tears. And it appeared that she had not found, after all, an excess, or even the equivalent, of the old magic.

"Eh, if ours is a struggle in the dark, theirs is a leap into the dark. As they stand poised for flight to the new paradise, they think that this time they can see clear to the end of life, across a sunny vista covered with crimson roses. Not at all. They cannot see farther than from those windows yonder, against which the night and the rain have hung their curtains.

"Poor imposter! She continued to weep, twisting herself about on the old divan where my Italian model sat in the morning putting on his brogans. I, who had been acquainted with suffering, could see that she was truly unhappy. One must have fetched such sobs from the heart, one must have writhed in such paroxysms, to appreciate grief.

"I told her: 'I am sorry, madame, to see you weeping so. I regret that I can think of no way to abate your unhappiness. Other ladies, feeling that they were mistaken in the past, have come here in the hope of rectifying their errors. To you I must say the same thing: I am desolated; but my heart is preoccupied by one whose name is—'

"She stood up as if galvanized, her wet face transfigured.

" 'Myself!' she cried out.

" 'No, madame. My wife, who died on our honeymoon in a villa of Lake Como.'

"She had been so intelligent, so intuitive, where I was concerned, that almost immediately, I believe, she understood what I had done, what now loomed between her and me. Yes, surely she perceived that she now had at last a rival—an invincible rival, herself as she had been at the beginning. Surely, she knew that she was vanquished by the other woman whom she had ceased to be.

"Yet she rallied bravely. She told me, of course, that I was mad. She raised her veil so that I might see her beauty. Did she hope that I might find there a richer beauty than resided in my memories?

"I responded gently:

" 'You are charming. Ah, if I were not in love with some one else!'

And suddenly she became frightened by something, I cannot imagine what, in my face. She retreated, her features disorganized by what seemed, curiously enough, a frantic remorse.

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She looked ghastly; and the more calmly I smiled, the more ghastly she became. I never saw her again.

"But twice after that I received scrawls from her, containing such nonsense as this: 'The woman that you married was not what you supposed her to be even on your honeymoon. Let me enlighten you about the character of your wife.'

"Those words were written in hatred. Not in hatred of me, but of her rival, of herself as she had been.

"Do you remember that marble bust of mine, called 'Pauline,' in the Luxembourg, where it was found one morning smashed into fragments? She did it, because that bust was the image of the woman she hated, of herself as she had been at the beginning. That episode was a mystery to all Paris. I alone knew the truth. Poor imposter!

"A few years later, when she was on her death-bed, she penned her last message to me. She wrote, 'If ever you go back to Many Kisses—' That was all, except a line at the bottom of the page by the nursing sister, as follows, 'Unfortunately, madame was unable to finish her letter.'

"What had she meant to say that time? No matter.

"And at last I returned, as she may have foreseen, to Many Kisses, which I refurnished as nearly as might be in the original style. Some of these things are imitations that never received the touch of my dear wife; but the ebony pianoforte, the bedstead of Spanish inlay, and a mirror of hers by Benvenuto Cellini—"

He paused, listened to the rain, and called:

"Santo!"

There was no answer.

"Pardon me," he said, and, rising with an effort, snuffled out of the room.

§ 4

Flora, in a stifled voice, said:

"Must we wait for him to come back? I don't think I can bear to say good-by to him. Why did n't you tell me that he is really mad?" She went to the windows, peered through the wet glass, and shivered.

A change had come over her beauty, or at least a premonition of change. Her delicate features had a pinched look. In her pallor there was a touch of bleakness.

She approached a mirror that hung on the wall in a baroque gilt frame. She looked at her reflection intently.

"Lawrence, you 're rid of me just in time," she said. And after a moment of brooding: "Do you still—no, of course not. Do you still carry it, that old photograph?"

He took from his wallet a yellowish, worn photograph of Flora in her twenty-third year, made one bright spring morning on the terrace of Many Kisses. Tweaking it out of his hand, she examined it long and closely. Her face turned bitter.

"How insipid she looks! It 's easy to see that she does n't know anything, that she 's never suffered from temptation or remorse. A doll!"

With a swift, ruthless movement she hurled the old photograph into the flames. He sprang toward the fire; but Flora, throwing her body in his way, held him back.

"Let her burn, Lawrence! Let her burn!" And, wrapping her arms round his neck with a fervor that recalled the past to him, "She 's dead; but I 'm alive, with all my weaknesses, with all my inability to imitate her."

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The Prinkin' Leddie

By ELINOR WYLIE

The Hielan' lassies are a' for spinnin',
The Lowlan' lassies for prinkin' an' pinnin':
My daddie w'u'd chide me, an' so w'u'd my minnie,
If I s'u'd bring hame sic a prinkin' leddie.
—Old Ballad

Now haud your tongue, ye haverin' coward,
For while I 'm young I 'll go flounced and flowered,
In lutestring striped like the strings o' a fiddle,
Wi' gowden girdles aboot my middle.

In your Hielan' glen, when the rain pours steady,
Ye 'll be gay an' glad for a prinkin' leddie,
When the rocks are all bare an' the turf is all sodden,
An' the lassies go sad in their homespun an' hodden.

My silks are stiff wi' patterns o' siller,
I 've an ermine hood like the hat o' a miller,
I 've chains o' coral like rowan-berries,
An' a cramoisie mantle that came frae Paris.

Ye 'll be glad for the glint o' its scarlet linin'
When the larks are up an' the sun is shinin';
When the winds are up an' ower the heather,
Your heart 'll be gay wi' my gowden feather.

When the skies are low an' the earth is frozen,
Ye 'll be gay an' glad for the leddie ye 've chosen;
When ower the snow I go prinkin' an' prancin'
In my wee red slippers, were made for dancin'.

It 's better a leddie like Solomon's lily
Than one that 'll run like a Hielan' gillie
A-linkin' it ower the leas, my laddie,
In a raggedy kilt an' a belted plaidie.

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The Unsheathed Sword of France

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

"WHAT'S the matter with France?" asks the ex-A. E. F. man. The ex-A. E. F. man is still "down on" the Germans,—no softening of the heart there!—but he feels, all the same, that it 's time to forget the old hate, and that the French are only mixing things up, and will not get anywhere by talk of renewing the war. If Fritz showed signs of wanting to try his luck in battle again, that would be different. But he does n't, and since it takes two to make a fight, the agitation in France to go into the Ruhr and to aid the Silesian Poles against the Germans seems unnecessary. The Anglo-Saxon instinct, after the other fellow is beaten, is to let up on him, even to help him to his feet. Throughout Anglo-Saxondom public opinion is pretty well agreed that German-baiting is poor sport.

The American attitude toward post-bellum problems is summed up in the four words cut into the tomb of General Grant. We prefer Grant's "Let us have peace" to Foch's "The war is not ended." The British are even more eager than we to settle European affairs in such a way as to leave no open sores, no burden of long-term military responsibilities on the Continent. Four hundred million people have to live side by side, and whatever the virtues and sins, certain European nations cannot indefinitely lord it over others, say the British. Those who have been wronged ought to be compensated, those who have been good ought to be rewarded, and those who have been bad ought to be punished; but practical common sense suggests limits to compensations, rewards, and punishments. After the Treaty of Versailles, Germany still has a population one and a half times that of France, and outcast Russia is the largest country of Europe in area, natural resources, and population. Despite the discouraging events of the last two years, there is no reason for pessimism concerning the recovery of Europe, if we have peace; but everything depends upon that "if."

In London, Rome, and Washington we find the tendency to blame France for the unsettled state of affairs in the world. We are told in speeches of statesmen, in interviews with "high officials," in inspired newspaper articles, that Germany has been stupid and lacking in good faith in her tactics ever since the treaty was signed. We believe the charge. The facts speak for themselves. But, coupled with the complaints of Germany's conduct, are hints, inferences, sometimes open accusations, that French policy has made a settlement of every problem affecting the rehabilitation of Europe difficult, if not impossible. British, Italians, and Americans declare that the French adopt obstructionist tactics or an uncompromising attitude in conferences with the Germans; inspire the Poles in their foolish ventures; intimidate the Belgians into a constantly provocative

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attitude toward the Germans, against the better judgment of King Albert and his advisers; are cynical and opportunist in their Near-Eastern policy; and that swashbuckler militarism and the ambition to dominate Europe have changed habitat from Berlin to Paris.

Readers of THE CENTURY may protest that their admiration of France and confidence in France have not been shaken by what they read, but who does not confess to misgivings about the wisdom of the threat to invade the Ruhr? Who does not believe that Lloyd George has spoken more reasonably than Briand? Who does not feel that the unsheathed sword of France is retarding the establishment of peace in Europe and throughout the world? Everywhere I go I hear people saying that they love France and think France ought to have satisfaction from Germany, but at the same time there is the qualifying clause that France should be reasonable.

"What 's the matter with France?"

The question is not unjustified, but we cannot answer it fairly unless we consider its corollary, "What 's the matter with ourselves?"

We borrow a French word to express an idea for which the French themselves use another word. We speak of a person as being naïve in his reasoning or attitude, but the French would say *simpliste*. *Simplisme* is the error in reasoning of neglecting elements of a problem that ought to be considered in arriving at a solution. Because we are self-centered sentimentalists, we Anglo-Saxons are *simplistes*. In building up briefs to justify our actions and to condemn the actions of others, we admit contingency only when contingent factors affect us and have influenced us. When others cry out, "But what would you have done in our place?" our answer is, "We are not in your place." The answer is final. Thus do we dismiss disagreeable and unwelcome conclusions.

Not only because it is unfair and unchivalrous, but also because it is dangerous, we must avoid comfortable and comforting *simplisme* in our thinking about the European situation. It may be true that the unsheathed sword of France is disastrous to reconstruction and the return of normal conditions, but does it follow that France is wrong in not having put back into the scabbard her sword? Could France have sheathed her sword before now? Can she sheathe it this summer? If Europe remains under arms during the third year of "peace," is the fault solely, or even primarily, France's? Or is Germany to blame? Or Poland? Can we look for the root of the trouble in Bolshevism? Each of these questions opens up a lot of speculation. By the mouths of our statesmen and the pens of our editorial writers we criticize and denounce and advise, but until we ask ourselves whether the attitude of France may not be due to what we have done and what we have left undone, we follow false leads. Winning the war came through pooling efforts and pooling resources. Will winning the peace come in any other way?

§ 2

When May 1, 1921, was set as the date on which the total amount of reparation due from Germany to her victors would be fixed, it seemed a long way off. American delegates urged that the amount the Allies intended to exact be decided upon immediately and be stipulated in the treaty, but the

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Allies would have had to determine the proportion of the indemnity each country was to receive. This could not have been done during the peace conference, which had already too many friction-breeding problems on its hands to risk another. It involved the filing of claims of all the victors. With the fluctuation of exchange and the uncertainty of cost of labor, material, and freight, those who suffered damages could not even approximate the sums necessary to make good their losses. The French advanced a powerful argument against the American suggestion of a fixed indemnity when they said that, since all admitted the liability of Germany to be far more than could be collected from her, it would be wise to wait a year or two to see how hard hit Germany was, and how the world would recover from the economic consequences of the war before deciding how much money could be collected. Mr. Lloyd George supported the French contention. Having recently won a general election on the promise to make Germany pay *all* the expenses of the war, he did not dare to return from Paris with a treaty containing a fixed sum for reparations.

British and American writers, among whom was the correspondent of THE CENTURY, believed that the failure to name a definite sum for the German indemnity put in jeopardy the rapid rehabilitation of Europe, and the French were roundly criticized for their triumph on this important point in the Treaty of Versailles. This view was upheld later in books and speeches by members of the British and American peace delegations. The prophecy has been proved true. But is the criticism just? We looked at this question as at others from the point of view of our own interests. The indemnity was not the vital thing to us that it was to the French. We could afford the forming of a detached judgment, and it was easy for us to make ourselves believe that we had common sense and thought of the common weal on our side.

Subsequent events have seemed to us to justify our opinion. "I told you so" has come to our lips. We began to read into the omission of a fixed indemnity a conspiracy on the part of France to give her an indefinite strangle-hold upon Germany. Together with the stipulations concerning the trial of war criminals, which Germany could not fulfil, and the disarmament clauses, which gave unlimited opportunity for quibble and dispute, the unpaid bill for reparations furnished France with an excuse for retention of the Rhine provinces and further invasion of Germany.

Great Britain and the United States have no budget deficits to face. We explain this by our willingness to tax ourselves and by drastic reduction of military and naval expenses. "An admirable example the British set us, and we are following it," said a treasury official to me in Washington the other day. "Now, if the French would tax themselves, and if they would put their army back on peace footing, they would n't be in such a hole." The same evening I read in Washington's most influential newspaper, "If the French stop bothering the world about a debt they will never collect, and realize that prosperity comes from working, as we Americans do, we shall have peace."

Although it has been impressed upon them over and over again, British and Americans do not seem to understand

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that northern and northeastern France were industrial and mining regions, from which France derived most of her wealth; that these regions were ruined by fighting over them and by the German occupation; and that France still suffers not only from the loss of their normal revenue, but also from the necessity of incorporating in the national budget enormous sums for reconstruction. Neither the British nor we face this unique problem. Yet, when we speak of the French taxing themselves and cutting down expenses to avoid budget deficits, we give smugly the illustration of ourselves and how nobly we are solving financial problems, as if there were a similarity between our own situation and that of France. We can get along without the German indemnity because the Germans did not kill millions of us and cripple our industries from Pittsburgh to Chicago. France cannot get along without the German indemnity. We can tax ourselves and not break under the load, although we groan, because, taken for its entire period, the war made us wealthy. The British were hard hit, but, as Mr. Austin Chamberlain complacently explained to the House of Commons, the map of the world showed why the British Empire need not worry about meeting its obligations.

Most economists agree upon two points: that Germany cannot pay what has been demanded of her, and what under the threat of renewed invasion she finally agreed to pay, unless she becomes a more successful and more formidable competitor in world markets than she was before the war; and that the plan of making Germany pay according to her prosperity (that is, the tax on exports) will be worked out only if the creditors of Germany take over the governing of the country.

The first point is not hard to understand. Payments abroad are made by favorable trade balances. Gold marks are to be found by selling goods. How many gold marks Germany will be able to pay into the coffers of other countries depends upon how much she sells outside her own borders. Consequently, Germany's good faith alone is not sufficient to enable her to live up to the obligations she has assumed. Unless we allow her to reënter our markets and other markets from which we have driven her, she will quickly default in indemnity payments.

The second point is more subtle. If we had no internal-revenue inspectors, and no laws to compel individual men and corporations to show their books for inspection, American national honesty would not stand the strain put upon it. Expenses would eat up profits. To get the sixty million inhabitants of the German Empire working for a generation to pay to their conquerors of 1918 sums in part dependent upon their prosperity will require rigid control of public and private budgets from Berlin down to the smallest commune and corporation. For if we do not govern the Germans, and tell them what they can and cannot put into their budgets for expenses, in a very short time we shall find that they have no surplus. Operating expenses and "indispensable" public works will take all the money the Government can raise in taxes. Private enterprises will find ways of spending money in producing and improving up to the point where nothing will be left beyond the bare margin necessary for cost of production to meet competition.

The British already grasp these two points. They look with equal dismay

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upon German competition in world markets and upon British coöperation in governing (which involves policing) Germany. The tone of the British press is unmistakable: Germany must pay, of course, but do not count upon our help in making her pay, and, above all, we must not pay for her! If American public opinion, now at ease because we are outside the European muddle, had any conception of what helping to collect the indemnity meant, our reactions would be the same as those of the British.

Despite the anxiety we still feel over the indemnity, there is general satisfaction that Germany, on the date set in the treaty, agreed to the victors' indemnity demands. We breathe a sigh of relief. At last that question has been settled. The disaster of a French invasion of the Ruhr has been averted. But I wonder if we realize that the decision of Berlin was due not to the warning of Lloyd George, but to the unsheathed sword of France. Would not the indemnity question be still before us had Briand refrained from mobilizing the class of 1919 on the Rhine? Germany has promised to pay the indemnity. The amount fixed is to the French a minimum amount. It is foolish for us to believe that France will consent to its reduction, or that France can be dissuaded from using force should Germany default. The problem, then, is not solved. And we have no right to ask France to sheathe her sword until we are prepared to offer an alternative to the compulsory collection of the indemnity. If it is proved that Germany cannot pay without injury to British and American commercial interests and without involving Great Britain and the United States in intervention in the affairs of Germany, it is our imperative duty to offer to help France in her financial *impasse*. To denounce Germany is futile. To scold France is shameful.

§ 3

Now that Germany has capitulated, and is, according to Lord d'Abernon, British ambassador at Berlin, in earnest in accepting the burdens of the Treaty of Versailles, ought not the French to put their army on a peace footing, cut down expenses, and get back to work? Let them follow the sensible example of the British and Americans! Throughout the English-speaking world the minds of the people are concentrated on the "return to normalcy." The way the centenary of Napoleon's death was celebrated in France annoys us. Has the victory they could not have won without us turned the heads of the French? We are suspicious of militarism, and we do not purpose to encourage France or any other nation in keeping things stirred up. When Lloyd George thundered against the Poles, we cried "Amen!" And we added that the French were responsible for the Polish childishness.

But here, as in the indemnity question, we have considered the situation in terms of ourselves. We are not worried about Germany, because we have nothing to fear from Germany. Her navy is sunk, and we have taken measures to prevent its recreation, especially in the matter of submarines and naval aircraft. We feel that Germany's merchant marine is crippled for a long time, and that the lessons of the war will enable us to prevent a revival of German political and economic propaganda outside of Europe. As a result of the war we have attained the

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things men fight for—security and prosperity. If we still felt insecure or if we believed that Germany was still in a position to threaten our prosperity, our attitude toward Germany would be different. Until we were the victors, no matter what the cost, we should not have laid down our arms. Putting ourselves in France's place, then, can we honestly argue that France should sheathe her sword?

There is a military party in France, of course, as there is in all countries, and one finds the Bourbon and Prussian types of mind in high places. But in a country ruled as France is ruled, militarists, jingoes, and imperialists are able to shape policies only in so far as the great mass of the electorate finds itself in fundamental agreement with their fears and hopes. As long as French public opinion fears Germany, plans for reducing Germany to impotence will be listened to. As long as French public opinion hopes to make the Germans contribute an important part to France's yearly budget, there will be no irresistible sentiment against keeping under arms enough soldiers to force Germany to pay.

It is a mistake to think that the French are blind to facts and logic because of their hatred and fear of the Germans. One does not know French character who says that the French are trying to kill the goose and still hope for the golden egg. The French think things out, and they do not fool themselves as we do. The French know that they run a risk of killing the goose in trying to get the golden egg, but they need the egg so badly that they are willing to take the risk. And, then, it is not a risk; for they think it would be as advantageous to them to kill the goose as to have the egg.

If one could persuade the French to forget their history from 1870 to 1918, to believe that their industries and mines were in a position to compete on equal terms with Germany in world markets, that budget deficits did not need to be met, that the Lorraine frontier was as good a defense as the English Channel or the Atlantic Ocean, and that a nation of fewer than forty millions could raise as strong an army by a *levée en masse* as a nation of over sixty millions, we should find them as "reasonable" as ourselves. By being "reasonable" we mean trusting Providence that everything will work out well in the end. If only the French were "reasonable"! Surrounded by a plethora of this world's goods, we see no reason for the fears of the Frenchman who wonders how he is going to make both ends meet. All he has to do is to get back to work. Safe from attack in our Anglo-American geographical isolation, we are impatient with the Frenchman for keeping his army mobilized, for attempting to make Poland a strong ally to replace Russia, for raising African armies to fill the gaps caused by the hecatomb of the nation's youth, and for drawing the claws of a beast whose attack would be fatal were he given another chance.

France insists upon the fulfilment of the disarmament stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles and that Poland be given a large part, if not all, of upper Silesia. Until then, and not until then, will France sheathe her sword. Starting to pay the indemnity is not enough. The Ruhr basin is still threatened. France may march in at any moment.

We insist that everything cannot be accomplished at once, that we must play fair with Germany in Silesia and

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give her time to disarm. We tell France that the peace of the world cannot be indefinitely disturbed for the sake of satisfying the extreme demands of one nation. We express our belief that France's apprehensions are exaggerated. We warn the French that indeterminate retention of the Rhine provinces will create a new Alsace-Lorraine and lead to another war. We repudiate the thesis of French nationalists, that the only safe frontier for their country is the Rhine. We wonder why there are no statesmen and publicists in France to oppose the propaganda of militarists and imperialists.

Such statesmen do exist. Briand himself is one of them. With rare exception French publicists are agreed that a Napoleonic *épopée* cannot be repeated without ending in a disaster greater than than of a century ago. The French are sick of war, and are not in the mood to be led into military ventures; but they do not purpose to let pass the unique opportunity of assuring their safety by their own efforts.

In coping with this state of mind in France, British and American words have been contradicted by British and American deeds. If the French do not take us at our word, we have ourselves to blame. To meet the French argument of the Rhine as a strategic frontier, Great Britain and the United States signed a supplementary treaty on the day the Treaty of Versailles was signed, promising to aid France in case of a new German aggression. This treaty has not been ratified. London and Washington alike, while assuring Paris that the thought of a new German aggression is absurd, are unwilling to commit themselves to aid France automatically in case of a German attack. Since we have acted thus, have we the right to remonstrate with France when she takes the steps necessary to protect herself? If we are as sure ourselves as we try to make France sure that the Germans will not attack again, why did we not give France the guaranty? It would have cost us nothing, and it would not have involved us, for are we not sure that Germany is going to be good? The French are more logical, more reasonable, than we. They realize that we do not believe what we say about Germany's intentions in the future, else we should have given the guaranty.

Our attitude is untenable. In view of the fact that we have fallen down on our promises to come to her aid, the least we can do is not to butt in with advice and remonstrances when France takes measures to protect herself. For the sake of peace and the well-being of the world, France ought to sheathe her sword; but the honorable way to get her to do this is to offer her our swords in case of need.

§ 4

Premier Briand's frank speech and the vote of confidence he won in the Chamber of Deputies at the end of May proved that the French are not suffering from a *crise de nerfs*. Parliament and people listen to reason, face facts, and mean to do everything in their power to retain the friendship of Great Britain and the United States; but they do not carry the spirit of accommodation so far as to yield the advantages of victory and abandon or modify policies they believe to be essential for the present and future safety of France.

Undoubtedly, French policies run counter in many points to the interests

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of Europe and the world. We may think, also, that they run counter to the real interests of France, but that is not for us to say. We have the right to judge only where our own interests or the common weal are concerned.

To illustrate, we may mention: literal and complete enforcement of the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain; radical revision of the Treaty of Sèvres; recruiting and training large armies of Africans and Asiatics and using them in Europe; trying to establish a protectorate over Syria; encouraging the Poles to bite off more than they can chew; intriguing with Japan; and opposing the democratic evolution of Russia. Each of these questions is complicated. In some of her policies France is bound to fail, and in others she is playing with fire. On the other hand, futile and dangerous policies are being followed by Great Britain. And while we Americans are finding the mote in our brother's eye, are we sure there is none in ours? British and American statesmen and leaders of thought are not in a position to make an appeal to France to subordinate national interests to world interests until we ourselves are ready to become good world citizens. In what instance, ask the French, have the British shown a willingness to abandon or modify policies because insistence upon British rights and interests retarded the restoration of peace and proved inimical to the larger rights and interests of mankind? Has the United States, ask the French, answered the call to world service?

The field of recrimination opens up unlimited possibilities. We shall not enter it. Let us take for granted the shortcomings and frailties and inconsistencies of all of us. Renunciation of particular interests and coöperation in an honest-to-God League of Nations —that was the solution offered to the world in 1919. But because we could not bring ourselves to an all-around renunciation, the League of Nations plan failed. The alternative is still before us. Friendly nations can help one another and then join in helping the world. As far as the extra-European world is concerned, an understanding between Great Britain and the United States would be sufficient. But this extra-European world still depends upon Europe for peace and prosperity. France, then, must be taken into the partnership. But if we do not help France, how can we expect France to help us?

The Anglo-American attitude toward France since the armistice reminds me of the answer of Virginia mountaineers to the traveler who asked how far it was to his destination.

"Two looks and a holler," they told him.

By this they meant that the man should look as far as he could, and then when he got there, look again as far as he could. The place to which he was going would be within a sound of his voice beyond the end of the second look. We pointed out to France the path to follow. She went as far as she could look. That was Spa. And then she went again as far as she could look. That was London. Now we beg her "to holler" and proceed. Will she do it? Not unless she is sure to find us waiting there.

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The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

Making Uplift Pay Its Own Way—Weeding the Garden of Eden—The Mental Hunger of Main Street—The Damaged Goods of Divorce—The Rodin of American Poetry.

MAKING UPLIFT PAY ITS OWN WAY

SOMEBODY has said that the trouble with the uplifters is that they are not the folk who are uplifting the world. We are coming slowly to see that there is usually something septic about a completely endowed effort to thrust goodness or efficiency down the throats of the indifferent or the unwilling. There is a lot of balderdash, but a grain of truth, in the popular suspicion of foundations. A millionaire can render a fine service to his country by establishing a great foundation if he place control of the foundation in the hands of disinterested men of scientific temper—men who are able and willing to change their opinions with the appearance of new facts. But a foundation designed to foist upon following generations the ideas of the founder is a menace not to be tolerated by a free people. As Mr. Lee once put it, we do not mind having wealthy men collecting yesterday's porcelains and leaving them in our museums and galleries, but we do mind their collecting yesterday's ideas and financing their advancement for years to come.

There is a great book to be written on the psychology of patronage. Is a free people ever helped very much by having things done for them? It may be that the only "uplift" that really uplifts is the doing of some creative thing, the example of which will be contagious, and doing it so successfully that it pays its own way. Mr. Lee, when he discussed foundations in his "We," said:

> The specific thing that the world is demanding of a great fortune to-day is that it should discover, one after the other, sample things and do sample things that all the rest of the world will rush to do the moment one sample or one working model has been shown to them.

The one flaw in such argument is that the world will not rush to do a thing that has been done by a foundation with unlimited capital as readily as it will copy an achievement that, without endowment, has paid its way. In short, an unendowed success is more contagious than an endowed achievement. One of the most striking examples of uplift that has paid its own way may be found in the work of the Theater Guild, which has done more than any other force in the American

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theater to improve, to uplift, if you please, the American drama. The last page of the program for the guild's recent production of "Liliom" carried the following statement:

The Guild is a group of highly trained professional people, actors, producers, artists, and executives, working together for small wages and the production of good plays. The first consideration of the Guild is not, will a play make money, but, is it a fine play?

The Guild, however, is self-supporting and has been from its inception. It has no benefactors, no philanthropic capital; it depends for its support upon the co-operation of its personnel, on its choice of plays, and last and most important, on the appreciation of the intelligent public.

Now, there would be no point to this quotation if the Theater Guild had been giving its plays in some dingy hall to a handful of Hermiones, high-brows, deep thinkers. There is point to it because the Theater Guild has to its credit the outstanding theatrical successes of the season, successful by the most materialistic standards as well as by artistic standards. It has made "uplift" pay its way, and in so doing has begun to knock sense into the heads of certain producers who have hitherto underestimated the intelligence of the playgoer.

May not the philanthropist here learn from the actor? May not the business man, anxious to advance the interests of better industrial relations, learn from this that the best way to preach the gospel of better industrial relations is to make better industrial relations pay profits in his own business rather than to turn propagandist? May not a man render his best public service inside his private business?

WEEDING THE GARDEN OF EDEN

BERNARD SHAW in the rôle of gardener in Eden, trimming the hedges, uprooting the weeds, and applying the most modern methods of spiritual horticulture, is the diverting sight afforded by his latest play and preface under the engaging title of "Back to Methuselah." Here Shaw appears as the frank, if not fanatical, exponent of a new religion, for which he sets out to proselyte the intelligence of the world. In this book he sets down his mature confession of faith. After a lifetime of intellectual adventurings he takes a vacation from image-breaking and turns image-maker (iconographer) for what he conceives to be the true religion.

Both in the play and in the preface he preaches the gospel of a longer and lovelier life. He can say, without courting the charge of irreverence, that he has written this book that we may have life and that we may have it more abundantly. The newness of his religion appears in the process by which life is to be lengthened and enriched. In defining that process he turns his back alike upon orthodox theology and upon the mechanical, fatalistic conception of evolution. His creed is the creed of "creative evolution," in which men are not the helpless victims of a fatalistic process, but themselves possible creators of new values and new vitalities. He rails at the conception of evolution that forces a man to abdicate the captaincy of his own soul, the evolution that leaves no place for man's free will and self-control. He says:

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When its whole significance dawns on you, your heart sinks into a heap of sand within you. There is a hideous fatalism about it, a ghastly and damnable reduction of beauty and intelligence, of strength and purpose, of honor and aspiration, to such casually picturesque changes as an avalanche may make in a landscape, or a railway accident in a human figure. To call this Natural Selection is a blasphemy, possible to many for whom Nature is nothing but a casual aggregation of inert and dead matter, but eternally impossible to the spirits and souls of the righteous. If it be no blasphemy, but a truth of science, then the stars of heaven, the showers and the dew, the winter and summer, the fire and heat, the mountains and the hills, may no longer be called to exalt the Lord with us by praise; their work is to modify all things by blindly starving and murdering everything that is not lucky enough to survive in the universal struggle for hogwash.

A paragraph that might have been written by an itinerant evangelist! But this does not mean that Shaw is reverting to orthodoxy. It means only that he is pitting creative evolution in which man is a creator against an evolution in which man is only a creature, and a helpless creature at that.

I shall not dull the edge of any reader's curiosity by attempting here to interpret what Shaw means by creative evolution. It would be an unkindness to present any digest that would prompt any one to neglect a reading of "Back to Methuselah" under the impression that he had caught the gist of the book from an editorial. No book published this season better deserves a complete reading by every intelligent American.

Of the creative evolution in which Shaw believes he says:

Creative Evolution is already a religion, and is indeed now unmistakably the religion of the twentieth century, newly arisen from the ashes of pseudo-Christianity, of mere scepticism, and of the soulless affirmations and blind negations of the Mechanists and Neo-Darwinians. But it cannot become a popular religion until it has its legends, its parables, its miracles. . . . It is unreasonable to look to the professional politician and administrator for light and leading in religion. He is neither a philosopher nor a prophet. . . . Not being an expert, he must take it [religion] as he finds it; and before he can take it, he must have been told stories about it in his childhood and had before him all his life an elaborate iconography of it produced by writers, painters, sculptors, temple architects, and artists of all the higher sorts.

Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" is, therefore, a pioneer attempt to give to the religion of creative evolution that element of image and legend that has played such a part in the advancement of the Hebrew and Christian religion, attracting the mind of the world when mere argument and philosophy would have left it cold.

This editorial article is written not to approve Shaw's conclusions, but merely to call attention to his stimulating intellectual adventure. There is a rumor afloat that this may be Shaw's last book. It is as difficult to conceive Shaw keeping quiet as to conceive Sarah Bernhardt really making a farewell tour while life lasts, but "Back to Methuselah" bears all the earmarks of a man's attempt to gather together the threads of his philosophy and weave them into a final confession of faith. Because of this rumor and the added fact that many men and women who have never before

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read Shaw will read this book, it is a good time to sketch an outline of Shaw's mind and motives.

He has been from the first a caustic critic of society, but a critic who has had the art of doing a serious job in an interesting manner. A recklessness and daring of criticism that in earlier times would have sent the critic to the stake has sent Shaw to the spotlight because of the brilliancy and facility of his method. He has been amazingly versatile, playing in turn the rôles of novelist, journalist, musical critic, art critic, dramatic critic, editorial writer, lecturer, and dramatist. He has attained wealth and distinction by refusing to "please the public" either as playwright or journalist. He has asserted that he has no taste for popular art, no respect for popular morality, no belief in popular religion, no admiration for popular heroes, no pretensions to popular patriotism, no interest in popular violence, whether in war, sport, or the butcher's yard, no sympathy for the popular anarchical scramble for money, and no patience with popular society. There is, of course, an element of pose, a touch of advertising technic in his blunt statement of his attitude, but his statement rests upon a basic sincerity. He is our most conspicuous literary Ishmael.

He has never proceeded upon the art-for-art's-sake theory. He has been as purposeful as a Puritan parson in his plays. In his preface to "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," he says:

> A word as to why I have labeled the three plays in this first volume Unpleasant. The reason is pretty obvious; their dramatic power is used to force the spectator to face unpleasant facts.

He has deliberately acted the part of a "man with a mission," the mission of denuding life of its make-believe. He has been as "purposeful" as H. G. Wells, but his manner has saved his plays from seeming the pure tracts that some of Wells's later novels have been. Shaw has taken his cue from Socrates, who described himself as a gadfly to the Athenians. As somebody has suggested, Shaw has tried to do for England what Socrates and Plato tried to do for Athens, Nietzsche for Germany, and Ibsen for Scandinavia. In Masefield's "The Street of To-day," the central character states his aim in life in a sentence that Shaw might well plagiarize for his autobiography and print upon the title-page:

> To tackle this purblind world, and heave it over, to burn the carrion off its soul, and give it faith, a new body, a new freedom, delight.

So much for Shaw's purpose. Now a word or two about his method. He is, from first to last, cocksure. He never suggests a theory and says, "Let 's talk this thing over." He simply announces a decree. Everything comes within the sweep of his criticism. He is as catholic in his interests as Aristophanes, taking his fling at morals, politics, religion, philosophy, poetry. He is, as I have already suggested, as didactic as a country parson, and cheerfully admits it. He once wrote:

> My conscience is the genuine pulpit article; it annoys me to see people comfortable when they ought to be uncomfortable; and I insist on making them think in order to bring them to a conviction of sin. If you don 't like my preaching you must lump it. I really cannot help it.

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Shaw is a satirist despite the persistent effort to classify him as a humorist who has, just for the fun of it, created a "fictitious land of upside-down." He has, of course, a comic mentality, and the court jester insists upon playing pranks with the preacher and philosopher in him. He has fun playing nonconformist. One senses the air of awful destinies in Ibsen, of shadowy symbolisms in Maeterlinck, of sensuous paganisms in D'Annunzio, but there is the air of the surgeon's operating-room in Shaw.

Shaw has been accused of being a chaser of successive fads. I do not think this is true. He is very much the philosopher. The philosopher's job is to take the data that the sciences throw upon his study table and to deduce the unitary meaning behind the data, and Shaw invariably exhibits a series of facts in their nude reality and then applies them to the standards of his clearly defined philosophy. He has complained of Dickens and Shakspere because they did not do this. He says:

> I read Dickens and Shakespeare without shame or stint; but their pregnant observations and demonstrations of life are not coördinated into any philosophy or religion. . . . They are concerned with the diversities of the world instead of its unities.

This sketch would not be complete without the passing of certain observations upon the Shaw plays. His purpose in his plays is the same purpose that dictates his long prefaces, his lectures, and his articles, but the method of treatment in dramatic form has certain interesting aspects. I should like to record five observations on the Shaw drama without discussing them in detail.

First, a Shaw play is invariably based upon a clash of conceptions instead of the clash of sentiments that characterize the older orthodox drama. The older, the conventional drama will pit love against hate, virtue against vice, or selfishness against altruism; but the Shaw drama will, for instance, pit capitalism against socialism, traditional education against the new education, or traditional morality against the actual facts of life. The Shaw drama stimulates emotion, but it is an intellectual emotion.

Second, a Shaw play runs true to Brunetière's definition of the drama as the development of a will. There is always the friction of developing wills in a typical Shaw play.

Third, a Shaw play always runs action and exposition side by side. The orthodox plan of "putting the play before the hearer" in advance of the real action of the play is ignored. This gives an air of expectancy, surprise, and realism to a Shaw play, because things happen as they happen in life, without a bugler announcing the thing before it happens. Shaw, of course, is n't alone in the use of this method.

Fourth, Shaw's characters are usually more collective than individual. When Lorado Taft made his statue of Black Hawk he did not base his work upon any picture of the old chief, but gathered Indian characteristics from a thousand Indian faces and then created a typical American Indian. This, I think, is Shaw's method. This is disputed by many critics, but it has always seemed to me that Shaw intends to focus in his major characters the characteristics of some nation, sect, profession, cast, or clique.

Fifth, a Shaw play usually shows marked originality in its ending.

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Shaw feels free to end one play with a reconciliation, another with separation and destruction, and again to write a play that has no dénouement in the technical sense. He assumes, I take it, that fidelity to life demands such freedom of treatment.

And, of course, the dialogue of a Shaw play is clear, concise, brilliant, humorous, and ironical; in short, good dialogue.

But, before all else, Shaw is a stimulating critic of contemporary affairs, the sort of critic that exerts upon his generation a profound influence that is not recognized for a generation or two. It is Shaw's ultimate influence upon public affairs in the fields of politics, economics, and religion that justifies discussing him at this length in these columns of comment upon public affairs.

THE MENTAL HUNGER OF MAIN STREET

DURING the war, politicians, editors, and publishers assumed that Main Street was peopled with hungry minds and crusading hearts. In the speeches of the politicians, in the contents of the magazines, and in the lists of published books it was assumed that the horizons of our interests had been pushed out. It was everywhere recognized that the crust of custom had been broken, that the tyranny of tradition was weakening, and that we were, as a people, eager to face fresh problems with fresh minds.

Then came the reaction. The "white passion of statecraft" that marked our war-time diplomacy was succeeded by a Harveyized cynicism that would turn the United States into a sheltered *Shylock* of the nations, concerned primarily with its pound of sovereignty. The war had been for us one of those spacious hours in history in which even the smallest minds seem to take on something of the creativeness and bigness that characterize the time. Men who had before read little in their newspapers save the sporting news began poring over the despatches and devouring long articles on foreign affairs. Men of prosaic day-book and ledger minds began studying the human problems of industry. As I have just said, all this was reflected in our newspapers, our magazines, and our book lists. But when the Wilson administration was overwhelmingly repudiated last November, a strange thing happened. Many politicians, many editors, and many publishers interpreted the verdict as proof that the mind of the nation had changed overnight, that the inhabitants of Main Street had lost all interest in foreign affairs, had suddenly become indifferent to the consideration of the human problems of business and industry, that the intellectual ferment of war-time had become stagnation, and that the boundaries of our interests could be drawn by the three words, law and order and prosperity.

I have had a good deal to say in these columns about the moral slump into which we have fallen since the war, so much, in fact, that it may seem to some readers that I share the judgment that the intellectual ferment of war-time has become stagnation. I do not. There has been a diminution of interest, no doubt, in the argumentative and opinionated discussion of the Versailles treaty. We have lost

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something of our early thrill over preachments on open diplomacy and self-determination. We realize that the industrial millennium will not be ushered in by the simple instalment of shop councils. We are, perhaps, a little more skeptical of such catchwords. But, in my judgment, there has never been a keener mental hunger on Main Street than there is to-day.

I believe that the politician who interprets the last election as anything more than a rather blind reaction against the inconvenience, high-living costs, and general unsettlement of the after-war period is riding to a fall, that the politician who would rather sin on the side of national selfishness than on the side of international service betrays America. I believe that the editor or publisher who assumes that the national mind is tired, that it may be tickled, but must not be informed or stimulated, has lost touch with his time. It may well be that in fiction we are due for a return of interest to romance. The hour is so crowded with problems and conditions that gravely tax our thought and sympathy—problems of foreign affairs, problems of national politics, problems of business and industry, problems of the disheartening cost and complexity of modern life—that we may well ask our novelists and short-story writers to "take us out of ourselves" when we give them an hour or an evening. But as a people we know that the pre-war world has tumbled about our ears, that there is no road to "normalcy," if by "normalcy" is meant a return to old conditions and old standards. And we are hungry for authentic information and intellectual leadership. There is not a Main Street in the United States on which may not be found a healthy number of men and women who will eagerly respond to such information and such leadership.

I am not merely romancing from the cloistered seclusion of a library or the isolation of a New York editorial office. I am, rather, reporting from the field. During the last ten years I have spent a considerable part of every year on lecture platforms that have run the gamut from the crowded halls of country cross-roads to assemblies of satisfied respectability in metropolitan clubs, and I speak conservatively when I say that never during the last ten years has the average audience displayed the scant patience with platitudes or oratorical tricks that is displayed to-day; never has there been more manifest evidence of mental hunger for authentic information and interpretation.

Why, then, all this talk of a moral slump from the intellectual expansion and sense of world responsibility of war-time? Is it consistent to talk with equal emphasis of the moral slump of America and of the mental hunger of Main Street? The distinction is, I think, that there is a moral slump of leadership side by side with a mental hunger of the people. How can this be, when leaders spring from the people? I shall not attempt to explain it; I simply record what I am convinced is a fact.

It will be interesting during the next five years to watch the fortunes of politicians, editors, and publishers in the light of this contention.

I venture to predict that politicians who face fundamentals and editors and publishers who offer solid facts and sound interpretation will win the support of Main Street and Wall Street alike.

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THE DAMAGED GOODS OF DIVORCE

DISCUSSIONS of divorce in our newspapers and magazines seem to run in cycles. As I write these columns, several newspapers of the same day's issue carry long articles on divorce statistics, problems, and remedies. During the last twenty years divorce decrees have been granted by the courts of the United States to 3,767,182 persons. When there is added to this number all the adult and minor children involved, the total number of persons directly affected by divorce decrees in this twenty-year period is 5,585,696. But I am not concerned here primarily with divorce statistics or the divorce problem, but with the way in which much of our discussion of divorce illustrates a national habit of mind, illustrates our method of thinking on public affairs.

A recent issue of "The New York Times" carried an article on divorce by the Right Reverend Wm. Hall Moreland, Bishop of Sacramento, which illustrates admirably the point I want to make. This article proposes five remedies for the divorce problem. They are:

First, a uniform divorce law for all States. Bishop Moreland points out the fact that at present there are forty-nine different codes for the regulation of marriage and divorce in the United States. He says:

> A man may be lawfully married in one state and a bigamist when he crosses the line into another. A woman may be a wife in one state, but, removing to another, she becomes neither maid, wife, nor widow. Children are pronounced born in wedlock or branded as illegitimate by a change of residence. Property rights are imperiled or completely wiped out by a geographical line.

Second, a five or ten days' public notice of intention to marry before a marriage license can be issued. Bishop Moreland contends that it is useless to weep at the exit from married life if the entrance thereto is unguarded. "A large proportion of divorces," he asserts, "grows out of quick, ill-assorted, clandestine unions."

Third, the appointment of a divorce proctor by the court to expose collusion and perjury in the many "arranged" or uncontested divorce cases. Bishop Moreland says:

> More than three-fourths of all divorce suits are uncontested. Private agreement to separate is made, false testimony is offered to the court, who may be convinced that the witness is a perjurer, but is compelled to look helplessly on while the statutes against collusion and false swearing are flagrantly violated in his presence. Where a divorce proctor is employed, the complaining witness in uncontested cases is cross-examined and efforts to deceive the court are exposed.

Fourth, education of the people in a realization of the dignity and permanency of the marriage bond.

Fifth, the general influence of religion in the interest of the highest ideals of married life, and the efforts of ministers to check the facility with which many members of the clergy remarry divorced persons.

Aside from any judgment on these five proposals, they illustrate a common approach of the American mind to tangled social problems. Whether

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we are discussing the problems of marital relations, industrial relations, or international relations, there are three things always proposed: delayed consideration, elaborate court machinery to take care of the trouble after it develops, and the general preaching of good-will. These proposals appear in all the sterile plans of the purely judicial sort of league of nations, in all the facile schemes for industrial courts, and here they appear in such discussions of the divorce problem as the one from which I have just quoted. We have a strange habit of dodging the enormously complicated sets of causes that underlie all these issues. The problem of divorce is not simply a question of hasty and ill-advised marriages; a search for its causes involves an examination of the very structure and processes of modern society. Superficiality damns so much of our thinking on public issues!

THE RODIN OF AMERICAN POETRY

MORE than ordinary interest is attached to the publication of Mr. Vachel Lindsay's "In Praise of Johnny Appleseed" elsewhere in this issue of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. Interest lies not only in the intrinsic importance of the poem, but in the circumstances surrounding its publication. Our first intention was to publish the poem simultaneously with its appearance in "The Spectator" of London; but Mr. Lindsay, as he read the poem to audiences from week to week, found it growing and perfecting itself. The alteration of a line here, the revamping of a phrase there, the adding of a new stroke to the picture, were bringing out more effectively the overtones which are so much of the poem. We were frankly fascinated as we watched the poem grow from week to week, and delayed publication in order to catch the full benefit of the process. Then, too, we wanted to be able to publish, together with the poem, the reaction of the London literary world to the first and, perhaps, cruder version. This we are now able to do.

As these columns of comment were going to press, the issue of "The Spectator" containing the first version of "In Praise of Johnny Appleseed" reached my desk. More space is given to this poem than "The Spectator" has ever given to a single poem, if my memory of its files is correct. In addition, the editor writes a long editorial on the poem. Not content with that recognition, the literary editor also writes a half-page article on the poem. I want to reproduce the major part of these London comments. The editor, discussing the function of the poem, says:

> One of the most wonderful and most romantic episodes in modern history has never received its meed of fame. Its glory, its history, its fascination have almost perished. Up till now we have been compelled to say, "It had no poet and it died." This episode was the great migration westward in the twenties, thirties, and forties of the adventurers and pioneers of the Eastern States of America, supplemented by the wanderers of many lands and peoples. Then was seen what we know must have taken place before in many countries, but of which till the New England frontiersmen led the way across the Appalachians we have no certain record. A sudden impulse to drive onward to fresh woods,

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new pastures, new hills, and a new horizon took men and women by the throat. Though there was no Pied Piper, they followed as if under a spell of power. As the movement was at its height in 1835 to 1845, it is within living memory. And yet the dull Old World and the equally dull and decorous "high-brows" of the New World seem very seldom to have realized what was going on at their doors. They sat stupid and bemused, strumming their little tinkling lyres to Adelaide and Mariana,

"While there passed them a woman with
the West in her eyes
And a man with his back to the
East."

None heeded, or, if they did, only in Statistics and Reports to Congress "on the increasing population in the Western Territories."

And after all these years comes a Homer to sing in adequate words with a poet's passion the great and strange revel of our race. Mr. Vachel Lindsay in a memorable poem, which we publish in our issue of to-day, takes one of the most curious incidents in the whole whirling story, and tells us how "Johnny Appleseed" went forth before the host, a sort of Roland of the Wild West, singing his songs and planting his apple orchards, for that was his special mission. He kept always ahead of the incomers in order to plant his Apple Trees so that those who followed him might enjoy the kindly fruits of the earth in due season. They sound pretty mad, these orchard oriflammes, but if they were mad they were of a piece with all else that was happening. Anyway, Mr. Vachel Lindsay in his poem makes us feel that it was all quite sane and natural.

But he does more than tell us the legend of "Johnny Appleseed." He makes us feel, as most of us have never felt before, the magic and the glory of the rush across the Appalachian ridges into the prairies of the West. Even his bees go crazy and join the rabble rout. Walt Whitman would have loved the poem, for in his own verse we see that he understood what was happening. His "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" breathes the authentic air of the new Paradise. Mr. Vachel Lindsay has laid us all under a debt of gratitude. He has given us the first lay in the great Epic of the West. He must give us more and then weave it all into an organic whole. It is better to do that for oneself than wait seventy years for a Pisistratus who might never come or possibly turn out to be a publisher's hack, or an official assigned for special duty by an Education Board.

Elsewhere in the same issue of "The Spectator" the literary editor writes of this "new and in every sense memorable poem," and, discussing the form of the poem, says:

This new poem, . . . though perhaps not quite so finished a piece of work as "The Congo," is yet completely typical of Mr. Lindsay's work. Nothing is easier than to pick it as full of holes as a colander; it abounds with absurdities—"gastronomic calculations," "delirious flower-dressed fairies," "perorations"—these are too many to enumerate. But when we pick out these faults, staggering in their *naïveté* though they may seem to the more neat-minded of us, we commit the same fault as a man who should refuse to admire a piece of mediaeval woodcarving because of its anatomical inaccuracies, who should angrily reject the bucolic humour of the fox dressed as a monk preaching to the geese, or the tender passion of an "Adoration of the Magi" because one shows a brush or the other a great toe out of place. We can think of no other poem which produces the sense of spaces and of a progress that is less a procession than a migration as well as does this song.

In this country and in France in the figurative arts we are constantly trying

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to recapture just such primitive grotesqueness; for example, Mr. Epstein's sculpture and very often M. Rodin's, too. But Mr. Vachel Lindsay's work is different. He has not acquired *naïveté* painfully in a Paris *atelier*, his work is primitive chiefly because the emotions which inspired it are perfectly direct and underived from any other literature. Ethically and spiritually, he represents the revolt against "the roller-top desk" side of American life, as those who have read that most delightful book, his *Handy Guide to Beggars*, well know.

Technically and aesthetically his work is, as we have said, full of the inaccuracy and vigour of mediaeval English or modern Russian wood-carvings. Such works abound in mistakes, for the excellent reason that their contrivers knew no better and never so much as proposed to take the trouble to learn better because they were concerned with more vital affairs. To soften or improve away blemishes is to weaken the poem.

To those of us who may have been anxious about the arts, who feared that the primal sources of inspiration might have dried up (the present writer was never one of them), it will be more than delightful to find this new welling up of the primitive, and, best of all, to find it in this most purely Anglo-Saxon temper and form. Art is like the Giant Antaeus who fought with Herakles. Unless its strength is constantly renewed from the earth, from the primitive, it loses its vigour and ceases to be our champion and defence against materialism.

It will now appear to the reader why this editorial is given the title "The Rodin of American Poetry." It has been commented upon by certain readers that there is something inconsistent in calling this editorial department "The Tide of Affairs" and then including in its choice of subjects abstract ideas, books, art, poetry, and the like. This is done with the conviction that the character of our time is being shown as much by our literature, our philosophy, and our arts as by the actual incidents of politics and business. In giving this editorial space to Mr. Lindsay we are dealing with one of the significant forces of American affairs—a force making for a less materialistic America.

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

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THE
CENTURY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

1921

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A Pen-and-Ink Portrait of Whistler by Himself

From the original in the Pennell Collection, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 102 September 1921 No. 5

Pages from "The Whistler Journal"[1]

By JOSEPH and ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

Illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches by WHISTLER

PERHAPS the most important letter we ever received was this from William Heinemann, the London publisher, under date of May 28, 1900:

"Dear Pennell,

I have . . . at last got Whistler to consent that you shall write, if you will (and I know you will only too gladly), a book on him, illustrated with his pictures, his etchings, and his drawings. Here is a magnificent opportunity. . . .

Yours very sincerely,

WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

The answer is our "Life of Whistler," which he agreed we should write. It was arranged that he would talk to us, and tell us all he could of the past and the present, and that we should make notes of the conversations. The "Life" in the making is now in our collection of Whistleriana in the Library of Congress.

Talks with Whistler were no new thing. For several years we had been seeing him whenever we were in Paris, where he then lived, and he had been coming to us whenever he was in London. He was the most brilliant talker, the most charming companion, the most sympathetic friend, we have ever known, and our love for him, as well as our admiration, was unbounded, and we know it was reciprocated. Sometimes he would dine with us five nights a week out of the seven, sometimes every night, and he would drop in on his way to or from the studio to tell us the latest of the "droll little things" of life which he loved, or to consult us about graver matters. His evenings with us were a never-ceasing delight. Always, if we were alone or if we had people he liked to meet him, there was talk and talk, and more talk, until all hours. And wonderful talk it was—no rushing away from the dinner-table when the last hurried mouthful was swallowed, as in these dry, dreary days in our dry, dreary country, when there is no inducement to linger. Whistler was abstemious. He ate little, he drank little, but he liked his glass of wine—liked the look of it, knowing it was needed with dinner. He liked his cognac with his coffee. Dinner was as much a work of art in his eyes as a painting or a print. He never talked so well as at dinner. Once in a while, for one rea-

[1] The "Journal" is to be published by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

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son or another, we made notes of this talk, but in a casual sort of fashion, with long intervals and interruptions between. Even when, in the dear dead days THE CENTURY MAGAZINE asked us to make them, we made only a few. But now that he wanted us to make them and undertook to go over them, it was different. With the first meeting after Heinemann's letter we began "The Whistler Journal," which we have kept up to this day. For three years, from June 3, 1900, until July 17, 1903, the date of his death, we never met Whistler that a note did not go down in "The Journal," from which the following pages are taken.

We were in Paris when Heinemann's letter came. On our return to London, Whistler asked us to dinner, and the first note in "The Whistler Journal" is:

Whit-Sunday, June 3, 1900. Dined at Garlant's with Whistler and Kennedy. We arrived promptly, a quarter to eight. At the stroke of eight the waiter turned on the electric light, and Whistler appeared. "Most dramatic," he said. . . . The talk turned, somehow, on Rome, and he told us more of his two or three days there last year with Heinemann than ever before. "Well, you know, I found St. Peter's fine, with its great yellow walls, the interior too big, perhaps; but you had only to go inside to know where Wren got his ideas—how he—well, you know, robbed Peter's to build Paul's! And I liked the Vatican, the Swiss Guards, great big fellows, lolling about as in Dumas; they made you think of *D'Artagnan, Aramis,* and the others. And Michael Angelo? A tremendous fellow, yes; the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel interesting as pictures, but, with all the legs and arms of the figures sprawling everywhere, I could not see the decoration. There can be no decoration without repose. A tremendous fellow, but not so much in the *David* and other things I was shown in Rome and Florence as in that one unfinished picture at the National Gallery. There is often elegance in the *Loggie* of Raphael, but, the big frescoes of the *Stanze* did not interest me. And Rome was awful—a hard, blue sky all the time, a glaring sun, and a strong wind. And it was the same in Florence—a sky as cold and hard and blue, and a wind blowing." . . .

A busy week followed. Photographing his pictures for the book began at once in his studio, and he would be so tired by evening that there would be little to put down. How often he came to us, tired or not tired, is suggested in the following note:

Monday, June 11. Whistler alone to dinner. When he came, "Well, you know," was his greeting, "you will feel about me as I did in the old days about the man I could never ask to dinner—because he was always there! I could not ask him to sit down, because there

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he always was already in his chair!" He was much pleased because he heard that when the international jury (Paris Exhibition, 1900) were voting for the American medals of honor, his were voted for unanimously, and were read out the first of the list, to unanimous applause. He read us an amusing letter from the manager of the Hotel Chatham, congratulating him on the award, which he, of all men, so well deserved.

Wednesday, July 4. Wrote and asked Whistler and O'K. (E. G. Kennedy) to dinner to celebrate J.'s birthday and the glorious Fourth. But, as J. was obliged to go to a meeting, must ask them for seven. They came, but, of course, not at seven. Indignant with J., who, even on an occasion of this kind, with *Madame* everything that was charming, would not make himself beautiful. J. left to his great indignation, and later John Lambert came in. Delighted with Lambert's story of Carolus (Duran). The jury at the Paris Exposition decided that the first medals for painting should not be announced until all the other medals were awarded. But, somehow, some leaked out, and the names got into the papers. Carolus, who had been coming to the meetings in gorgeous clothes, appeared one morning just after this resplendent in a flowered waistcoat. When the jury met, he took the chair, and with his eye on the American jurors said there had been indiscretions among some of the members. Harrison was up like a shot: *"Apropos des indiscrétions, messieurs, regardez le gilet de Carolus!"* Whistler was delighted; he had not known Harrison was so equal to an occasion. O'K. said something about Millet, whose early work was good, but he married a wife and had to manage to make both ends meet. Whistler was indignant. "The artist's work is never better, never worse; it must be always good, in the end as in the beginning, if it is in him to do anything at all; and he would not be influenced by the chance of a wife or anything of that kind."

It was seldom that Whistler showed the world anything of himself save his gaiety, his sense of the joy of life, his fun in its absurdities, his delight in his own wit, his light touch in collecting the "scalps" of the enemy. And, indeed, it was not often that he inflicted his sadness, when he was sad, on his friends. He kept up a brave front. But there was a sad, a serious side to him. A man who felt the beauty of the world as he, could not but feel as intensely its sorrow.

Sunday, July 8. Dined with Kennedy and Whistler at Garlant's. Whistler late, and when he came in, it was clear something was wrong. He seemed suddenly to have grown old. His hair lay flat, his forehead was a network of wrinkles, his cheeks had fallen and were flabby and pale, and when he talked, all life and gaiety and fun had gone. He was interested when we told him of the United States officer—

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Captain Hunter, from West Point—who had called on us in the afternoon. West Point was the standard. But it was like the shadow of his talk.

Later on J. talked to him about the book, but of this I heard little. He said, when Kennedy regretted that he did not seem up to the mark, that he was not, and for once we must bear with him. He followed us down when we left, and stood on the steps looking as if he had forgotten why he was there, or, indeed, that he was there. And I carried away such an impression of him as I have never had before—of Whistler suddenly grown old and thin and shrunken and sad.

No. 7. The Smith's Yard.

An example of Whistler's respect and affection for West Point we had three evenings later.

Wednesday, July 11. An early visit from Whistler, who says he will come this evening to meet our West Point man, Captain Hunter, and his wife. Here on a holiday before going to San Francisco.

When they came in the evening—before him, of course—they were delighted at the chance of meeting him. He has become a tradition at West Point. He was a little late, and was more than usual cordial and distinguished and elegant. At dinner the talk was of the Chinese. "Here are these people, thousands of years older in civilization than we, with a religion thousands of years older than ours, and our missionaries go out there and tell them who God is! It is simply preposterous, you know, that for what Europe and America consider a question of honor, one blue pot should be risked."

There were two moments when West Point failed him. He asked Captain Hunter of what branch he had been professor. "Artillery tactics, no doubt?" (Captain Hunter is in the Third U. S. Artillery). And Captain Hunter said, "No; French and English." We rather gasped at that, but, as Whistler said afterward, it was better not to pursue the matter. The other moment: talking of the Boers, and after he quoted the instances he loves about Buller, Roberts, and the rest, some one asked Captain Hunter what West Point thought of the blunders at the opening campaign. "Oh," he said, "it was what always happened with generals who had not had that sort of experience for years—what happened at Santiago when two divisions of the U. S. Army were drawn up so that, if they had fired, they must have shot each other down." This Whistler passed over. He was disgusted when he heard that the cadets now played foot-ball. "They should hold themselves apart and not allow colleges and universities to dispute with them for a ball kicked round the field. It is beneath the dignity of officers of the United States."

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But there was another shock when the captain explained that his wound at Porto Rico was the result of his going out with some other officers to dinner one evening and putting on white trousers when the army was n't wearing them, and being shot in consequence by the American sentry when he came back to camp. . . .

There was another dinner on the following evening.

Thursday, July 12. Dined at the Fisher Unwins. Whistler, Mr. and Mrs. Hilaire Belloc, and Mrs. Maurice Hewlett there. Whistler was quite away from where I sat, so that I saw nothing of him during dinner, but Mrs. Hewlett said afterward he had been telling her extraordinary things about niggers and Boers, and Belloc was insisting that at every house he went to he met only Pro-Boers, that everybody really was Pro-Boer, and he, because of his disgust for the English outburst over the Dreyfus case, was in sympathy with the Boers; and so was Mrs. Belloc, who, despite an extraordinary gown in blue silk and a white sort of cloak that hung loose and shapeless, and made her back view suggest a high priestess of some strange Oriental sect, was as sensible. Mrs. Hewlett, in empire dress, said she was frankly out of it, but she thought she ought to be just a little offended at being made to feel by Whistler—I don't know how—

Portrait of Harper Pennington

that she was just a plain, bourgeois, middle-class person when everybody else thought she was just the other thing. . . .

A third dinner that month was on *Friday, July 27.* Whistler and Mrs. Whitman to dinner (J. away), and I left the conversation to them—Mrs. Whitman, the intelligent, emotional Boston woman, with a quotation, an anecdote, for every occasion. Why did he not come home? Such a welcome was waiting. He had no idea of the respect and honor in which he was held. "They have a funny way of showing it," he said. "If ever anything particularly offensive reaches me, well, you know, it comes from America. If anything goes the rounds of the papers here, it is taken up, intensified a hundredfold, in the American papers. When I go to America, I shall go straight to Baltimore, then to West Point, then sail for here." No, she said, they would come down upon him from Boston, seize him by main force, and carry him off.

She had been to the Academy and seen the big Sargent. "It looked like a heap of women being poured out of a picture." Whistler said, "Well, you know, people tell me it is so clever. Has any one ever stopped in front of a Titian or a Tintoretto and called it clever? What? That sort of cleverness is infernal. I would n't for a

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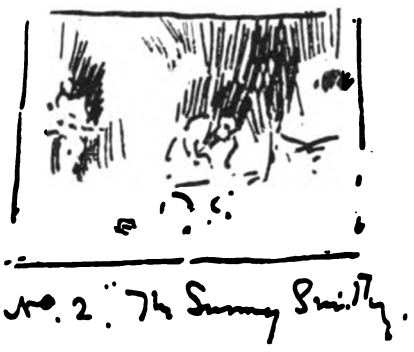
moment have any one think I was saying anything about Sargent, who is a good fellow." . . .

It is not easy to select evenings when there were so many and all delightful. In August and September, 1900, we were all three coming and going, he to Holland and Ireland, we to Paris and Switzerland and Dorsetshire and the Lakes, but the gaps between our meetings were short. In the autumn his health, which had not been good for some while past, began to fail, and many notes are chiefly of his fatigue, his colds, his anxiety about himself. One of the last good evenings that year was on the occasion of our next note.



Saturday, September 29. Whistler and Miss Philip dined, and I invited the Greiffenhagens to meet them. First, the talk was of the Paris Exhibition, the correctness and dignity of the French galleries, the naïveté of the English, the stateliness of the Grand Palais, the stairway elegant and true to tradition. Then the talk veered to the country. Greiffenhagen said that he wanted to live in the country. Whistler asked: "Why? The country is detestable. In Holland it is different. There I can see something." "But there is no country in Holland," Greiffenhagen said. "And that is just why I like it," was Whistler's answer. . . . Then some one said, "Chamberlain," and the flood-gates were opened. But the beautiful, kindly, intimate way in which Whistler said the most unpleasant things was stupendous. "Of course, you know, I do not speak as a stranger. I belong to London myself, have been here for years, and I understand, as you do—" He understands, that is, that Chamberlain is corrupt, that the English are hopelessly stupid, and many other things as pleasant. And in proof of their stupidity he tells of his dinner at Heinemann's, where he met Mme. Sarah Grand, who started the evening by saying how delightful it was to be back in England. She had been in France for five or six weeks, and during all that time had seen no men, until one day on the boulevards she met two Germans whom she could have embraced in welcome, for they, at least, were men. And in France the supposed-to-be men never could forget that women are women. She liked to meet men as comrades; she did not want them always to be remembering her sex. And Whistler's comment was, "Certainly the Englishwoman succeeds, as no others can, in obliging men to forget her sex." The other story was of a Lady Something, at Mrs. Curtis's, in Venice, one afternoon meeting an Italian princess who had just married a distinguished Roman prince, a descendant of one of the oldest families in Rome. Lady—— complimented the princess on her English. "Oh, my grandfather was English," she explained. "I am so glad you 're English," said Lady——. "You know in England we don't think much of foreign princesses." "And in Italy we don't think much of English manners," was the answer. Mrs.

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Whistler's method of hanging an exhibition
From drawing in the Pennell Collection, Library of Congress, Washington

Greiffenhagen wondered if England is in her decadence; thought not, because art always marks the decadence of a country, and there was none here yet. And she appealed to Whistler: did n't he think that the development of art in a country was a sign of its decadence? But he did n't know. "A good many countries manage to go to the dogs without it." . . .

He grew weaker as the December days passed, was ordered south by his doctor, and by the end of the month had started for Corsica, going by a roundabout way and stopping at Tangier, Algiers, and Marseilles. He stayed in the South until May, 1901. We were out of London often that spring and summer; the meetings were not many.

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Thursday, August 1. Whistler and Kennedy came to dinner. A quiet evening, everybody tired. The band played Offenbach, to Whistler's delight. He kept time with his foot, giving a little *cancan* sort of kick with it at the end. "Well, you know, there is music that really has distinction."

The winter brought back his cold. Again he left London, this time for Bath. But Bath was near London, and we saw him again and again.

Monday, January 27, 1902. As we are asking each other, about six in the afternoon, whether Whistler has gone back or whether any minute he may descend upon us, we hear the familiar knock. He has come to say good-by, as he returns to Bath to-morrow. . . .

London has tired him again, and he dozed off and on. Something was said about Homer Martin, who, we had just been told, once painted Whistler's portrait. Whistler said no, he never had; as had been said about him, he painted vegetables, not animals. He delighted in Homer Martin in the old days. He told the story of their going together to Sir Thomas Sutherland's, chairman of the P. and O. Company, one Sunday evening to have "a bit of supper" with him. "There we were, and before supper there he was showing us his pictures with all solemnity. The walls were covered. He came to a Calthorp, above the mantelpiece, a British female nude. 'This,' he said slowly and pompously—'this is Andromeda.' Homer Martin looked critically and attentively for a moment. 'And, I think, very like Ann, too.'" Whistler laughed as I have seldom heard him laugh. Homer Martin's humor was the sort to appeal to him. He told again the story of Homer Martin spending the night in the house at Chelsea when Whistler lived there with his mother, and in the morning asking for the scissors for his cuffs.

"The cuff story," Whistler said, "has been twisted round in a version I can just trace to its origin. It represents me as staying at Alma-Tadema's and as altogether untidy and slovenly. I, when, if I had only an old rag to cover me, I should wear it with such neatness and propriety, and with the utmost distinction!" I told him the story of Gosse's horror when he took Homer Martin to the Savile Club, where, late in the evening, Martin danced a breakdown on the dining-room-table. "It is just like them at the Savile," he said; "they were all really butlers, afraid of the silver and china." . . .

The notes continue after his return from Bath—notes sad to us, for they record his last visits to our flat.

Sunday, April 20. As Whistler is not going anywhere in the evening yet, asked him to lunch with Miss Philip. Not knowing until the last minute whether he could come or not, had time only to send round for Harrison

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Rhodes. Whistler in his best form, as he so often is when his audience is small and sympathetic. Has just moved into Ashbee's house in Cheyne Walk, which he has taken for a couple of years. He describes it as "The whole, you know, a successful example of the disastrous effect of art upon the British middle classes. When I look at the copper front door and all the little odd decorative touches throughout the house, I ask myself what I am doing there, anyhow? But the studio is fine. I have decorated it for myself, gone back to the old scheme of gray."

Thursday, April 24. Went with Rhodes to tea in Whistler's studio. No one else but Miss Philip. At first I thought Whistler would show nothing, but after a little while he began to bring out picture after picture: the portrait of an American who had written to ask if Whistler would paint his portrait in some unusually short time. Whistler answered, "Well, I must see you first, and when he came, I was so pleased with him, I went right to work." It is a small portrait, just the bust; the face, clean-shaven, round, ugly, but full of shrewd character, typically American. Then a portrait of Miss Philip; a painting of his small model, a beautiful nude—just the figure standing on vaguely suggested shore; the pastels I have seen. He seemed anxious to impress upon Rhodes, above all, the difference between what is "going on" in his studio and others nowadays. "In my pictures there is no cleverness, no brush-marks, nothing to astonish and bewilder, but simply a gradual, more perfect growth of beauty. It is this beauty my canvases reveal, not the way it is obtained."

Saturday, May 17. Came back from Paris, and arrived home to find Whistler waiting for me. He had come just as Augustine was starting to meet me, and she left him there. My train was late, the customs slow, and when we finally got to the flat, he was opening the door for the postman. He wore a light overcoat, but he was crouching over the fire. The rain had begun, and he was sure he was catching cold. He came, I think, to talk over the Rodin dinner at the Café Royal of two nights before. He did not go,—he is still afraid to venture out in the evening,—but he wrote a letter which afterward figured in all the papers. "Rodin was breakfasting with me to-day, and Tweed, the sculptor, who has him in charge, and Lantéri from South Kensington. It was all very charming, Rodin distinguished in every way, the breakfast very elegant; but, well, you know, you will understand—but—of course, it is something I do not want repeated, for others might not understand. Naturally, before they came, I put all my work out of sight; canvases up against the wall with their backs turned, nothing about. But, you know, never once, not even after breakfast, did Rodin ask to see anything. Not that I wanted to show him anything, I need n't tell you, but in a man so distinguished it seemed a curious want of —well, of what West Point would have demanded under the circumstances." I could see he was hurt, though had it been a lesser man than Rodin, he would not have thought of it twice. "Well, you know, Rodin's head is a trifle turned by this sudden enthusiasm." Then he told me what I had not yet heard—the wild excitement at the Café Royal, afterward the Slade students taking the horses out of the carriage and dragging it, with Tadema

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inside by Rodin's side, and Sargent on the box, to the Arts Club.

And the rain coming on, he began to worry at finding himself so far from home, and Augustine made him a grog, and I lent him Joseph's overcoat, which he put on over his own, and he went off in a four-wheeler.

After this the notes are full of his illness and his fight against it—the journey to Holland, the almost fatal attack in The Hague, the return to Chelsea, the days there alternating between hopes and fears. We give only a few, but many enough, we trust, to make it clear that Whistler never gave up the fight and that his love of his art was with him to the last. We were not always in town during these long weary months in the Chelsea house, and it must always be a regret to J. that he was away from London, off and on, till just before the end.

Thursday, September 18. Not hearing from Whistler, went out to Cheyne Walk to ask after him. Found he had been ill, and was still in his room. He sent for me to come up. His room is at the top of the Ashbee house, where the window might look out anywhere but on the river, so little can be seen from the "artistic" place found for it. Whistler on the lounge, his empire bed at the other end of the room, and the few things in the room beautiful of their kind—he in a white-silk night-shirt and a black coat over it. . . . I stayed only about half an hour.

Tuesday, September 23. Called, and found Whistler moved down to the room adjoining the studio, the doctor thinking, if he was strong enough to get about, the stairs would be bad for him. He was in the empire bed, in his silk night-shirt, with a little knitted shawl over his shoulders, a counterpane embroidered in gold covering him, and curled up close to him a little purring kitten, white and brown and gold, in harmony with the counterpane. Whistler did n't seem so well. He said he had the "jumps," and I saw him only for a few minutes. When I asked him if I could do anything, he said, "Well you know what you can do, but you won't do it"; this being to "go" for Ashbee, Menpes, Wyke Bayliss, and the others of the "enemy" generally.

Monday, October 20. Called on Whistler. Nobody else there but his model, who was just leaving, a Miss Seton, who was rolling up her reddish hair when I came in. "Most people think she is n't pretty," Whistler said, "but I find hers a remarkable face. It reminds me of Hogarth's 'Shrimp Girl' in the National Gallery." He had been working, but only a very little. He did not seem able to get back to it again. He showed me a sketch of her head, against a gray-green background, a tiny panel. He had been pottering about, looking at accumulations from the Paris studio,

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and had found many charming things, he said; and he showed me a little study in quiet grays of a house front somewhere in Touraine, just the doorway and a little window with balcony above it. Then tea came, and I gave Miss Seton tea, and he got up and emptied the stale milk out of the cat's saucer and gave it some of the fresh from the jug on the tea-tray. . . .

He seemed uncertain if Joseph, who had a cold, ought to come and see him. "What if there are microbes hanging about him? I can't have any more microbes; I have had enough of them."

Saturday, November 29. In the afternoon went to Whistler's. A motor-car at the door, and Heinemann in the studio with Whistler, who was dressed and looking much better. The two were deep over old letters and newspaper clippings, preparing another edition of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." Mrs. Heinemann arrived, and there was a diversion for tea.

Then he arranged with Mrs. Heinemann for a sitting next Tuesday, and the Heinemanns left. "Is Mr. Heinemann coming back?" I asked Whistler, thinking perhaps he had only gone to put his wife into the carriage. "I hope not," Whistler said most emphatically, "for I am so tired! Tell Joseph he must come soon; but I am tired!" And he looked it. But he went back to the letters. "I do come across extraordinary things," he said. "Listen to this I have just picked up, written to Graves, I don't remember when; but it must have been at a time when they were a little sore about something." He read it. Graves seemed to have threatened the bailiffs, and Whistler told them he supposed there was nothing to do but to turn on the hounds of the law. "But what do you really think of the appearance you will make, with one hand presenting a Sir Joshua Reynolds to the nation, with the other turning the bailiffs on Whistler! Well, indeed, is it that the right hand does not always know what the left doeth."

Saturday, December 6. Whistler began to show me proofs of the Wedmore-*Standard* correspondence, to be issued as one of the brown-paper covered pamphlets; but a musical friend, now staying with Studd, was announced. "Damn!" said Whistler. "Take him up-stairs, Major; he is one of your friends." But Miss Philip would n't, and the musical friend, a young German, came in, overflowing with enthusiasm. It was such a joy to play his piano in that room with the three Whistlers on the walls. He talked of the German Emperor. "Emperors are absurd now," Whistler said. "It was all very well when they could say, cut off this man's or that man's head, and it was done at once, or as they can now if they happen to be Emperor of China or Russia. But for the others, it is nonsense." The young man stayed so long that, as soon as he had gone, I had to go, too. "Tell Joseph he 's a humbug," Whistler said; "he never comes to see me." J. had been only three or four days before.

Wednesday, January 14, 1903. Went to see Whistler. He was amusing himself with the book about him by Elbert Hubbard, published at the Roycroft Press. "Really," he said, "with this I can be amused. I do not know how many already have used my name in this fashion, and usually they only irritated me. But the intimate tone of this is something quite new." And he read bits of it, the passage about his father's courtship of his mother.

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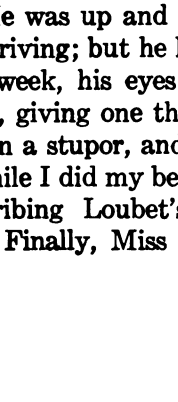
"What would my dear Mummy—don't you know, as you see her with her folded hands at the Luxembourg—have said to that? And our stay in Russia! Our arrival in London! Why, the account of my mother and myself coming to Chelsea and finding lodgings makes you almost see us wanderers, bundles at end of long sticks over our shoulders, arriving footsore and weary in the late afternoon. Amazing! It would be worth while to describe, not the book, but the effect on Whistler reading it. It would be worth while to do something about it. I must think it over." While he was still reading, Sauter and Lavery came in, and as I knew it was to talk over the International and its affairs, I left at once.



Monday, July 6. To Whistler's. The doctor was with him, and I waited almost an hour up-stairs with Mrs. Whibley. Then he sent for me to the studio. He was up and dressed, had been out driving; but he looked worse than last week, his eyes vaguer and more dead, giving one the impression of a man in a stupor, and he said not a word, while I did my best to interest him, describing Loubet's arrival at Victoria. Finally, Miss Philip asked him if he were tired. I had been there not more than ten minutes. He said yes, and so I told him I must go. And yet, when he said good-by, the one thing he added was characteristic: "You are looking very nice!"

Thursday, July 14. To Whistler's. The doctor was with him, but he asked me to wait, and I went up-stairs with Mrs. Whibley, who seemed hopeful. In about ten minutes he sent for me. He was dressed, in the studio, and pictures were on the easels. He seemed distinctly better, though his face was as sunken and his eyes were as vague. But he talked. When I told him he looked better and asked him how he felt, he answered, with all his old gallantry, "I only wish I felt as well as you look." He asked for news; what of Henley, had I heard anything? I spoke of the Sauters, who came in to see us a few evenings before. They were in our neighborhood for a lecture, which they found impossible, and came to us instead. I said their energy was wonderful; they were ready to do anything, to go everywhere they were asked. "Not so much energy, perhaps," Whistler said, "as not knowing how to put in their time." The little mother cat, lately banished from the studio, was running round again, and she jumped into my lap, rubbing her face up and down against mine. "She remembers you," Whistler said. Altogether, he was like another man, or, rather, like himself again, especially when Miss Philip brought him a cup of chicken broth. He was in a fury at the sight of it. "I suppose I must take the damned thing. Excuse the word,"—turning to me,—"but it must be said." And he scolded in a voice as strong as ever. How did they expect him to have an appe-

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tite for his dinner? They never gave him a chance, they were always making him take something; he had no peace. Every hour it was something until, of course, he did not want his dinner. Miss Philip looked as if her nerves were giving. She poured him out a cup of tea instead, and went in the next room for a minute. Every now and then his eyes closed, but he was interested in everything, and when Lavery was announced, told the maid to show him in, and asked me why I was going so soon when I got up to say good-by. But I was afraid that to have Lavery and myself both there would be too much for him. Mrs. Whibley and Miss Philip came to the door with me, and they seemed encouraged. The doctor said the heart was all right.

Sketch of Maude

Saturday, July 18. When I came down to breakfast, I opened a letter from Fisher of "The Daily Chronicle." "Why did you not let me know of the death of Whistler?" He died suddenly yesterday. . . . After lunch Sauter came as I was starting for Chelsea.

As I was shown into the house, Freer was coming out of the studio. He could tell me nothing. He got to the house the afternoon before at half past three, and everything was over. Mrs. Whibley joined us,—Miss Philip asked to be excused,—and we sat in the hall. On Thursday, she said, he seemed so well. He went out driving with Mr. Freer. Then, after he came back, he sat talking to her for a long while, and he and Miss Philip and she played dominoes together. The three dined in the studio, and she told him he was so much better, before long he would be dressing again for dinner. Anyway, she said, never at any time had he been so bad as last summer at The Hague. Friday morning Mrs. Lawson, who had sat up with him, said that he passed a fairly good night, and Mrs. Whibley, who was tired, did not go down. But after lunch they called her. She saw at once the attack was serious. The doctor was sent for. She and Miss Philip were with him, and, as I understood, it was over before the doctor got to the house. With him, it seemed to her, as with all people with whom she has been at the last, that, dying, he saw something the living could not see. The time for the funeral is not yet arranged, but the service will be held at old Chelsea Church—the church he used to go to with his mother. As I left, a brisk youth "representing the American press" made his appearance, asking for information.

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Wednesday, July 22. The funeral—J. went early with the International. . . . At last the funeral procession. The coffin was carried the short distance from the house to the church. The men staggered under it as they walked up the aisle, the purple-velvet pall any which way, owing, no doubt, to difficulty of passing the font at the entrance; then the pall-bearers; then the Philip family, the five sisters, the brother; young Godwin, young Lawson; then Webb, the doctor, and Studd, and immediately after, as if part of the procession, Brandon Thomas and his wife, who came in the pew with me. The clergyman has a dull, emotionless voice, and as he reads lessons and prayers, the beautiful burial service is not in the least impressive, neither so simple as to be solemn in its simplicity, nor so fine in its formality as to be dignified with the dignity Whistler loves. The procession reforms, the International Council fall in behind, and the people follow in carriages and hansoms provided by themselves, but not many. At Chiswick a crowd evidently is expected, for numbers of policemen form round the funeral party as if to protect it, but there are few people. Miss Philip walks to the grave and looks in with calm, expressionless face. The International Council are given a place close to the grave. A man in blue monocle, red coat, blue shirt, orange flower in buttonhole, long fur cap, fur-edged gloves, comes leaping over the graves like some strange, uncanny monster. The clergyman takes off his biretta, mumbles the prayers as if in haste to get through with them. Miss Kinsella crouches on the grass, crying audibly, and all is over. But the graveyard is calm and beautiful, the grave under a wall covered with clematis.

In the confusion of coming away J. finds himself in a carriage with Studd, who explains how he happened to be with the family. They had asked him to be a pall-bearer, but at the last moment, as a favor, begged him to make way for Duret. It is to be noted that among the pall-bearers—George Vanderbilt, Freer, Abbey, Guthrie, Lavery, and Duret—there are three Americans, one Scotchman, one Irishman, one Frenchman, and *no* Englishman. It is also to be noted that not an art critic is present in the church. A wreath of gold bay-leaves, one of the only two wreathes on the coffin, was sent by the International. When J. reached the church no arrangement had been made to reserve seats for anybody, and only by his instructions to the verger were pews reserved for the International Council and friends. He lunched at the Hyde Park Hotel with the others of the council, to talk over a Whistler memorial. Sauter was in a state of indignation because the funeral was so little impressive. Anywhere else it would have been an official occasion, the chief authorities represented, the military out. The societies and academies to which Whistler belonged should have been represented, and they probably would be very indignant because they had not been.

This is the end of the extracts from "The Whistler Journal," during the three years that passed between the day of our first talk after he asked us to write his life, down to the day of his funeral.

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The Ash-Can

By JAMES LANE ALLEN *Author of* "THE KENTUCKY CARDINAL"

ONCE during the day the bishop had spoken over his telephone in a voice of trust and affection:

"Can't you come to dinner to-night? I am unable to invite your family, because my family is n't at home."

When he caught the reply he laughed softly and said:

"Oh, then, if your family is n't at home either, come the more. We can prop ourselves against one another."

The day had passed, dinner was now just over, and the bishop moved at the side of the guest from the beautiful dining-room into the equally beautiful library.

A comfortable-seeming man; but, then, would any group of believers choose a bishop or use a bishop who did *not* seem comfortable? No matter what spiritual wine you may believe yourself to be, if nature stored this in a miserable-looking vessel, toil not ever to have yourself sealed and then poured out as a bishop: though vintaged on high, as you may think, hardly will you be decanted and drunk on earth.

Over opposite the bishop, before the stately fireplace, sat his company. Probably the company was not suffering any pain in any part of his person, probably he was as permeated with bodily well being and contentment as his host, but the whole look of him suggested a man who might have learned to make the most of bodily miseries and who, as to human life in general, had come to define happiness, when it was not ignorance, as being courage.

Do you happen to be an admirer of the work of El Greco? Lest at the moment you may not exactly recall who El Greco was, be most politely and pleasantly reminded that he was a Spanish painter who, before he painted a man, took him by the head and heels, so to speak, and pulled him out to be longer than he naturally had been, so to speak; made of him a stretchable, extensible phenomenon; drew his head a degree away from his neck, his neck from his shoulders, his arms out of their sockets, his fingers out of their joints, his legs down from his thighs, his feet loose from his ankles. Having elongated him, dislocated him, deformed him, ruined him, he painted him faithfully and marvelously well for the rest of time.

The bishop's companion was a living masterpiece after El Greco, as though Nature had copied one of El Greco's most stylistic portraits. He did somehow appear to you to sit higher than he sat, to be even taller than he was tall, thinner than he was thin. His joints bulged beyond the bounds of his anatomy; his gauntness caved in from outside his clothing; a long, powerful, picturesque, exaggerated, rugged rock of a man. Over his dry jaws there had rooted itself what looked like sparse polar moss, scant mouthful for a reindeer. This sallow-hued growth, streaked with gray, grew coarser and

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thicker on the chin, and it hung down from the tapering drop of the chin old and rigid, like a pointed stone. Away up on the top of the head the thin hair, which suggested failing sunlight, was parted in the middle and fell away as a revelation of all that was there. It seemed a cold place, that peak of character, summit of a life's thoughtfulness. What flashes of humor played around would be as the quivering pulsations of the arctic night. Lower down, in the eyes,—the wisdom, the pity, of them,—in the lines about the mouth, made by large experience with men and things, you saw the tenderness of humanity, the compassion of the world. Altogether he gave you the idea of a gaunt John the Baptist advanced in years who had never been any one's forerunner and who through some choice of his own, or necessity, separated his locusts from his wild honey, letting the honey go.

They were closest of friends, had been since college days, when the bishop had rather expected to study medicine and the other youth had rather decided upon the church. At nearer approach to first choice each had drawn back, and it had ended otherwise—the medical student now a physician of souls, the theological student a bishop of the sick; each a name in the world and, better, a light, a leading, the bishop known and loved outside bishopric and blessing, the physician distinguished and honored beyond hospital and lecture; one at work amid the gospels of old, the other through the modern gospel of healing, enduring, ending.

§ 2

When they had come in from the dining-room and had put themselves at ease with chairs and cigars, neither had forthwith plunged into speech. Nature, without being religious, is disposed at moments to give thanks: she sends her gratitude through all stops and organ-pipes of the body as an anthem of digestion; and she asks the brain to cease, as untimely during the music at least, its incessant noise.

The friends sat looking in silence at the rich falling gold of the logs. Then El Greco, allowing his glance to wander over the peaceful harmonies of the library, remarked in a voice so rough and deep a bass that, upon hearing it for the first time, you might have wondered a little just where it came from and what produced it:

"Bishop, you look to me like a man who enjoys a good deal of self-determination."

The bishop laughed reminiscently. They laughed reminiscently together. After a moment the bishop replied in his suave, mellow baritone, with a mischievous thrust at the sorely beset phrase:

"I hope I do not look like a great and solemn referendum."

"But that is exactly what you do look like; and it is exactly what you are," exclaimed El Greco, with a mischievous thrust at the bishop. "If you were not a great and solemn referendum, you would not be so impressive and so much besought an ecclesiastic."

The bishop made no immediate rejoinder. He could never have opened so spacious a path through rock and mire of human nature, had he not uniformly acted upon the principle that he must look well before he leaped, no matter what the ground, who the bystander. His reply was, as usual, cautiously weighed.

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"If it were not I, it would be another. If it were no other, it would be some thing. There always has to be either some person or some thing—for bishop."

"Of course." El Greco bowed, with his deep, glowing eyes and warm, persuasive smile, as if this road of travel was familiar enough to his mind.

"Lately," pursued the bishop, who, having once taken a topic in hand, liked to leave his mark upon it to show that he had dignified it with his attention—"lately I have been going over the subject again, not so much as to the different kinds of men who have been bishops in the world as to the unbelievable things which have been bishops. In the long apostolic succession of the race, in the unbroken laying on of hands, I smile a little foolishly when I feel laid upon me, as his present-day spiritual successor, the horns of the sacred beetle!"

"In other words," exclaimed El Greco, in joyous agreement, "human nature has always needed some one or some thing to go to solemnly and finally—beetle, Bacchus, or Buddha."

"Always," assented the bishop. "That is the one human road toward the immortal."

"In other words," pressed El Greco, with an air of swift, sweeping logic, "all man's religions have been his attempts to empty his ash-can on God!"

The bishop drew back in silence. Long since he had learned to make allowances for El Greco's personal views and for a wounding rawness of utterance in him, which at times made of words spectacles and exposures like joints of meat in the market-house; for he was a great surgeon of speech also.

El Greco took eager advantage of the bishop's silence.

"Inasmuch as God remained far away, entirely out of reach, man in the course of time devised the arrangement that God should keep on earth a delegate at large who would always be within reach. The ash-can was to be emptied on the delegate. The delegate would notify God."

The bishop remained courteously grave and courteously silent.

"That, of course," continued El Greco, with a deferential change of tone and his charm of graciousness, understanding and honoring the bishop's silence—"that is your problem of the church in the world. What concerns me is the same problem as it reappears in my department of human affairs: why do we empty, love to empty, try to empty, our ash-cans on one another?"

"But your problem enters my world, too," objected the bishop, relieved to be free to reënter the conversation. "It is a very daily part of my world, a very human part." The bishop turned his face quietly toward El Greco.

"It is about the worst part of mine," avowed El Greco, giving the rug a repudiative kick—"people with nothing seriously the matter who consult me because it gives them a chance to empty the ash-can! Who gladly pay twenty, forty, a hundred dollars, if they can leave the contents poured over me. I should charge more. I ought to say, 'This is going to be nasty to wash off; some of it will never wash off; so long as I live I shall see your stains on me. I have been of no particular service to you for your ailment; my bill for your *can*—but you will get the bill!"

The bishop muttered sorrowfully:

"I can't even make out a bill; I don't get a cent!"

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El Greco roared with amusement and delight.

"And perhaps," he said, flicking the ash of his cigar into a little antique bronze bowl placed conveniently at his elbow, "there is small choice between our ash-cans."

"Yours could n't be more deplorable—sometimes," declared the bishop in a voice of patience and a growl.

"Why—why—why," El Greco reasoned urgently—"why do we aim to tell things? Why do we? Not things which give pleasure; that is easily understood. If we give pleasure, we are valued accordingly, and it is natural to wish to be of value. But things which do not give pleasure—our trials, vexations, annoyances. Why do we empty these on other people when we know that our doing so will make them withdraw from us, dread us? And why in particular, after we have poured our trouble into the ear of a fellow-creature and have witnessed his distress at the predicament we have placed him in—why are *we* relieved, why are *we* the happier, at the sight of *his* unhappiness? Why that, in the name of kindness and decency?"

"In the name of unkindness and indecency!"

The bishop rose and, taking from its rack a long, flashing, splendidly figured brass poker, stirred a corner of the fire.

§ 3

El Greco next spoke as one who would beguile a companion to go with him a few steps farther to some point whence they could command a wide view of a splendid country.

"Now that this subject which concerns me and concerns you and concerns every one has come up unexpectedly, here is the question: this emptying of ash-cans—is it a primitive trait which grows weaker? Is it a modern trait which grows stronger? Is it one of the traits which last on and on, varying little to our observation?"

"I have my views on the subject," proffered the bishop, with his scholar's equipment in ideas, the scholar's delight in ideas.

"Let me first state mine," protested El Greco, laughing, "especially as I am operating in my own ward. You are not expected to give way as a bishop, but you are expected to be polite as a person. Every one gives way to a surgeon, without any politeness.

"I believe it a primitive trait which has grown weaker, but which we particularly notice now because it is changing its direction dangerously toward *us*. That is, the ancient emptying of the human ash-can on God is dying out of human nature. Civilization testifies that the moral dirt of the earth is being less and thrown at the skies with faith that it will reach the skies and be received there. Also, every kind of delegate on earth is disappearing. There are fewer kinds of delegates, and fewer ash-cans are being carried to any delegate of any kind. But—and here is the great point—the universal ash-can fills as before, and man, to make up for his loss of the habit of emptying it at the skies or at the delegate, empties it on his most convenient fellow-being."

"No! no! no!" objected the bishop, lest his silence seem to be his assent.

"But I must finish; I am your guest." El Greco, then, partly from habit and partly under pressure of the bishop's impatience, spoke with the precision

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and decision of his manner in a lecture. "It is time to block this new road of error and weakness in the race. It can be done. After years of toleration of chimneys and furnaces pouring their smoke into the atmosphere, blanketing the sun, blackening the earth, we have taught chimney and furnace to dispose of smoke. We have now at last taught even a gun to fire without either smoke or ash, as the most modern and most efficient of guns. Then teach a human being to consume the contents of his ash-can. Discover in human nature some resource of mind that will make the human ash-can self-disappearing in the most modern and most efficient of human beings.

"It can be done; undoubtedly Nature has put the power there. It is for us to lay our finger upon that power, force its development, make it work. I rest my whole confidence in the scheme of things, in their natural balance, their indestructible equilibrium, upon the axiom that man is equal to his lot, and therefore equal to the bearing of his burdens and the doing of his work. If he had not been equal to his lot on the planet, he would not now be on the planet. He is here still and he is here as a partial failure because he has never made use of more than part of his powers."

"I agree and I disagree." The bishop would no longer be restrained, courtesy to guest or no courtesy. The unforeseen course of the discussion aroused him, and he struck back in defense of his churchly office. "A great change has taken place in man's religious life. He has gradually turned the brighter side of his nature toward God, having too long kept turned toward Him the darker side. The civilized race to-day lives religiously more in the green pasture of man's virtues and less in the mire of his sins."

"Bishop," sniffed El Greco, sarcastically, "the virtues in their green pastures never pray. They kneel on the pleasant sod—and boast. It is only the broken human reed growing in the mire that sways in prayer."

"I disagree with you absolutely," protested the bishop even to violence. "I believe the unbroken reed prays also and prays well. Which, if either, prays better, the broken or the unbroken, God knows. But I do not believe that the best traits of human nature should be dumb or denied or forced toward the background in religion any more than they are dumb or denied or forced into the background in human affairs. In practical everyday business we put them forward as the basis of our confidence; then let them be put forward as the foundation of faith. The bridge of our hope of immortal things has too long been the black bridge of forgiven sins. It would better be the old pagan's bridge between earth and heaven over which he walked, the bridge which was the rainbow. So be it with the great arch of what is beautiful in us!"

The bishop, partly from habit and partly from El Greco's facial contortions of disapproval, spoke as from the pulpit to a congregation of moral strivers:

"Yet never before in the history of our race have we so laid our burdens upon one another. But why? Because the one new virtue developed by the race in modern times is sympathy as the widening sense of brotherhood. This growth of generosity has brought with it a growth of selfishness. The modern willingness to bear one

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another's burdens has developed a modern willingness to let others bear them. We now see even nations trying to throw their burdens upon one another, whole nations crying for sympathy. Not one of them would have done that in the Middle Ages; no other nation would have listened, no other nation have cared. I doubt whether the cave-men discouraged one another with talk of how poor a place the world is to live in: they were too busy for discussion. And I doubt whether the cave-woman carried the story of her domestic problems into the next cave: she herself might have gone into the other cave-woman's ash-can. But the modern woman!"

§ 4

The bishop was sitting beside his writing-table, over which his reading-lamp shed its close personal radiance. Near stood a vase of hothouse roses. The bishop as a man loved roses that are red, and these were red roses. He lifted the vase and brought it forward to the edge of the table as though to identify it as the object which drew the lightning of his rebuke.

"I have it here in my library this very day. These roses! They were brought here privately this afternoon. What else was brought, what else was left, you do not see. But *I* see. I see, and forget the roses. Forget what they are in themselves, to think of them only as thorns to peace of mind," and the bishop passed into a story which gave point and poignancy to the theme of the evening.

They were delicately nurtured, delicately balanced people, a mother and a daughter; he called no names, of course. The daughter became engaged. The young man at once conceived it to be his right, believed it to have become his duty, to draw her, as the sharer of his life, into all its struggles. These turned out to be the ordinary difficulties of ordinary respectability: discords which sound in all human affairs however respectable, unforeseen things which upset us innocently, clashes with business associates. "Reputable strifes merely," emphasized the bishop, "which sometimes are so much harder to bear than sins, since religion does not help us in the race of selfishness, and the cross of Christ is not a refuge for bad temper.

"That is, the young man shifted his burdens to the bride to be, the bride shifted them to her mother, the mother shifted them to her bishop—left the roses, left trouble. The daughter remains faithful to her pledge, but has already deserted in desire. Love releases her, conscience binds her. She is unhappy, she is ill. The mother calls upon the conscience of her bishop to decide what they should do.

"The church does not act in such an affair. The day may come when it will. That is my hope, that the church will try to intercept such troubles from the lives of the young. I should favor a change in the marriage ceremony: every young couple standing before the altar should, in the society of the future, give the natural pledge not to lay their burdens idly and selfishly upon one another; each will have burdens enough. For the miserable, the overburdened, are not very agreeable people in this world, and they are not very useful people," declared the bishop with candor which spared not. "The human race has not been wholly successful, but what success it has comes from its happiness. Then protect happiness in the young as their

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first usefulness, and in the old as their last usefulness."

The bishop suddenly smote the communicative young lover without charity or conscience:

"Why did he not keep his troubles to himself after becoming pledged in marriage? That is why so many ties which are delightful to us when slight become intolerable when intimate: some concealed thing is brought out and laid upon us after we are lashed together. What right had he? Bah! I have no patience with him, to slide his man's burden to the shoulders of a young girl because she loved him!"

The bishop passed into silence. The doctor after an interval began to speak in a very low voice, a rather sad voice.

His story had no hothouse roses; its symbol might be the dinner-pot.

A few days previous there had walked slowly into the hospital a husband and wife. He had examined the man, an inoffensive fellow, organically sound, hardly past middle age, his countenance a hundred years old, his eyes a thousand—as old as trouble, weariness, weakness. He was silently saying that he would keep his story from every one in the hospital. It could not be done. Whenever his wife appeared for her daily visit about six o'clock, the truth came out. He grew restless, pleaded by look not to be left alone with her. After each visit he had less of life left in him; she had more life in her. The nurse was then instructed to remain in the room during the visits.

"We began to protect him as far as we could. It was too late. You may have seen a little gutter set to drain too large a roof, to gather into itself to downpour whenever the storm came. This little gutter had burst," said the doctor with pity.

"When it was all over, I made an appointment for her to come to my office—come at six o'clock. On purpose I continued my writing to observe what would happen. She could not wait for me to be ready to listen, began whether I was ready or not, to tell me what a hard day it had been for her.

"'You killed your husband,' I said. 'He returned from work hungry, tired, staggering beneath his own load in life, needing rest, asking for a little peace in the one spot in the world where he could hope to have it and had a right to expect it. You gave him no rest, allowed him no peace. Sat beside him and loaded all your troubles on him. No wonder he put on his hat and went out with no dinner. No wonder he got drunk. No wonder he stayed drunk. No wonder he broke down. No wonder he died half-way through life.

" 'I had you come here at the hour you were used to unload on him. From force of habit you unloaded on me. If you did that every day, you 'd either kill me or I might kill you.' "

The doctor's voice had no mercy on the woman.

§ 5

The men rose.

The bishop went to a window and lifted aside the rich lace, lifted the heavy silk of purple hue, and looked out at the snow, piling itself upon his window-sills, upon the naked boughs of a much-loved little tree growing outside, an orphan of the woods. He came back to the fireplace and threw on a fragrant log and watched the flames lap themselves about it and a shower of sparks fly upward. He threw on another and watched that.

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Then he began to walk back and forth on the soft, splendid rug across the hearthstone, his well-molded hands clasped behind him, his well-molded head dropped slightly forward. Sometimes he walked thus when alone and most thoughtful.

The doctor had gone to the many-minded shelves and was taking down book after book, glancing at the title-page, at the author's name, not at the contents, and putting page and name and contents back where they had been. He turned from the shelves, and as with an air of curiosity picked up rare little objects strewn over a lavishly inwrought table under the chandelier, gifts to the bishop with grateful associations or bought by him in foreign travel. He looked at the little treasures and laid them down where they had been and did not know what he had done. Once while thus engaged he remarked as one who notes the passage through his mind of an idea, flying alone and a little behind the flock:

"That visit of Tennyson to Carlyle one night when they sat alone, gazing into the fire, smoking, saying not a word! At the end of the evening Alfred, you remember, started home, and Thomas, as they shook hands, broke the silence: 'Alfred,' he said, 'we have had a great time together.' I have always had my doubts about that visit. It struck me as humanly hollow, a pose. If there ever was a man who cultivated pose, it was Scotch Thomas; if there ever was another, it was English Alfred. I had my belief they were posing to each other that silent evening in great style. But they may have been sincere, in dead earnest, terrible earnest; they may have sat there all that evening, by heroic effort holding back their ash-cans."

"If they were," replied the bishop, not turning his face and with quick fervor of conviction, "it *was* a great night. They *did* have a great time together."

The bishop continued to walk slowly to and fro; the doctor began to stride erect and expectant back and forth across the middle distance of the immense library, his manner at times when some hospital matter of life or death awaited his skill on the other side of a door.

Suddenly he paused, turned, and with fresh vigor addressed the bishop:

"There is the other side of this whole matter, of course. Do you remember the chap in college we called Sahara?"

"I have often wondered whether he is Sahara still," replied the bishop, with a note of bitter pleasantry.

"Not a path from him leading in any direction, no footprints. His body cast a natural shadow, but his mind refused to shed its natural memories. The sand of life all round him, and not the solitary bush of an incident on the horizon for the eye to travel to and the mind to feed upon. Sahara declined to feed us, and we rebelled at not being fed; we moved away from the desert."

The bishop turned squarely toward the doctor. He stood with feet stoutly planted on the common ground of common human things, and he spoke reproachfully:

"I have never warmed toward the man who would tell nothing. I have found him in the church; he has always chilled me."

"Never!" said the doctor with instant harshness. "I have had to work with him in the medical profession; I have n't liked him."

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Silence followed, a silence unaccustomed and foreboding. Crises occur in life when two who have been friends discover themselves at the final test of their friendship, at the welding or the parting: by what follows they will be friends the more or friends the less, if friends at all.

The doctor finally spoke in the tone of drawing into the discussion an omitted truth:

"It all goes back, of course, to the wisdom of old Greece: not too much of anything. Least of all, not too much of virtue. A virtue, positive or negative, overdone—that is trouble for us in its purest form. We may fight ever so little of a vice and be splendid, but we may not attack ever so much of a virtue without being shabby. I know, you know, every one knows, a single positive virtue in excess to render a house uninhabitable by those over whom it stretches its power, tyranny. On the other hand, not to tell anything—a negative virtue overdone. I do not care to explore a man skulking or secreted behind it."

The bishop stood solid and four-square on his hearthstone.

"I should not care to call him as my comforter if I were sick and needed comfort."

§ 6

Suddenly El Greco, continuing his walk and without looking at the bishop, called out:

"Lawrence, may I have a glass of wine?" It was the voice, the comradery, of old-time student years.

The bishop uttered a regret.

"How did I happen to forget? What was it to-night that caused me to forget?"

He hurried to a table in a distant corner and brought back a small silver salver on which stood a decanter and a wine-glass, exquisite.

El Greco enjoyed an after-dinner glass of wine, a glass, hardly more, and the bishop always had a glass brought in and placed there when he knew El Greco was coming for an evening. El Greco was enamoured of his glass partly because he was enamoured of the idea of the glass. He liked beholding himself in the world wine-picture as in a scene very old, rude, or gorgeous, warm, robust, open, fallible, in human life. Just as he indulged a fancy for another picture: gentlemen spun into ancient priceless tapestries. Consummate art, he said, but great nature also, the method of great nature—many threads and many colors woven into each of us. He, holding a wine-glass, became a gentleman of the ages, enjoying the liberty of golden, cloud-capped, gracious things, manners, ceremonies, pageants, which one by one were dropping from the human scene. Some day, he said, the tapestries also will go, ruled out by "righteousness," and bare bagging be demanded in the name of God.

The bishop now filled the glass and handed it to El Greco and stood, decanter in hand, absent-mindedly before him.

El Greco, lifting and looking through the ruby splendor, repeated the great, sad, singing, undying lines:

"Oh for a draught of vintage that hath
been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved
earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country
green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-
burned mirth!"

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He broke off and paused an instant. Then with the glass on the level of his eyes he began, in an old-time student way, repeating the spirit of some half-remembered night at some student banquet in some student hall:

"Wine-cup! Earth and sky are in it, and the sun and naught else save Care, rosy-fingered handmaiden of the vineyard, and Age, which trains the ripened cluster's youthful choir. The freshet of it, rushing through the body, dislodges the jest lying somewhere an undiscovered jewel on its banks; rolls outward at the bottom of the channel the golden sands of wit; drowns the Dragon Doubt which lives in water; brings floating along on its surface the careless flowers of the mind's and body's commingled joy—"

"Oh, here," cried the bishop, laughing with remonstrance, and putting his fingers into his ears, "drink your wine, man; do not praise it! I may minister to the sick, but I must not listen to bacchanalian oratory. Drinking is a man's sensation. The sensation concerns him only; but all praise is opinion, and all opinion is for others. A citizen of the United States, native born, of reputable habits and connections, of sound mind, a leader in his profession, praising a glass of wine in the library of a bishop! Why—why—"

El Greco interrupted with a mocking flourish of his free hand.

"I had not spoken what most was in my mind. That must not go unsaid; it is the reason I asked for the wine. It rounds out and ends our theme of the night. If we are going to abolish the ash-can in human society, we shall have to look well to the earth's autumn flood of the vineyard. More than any other single influence it has been the opener and the emptier of the world's ash-can. Truth rolled outward on wine! Secrets of human lives, insoluble to every other agent, become solvent in the torrent of the grape."

El Greco drank his glass deeply as a memory, and with a curious gesture at life went back to his chair.

The bishop, with a sudden shadow on his clear face, returned to his chair. Silence, overmastering silence!

All at once the doctor turned to the bishop and said something to him—the hush, the privacy, the thing confided to *one*.

§ 7

The doctor had been speaking a long time. At moments he struck violently with his fist upon the arm of his chair. He beat violently upon the rug with his foot. Once he thrust out both hands, those long, lean, powerful, kind, efficient surgeon's hands, reached over and caught at, grabbed at, something which might have been a throat, and shook it with a grinding of the teeth in the jaws, a growl of fury in the throat, that meant—meant a man's satisfaction at last.

Ghastly pantomime of baffled power, strength that could not be put forth as strength; picture of action that should be action but could not be action; the foul thing in life that attacks the thing which is fair; something low that gets the upper hand of what is above it; something crooked that treads down in the road of life what walks straight. He did not withhold, he did not cease, till he was disburdened, emptied.

The bishop had not stirred or taken eyes off the spectacle and the disclosure: how this had never been known to him, this that now he would forget only with death; this fearless,

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towering figure of knowledge and usefulness in the world of men—to the unfortunate, the suffering, the dying—able to keep on with his work year after year with *that* in him, making no sign.

The bishop started up, crossed over, and put one hand on the doctor's shoulder and reached down for one of the doctor's hands and said in a voice that might have pulled a man back from the pit of hell:

"Why did you not tell me this long ago?"

§ 8

The bishop had been speaking; minutes had passed. How many? Enough to span years.

Along the earth's fretting ocean-edge this takes place somewhere all the time: at a small incurve of the coast, which no one sees, which no one hears, which no one knows of, a wave beats incessantly against a rock. The rock stands; the wave comes and goes, comes and goes, comes and goes. Some day the wave will come, the rock will be gone.

The wonderful bay of the human ear, with its far-moving ocean; in it some little wave of trouble, the beat, beat, beat, of the wave, day and night, day and night; till ear and trouble are still!

The doctor, leaning forward, listening, in all he was as if the bishop confided to him the ravages of some malady which had escaped his knowledge and which would always remain beyond his or any human help or skill, rose, no word uttered, passed across, and slowly, quietly, folded about the bishop's head his hands—that laying on of hands which is so much older than the church.

It was late. The doctor stood in the hall near the front doors, roughly drawing on his weather gloves. The bishop reached over and buttoned the top button of his overcoat protectingly about his throat.

He opened the door, and the doctor stepped out and stood on the top step, looking at the snow, which fell steadily, heavily, over the great city.

"This is going to be bad for some of my patients," he said, taking their weakness and their suffering upon his shoulders.

"It will be sad for many of my poor," said the bishop, laying their burdens and sorrows upon his back.

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Messer Marco Polo

By DONN BYRNE

Drawings by C. B. FALLS

V

THE times went by, and Marco Polo busied himself with his daily affairs, keeping track of the galleasses with merchandise to strange far-away ports, buying presents for refractory governors who did n't care for foreign trade in their domains, getting wisdom from the old clerks, and knowledge from the mariners; in the main, acting as the son of a great house.

You would think that he would have forgotten what the sea-captain of China told him about Golden Bells, what with work and sport and other women near him. You would think that would drop out of his memory like an old rime. But it stuck there, as an old rime sometimes sticks, and by dint of thinking he had her fast now in his mind—so fast, so clear, so full of life, that she might be some one he had seen an hour ago or was going to see an hour from now. He would think of the now merry, now sad eyes of her, and the soft, sweet voice of her by reason of which they called her Golden Bells, and the dusky little face, and the hair like black silk, and the splotch of the red flower in it. She was as distinct to him as the five fingers on his hand. It was n't only she was clear in his mind's eye, but she was inside of him, closer than his heart. She was there when the sun rose, so he would be saying, "It 's a grand day is in it surely, Golden Bells."

She was there in the dim counting-house, and he going over the great intricate ledgers the clerks do be posting carefully with quills of the gray goose, so that he would be saying: "I wonder where this is and that is. Sure I had my finger on it only a moment ago, Golden Bells." And when the dusk was falling, and the bats came out, and the quiet of Christ was over everything, and the swallows flew low on the great canals, she would be beside him, and never a word would he say to her, so near to him would she be.

And she wrought strangeness between him and the women he knew, the great grave lady with the large, pale mouth, her that was of his mind, and the little black cloak-maker with the eager, red mouth, her that was closer than mind or heart to him. The first found fault with his poetry.

"I don't know what 's come over you, Marco Polo,"—and there was a touch of temper in her voice,—"but these poems of yours show me you have n't your mind on your subject. Would you mind telling me when I had bound black hair?" she says. "And you say my bosom is like two little russet apples. Now, a regular poet once compared it to two great silver cups, and that was a good comparison, though in truth," she says, "he knew as little about it as you. And my hands are not like soft Eastern

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flowers. They 're like lilies. I don't know where you do be getting these Eastern comparisons," she says. "But I don't like them. Tell me, pretty boy,"—she looks suspicious,—"you have n't been taking any of the strange Egyptian drugs the dark people do be selling in the dim shops on the quiet canals? Look out, pretty boy! look out!"

And the little cloak-maker grumbled when he was gone. "I don't know what 's wrong with him," says she. "Or maybe it 's something that 's wrong with myself, but this delicate love is n't all it 's cracked up to be. It 's all right in books," she says, "and it 's a grand sight, and the players doing it; but I like a hug," she says, "would put the breath out of you; and a kiss," she says, "you could feel in the soles of your feet." And she lay awake and grumbled. "Let him be taking his la-di-da courting to those as favor it," says she. "It 's not my kind." And she grumbled through the lonely night. "I wonder where my husband is now," she said. "And was n't I the foolish girl to be sending him off! Sure, he drank like a fish and beat me something cruel, but he was the rare lover, and the mood on him. Sure, a woman never knows when she 's well off," says she.

And Marco Polo did n't miss them any more nor you 'd miss an old overcoat and the winter past. All his mind was on was the Golden Bells of China. And he thought long until his uncle and father came, so that he could be off with them to the strange Chinese land.

"But there 's no use to me going there," says he. "I could n't marry her. She would laugh at me," he says. "She, who refused the son of the King of Siam, with his hundred princes on a hundred elephants, what use would she have for me, who 's no better nor a peddler with his pack? But it would be worth walking the world barefoot for to see that little golden face, to hear the low, sweet voice they call Golden Bells."

They came back in due time, his Uncle Matthew, the red, hairy man, and his father, the thin, dark man who knew precious stones. And he told them he wanted to go with them when they made their next expedition to China.

"We could be using you, after your training in trade," says the father. But Marco Polo could take no interest in barter. "Sure, you 'd better come along," says his Uncle Matthew. "There 's great sport to be had on the road, kissing and courting the foreign women and not a word of language between you, barring a smile and a laugh."

"I have no interest in the foreign women, Uncle Matthew."

"Then it 's the horses you 've been hearing about, the fine Arab horses faster nor the wind, and the little Persian ponies they do be playing polo on, and the grand Tatar hunters that can jump the height of a man, and they sure-footed as a goat. Ah, the horses, the bonny horses!"

"Ah, sure, Uncle Matthew, 't is little I know of horses. Sure, I know all about boats, racing and trade and war-boats, but a horse is not kin to me."

"Then what the hell 's the use of your going to China?"

"Ah, sure, that 's the question I 'm asking myself, Uncle Matthew. But I have to go. I do so. There is

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something calling me, Uncle Matthew —a bell in my ear, father's brother, and there 's a ringing bell in my heart."

VI

I shall now tell you how it came about that Marco Polo went to China with his uncle and father, though he had no eye for a bargain, or interest in courting the foreign women, or sense of horses.

Now, as you may know, this was a great religious time. The Crusaders, feeling shame that the Sepulchre of the Lord Jesus should be in Saracen hands, had come with horse, foot, and artillery to Palestine to give tribute of arms to Him who had died for them on the Bitter Tree. And great feats were performed and grand battles won. And kings became saints, like Louis of France, and saints became kings, like Baldwin of Constantinople. Mighty wonders were seen and miracles performed, so that people said, "Now will be the second coming of Christ and the end of the world."

And a great desire came on the Christian people to tell the truth of Christ to the strange and foreign peoples of the world. So that every day out of Jerusalem you would see friars hitting the road, some of them to confront the wizards of the Land of Darkness, and some to argue theology with the old lamas of Tibet, and some to convert the sunny Southern islands, where the young women do be letting down their hair and the men do be forgetting God for them. And all over the world there was spreading a great rumor that the truth of all things was at last known.

Even Kublai Khan had heard of it far off in China, and he [illegible] the uncle and father of Mar[illegible] message to the Pope of [illegible] the pope be sending some t[illegible] to his court, and they 'd [illegible] matter out; and if he was sat[illegible] this new religion was the tru[illegible] then he 'd turn Christian a[illegible] people to turn Christian, t[illegible] let them be bringing back so[illegible] Oil of the Lamp which burn[illegible] Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem [illegible] cure for all the ills in the wor[illegible]

And when they came to th[illegible] Acre, sure the pope was dea[illegible] they waited a long time, but [illegible] pope was chosen, so they dec[illegible] back, because they had a good [illegible] there, and they did n't want t[illegible] And yet they knew there 'd be [illegible] with the Grand Khan, if they bring back the news of the tru[illegible] gion and people to argue it.

"I 've been a long time trad[illegible] says Nicolo, "and it 's a queer t[illegible] but the more trading you do, the [illegible] religion you have. The arguing religion would not come easy to [illegible] And I 'd be up against experts. I 'm not the man for it," says he. "How about you, Matthew?"

"Oh, sure, they 'd never listen to me," Matthew laughs—"me that 's drank with them, and deludhered their women, and gambled until I left them nothing but the sweat of their brows. I 'd be a great one to preach religion to them. Why, man, they 'd laugh at me. But I tell you what, Nicolas. There 's a bishop in Negropont, and I know where he lives, and I know his house and everything. What do you say, Nicolas? We 'll just throw a bag over his head and tie him on a horse. Oh, sure, he 'd give grand discourses to the Great Khan!"

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ger. Let not the mists of the world, the gay diversions, the little trifles, draw you from glory. Remember!

"Si oblitus fuero tui Jerusalem,—If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,—

Oblivioni detur dextera mea,—let my right hand forget her cunning.—

Adhaereat lingua mea faucibus meis, si non meminero tui,—if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth—

Si non proposuero Jersualem, in principis laetitiæ meae,—if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

"I shall now send a prayer to ven," he said, "to keep you safe in the strange foreign ways, to protect you against wind and tempest, against pestilence and sudden death, against the powers of darkness, and him who goes up the world for the ruin of

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something calling me, Uncle Matthew —a bell in my ear, father's brother, and there 's a ringing bell in my heart."

VI

I shall now tell you how it came about that Marco Polo went to China with his uncle and father, though he had no eye for a bargain, or interest in courting the foreign women, or sense of horses.

Now, as you may know, this was a great religious time. The Crusaders, feeling shame that the Sepulchre of the Lord Jesus should be in Saracen hands, had come with horse, foot, and artillery to Palestine to give tribute of arms to Him who had died for them on the Bitter Tree. And great feats were performed and grand battles won. And kings became saints, like Louis of France, and saints became kings, like Baldwin of Constantinople. Mighty wonders were seen and miracles performed, so that people said, "Now will be the second coming of Christ and the end of the world."

And a great desire came on the Christian people to tell the truth of Christ to the strange and foreign peoples of the world. So that every day out of Jerusalem you would see friars hitting the road, some of them to confront the wizards of the Land of Darkness, and some to argue theology with the old lamas of Tibet, and some to convert the sunny Southern islands, where the young women do be letting down their hair and the men do be forgetting God for them. And all over the world there was spreading a great rumor that the truth of all things was at last known.

Even Kublai Khan had heard of it far off in China, and he had charged the uncle and father of Marco with a message to the Pope of Rome. Let the pope be sending some theologians to his court, and they 'd argue the matter out; and if he was satisfied that this new religion was the true religion, then he 'd turn Christian and tell his people to turn Christian, too. And let them be bringing back some of the Oil of the Lamp which burns in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and is a cure for all the ills in the world.

And when they came to the city of Acre, sure the pope was dead. And they waited a long time, but no new pope was chosen, so they decided to go back, because they had a good business there, and they did n't want to lose it. And yet they knew there 'd be trouble with the Grand Khan, if they did n't bring back the news of the true religion and people to argue it.

"I 've been a long time trading," says Nicolo, "and it 's a queer thing, but the more trading you do, the less religion you have. The arguing of religion would not come easy to me. And I 'd be up against experts. I 'm not the man for it," says he. "How about you, Matthew?"

"Oh, sure, they 'd never listen to me," Matthew laughs—"me that 's drank with them, and deludhered their women, and gambled until I left them nothing but the sweat of their brows. I 'd be a great one to preach religion to them. Why, man, they 'd laugh at me. But I tell you what, Nicolas. There 's a bishop in Negropont, and I know where he lives, and I know his house and everything. What do you say, Nicolas? We 'll just throw a bag over his head and tie him on a horse. Oh, sure, he 'd give grand discourses to the Great Khan!"

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"Have sense, Matthew; have sense. You 're always too rough; always ready to end an argument with a knife, or just lift what you want. Have sense, man; you can't kidnap a bishop like you 'd kidnap a woman."

"Well, I don't see why not," says Matthew. "It would be easier, too, because a woman will scratch like a wildcat. But if you 're set against it, I won't do it," he says. "Well, then, how about young Marco?"

"My sound man Matthew! my bully fellow! Sure you were never a loss yet! Young Marco it is; sure, 't is the elegant idea. There 's not a man born of woman is better for the job."

Now, all the Christian world had gone religious, and young Marco was no exception; for 't is not only the old are religious. The young are, too; but there 's a difference. The religion of old men is reason and translation; the religion of the young is just a burning cloud. The tragedy of the Bitter Tree is not a symbol to them, but a reality, and their tears are not of the spirit, but of the body, too.

And there are no half-way houses, no compromises, in a young man's creed. It 's swallow all, or be damned to you! It 's believe or be lost.

And thinking over the little girl in the Chinese garden, there had come into Marco's heart a thought past enduring. If little Golden Bells did not believe, then little Golden Bells was lost. She might have everything in this world in this life, an emperor for a father, kings for suitors, a great poet for a minstrel, a wizard for an entertainer; but once the little blue shadow left her body, she was lost forever. And the sight came to him of little Golden Bells going down the dim and lonely alleys of death, and weeping, weeping, weeping . . . Her eyes would be shot with panic, and the little mouth twisted, and the little flowery hands twitching at each other. And it would be cold there for her who was so warm, and it would be dark there for her who loved light, and the Golden Bells of her voice would be lost in the whistling and clanging of the stars as they swung by in their orbits. He to be in the great delight of paradise, and she to be in the blue-gray maze between the worlds—what tragedy!

Kings might bring her presents, a husband might bring her happiness; but if he could only bring her salvation! If he could only tell her of the Bitter Tree!

The body, when you came to think of it, mattered little. All the beauty in the world could not endure more than its appointed span. Helen was dust now, and Deirdre nothing. What had become of the beauty of Semiramis, Alexander's darling; and Cleopatra, who loved the great proconsul; and Bathsheba, for whom David of the Psalms fell from grace? And Balkis, queen of Sheba, with her apes, ivory, and peacocks? Dust and ashes! dust and ashes! And Scheherazade was but a strange, sad sound. Beauty increased and waned like the moon—a little shadow around the eyes, a little crinkle in the neck, the backs of the hands stiffening like parchment. Dust and ashes, dust and ashes!

But the little blue shadow would glow like an Easter morning. Or it would be a poor, lonely, unlit shadow in the cold gloom of the clanging worlds.

Poor Golden Bells! Poor little weeping Golden Bells! If he could only tell her about the Bitter Tree!

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And then what happens but his Uncle Matthew claps him on the back.

"How would you like to go to China, Marco Markeen," says he, "and preach religion to the benighted people?"

"How did you know, Uncle Matthew?"

"How did I know what?"

"That I wanted to go to China and preach religion to the—the people!"

"Well, if that does n't beat Banagher," says Matthew Polo, "and Banagher beats the devil! Tell me, did you ever hear an old tune called 'Bundle and Go!'?"

And so the three of them leave upon their journey, but at Layas, where the King of Armenia had his castle, they heard of the election of a new pope, so they came back to Acre to get his instructions and blessing.

VII

The pope said a grand mass for them, and at the gospel he enters the pulpit, a burly figure of a man with sad eyes.

"The blessing of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost be with you and about you, Amen.

"It is not to you, Nicolo Polo, that I wish to speak, nor to you, Matthew Polo, for neither of you are my ambassadors to the Great Khan. Merchant and sportsman, I honor you, and you have my blessing, but you have no hopes of mine. The dirty diversions of the world are between your eyes and glory," said he. "It 's only myself, an old and sorrowful man, and this child, a young and hopeful one, can understand; old men having sight of visions, and young men dreaming dreams . . .

"Now in the matter of converting the Great Khan and his numerous millions, first let wisdom speak. I have little hopes. He wants to be argued into it, you see. Religion is not a matter of argument. It is a wisdom that surpasses wisdom. It drifts in men's souls as the foggy dew comes unbidden to the trees. It is born before our soul, as the horned moon is born before our eyes.

"And now, my child, you might say, 'What is the use of his sending me to China if he knows I cannot bring these millions into the fold?' My dear son, there is the wisdom surpassing wisdom. A great and noble thought must not die. Things of the spirit we cannot reckon as a husbandman reckons his crops. There is a folk on the marches of Europe, and they are ever going into battle, and they always fall. Their results are nothing. But their name and their glory will endure forever . . .

"My dear son, God has put wisdom in my head and beauty into yours. Wisdom is needed for the governance of this world, but beauty is needed for its existence. In arid deserts there is no life. Birds do not sing in the dark of night. Show me a waste country, and I 'll show you a brutal people. No faith can live that is not beautiful . . .

"The beauty God has put in your heart, child, you must always keep . . . How much I think of it I 'll tell you. I 'm an old man now, an old and broken man, and in a few years I 'll stand before my Master.

"'What have you seen on my earth,' He 'll ask me, 'you who followed Peter!'

"'Lord! Lord!' I 'll tell Him, 'I 've seen mighty things. I 've seen the bridegroom leave his bride and the king his kingdom, the huckster leave his booth, and the reaper drop

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his hook, that they might rescue your holy sepulcher from pagan hands.'

"'And anything else?' He 'll ask.

"'And I 've seen a young man go out into the desert, and over his head was a star . . .'

"You may think you have failed, child, but remember that in the coming times your name and fame will awaken beauty, and many 's the traveler on the hard road will find his courage again, and he thinking of Marco Polo. And many 's the young man will dream dreams, and many 's the old man will see visions, and they reading the book by the golden candlelight; and many 's the young girl will give you love, and you dead for centuries. But for this you must keep your dream.

"Now you 'll think it 's the queer pope I am to be telling you things like this instead of demanding converts. But the wisdom that surpasses wisdom comes to you with the Anointing of the Oil. 'I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago,' writes Saint Paul, '(whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell. God knoweth.)

"'How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words that is not lawful for a man to utter.'

"Now you see there is a wisdom surpassing wisdom, and it is out of this fount of wisdom I am drawing when I speak to you these words.

"Child, I will not keep you any longer. Only to say this, and this is the chiefest thing: never let your dream be taken from you. Keep it unspotted from the world. In darkness and in tribulation it will go with you as a friend; but in wealth and power hold fast to it, for then is danger. Let not the mists of the world, the gay diversions, the little trifles, draw you from glory. Remember!

"Si oblitus fuero tui Jerusalem,— If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,—

Oblivioni detur dextera mea,—let my right hand forget her cunning.—

Adhaereat lingua mea faucibus meis, si non meminero tui,—if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth—

Si non proposuero Jersualem, in principis laetitiæ meae,—if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

"I shall now send a prayer to Heaven," he said, "to keep you safe

in the strange foreign ways, to protect you against wind and tempest, against pestilence and sudden death, against the powers of darkness, and him who goes up and down the world for the ruin of souls."

And he turned to the high altar again, and now you 'd hear his voice loud and powerful, and now low and secret, and the bell struck, and the acolyte intoned the responses, and all of a sudden he turned and spread forth his hands.

"Ite! Let you be going now. *Missa est."*

VIII

And so they set forth with their great train of red, snarling camels and little patient donkeys and slender, nervous horses toward the rising sun. Behind them the green hills of Palestine died out as a rainbow dies out, and now there was sand before them, and now bleak mountains, and by day the wind was swift and hot and by night it was black and cold. And moons were born and died . . .

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And they passed through the land of the King of Armenia, and they passed Ararat, the mountain where Noë brought his ark to anchor, and where it still is, and where it can be seen still, but cannot be reached, so cold and high and terrible is that mountain.

And they passed ruined Babel, that was built of Nimrod, the first king of the world, and now is desolation. They passed it on a waning moon. And out of the ruins the dragons came and hissed at them, and strange, obscene birds flapped their wings in the air and pecked at them, and over the desert the satyr called unto her mate.

And they passed through the Kingdom of Georgia, whose kings are born with the mark of an eagle on their right shoulder. They passed through Persia, where the magicians worship fire. And they passed through the city of Saba, where sleep the three magi who came to worship at Jerusalem, and their names were Kaspar, Balthasar, and Melchior.

And they passed through Camadi, where great ruins are and robbers roam through the magical darkness. And they passed northward of the Perilous Valley, where the Devil's Head is in black stone, and that is one of the nine entrances to hell; and passed the Valley of the Cockadrills, where there are serpents five fathoms in length; and passed the Valley of Cruel Women, who have precious stones in place of eyes . . .

And they went through the Dismal Desert, where no stream sang . . .

And in the desert they passed the Trees of the Sun and Moon, which speak with the voices of men. And it was from the Speaking Tree that Alexander heard of his death. And it was near there that he and Darius fought. And they passed the *Arbre Sec*, the Dry Tree, which has a green bark on one side and white on the other, and there are no trees within a hundred miles of that tree, and it is sprung from the staff of Adam.

And they passed through Balkh, the Mother of Cities. And they passed through Taihan, where the great salt mountains are. And they passed through Badashan, where the mountains of the rubies are. And they passed through Kashmir, whose women are very beautiful, and whose magicians weave the strongest spells in the world . . .

And moons were born and died . . .

And they came to Alamoot, the fortress of *Senex de Monte*, the Old Man of the Mountain, the King of the Assassins, the greatest wizard of all time . . .

Now this is the tale told of the Old Man of the Mountain.

Whenever within his dominions there was a fine young horseman, the Old Man would put a spell on him and draw him to the Castle of Alamoot, and outside of the castle sleep would come on him. And when he woke up, he would be inside the castle, in the wonderful gardens. And they 'd tell him he was dead and in paradise. And paradise it would be for him, what with the lovely women and the great playing on the flutes, the birds singing, and the sun shining, the crystal rivers and the flowers of the world. And after a while the Old Man of the Mountain would call for him, and tell him he was sending him back on earth again on a mission to punish Such-and-

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A burning wind came, and the sand rose,
and the desert heeled like a ship

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when the courting of a woman was more to me than the killing of a man, when beauty meant more nor power.

"Let you be on your way, Marco Polo, while I sit here a lonely old man, with wee soft ghosts whispering to him. Let you be hastening on your way before I remember I am a prince of the powers of darkness and should do you harm . . ."

X

And so they went on eastward, ever eastward, and the moons were born, grew, waned, and died . . .

They passed through Khotan, where the divers bring up jade from the rivers, white jade and black jade, and green jade veined with gold. They passed through Camal, the shameful city, whose women are fair and wanton, whose men are cuckolds. And they passed through the province of Chitingolos, where are the mountains of the Salamanders. They passed through the city of Campicha, where there are more idols than men. And they passed through the great city of Samarkand, where the Green Stone is on which Timur's throne was set . . . And moons were born and died . . .

They passed through Tangut, where the men will not carry the dead out through the door of a house, but must break a hole in the wall. And they passed through Kialehta, where there are snow-white camels. And they passed through the lands of Prester John.

And now they were in the Tatar lands. There passed them lowing musk oxen. There passed them the wild asses of Mongolia. There passed them the barbarians, with their great tents on wheels. There passed them the black-jowled, savage idolaters. There passed them the pretty white-faced women. There passed them huge, abominable dogs.

And they came to the town of Lob, and a new moon arose, and they entered the Desert of the Singing Sands.

XI

Wherever they went now was sand, and a dull haze that made the sun look like a copper coin. And a great silence fell on the caravan, and nothing was heard but the crunch of the camels' pads and the tinkle of the camels' bells. And no green thing was seen.

And a great terror fell on the caravan, so that one night a third of the caravan deserted. The rest went on in silence under the dull sun. And now they came across a village of white skeletons grinning in the silent sand. And at night there was nothing heard, not even the barking of a dog. And others of the caravan deserted, and others were lost.

And now they had come so far into the desert that they could not return, but must keep on their way, and on the fifth day they came to the Hill of the Drum. And all through the night they could not sleep for the booming of the Drum. And some of the caravan went mad there, and fled screaming into the waste.

And now there was only a great haze about them, and they looked at one another with terror, saying: "Were we ever any place where green was, where birds sang, or there was sweet water? Or maybe we are dead. Or maybe this was all our life, and the pleasant towns, and the lamplight in the villages, and the apricots in the garden, and our wives and children,

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A burning wind came, and the sand rose,
and the desert heeled like a ship

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maybe they were all a dream that we woke in the middle of. Let us lie down and sleep that we may dream again."

But Marco Polo would not let them lie down, for to lie down was death. But he drove them onward. And again they complained: "Surely God never saw this place that He left it so terrible. Surely He was never here. He was never here."

And now that their minds were pitched to the height of madness, the warlocks of the desert took shape and jeered at them, and the white-sheeted ghosts flitted alongside of them, and the goblins of the Gobi harried them from behind. And the sun was like dull copper through the haze, and the moon like a guttering candle, and stars there were none.

And when the moon was at its full, they came to the Hill of the Bell. And through the night the Bell went *gongh, gongh, gongh,* until they could feel it in every fiber of their bodies, and their skin itched to screaming with it. They would stop their ears. But they would hear it in the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet. *Gongh, gongh, gongh.*

And when they left the Hill of the Bell there were only six of the caravan left, and a multitude of white-sheeted ghosts. And the caravan plodded onward dully. And now the warlocks of the desert played another cruelty. Afar off they would put a seeming of a lake, and the travelers would press on gladly, crying: "There is water! water! God lives! God lives!" But there was only sand. And now it would be a green vision, and they would cry: "We have come to the edge of the desert. After the long night, dawn. God lives! God lives!" But there would be only sand, sand. And now it would be a city of shining domes in the distance. And they would nudge one another and croak, "There are men there, brother, secure streets, and merchants in their booths; people to talk with, and water for our poor throats." But there would be only sand, sand, sand. . . And they would cry like children. "God is dead! Have n't you heard? Don't you know? God is dead in His heaven, and the warlocks are loosed on the land!"

And on the last day of the moon they were all but in sight of the desert's edge, though they did n't know. And the goblins and the warlocks took counsel, for they were now afraid Marco and his few people would escape. They gathered together and they read the runes of the Flowing Sand.

And suddenly the camels rushed screaming into the desert with sudden panic, and a burning wind came, and the sands rose, and the desert heeled like a ship, and the day became night.

And young Marco Polo could stand no more. That was the end, the end of him, the end of the world, the end of everything. There was red darkness everywhere, and he could see nobody. "O my Lord Jesus!" he cried. "O little Golden Bells!" The wind boomed like an organ. The sand screamed. "O my Lord Jesus! O little Golden Bells!" And the voices of his father and uncle were like the tweeting birds. "Where 's the lad, Matthew? Where 's our lad?" "Mark, Mark, where have you got to? Lad of our heart, where are you?" But they could n't find each other. The sand buffeted them like shuttlecocks. "Boy Mark!" The sand snarled like a dog; the wind hammered like drums. "O

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Golden Bells! O little Golden Bells! O my Lord Jesus, must it end here?"

And the fight went out of him, and a big sob broke in him, and he lay down to die . . .

XII

I shall now tell you of Golden Bells, and her in the Chinese garden.

XIII

I would have you now see her as I see her, standing before Li Po, the great poet, in her green costume. And Li Po, big, fat, with sad eyes and a twisted mouth, uncomfortable as be damned. The sun shone in the garden, the butterflies, the red and black and golden butterflies, flitted from blossom to blossom. And the bees droned. And on the banks of the green lake the kingfisher tunneled his wee house, and the wind shook the blossoms of the apple-trees. And Li Po sat on the marble slab and was very uncomfortable. And in a dark bower was *Sanang*, the magician, brooding like an owl. And Golden Bells stood before Li Po, and there were hurt tears in her eyes.

"Did my father or I ever do anything to you, Li Po, that you should make a song such as they sing in the market-place?"

"What song?"

"The Song of the Cockatoo."

"I don't remember."

"I 'll remind you, Li Po. 'There alighted on the balcony of the King of Annam,' the song goes, 'a red cockatoo. It was colored as a peach-tree-blossom and it spoke the tongue of men. And the King of Annam did to it what is always done to the learned and eloquent. He took a cage with stout bars, and shut it up inside.' And was n't that the cruel thing to write! And are you so imprisoned here, Li Po? Ah, Li Po, I 'm thinking hard of you, I 'm thinking hard."

"Well, now, Golden Bells, to tell you the truth, there was no excuse for it. But oftentimes I do be feeling sad, and thinking of the friends of my youth who are gone. Yuan Chen, who might have been a better poet nor me if he had been spared; and H'sien-yang and Li Chien, too. Ah, they were great poets, Golden Bells. They never sang a poor song, Golden Bells, that they might wear a fine coat. And they 'd write what was true, wee mistress, were all the world to turn from them. And I 'm the laureate now, the court singer, living in my glory, and they 're dead with their dreams. I 'm the last of the seven minstrels. And, wee Golden Bells, I do be thinking long.

"And sometimes an old woman in the street or a man with gray in his hair will lift a song, and before the words come to me, there 's a pain in my heart.

"And I go down to the drinking-booths, and the passion of drinking comes on me—a fury against myself and a fury against the world. And the folk do be following me to see will I let drop one gem of verse that they can tell their grandchildren they heard from the lips of Li Po. And when my heart is high with the drinking, I take a lute from a traveling poet, and not knowing what I 'm saying, I compose the song. Out of fallow sorrow bloom the little songs. You must n't be hard on an old man, wee Golden Bells, and he thinking long for his dead friends."

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I hear drums calling the Tatar tribes... I hear the slap of saddles.

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"Ah, poor Li Po," she said, and she had grown all soft again. "Is it so terrible to be old?"

"Now you asked me a question, Golden Bells, and I 'll give you an answer. Besides, it 's part of my duties to teach you wisdom. Now, it is not a terrible thing, at all, at all, to be old. I see the young folk start out in life, and before them there 's the showers of April, there 's wind and heat and thunder and lightning. But I 'm in warm, brown October, and all of it 's gone by me. And in a little while I 'll sleep, and 't is I need it, God help me! The old don't sleep much, wee Golden Bells, so 't is a comfort to look forward to one's rest after the hardness of the world. In a hundred or more years or five hundred, just as the fancy takes me, I 'll wake up for a while and wander down the world to hear the people singing my songs, and then I 'll go back to my sleep."

And she was going to ask him another question when the *Sanang* came up. The magician was a thick man with merry eyes and a cruel mouth.

"Golden Bells," he says, "there 's rare enter[illegible] glass."

"Wha[illegible]

"Th[illegible]

young [illegible]

until th[illegible]

Come, I[illegible]

And i[illegible]

her Mar[illegible]

from und[illegible]

She gave[illegible]

"Oh, t[illegible]

Sanan[illegible]

with a b[illegible]

thought[illegible]

been wa[illegible]

been rare sport. I knew it would come to this."

"Could n't you save him, *Sanang*?" she cried. "O *Sanang*, he 's so young, and he set out to come to us. Could not you save him?"

"Well, I might." *Sanang* was not pleased. "It 'll be a while before the shadow comes out of him. But it would be rare sport to watch and to see the warlocks and the ghouls and the goblins set on it the way terriers do be setting on an otter."

"Oh, save him, *Sanang*! Save him!"

"Now, Golden Bells, I might be able to save, and again I might n't," said *Sanang*.

"Save him, *Sanang*!" Li Po broke in. "Save him the way the wee one wants. For if you don't, *Sanang*, I 'll write a song about you that 'll be remembered for generations, and they will point out your grandchildren and your grandchildren's grandchildren, and they 'll laugh and sing Li Po's song:

"'There was a fat worm who considered himself a serpent—'"

"Oh, now, Li Po, for God's sake, let you not be composing poems on me,

[illegible]the bitter tongue.

[illegible]nd I 'll save him.

[illegible]eeper of the khan's

[illegible]r the keeper, and

[illegible]sage to be put on

[illegible]s.

[illegible]ne told his helper,

[illegible] Ears."

[illegible]brought him the

[illegible] were the like of

[illegible], and he put them

[illegible]listened.

[illegible]ns of the battle-

[illegible]. . and I hear

[illegible]l of Graves . . ."

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And he listened a while, and Golden Bells was white.

"I hear the Drums of the Dim Mountain," . . and for a while he said nothing.

"Those would be the drums of Yung Chang . . ."

"I hear the Drums of Kia Yu Kwan," he said.

"Yes, *Sanang*, yes." Little Golden Bells was one quiver of fear.

"I hear the Drums of the Convent of the Red Monks," said *Sanang*. "I hear drums calling the Tatar tribes . . . I hear the slap of saddles. I hear the jingle of bits . . . I hear galloping ponies . . ."

"Yes, *Sanang*. Oh, hurry, *Sanang!* hurry!"

He listened a little while longer, and then he took off the Distant Ears.

"Your man 's saved," he said.

Then little Golden Bells laughed and then she cried. She caught Li Po's hand and laughed again and again she cried. *Sanang* shook his head to get out of his ears the deafening noises of the world. And Li Po smiled out of his sad eyes.

"I think I 'll go and write a marriage-song, Golden Bells."

"Whom will you write the marriage-song for, Li Po?"

"I 'll write it for you, Golden Bells."

"But I 'm not going to be married, Li Po. There is no one. I love no one, Li Po. I do not. I do not, indeed."

"Then take your lute and sing me the 'Song of the Willow Branches,' which is the saddest song in the world."

She shook her head, and blushed.

"I cannot sing that song, Li Po. I don't feel like singing that song."

"Then I must write you another song, little Golden Bells . . ."

(The end of the second part of Messer Marco Polo)

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The Italian Fascisti

Who They Are and What Their Aim Is

By GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI

ITALY is a democracy ruled by public opinion. I make the observation, for the benefit of Americans especially, to emphasize the fact that we are not, like the people of the United States, a democracy ruled by political parties. The distinction here is a fundamental one. The great movements of popular feeling in the United States eventually find their expression in the two leading parties, Democratic and Republican, which keep their names, but change their platforms and their war-cries from election to election. The will of the American people is worked out through the machinery of its Government.

There is no such intimate connection between the Italian Government and the Italian people. In the American sense political parties do not exist in Italy. Only two political groups, the Socialist and the Clerical, have, from the definiteness of their principles and the relative weakness of their forces, anything approaching the organization of the American political party.

In reality the Italian Government is merely an administrative organism, a bureaucracy charged with managing the various departments of public service—police, railroads, posts and telegraphs, customs, schools, tobacco, charities, and so on. As such it is a body of separate interests, the interests of patronage, toward which the public at large is suspicious when not actually hostile. In Italian political elections, whatever the minor, the temporary issues, the major issue is inevitably patronage, an affair, therefore, of the office-holder or the prospective office-holder.

Americans were doubtless much surprised that in the last two elections, when Italy was a seething hotbed of passionate agitation, hardly fifty per cent. of the electorate went to the polls. To us that seems quite natural, for the Italian public does not look to its Government for civic leadership. The Government is never more than an arbiter between the great factions in public opinion, which expresses itself independently of the political bureaucracy when not in open opposition to it.

So, when looked at from abroad, and especially from a fully evolved democracy like the United States, Italy seems frequently on the verge of revolution. The Italian people is up in arms on this issue or that, while the Government stands by as an idle spectator. Patriots seize Fiume, workers seize their factories, Fascisti finally go romping up and down the peninsular at will; then, suddenly, in a day or two, a week or two, everything is over: the revolution has not come off. The foreign critic is mystified.

The fact is that in every such case a great battle has been fought in Italian

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public opinion, and when each side has "shown its hand," demonstrated its power, the weaker side submits. There may have been, meanwhile, no change in the Government at all, especially if the bureaucracy of office-holders has been prudent enough to keep neutral in the struggle.

The *comitium*, the *vox populi*, the "assembly of the people," is still the fundamental, the instinctive, political institution of the Italian race. Just as in the old days, at the sound of the tocsin, the populace rushed out to the public square to determine policy in great crises, so, with due reserves, it does to-day.

§ 2

The first Fascista organizations sprang up in Triest in the late winter and spring of 1919. The territories conquered in the war from Austria and still awaiting disposition from the peace conference in Paris were a chaos of conflicting propagandas. The Jugoslav population, in its three mutually discordant branches, the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, were staging anti-Italian demonstrations. From Italy came an agitation of two kinds, that from the Socialists, who were counting on the disorganization of the devastated regions to find allies for the coming revolution; and that from the Nationalists, determined to realize the extreme program of the Italian imperialists, which involved the annexation of Istria, Fiume, Dalmatia, and southern Albania.

Throughout Istria and Julian Venetia the more ardent Italian patriots, under the protection of an army of occupation, disgruntled and demoralized by delayed demobilization, united to intimidate their foes of different colors. There were clashes with the Jugoslavs; there were clashes with the Socialists. To the occupied regions flocked the most adventurous spirits of Italy, *arditi*,—the shock-troops of the army, selected for their daredevil courage,—decorated heroes, much set up by the publicity they had been enjoying and loathe to return to the humdrum labors of peace; demobilized officers and soldiers who had not as yet been able to find employment in civil life.

Read the speech that D'Annunzio made to his comrades on his squadron of airplanes—the famous *Serenissima*—in proposing an Italian trip by air to Tokio. It was a gloomy, drizzling day in camp—a camp of peace-times, with no hope of combat on the morrow. The atmosphere of depression and irritated boredom appalled. For four years Italian heroes had been pouring out their blood in defense of a great cause. Life had been thrilling, inspiring, intoxicating. Suddenly, with peace, it had lost meaning. Colorless and mournful the future stretched out before men who had known existence in its most tremendous manifestations of effort and action. The flight to Tokio appealed to the poet as a semblance of another great adventure.

It was not to Tokio, however, that D'Annunzio and his comrades went. They went to Fiume, and the raid on Fiume, the achievement of a handful of patriotic enthusiasts, brought to the war-strained nerves of a few thousand restless men the excitement they were craving.

The Fiume episode was the great expression of the Fascista spirit in the first phase of the movement; it was also the most dangerous to the Italian monarchy: for the adventurers chose

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an issue on which they could count on virtually unanimous support from the great amorphous Italian public. The Government could do nothing but wear the morale of the raiders out by a policy of strict inaction.

An observation is in point here. The theory of "direct action," though of syndicalist origin, has been part and parcel of Italian Nationalist doctrine from the beginnings of that party, just before the Italo-Turkish War. According to that theory, of which a brillant exposition was made by the Frenchman Sorel fifteen years ago, and in the interests of the proletarian revolution, the course of history is determined not by the stolid, unthinking, comfortable majority of citizens, all engrossed in their daily concerns of business and pleasure, but by the self-conscious minority, which knows what it wants, and at the strategic moment imposes its will, by violence if need be.

§ 3

The writers of our "New Nationalism" perceived the utility of that doctrine for the purposes of the middle classes as well as of the proletariat. Our old Nationalist locals of 1914, for instance, met the Socialists on their own ground, exchanging blow for blow.

Present-day *fascismo* is, in this respect, only a continuation, on a larger scale, of this earlier Nationalism. The Fiume episode illustrates the direct action of a minority on a legally constituted majority (the government of Mr. Nitti). At a time when the Nationalists had virtually paralyzed the ministry in Rome they had one representative in a Parliament of 509!

Here the paramount issue was the country's foreign policy. In the second phase of *fascismo*, where the provinces of Emilia and Romagna, and no longer the reconquered territories, were principally involved, the point in question was domestic policy—Socialism.

§ 4

In this, the more striking of its manifestations, the Fascista movement presents an interesting paradox. The originators and leaders of *fascismo* were not, as might be supposed and as is often stated, men from the reactionary middle classes, but ex-Socialists, often of the most revolutionary type; ex-anarchists, even.

Umberto Pasella, General Secretary of the Fascisti, writes:

> The first legend I must refute is that we constitute a sort of "White Guard" in the service of conservatives, reactionaries, and profiteers. We have, as a movement, nothing to do with the empty formulæ, the vacuous platforms of the past. Our leaders belong to the advanced posts of progressivism. They are all anxious for reform, change, improvement in public life. Benito Mussolini, the founder of our organization, is an ex-Socialist (revolutionary). On our executive council in Milan are Enrico Besana, a former comrade of the arch-Socialist Costantino Lazzari; Cesare Rossi, a Syndicalist; . . . Leandro Arpinati, an ex-anarchist; . . . Amedeo Buttafava, a revolutionary workingman from Sampierdarena. On our committee, in fact, we have only one man of thorough Nationalistic extraction—Piero Marsich, of Venice. . . . So much for our "General Staff." As for the rank and file, I may say that in all Italy we have scarcely five hundred members living on incomes. Our followers are for the most part boys of very moderate means, students, professional men, returned soldiers, heroes who have come back from the front animated by unself-

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year that so much irritated the non-combatant public. Premier Giolitti, in refusing to suppress the revolutionists, could count on the approval of a growing number of Italian citizens who are as much disgusted with profiteering as they are with strikes, and who are willing to find a solution of the class struggle in some form of coöperative management of industry. The complaint of the public against the Socialists rested on other, more intimate grounds.

In the year 1919 and the early months of 1920 Italian laborers were in an ugly frame of mind. On any or no pretext strikes were called with or without notice. Public service of all kinds was suspended from moment to moment. Mails, telephones, and telegraphs were interrupted by strikes lasting from an hour to three days at a time. Street-cars would stop running because a conductor had quarreled with a passenger. Express-trains would refuse to start because a soldier was aboard, or because a package of arms had been reported in a baggage-car. The electric lights would be turned off because a foreman had refused to apologize to a workman.

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§ 7

In the north of Italy, unquestionably, *fascismo* has represented the uprising of a tormented public against the excesses and abuses of violent radicalism. As the movement has spread, however, it has been merely a cloak for venting traditional spites and clan hatreds, one group or another seizing the opportunity to do in the name of patriotism things that they would not dare attempt in times when life flows normally.

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Likewise in Sicily the landlords saw in *fascismo* an opportunity for reasserting themselves at a moment when public opinion was engrossed by other things. Peasant leaders were assassinated, and this provoked a revival of brigandage on such a scale that the Fascisti were put to rout.

The movement remains typical and pure, however, in those provinces where enlightened public sentiment is sympathetically neutral toward it, deploring Fascista excesses as violations of law, but thoroughly approving the results attained.

Armed with rifles, hand-grenades, machine-guns from the abandoned munition dumps along the war front, bands of young men, in numbers of from fifty to two hundred, would descend in army camions upon the Socialist strongholds. The normal Fascista raid is a fairly peaceful affair. Its object is to tear down red flags, deface pictures of Lenine, restore the insignia of the Italian nation where Bolshevist enthusiasm has gone to extreme affront of patriotic sentiment. This is particularly true in towns where Socialist local officials have used the authority conferred on them by the ballot to institute the exterior semblances of revolution.

Socialist headquarters are usually dismantled or burned. In some cases Socialist deputies or local leaders have been publicly hazed, beaten, or actually killed. The offices and printing plants of Socialist papers have been destroyed; the raids against the "Avanti" in Milan and the "Difesa" in Florence were conspicuous instances of this kind. The raids are usually advertised and prosecuted as reprisals. Let a Socialist jeer a patriot in public, and a disciplinary foray is immediately made by a Fascista force. The famous "Day of San Frediano" in Florence (February 25) was occasioned by a bomb attack from anarchists upon a procession of students in honor of the Italian flag.

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ish ideals and burning with noble enthusiasm—the will to purify Italian public life and restore the moral fiber of the Italian nation.

Nationalism, in the sense of a burning love of country, is, for that matter, characteristic of certain elements in the otherwise radical parties of Italy. Alceste de Ambris, for instance, exiled only a few years since for establishing an abortive syndicalistic republic in Parma, was vice-regent of Fiume under D'Annunzio. The Italian Seamen's Union, of which the picturesque Giulietti is chief, is an organization of patriotic communists, who on the one hand kept the patriots of Fiume well provisioned from the sea, and on the other repatriated Errico Malatesta, the anarchist leader, from England. And just as we have Nationalistic radicals, so we have radical Nationalists. The first seizure of a factory in Italy was made not by socialists or communists, but by some very conservative working-men, veterans of the war, in the province of Bergamo.

§ 5

Though we speak of its "leaders," its "councils," its "committees," we must not infer that the Fascisti have a responsible organization, with headquarters and an address. *Fascismo* is a vague, a formless movement; it is a state of mind, a spontaneous understanding, rather, of certain elements in the Italian population. It is almost a matter of temperament. We look in vain for a coherent body of political opinion among the Fascisti. Some are republicans, but others profess devotion to the monarchy. Some, as we have seen, are socialists, anarchists, while others are extreme conservatives. That is why we get closer to the spirit of the Fascisti by studying men rather than ideas or political theories.

I select one, a personal acquaintance of mine, who illustrates in his biography the type predominant among the moving spirits of the Fascisti. He is Ferdinando Agnoletti, leader of the Fascisti in Florence.

Agnoletti is fifty years old, a graduate in letters of the Florentine Studio, and trained for the teaching profession. He has never been able, however, to settle down to any kind of life that smacks of monotony. In 1894, for instance, he threw aside his books and, following one of the traditions of Italian democracy, volunteered with the Garibaldi filibusters to take sides with the Greeks in the war against Turkey. He was present at the battle of Domokos. Returning to Italy, he took his degree in letters, and then went to England, becoming lecturer in Italian literature at the University of Edinburgh. In the Scottish capital he organized a coöperative union among the Italian ice-cream venders and hurdy-gurdy men, and even edited a journal called the "Clarion Call to Latinity." When I first met Agnoletti in Florence, he had become a dairy farmer, with the idea of furnishing "grade A" milk in competition with the "adulterated" article commonly supplied by the "milk trust." He went into insolvency in due time. I next found him as a theatrical producer, and then, later still, as an antiquarian and second-hand book-dealer.

When I founded the magazine called "La Voce," to furnish an organ for the modernist movement in Italian letters, Agnoletti blossomed out as a Futurist, and wrote a number of articles for me. They had some success. Then the

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war broke out. Agnoletti was on the inside track in all the "interventionist" intrigues. He became the author of a popular song, writing the music himself, which the boys of Florence used to sing about the streets while shouting for war against Germany. When Italy went in at last, Agnoletti joined the Alpini, and later was an officer in the artillery. Since the armistice he has been in the forefront of every imperialistic and patriotic demonstration. He has been pro-Dalmatia, pro-Fiume, pro-D'Annunzio, anti-Socialist. He is now a free mason (which in Italy means anti-Clerical), and has taken up his antiquarian work again, collecting expensive masterpieces and books.

Mussolini himself, the reputed leader of the Fascisti, has not had a regular or placid life. Born in Romagna, the "reddest" region in "red" Italy, in 1884, Mussolini was for many years a revolutionary Socialist, and was, in fact, sent into exile with the famous Socialist leader Giacinto Menotti-Serrati. In Trent, which was then an Austrian city, he joined Cesare Battisti, the Nathan Hale of Italy in the Great War. At this time Battisti was a Socialist deputy in Vienna, where he acted as leader of the Tretine irredentists. Mussolini worked on Battisti's paper, "Il Popolo," till he was expelled from Austria.

Returning to Italy, he rose to the front rank of Italian Socialists, was strong enough to exclude the moderate reformists, Bissolati and Bonomi, from the Socialist party in 1913, and in 1914, as editor of "Avanti," was prominent in swinging Socialist support to the famous "Red Week" of the anarchists of Ancona. In August of that year he came out violently in favor of Italian intervention in the war against Germany, failed to carry his party with him, and then became one of the bitterest assailants of anti-war socialism and all opposed to a complete victory of the Allies. During the war Mussolini founded the patriotic daily called "Il Popolo d'Italia," which is now the official organ of the Fascisti.

Mussolini's change from extreme radicalism to violent nationalism—he was the leader in breaking up Bissolati's pro-Wilson meeting at Milan in 1919—has led enemies to challenge the sincerity of his manifold political activities. His open intimacy of recent date with rich manufacturers in Milan and Turin furnishes the basis for gossip. However, Italian Nationalism is frankly opportunistic, reserving the right to reverse positions overnight if Italy is the gainer thereby. Mussolini's career has thus an internal consistency of its own—hostility to everybody and everything not consonant with an aggressive Italian chauvinism.

Restlessness, the spirit of adventure, impatience with routine, intemperance of thought and action, thirst for excitement, passion for publicity in connection with noble emprise—these are traits prominent in many of the outstanding figures in Italian *fascismo*.

§ 6

In defying the Government so long at Fiume the Fascisti were supported by public opinion, outraged by the treatment of Italy at Versailles. In their war on the Socialists they were supported by all the elements in the country not directly involved in the struggle between capital and labor.

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year that so much irritated the non-combatant public. Premier Giolitti, in refusing to suppress the revolutionists, could count on the approval of a growing number of Italian citizens who are as much disgusted with profiteering as they are with strikes, and who are willing to find a solution of the class struggle in some form of coöperative management of industry. The complaint of the public against the Socialists rested on other, more intimate grounds.

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In the two provinces of Emilia and Romagna, where the masses inhabiting the great plains of the Po are solidly Socialist, a veritable "dictatorship of the proletariat" had been organized even before the war; after the armistice it became openly menacing. The practice of boycott had begun to weigh heavily upon all kinds of individual activity. Landowners, their agents, and their superintendents were put under the Socialist ban, and any one having dealings with them except on the conditions laid down by the Socialist leagues was exposed to endless reprisals. A boycotted person cannot continue living in his home town. The baker will not sell him bread, the cobbler will not mend his shoes, the barber will not cut his hair, and even the doctor, if he is a Socialist, will refuse to visit him when he is sick. There have been cases where a boycotted family has had to bury its own dead, because undertaker and gravedigger belonged to the "Proletarian League."

This boycott assumed the proportions less of a punitive system of terror than of an actual system of proletarian fiscal administration by blackmail. Boycotts were adjusted to the gravity of the offenses chargeable to the victim, but especially to his financial means. They could be lifted in some cases by joining the league, more often by the payment of fines or assessments. The reports of the Proprietors' Association, of the Parliamentary Commission of Investigation, and of the Bishop of Bologna show that the boycott worked with all the efficacy of the ecclesiastical excommunication of the Middle Ages.

In some districts the boycott was applied with great rigor to the church. Some Socialist communes laid a heavy income tax on church property. Then, again, an individual priest would be "outlawed" for having mown his hay on a field under the ban or for having employed a laborer who was "in bad" with the Socialist leagues. Violence was occasionally used to prevent the priest from celebrating mass, from preaching, or even from using the streets to get to his church.

For two years the bourgeoisie submitted to these conditions, contenting itself with criticizing the Government through the newspapers for not safe-

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guarding individual liberty and for not guaranteeing the efficiency of public service. The failure of the Government to heed these protests explains the origin and the spread of the Fascista movement in various regions of Italy, for the movement assumes different characteristics in different regions.

§ 7

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Socialist headquarters are usually dismantled or burned. In some cases Socialist deputies or local leaders have been publicly hazed, beaten, or actually killed. The offices and printing plants of Socialist papers have been destroyed; the raids against the "Avanti" in Milan and the "Difesa" in Florence were conspicuous instances of this kind. The raids are usually advertised and prosecuted as reprisals. Let a Socialist jeer a patriot in public, and a disciplinary foray is immediately made by a Fascista force. The famous "Day of San Frediano" in Florence (February 25) was occasioned by a bomb attack from anarchists upon a procession of students in honor of the Italian flag.

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This episode assumed the proportions of a medieval tumult. Some hot-blooded Fascisti, in reprisal for the anarchist bomb, assassinated a Socialist labor leader, Spartaco Lavagnini; whereupon a general strike was called, and the "reds" set up barricades in the quarter of San Frediano, across the Arno. A young Fascista was caught by the Socialists, stabbed, and thrown into the river. The whole city then rose in arms, and escorted the Royal Guards, without much resistance, in truth, into occupation of the rebellious district.

§ 8

With the recent general elections the Fascista movement entered on a third political phase. By the first of May nearly every town in northern or central Italy had its Fascista organization, and the middle classes generally seemed to have intrusted leadership to its young patriots. In this sudden and delirious expansion of the movement there was probably a deal of political noise, as the use politicians made of it clearly indicates. In towns where the followers of Mr. Giolitti were predominant, the Fascisti banner was waved against his well-known opposition to the war. Not infrequently the attention of the Fascisti was diverted from the Socialists—anti-Socialism being the only real principle of unity existing among them—to this or that faction of the bourgeoisie.

Dissension inevitably resulted, a super-*fascismo* developing on the one hand among the followers of D'Annunzio, who scornfully held aloof from the movement once it had become a popular fad, and a rift appearing between the republican Fascisti and those loyal to the monarchy. There was also a tendency toward a break between the conservative Nationalists and the more progressive elements in the Fascista ranks.

But decidedly the most interesting, not to say amusing, aspect of *fascismo* in this phase was the stampede of the supposedly Socialist agrarian leagues —those whose abuses were among the moving causes and justifications of the fascista movement—to its banners.

This astonishing phenomenon is not incomprehensible, however. It is fundamentally the old question of the distinction between industrial and agricultural labor. The present leagues of northern Italy saw in the Socialist party an instrument for obtaining desired reforms. With the prestige of the Socialists daily declining, the Italian peasants, in characteristic impulsiveness, turned elsewhere for support. Since, moreover, the Fascista movement is in notable part an agitation of ex-soldiers, many of whom are peasants, it was easy for a name representing no fixed political principles to be turned to any purpose. The doctrine of peasant proprietorship, the bulwark of European middle-class democracy, and as such inconsistent with socialism and communism, was a convenient rallying-point. We have, as a result, especially in the province of Ferrara, a new and powerful unit of Fascisti, committed to a confiscatory policy as regards land.

Agrarian *fascismo* is, however, only in its first stages. Just what effect it will have on the later development of the whole movement is still a matter of speculation.

§ 9

The attitude of the Government toward the extra-legal activities and

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violence of the Fascisti has been determined by the complex situation in Parliament. Mr. Giolitti has had three important policies to enforce: the Treaty of Rapallo; the increase in the price of bread as the first of a series of important reforms in finance and taxation; and finally the application of "workers' control," or coöperative management, in industry.

The premier could muster in the old Parliament a bare majority when assured of the support of the extreme conservatives, representing the manufacturing interests. This support he has bought in the past by conceding a free hand to the Fascisti, finding himself relieved, into the bargain, of gaining Socialist animosity by attacking the evils to which the Fascisti have energetically attended. This explains the occasional coöperation between Fascisti and police and the official indifference to the use by raiders of army supplies and equipment.

When, however, in the present Parliament, Giolitti comes to enforcing his industrial program, to which the manufacturers are bitterly and unitedly opposed, he will have to depend on Socialist support. This the Socialists will give only in exchange for protection from continued outrages.

The end of *fascismo* as a spectacular phenomenon in Italian life is thus already in sight. Indeed, the elections were hardly over before the premier, reassured by political victory, began gently to apply restraint on public disorder. With the entrance of the Socialists into the new ministry, as promised, quiet will doubtless again be restored.

§ 10

The result of the turmoil of the last months has been to establish balance, almost a basis of understanding, between factions in Italy. The surprising weakness of Socialist morale in the face of a determined onslaught from their opponents has virtually terminated the arrogance and insolence with which they had been for three years trampling the rights of the public underfoot. The effect of this has been to restore confidence in the nation abroad and to quiet the absurd reports of an impending social revolution in Italy that were damaging to the whole work of the country's reconstruction.

The immediate goal of the fascista movement has not, on the other hand, been achieved. Socialism has not been exterminated or even reduced in economic strength. The Socialists lost very little ground in the last elections, once the considerable protest vote from non-Socialists obtained in 1919 has been deducted.

As we said at the beginning, a great battle in public opinion has been fought outside the Government, and the battle has decided that communism in Italy is too weak in numbers and morale to cause any serious concern; while Socialism, to have any standing in the country at all, must continue as a party of progressive criticism, which its saner elements have always constituted.

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A Country Benedict

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

Drawings by MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

IT was something new, in the little old brick school-house, to read like that. When it came her turn, the strange girl, who had come for the first time that morning, rose promptly and without embarrassment, and, unadmonished by teacher, with book in the left hand and head thrown back, began without hesitation, "Page one hundred fifty-three, lesson forty-nine; 'The Chase.'"

Even then nobody expected it. It was usual enough to read out boldly that far. When the actual demand for declamatory raising of the voice came, at the beginning of the piece, it was a wholly different affair. However brave and full of momentum the start, at the first real need of courage the voice sank, the head drooped, a dull glow of diffidence overspread the face, and the unlucky reader went mechanically through the stanza aware of the usual and inevitable failure, sinking heavily into his seat at the end.

But the new girl kept right on as if she cared for nobody or nothing:

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade."

She read with mouth open, freely and without effort.

The boy looked up. Only a faint flush on her freckled cheek showed that she was at all aware of herself. When she came to

"As chief, who hears his warder call,
'To arms! the foemen storm the wall,'"

there was never such a "To arms!" The little boys jumped in their seats, and sat with mouth and eyes wide open. The little girls jumped, too, and then simpered at one another.

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The big boys in the class, occupying the front row of seats, looked hard into their books, and their faces reddened with embarrassment. The big girls looked up from the lesson at teacher's face.

The new girl was fourteen. The boy, who sat just across the aisle, so near that he was aware of the aroma of her fresh-ironed apron, was not quite fifteen. It was the first morning after the holidays, and twenty below zero. The windows were velvety with a frost so thick that the streaming level arrows of the sun were stripped of their pale-gold sharpness as they entered, and brought to the room only a tempered glow.

Fifth reader was dismissed. When recess came, and they all gathered around the red-hot stove, holding out hands and elevating copper-toed boots to the narrow fender that ran about the tall cylinder of the stove, the new girl came swinging down the aisle to join them with a movement as free as that of her reading itself. For the first few seconds there was a certain lack of ease among them. Despite teacher's exhortations, they had never supposed reading in that way really possible, and they retained an impression as of something painful. It was only the girl's open and natural way of breaking in upon their bashful silences that put them at greater ease. By the time ten of the fifteen minutes of recess had passed they had almost forgotten that she was there for the first time.

All but the boy, who was a little more bashful than the others. He felt the softness of her clothes, and the scent of the fresh-ironed apron came once more into the field of his consciousness. He did not look at her. She had already formed an image in his mind, and it was that of a light-complexioned girl with whitish hair and freckles. He was not curious of details. He was not interested in her as a girl; it was only the bold, free reading that made him notice her at all. When teacher had called school and he was in his seat, he thought no more of her beyond recurring from time to time to the miracle of the reading.

The boy paid no attention to girls and took no interest in them; boys who were interested in them and did pay attention to them were to him simply incomprehensible. He went his way and let them go theirs, content enough except when occasionally he found himself sacrificed by certain of his mates to new-found attractions. Then his indifference became disdain or even anger. To share your sled with a girl instead of sliding down hill with the rest of the boys, to stand by the stove or sit on the edge of the woodbox or lean and look out of the window with a girl, instead of ranging over banks of snow or careering on the sliding-place, was the supreme foolishness and the supreme offense.

Sometimes it was not only disdain; it could be disappointment and real grief. Weeks had gone by, and he had not yet recovered from the effect of having Tip, as they stood outside the door one night after lodge, suddenly leave his side and walk away with Lucy. He was filled at first with amazement, then with resentment, and finally with the sharpest, deepest pain.

Tip was to stay all night with him. From the time the boy was six years old they had been inseparable. When Tip finally came in, and they were deep under the quilts in the soft feather-

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bed, and the light was out, for the first time, the boy spoke.

"I got my 'pinion o' *you*," he said. "Goin' home with a girl! Before I 'd be a girl-boy!" The scorn in his voice was only the measure of his hurt, if Tip had known.

Tip resisted the impulse to anger, let him finish, and waited for him to go on. Then he said:

" 'T ain't the first time I done it. You don't need to worry."

"It 's the first time *I* ever saw you," said the boy.

"Huh! that ain't no sign," said Tip. "You don't see everything I happen to do, do you?"

The boy was not prepared for this. He felt suddenly as if Tip were a long way off from him. He did not think it; he felt it. It was as if the foundations of his being were sinking under him. The pain of his despair was so great that he stirred vigorously.

"All right," he said angrily; "if that 's the kind o' felluh you are, all right for *you!*"

Tip was patient.

"Aw, come off!" he said. "You 'll be seein' 'em home yourself one o' these days, first thing you know."

"Well, I won't!" declared the boy, fiercely, and turned over with a bounce that racked the old bedstead.

Tip did not answer, but soon turned on his side, away from the boy, and fell asleep. The boy lay on his back, looking up into the dark of the old

"The new girl kept right on as if she cared for nobody or nothing"

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north room. He felt terribly about the heart, and his throat ached; but sleep soon stole sweetly upon him, too.

The new girl's reading was as wonderful on the second day as on the first, and almost as surprising. The first time, they were hardly sure it had not been accident. This time they lost their embarrassment in the wonder of it, and looked at her as she read.

It grew warmer, snowed in the night, and cleared again. The next morning, as the girl read, the boy saw her braid in a streak of bright light. The blue ribbon, almost black in the shadow, was bright azure in the sun, and the woven strands above and the soft curls below were pale, shining gold. This was the first time he had really looked at her, and even then he took no notice of her face. She was still only a light-complexioned, freckled girl with a fluffy apron and a clear voice, not afraid to read out.

At recess they had a game of fox-and-geese in the fresh snow of the big field on the opposite side of the road. Running in with Tip and the rest when the bell rang, and stopping for two or three stolen seconds at the stove, he found himself again standing beside the girl. As he raised his foot to get a little warmth before teacher came in with the bell, the pressure of Tip and some of the other boys threw him over against her. He felt the soft clothes again, and his hands rested for a moment on her back and shoulders. The braid was under his fingers. He liked the warmth of the dress and the softness of the hair, and noticed in the brief instant that the hair was not only soft and glossy, but as fine as silk. He had a shadowy impulse to run those curls at the end through his fingers. She staggered and began to laugh. He turned on Tip with a scowl.

"Aw, look out what you 're doin'!" he scolded. "You want to knock a felluh down?" Then he turned to the girl, not quite sure how she took it. "I could n't help it," he said. "He shoved me."

"Oh, that 's all right," she said lightly. To relieve him still further, she smiled and added, "It 's dangerous to be safe around here."

Both laughed. He liked the way she looked. Teacher came by with the bell and went up the aisle to the desk. They took their seats.

It grew milder still. Fox-and-geese occupied the morning recesses and the noons for the next few days, with the sliding-place and tumbling in the drifts by the fence to fill the intervals. On Friday it was so warm by afternoon recess that the snow packed, and a big white fort began to take form.

Saturday was crisper. In the afternoon the church hill swarmed with big and little boys and girls. The new girl was there. Once in a while, as the boy came trudging up with his sled and met her careering down, he waved his hand, or even called out, "Hello!" Her cheeks were aglow with frosty warmth, her eyes sparkled, and her teeth gleamed. The thought crossed his mind for the first time that she was pretty. He was not given to reflection, or he would have realized that it was the first time he had ever thought any girl pretty.

At the top of the hill Tip and Lucy were getting ready to go down on Tip's long sled. Georgie and Mamie were paired off, too. They stood a moment looking at the black current

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of sleds and riders sweeping down and dividing the slower current of black figures coming up. The new girl, far down in the valley, had just got up and was striding back toward them. She was the only big girl sliding by herself.

Tip gave the boy a poke with his elbow.

"Look at her, all alone!" he said banteringly. "Go on; be a man, and take 'er down with you."

The boy sniffed.

"Aw, give us a rest!" he said.

"Yes," put in Lucy, "I think you 're real mean to go and slide by yourself all the time. Go ahead, and be nice to her. She' d like it, I bet you. Would n't she, Tip?" she added mischievously.

"Course she would," Tip answered. He looked at the boy, who felt his face growing warm. "And so would he, too."

"In a pig's eye he would!" said the boy, scornfully.

"Aw, you need n't make believe!" cried Tip, with a look at Lucy. "You know you 're dyin' to go down with 'er, only you don't dast ask 'er."

The boy turned in disgust.

"Aw, you make me tired!" he said, and swung his sled around.

He arranged the rope, grasped the sled, took a long run, and came down with a slam on the hard, shining surface of the hill, and shot away like an arrow. "He-e-ey!" he yelled as he met the girl. She waved to him as he passed.

He came slowly to a stop rods ahead of the other boys, got up, and started back, thinking. Would she really like to go down with him? He looked up to where she was nearing the top, and quickened his pace. But it was only for a second or two. Tip and Lucy and Georgie and Mamie came darting along, laughing and screaming and waving at him.

"She 's waiting for you," cried Lucy as they passed.

"Softies!" said the boy. "Girl-boys!"

The girl was still there when he came up. The hill below them was alive with darting and trudging figures. He kept thinking of what Lucy had called out. He felt a bit embarrassed. Had she really waited for him?

The girl gave her sled a swing.

"Well, here goes for my last," she said. "I must get home in time to help get supper."

"Mine, too," said the boy. "I got to do chores."

At the foot of the hill he passed her, and then stood waiting for her to come up. They went across the valley together. Once, when he looked back, he saw Tip and the others standing at the top of the hill. They saw him look, and all waved their hands. Tip let out one of his famous *"Yah-oo's,"* as crystal-clear as the frosty air. The boy knew they were laughing at him, and turned quickly, for fear the girl would notice.

"Goin' to-night?" he asked as they were parting.

"I can't," she answered. "I 've got to help my mother."

He felt less content as he went in and put on his overalls. The same sense of something lacking went with him to the hill after supper, to be forgotten as he shot down the steep, icy road, and to revive as he toiled back alone to the top.

"Ah-ha! so you saw her home, eh?" said Tip as they turned their sleds.

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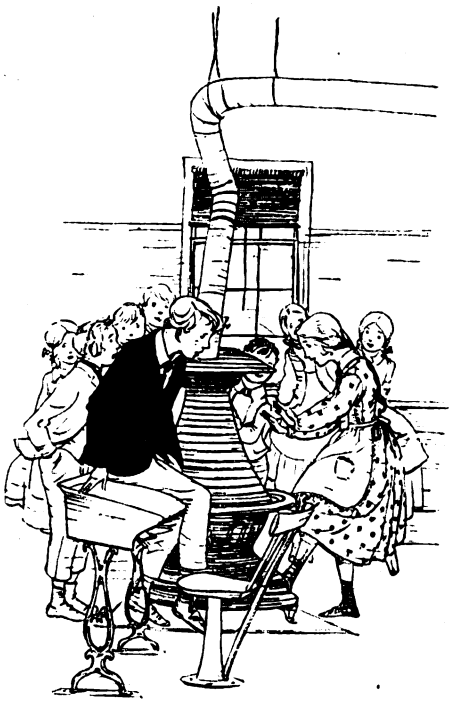

"They all gathered around the red-hot stove"

Lucy began to laugh. She had a hitching sort of laugh.

"You made a real nice-looking couple," she said.

"Giggle, why don't you?" said the boy, with a show of anger, but secretly pleased.

"Oh, no," Tip teased, "*you* don't like *girls!* Oh, no!"

"Aw, come off! You make me sick," said the boy. But he was not disgusted, and he so far reflected as to be a little bit surprised that he was not disgusted.

Sunday was bright and warmer. By noon the eaves were dripping and the frosty window-panes were almost clear. At Sunday-school, in the afternoon, the boys talked of snow forts and snow men.

"We 'll finish that one and put up another," said Georgie, with enthusiasm. "We 'll have a 'Merican and a British fort, and choose sides."

"Le' 's all be there early to-morrow morning," said Tip as they parted.

It was warmer than ever the next day. The snow packed almost with the rising of the sun. Half an hour before school called, the rolling of monster balls and the rearing of ponderous giants filled the school-ground with noisy movement. The enormous globes gathered immensity as they were rolled along, their progress marked by great paths of dark ground, their surfaces speckled with dangling dead leaves that soon began to dry and flutter in the soft southwest wind.

"I guess it 's the January thaw for sure," teacher said to the big girls as, bell in hand, he stood contemplating the enthusiastic scene.

The steps were full, and the new girl was standing inside, at the entry window. Not far from the window they were at work on one of the snow forts. The boy looked up, exchanged smiles with the girl, and went at his task more vigorously than ever. Soon, tying his red bandana to a stick, he mounted the wall of the fort, and waved defiance at the enemy at work on the opposing fortification.

"'Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!'"

he quoted from the fifth reader, with a spirit never possible in the front seat at class-time.

Tip, at work below him, dropped his shovel.

"Aw, come off your perch!" he said, throwing a great pack of snow, which burst on the boy and toppled him over

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the wall. "This ain't no British fort. What you tryin' to do, anyhow? Show off?"

The boy was crestfallen. He knew the girl was laughing at his downfall, and he was aware that he *had* been showing off. He reddened, and his face took on a sullen look. It was several days before he allowed himself to speak to the girl again, and then he took care that Tip and Lucy should not see him do it.

But he could not help thinking of her, and in secret he looked at her. Once, looking up suddenly, she caught his eye. She smiled faintly. He turned his face, filled with confusion. He began to look oftener and to wait for her to look up. He knew now that her eyes were a light, clear blue, that the color had a way of sweeping over her face under the freckles, as if her skin were very thin, and that her lips looked soft and warm. When she was out of his sight, he remembered exactly how her voice sounded and how she looked when she smiled.

One day, when they had just exchanged smiles and he was turning back, he saw that Lucy's eyes were upon him. They twinkled, and he knew that she had noticed. He went vigorously to work at his geography, and felt his ears getting red. When he saw her laughing with Tip after school, he was filled with fear that she was telling him.

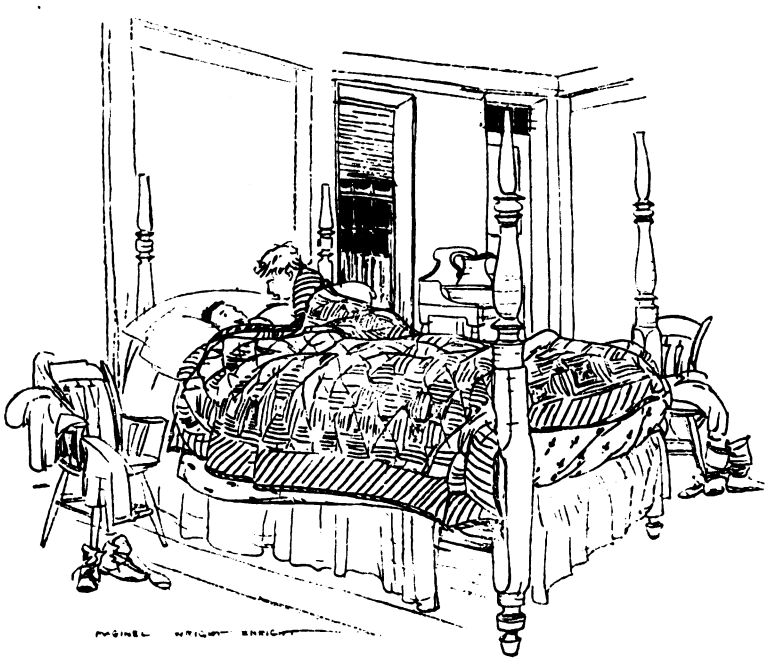
Lucy seemed to know his thoughts.

"I know something *I* won't tell," she sang at him as she started for home.

"What 'd she say?" asked Tip.

"Oh, I don' know," the boy answered, evading him.

As he and Tip parted at the latter's



"'I got my 'pinion o' *you*,' he said"

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path, he saw the girl a distance behind him. Tip saw her, too.

"Look behind you," he said as the boy hurried off, pretending not to have noticed her coming. He did not look back.

As he neared the top of the hill he stopped to knot the rope on his sled. At the beginning of the descent he stopped again, buttoned his coat, slowly pulled down his cap, put on his mittens, and made ready to stoop and pick up the sled. Then, as she came up, he turned suddenly and made believe he was surprised.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "I did n't know you was comin'. Goin' home?"

"M-hm," she said. "Going down on your sled?"

"Yah," he answered bashfully. He stooped to get the rope. When he straightened up he looked at her, reddened, looked down at his feet, looked up at her again, and said almost voicelessly, "Come on 'n' go down, will you?"

"All right," she said, and without hesitation sat down on the front of the sled. She did everything in the same easy way. Relieved and glad, he pushed off and got on behind, sitting sidewise and steering with one foot. His face was so near her shoulder that it brushed the coal-scuttle bonnet and the braid.

Her thanks were very pleasant as they got up and walked on. When he said good-by, it was with more freedom, and he looked her in the face. Yes, he thought as he went up the path between the high, clean, white walls of snow, she was really pretty. This time he wondered why he had not noticed it at the first.

On Sunday and Sunday night more snow fell. In the morning, velvety whiteness covered the icy brown of the well-worn roads. The smooth runner-tracks were furrows of gold under the sun of noon, and ribbons of glistening silver in the night. The moon was just coming to the full.

On Tuesday morning, as the boy came up, half a dozen of them were standing together on the steps.

"I tell you what," Tip was saying, "we got to have a bob-ride one o' these moonlit nights while the sleighin' 's good. Hey, Nibbs? What do you say?" He gave the new-comer a shove.

The boy began to feel uneasy. He knew a bob-ride meant girls, and he was afraid Tip would say something to make fun of him. Two weeks before, he would have turned away from such a proposal in disgust. Now he secretly hoped Tip would go on. He waited, half-way between fear and desire.

Tip did go on.

"Will you ast your pa whether he 'll let you take the big bobs nex' Friday night?" he said to the boy.

The boy hesitated. He had never asked for the horses, and he could n't imagine asking for them for such a purpose as this one.

"Oh, he 'll let you take 'em," Tip urged. "We 'll be careful."

The boy could see his father's look of surprise and hear his comment. He was filled with dread.

"I 'm afraid to ask him," he said.

"Aw, he 'll let you," Tip urged again. The boy shook his head.

Tip considered.

"I 'll tell you what I 'll do with you," he said. "I 'll stay all night at your house, and help you hitch up and help take care of 'em when we get back. Will you?"

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This was attractive, but did n't remove the main difficulty.

"I 'll go along if *you 'll* ask him," the boy proposed.

"All right," agreed Tip; "and we 'll go down and do it this noon. We want to know right away."

The boy's father waited awhile before answering. The boy realized that he was more anxious for the bob-ride than he had thought.

"All right," his father said, to his great relief; "but you must be careful and not drive too hard, and you must look out for the crossings."

"I told you he 'd let us take 'em," said Tip as they started back.

"Who all 's goin' to go?" the boy asked breathlessly, half-way up the hill.

"Oh, you and me and Bill and Georgie." Tip went over ten or twelve names. The boy kept listening for *her* name. Tip knew it, and let him wait to the very last. "And then," he came out finally, "there 's *your* girl." He gave the boy a mischievous poke. "Course 't would n't do to leave *her* out."

"Who you talkin' about?" said the boy, reddening.

"Oh, of course *you* don't know," answered Tip, with another poke.

"No, I don't," said the boy, stoutly. "Who is it?"

"Oh, I don't have to tell," teased Tip.

"Well, then, don't tell," said the boy. Then, as a final proof of total indifference, he added, "You need n't think *I* care who 's a-goin'." Nevertheless, he really felt like asking how they were going to sit on the night of the ride.

Tip and Lucy did the inviting. The boy passed the next three days in wondering, still not daring to let Tip know what was on his mind. He wanted to sit with *her*. All his imaginations of the sleigh-ride centered about his sitting with her. He went over the list again and again in his thoughts, always with the conclusion that he was meant to sit with her, and yet he could not shake off the torment of doubt. When he thought of any other boy beside her in the bob, he felt an alarm that was almost sickening.

Friday night came. Before he had got up from supper he heard Tip's "*Yah-oo*" in the far distance. He lighted the lantern and stepped out. The yell came nearer and nearer. In a few minutes they had harnessed the horses, buckled on the bells, and were hitching up. They filled the box with soft, June-grassy hay and threw in the blankets and the old buffalo-robe, Tip took the lines, and they went jingling up the road. The boy's father and mother stood in the doorway as they went, with a last admonition to be careful at the crossings and not to drive too hard.

The boy could no longer contain the anxiety that had possessed him the last three days. As they slid along in the dark, to the clear, steady music of the bells, he mustered all his courage, and said:

"How we goin' to sit?"

He tried to ask it as if he were unconcerned, as if he had just happened to think of it.

Tip turned his face toward him, with a smile broad enough to be visible even in the dark.

"Gett'n' anxious, are you?" he said. Before the boy could recover from his confusion and find words of protest that would not be downright lying, Tip went on, in a protecting sort of

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"He felt a bit embarrassed"

way: "Oh, you need n't worry about that. That 'll come out all right." His words and tone brought welcome relief. The boy liked his benevolence.

With loud *"Whoa's"* and whoops, and with Tip's yell, they brought out the various members of the party, laden with shawls and robes and blankets. Every additional one to come seemed to know exactly what place to take. When at last they stopped in front of *her* house, there was only one place left. It was between the boy and Mamie. All sat in the bottom of the box, facing one another in two long rows.

"Where 'll I get in?" asked the girl as she came up.

"Oh, you just look around, and you 'll find a place," Lucy laughingly answered from beside Tip, in the front of the box. "Take any place you want. No extra charge."

"Well, it looks as if I 'd have to sit here," she said cheerfully, and climbed in, sinking down in the hay beside the boy, who was too bashful to say a word beyond the "All right" with which he made room for her. Tip slapped the horses with the lines, the bells struck up a lively tune, and they were off, shouting and singing, and disputing possession of the robes and shawls.

Everybody laughed and laughed again, for any reason and for no reason at all. The boys shouted, and the girls screamed. There were choruses of shouting and screaming and gales of laughter. There were intervals when there was a story or a riddle or a joke, and the choruses and the gales rose again. There were songs. They sang "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Good Night, Ladies," "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean," and "There 's

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a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea." They sang "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood," "Beulah Land," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing." They sang in the same way in which they shouted and laughed, with a heartiness and a wholesomeness that brought smiling faces to windows and doorways as they passed. And back of all the noisy medley sounded the clear jingle of the bells.

Having for the time sung themselves out, the more spirited of the boys got to their feet in mock declamation or speech, while Tip whipped up and sent them sprawling among the laughing, yelling, screaming mass. The venturesome jumped out and defied him to get away from them, finally catching up and tumbling over the end-board, to find their places occupied by mischievous friends.

"Oh, look!" suddenly cried Lucy, in the midst of it all.

"What? What?" they shouted.

There was a lull. Far away, through a ragged line of trees on the horizon, a ruddy rim of light appeared.

"The moon! The moon!" they cried. A scoffer mimicked them with, "Oh, dear me, dew tell!" but they all grew quieter, and watched the great planet gradually rise until it swung clear of the ground, a disk of old-gold crisscrossed with stems and branches.

"Oh, is n't it just as lovely as it can be!" exclaimed Lucy.

For a little while it was still. The new girl was the first to speak:

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All who love me."

"I always liked that," said Lucy, "ever since I was in second reader. And I like that other one, too, about the moon when it 's new:

'You moon! Have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place';

only, I used to think it was 'bitten' instead of 'hidden.' "

The merriment revived, but was less sustained. At the end of an hour Tip turned the horses' heads homeward.

"Your pa 'll never let us take 'em again if we 're gone too long," he said to the boy.

The singing and shouting and laughing and screaming and struggling and tumbling had dulled the edge of their appetite for fun. They began to feel the chill of the frosty night. They drew the robes higher and wrapped the blankets closer. There were arms that reached around to draw the shawl about a shoulder and did not return to their owners' sides. There were hands that timidly made little explorations in search of other hands, and found them at no great distance. There were hoods that rested very close against caps. There were hoods and caps that jokingly disappeared and reappeared. There were jests and banter and bursts of merriment. Once in a while there was another song. The horses were less willing to trot. It was a tinkling now instead of a jingling that was heard in the intervals.

The boy had followed the general example and had wrapped the girl and himself about in her shawl and

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drawn the robe up to their chins. Their heads alone appeared. No one could tell when his arm became locked with hers or how her hand came to lie in his. He himself did not know just how it came about; but it seemed very natural and very easy for both of them. He sat in silent happiness.

When the last stop had been made and the last good night answered, and the horses pricked up their ears and were trotting briskly off toward the stable they longed for, Tip turned a mocking face to the boy.

"Oh," he said, "*you* don't like *girls!*"

The boy had been expecting it. He felt his cheeks getting warm.

"Aw, go on!" he said.

They unhitched, led the old bays into the stable and unharnessed them, filled their mangers, went out to the straw-stack and brought them in big forkfuls of bedding, gave them sundry vigorous slaps on the neck by way of gratitude and good night, latched the door, and went to the house. The sitting-room was warm, and a light, turned low, stood waiting on the sewing-machine. They left their boots and stockings behind the stove, and the boy took the lamp and led the way up-stairs to the north room, with its bare walls and deep-frosted window-panes.

There was a great creaking of bedcords as they climbed in and settled themselves. Their teeth chattered; they were speechless with shivering. But it was not for long. The boy got close up against Tip, and put his arm over his side.

"Well, 'd you have a good time?" asked Tip, giving him a nudge.

The boy was embarrassed and afraid of saying too much.

"Yah," he answered, and waited. He dreaded it, and yet he wanted Tip to say something more.

"Well, now I s'pose you see how it is, don't you?" Tip said. They turned and lay on their backs. The window was a pale gray, and the ceiling faintly visible. Tip continued, "A month ago you was always makin' a deuce of a fuss if a felluh looked at a girl or saw her home or anythin', and now you 're stuck on one of 'em yourself."

The boy was humble, and he was pleased. Tip was n't scolding; his voice was full of good-will. He gave the boy a harder nudge. "And what 's more, you 're all solid, too," he concluded. That was the way they expressed it in that country in those days.

The boy could not speak. He felt, without being told, that it was true, but Tip's confirmation was double happiness. He wanted to be told again. Gathering all his courage, he finally stammered:

"Do you think I 'm—do you think she—do you think it 's all right—all solid, I mean?"

Tip gave a good-natured snort.

"Well, I should cough up a duck!" he said. "*You* ain't got nothin' to worry over."

The boy's heart swelled. Now he felt altogether sure. And he loved Tip now more than ever. The two months of partial estrangement were at an end. There was nothing to divide them longer.

Tip yawned audibly.

"Gosh, but I 'm tired!" he said. "*I 'm* goin' to sleep." He turned on his side. "Good-by; see you later."

The boy turned, too. He put his arm over Tip's side and pressed close to him. They fell asleep in the peace of love, which passeth all understanding.

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Courtesy and Japan

By JULIAN STREET

A VIGOROUS and sustained display of hospitality must always be astonishing to one who calls New York his home, for New York is without doubt the most inhospitable city in the world. In the jaded hotel clerk, the bored box-office man, and the fish-eyed head-waiter the spirit of its welcome is personified.

There is no dissimulation. The stranger is as welcome in New York as he feels. If there is a hotel room, a theater seat, or a restaurant table disengaged, he may have it at a price. If all are occupied, he may, as far as New York cares, step outside and, with due regard to the season and the traffic regulations, die of sunstroke or perish in a snow-drift; whereupon his case comes automatically under the supervision of the Street Cleaning Department, and whatever else that department may leave lying about the New York streets, it does not leave them littered with defunct strangers. Space in our city is too valuable.

The visitor arriving in New York with a letter of introduction to some gentleman who is important, or who believes he is, may expect a few minutes' talk with the gentleman in the latter's office, and may regard it as a delicate attention if his host refrains from fidgeting. Should the stranger have some information that the New-Yorker desires to possess, he may be invited to lunch at a club in the top of a downtown sky-scraper; or if the letter of introduction has a social flavor, the outlander will presently receive by mail, at his hotel, a guest's card to a club uptown.

Let him make bold to visit this club, and he will find there no one to speak to save a rigid door-man and some waiters. The door-man will tell him coldly where to check his hat and coat. He will see a few members in the club, but will not know them, nor will they desire to know him. All New-Yorkers know more people than they want to, anyway. The stranger with a guest's card to a New York club is as comfortable there as a cat in a cathedral.

In the West it is different. And, again, it is different in Japan. Those who go well introduced to Japan meet there an experience such as is hardly to be encountered in any other land. Japanese courtesy and hospitality are fairly stupefying to the average Anglo-Saxon. The Occidental mind is staggered by the mere externals.

You see two Japanese meet—two gentlemen, two ladies, or a lady and a gentlemen. They face each other at fairly close range. Then, as though at some signal unperceived by the foreigner, they bow deeply from the waist, their heads passing with so small a space between that the beholder fears a collision. Three times in succession they bow in this way, simultaneously, their palms sliding up and down the leg, from hip to knee,

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like piston-rods attached to the walking-beam of a side-wheeler.

In conjunction with this profound and protracted bowing, especially when the bowers are Japanese of the old school or are unaccustomed to associate with foreigners, the bystander will oftentimes hear a sibilant sound, made by the drawing in of air through the lips. According to the Japanese idea, such sounds denote appreciation, as of some delicious spiritual flavor. This ancient form of politeness is, however, being discarded by sophisticated young Japan for the reason that foreigners find it peculiar; and the practice of audibly sucking in food as an expression of gustatory ecstasy is also going out of fashion for the same reason. The old ways are, nevertheless, held to by many an aristocrat of middle age or older.

The American, accustomed to regard hissing as a sign of disapproval, and noisy eating as ill bred, is naturally startled on first encountering these manifestations. Japanese bowing, when directed at him, he finds disconcerting. He may wish to be as polite as the politest, but he has in his repertory nothing adequate to offer in return for such obeisance.

In this country we have never taken to bowing as practised in some other lands. Our men look askance at Latin males when they lift their hats to one another in salutation, and it may be observed that some of us tend to slight the lifting of the hat a little bit even when saluting ladies, clutching furtively at the brim and perhaps loosening the hat upon the head, then hastily jamming it back into place.

The truth is that few American men have polished manners. We rebel at anything resembling courtliness. In these matters, then, as in many others, we find ourselves at the opposite pole from the Japanese; and though Americans of the class willing to appreciate merits other than those characteristic of the United States feel nothing but admiration for Japanese courtesy in its perfection, it sometimes happens, lamentably, that others, less intelligent, going to the Orient, utterly misread the meaning of Japanese politeness, mistaking it for servility, which it most emphatically is not. Far from being servile, it is a proud politeness—a politeness grounded upon custom, sensitiveness of nature, delicacy of feeling, which causes the possessor to expect in others a like sensitiveness and delicacy, and to make him wish to outdo them in tact and consideration.

Nor does the failure of certain of our people to appreciate Japanese courtesy stop here. Our yellow press and organized Japanese-haters, aware that the higher hospitality of Japan has oftentimes an official or semi-official character, are not satisfied to seek a simple explanation for the fact, but prefer to discern in it something artful and sinister.

It is perfectly true that the stranger going to Japan well introduced meets a group composed chiefly of government officials, big business men, and their families. It is also true that he is likely to meet a selected group of such men. The reason for this is simple. While English is the second language taught in Japanese schools, and while many Japanese can speak some broken English, there are still relatively few men, and still fewer women, who have been educated abroad and are sufficiently familiar with foreign languages, customs, and ideas to feel easy when

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entertaining foreigners. This class is, moreover, still further limited by the financial burden of extensive entertaining.

Thus it happens that there exists in Japan a social group which may be likened to a loosely organized entertainment committee, with the result that most Americans who are entertained in that country meet, broadly speaking, the same set of people.

The Japanese are entirely frank in their desire to interest the world in Japan. The Government maintains a bureau for the purpose of encouraging tourists to visit the country and making travel easy for them; journalists, authors, men of affairs, and others likely to have influence at home are especially encouraged to come. The feeling of the Japanese is that there exists in the United States a prejudice against them, and that the best way to overcome this is to show Japan to Americans and let them form their own conclusions. They are proud of their country, and they believe that those who become acquainted with it will think well of it.

Some Americans charge them with endeavoring to show things at their best, as though to do that were a sly sin. The attitude of the Japanese in this matter may be likened to that of a man who owns a home in some not very accessible region, the advantages of which are doubted by his friends. Being proud of his place, the owner is hospitable. He urges those he knows to come to see it. When his guests arrive, he does not begin by taking them to look at the sick cow or the corner behind the barn where refuse is dumped, but marches them to the west veranda—the veranda with the wonderful view.

To the average person such a procedure would seem entirely normal. Yet there are critics of Japan who do not see it in that light. Their point of view might be likened to that of some one who, when taken to the veranda to see the view, declares that the view is shown not on its own merits, but because the host has cut the butler's throat and does not wish his guests to notice the body lying under the parlor table.

Let an American of any influence go to Japan, be cordially received there, form his impressions, and return with a good word to say for the islands and the people, and the professional Japanese-haters have their answer ready. The man has been victimized by "propaganda." He has been flattered by social attentions, fuddled with food and drink, reduced to a state of idiocy, and in that state "personally conducted" through Japan in a manner so crafty as to prevent his stumbling upon "the truth."

The precise nature of this "truth" is never revealed. It is merely indicated as some vague awfulness behind a curtain carefully kept drawn.

Having so often heard these rumors, I went to Japan in a suspicious frame of mind. Arriving there, I made it my business to dive behind whatever looked like a curtain of mystery. I found a number of mysteries—the fascinating mysteries of an old and peculiar civilization, out of which an interesting modernism had rapidly grown.

I was considerably entertained in Japan, my sight-seeing was oftentimes facilitated by Japanese friends; but the significant fact is that no one ever tried to prevent my seeing anything I wished to see. And I wished to see

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everything, good and bad. I visited the lowest slums, a penitentiary, a poorhouse, a hospital, and some factories. I asked questions. Sometimes they were embarrassing questions—about militarism in Japan, about Shantung, about Korea and Formosa, about Manchuria and Siberia. And though I do not expect any Japanese-hater to believe me, I wish to declare here, in justice to the Japanese, that they gave me the information I asked, even though it sometimes pained them to do so.

I saw and learned things creditable to Japan and things discreditable, just as in other lands one sees and learns things in both categories. I found the Japanese neither angels nor devils, but human beings, like the rest of us, having their virtues and their defects.

I came away liking them. This fact I proclaim with the full knowledge that those who do not like them will accept it not as a sign of any merit in the Japanese, but as proof of my incompetence or worse.

"But you have not been to China," some of my friends say. "You would like the Chinese better than the Japanese."

That may be true or it may not. I am inclined to believe that there is more natural sympathy between Americans and Chinamen than between Americans and Japanese. The Chinaman is more easily comprehensible to us. Also, he is meek. We can talk down to him. He will do as we tell him to do. He is not a contender, as the Japanese very definitely is, and it is therefore easier to get along with him. As an individual man he has many qualities to recommend him, though neither patriotism nor cleanliness seems generally to be among them. If I ever go to China, I shall hope and expect not to fall into the mental grooves which lead many travelers in the Orient to feel that if they like a Chinaman, they cannot like a Japanese, and vice versa. I hereby reserve the right to like both.

China appears to be an amiable, flaccid, sleepy giant who has long allowed himself to be bullied, victimized, and robbed. Japan, on the other hand, may be personified as a small, well-knit, pugnacious person, well able to look after himself, and profoundly engaged in doing so.

Naturally, the two do not get on well together, and, equally naturally, the impotent giant comes off the worse. If to that extent one is sorry for him, one can hardly respect him as one would were he to rise up and assert himself. But though one may wish the little Japanese less obstreperous, one is bound to respect him for his prowess. Physically and materially, he has earned for himself the undisputed leadership of the Far East.

There remains the question whether he is spiritually great enough to become a moral leader as well. In that question is bound up the future of the Orient. Some signs are hopeful, some are not.

Naturally, the Japanese are proud of the leadership they have already attained. Being relatively new members of that hair-pulling, hobnailed family we call the family of nations, and having rapidly become important members, they are inclined to harp more than necessary upon this importance, so novel and so gratifying to them. They like to talk about it. They delight in proclaiming themselves a "first-class power." They rejoice exceedingly in their alliance

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with Great Britain not because the alliance itself has any very real importance (in view of the attitude of Australia and Canada toward Japan, and of Great Britain's consideration for the United States, it cannot have), but because of the flattering association. Japan likes to be seen walking with the big fellows.

Now, there is this to be remembered about a youth in his first long trousers: he requires careful handling. If you treat him like a child, either patronizing or ignoring him, you will offend him mortally, and not impossibly drive him to some furious action in assertion of his manhood. But if, on the other hand, you are misled by his appearance of maturity, and expect of him all that you would expect of a thoroughly ripened man, then you are likely to find yourself at times cruelly disappointed.

There is only one course to be pursued with a youth in this intermediate stage. He must be managed with tact, firmness, and patience. In dealing with the young, many adults fail to understand this, and in dealing with a nation in a corresponding state of evolution, other nations are as a rule even stupider than adult persons.

Great Britain, wisest of all the world in international affairs, has not made this mistake in her relations with Japan. The alliance is one proof of it. The visit paid by the Crown Prince of Japan to England not long since is another. Nor was the tact of Great Britain in this situation ever better displayed than in King George's speech, when, toasting the imperial guest, he said:

"Because he is our friend, we are not afraid for him to see our troubles. We know his sympathy is with us, and he will understand."

Would that the United States might draw the simple lesson from these two short sentences spoken by England's king! Would that we might learn to take that amiable tone! Would that Americans might understand how instantly the Japanese respond to such approaches!

With Mr. Hughes in the State Department one becomes hopeful that American-Japanese relations will improve, but Mr. Hughes has not yet had time to accomplish much in this direction. If he does, he will be the first American statesman to do so. Since Roosevelt was in the White House and Elihu Root in the State Department there has not been evident in our dealings with Japan a definite and understanding policy. The failure of our diplomacy is all too plainly reflected in the steady diminution of the good feeling which then existed.

Though he never visited Japan, Roosevelt, with his amazing understanding of people, managed to sense the Japanese perfectly. He knew their virtues and their failings. He realized precisely the state they had attained in their evolution from medievalism to modernity.

"Speak softly and carry a big stick," he used to say. In those words are summed up a large part of his Japanese policy. He knew when to send a bearskin to the emperor and when to send a fleet.

Even when he sent that fleet of sixteen battle-ships, the visit paid was one of courtesy. And courtesy, as I have tried to show, is never, never lost upon Japan.

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The Trend of Architectural Thought In America

By C. MATLACK PRICE
Drawings by HUGH FERRISS

WE are complacent about building almost anything in this country, and because in general we do it very well, more thought is expended upon the technic of architecture than upon its larger aspects. Yet here, in the larger aspects of architecture, lie the great responsibilities, as well as the great opportunities, of the architects of America.

Architecture may be called the most authoritative of all the arts, because it is the most thoroughly reasoned, depending less upon individual inspiration and caprice than upon its reasoned bases. Vision imparts nobility to a building, but beneath the vision there must be that reasoned basis, a thing as unassailable as a proposition in Euclid.

Because building is a technical subject, many people close their minds to appreciation of architecture, believing that technical knowledge is necessary to its enjoyment. If appreciation of paintings were inseparable from a knowledge of the chemistry of pigments, how few would be the visitors to the art galleries! In the more gracious days familiarity with architectural style, more particularly the classic, was considered part of a liberal education. Such gentlemen as George Washington and Thomas Jefferson held certain definite architectural ideas and were even able to put some of them on paper.

No extensive technical study is necessary to develop sound critical judgment in architectural matters. A building should first be considered with regard to its problem rather than with regard to the solution of that problem. The first consideration is the purpose of the building, the last, that of its style.

The architect of to-day is confronted with two distinct classes of problems, those which are analogous to the architectural problems of the past, and those which are essentially modern and without parallel in the architecture of a former age.

In the first group would come the church, the school, college or university, the monument or memorial, and certain public buildings. In the second would come the tall office building, the colossal hotel, the railroad terminal, and certain modern types of public buildings.

The analogous problem is obviously a greater test of the architect's erudition and taste than of his ingenuity and resourcefulness. The design of a Gothic church requires familiarity with the Gothic manner rather than skill in adaptation, for the problem of Gothic forms as related to the structure of the church building was worked

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out in the thirteenth century. Indeed the Gothic church is a result of almost organic growth.

The modern problem is the interesting one. Here the architect elects to render a towering office building in terms of a Gothic cathedral or a railroad terminal in terms of a classic temple. In a sincere effort to be true to the present era, many architects have directed intense thought toward evolving new architectural terms in which to express the solution of new problems. These thoughts lead directly into the realm of style, and style is probably one of the most misused and most misunderstood terms in the entire vocabulary of architecture. Being the most conspicuous and most readily recognized of architectural attributes, it is often mistaken for architecture itself.

The Temple of the Scottish Rite, Washington, D. C.
John Russell Pope, architect

An immense amount of sheer nonsense has been written about style in architecture, about style expressing this or that, about stupidly copying European styles, about the lack of "meaning" in anything derived from classic architecture, and the profanity of using Gothic architecture for anything but a church or an educational building.

The architect does not treat a library with a Greek colonnade because he entertains an obscure idea that classic colonnades have something to do with reading books. His idea is primarily to give the community a dignified building, a "temple of learning." State capitols are not designed with great domes dominating the mass of the building because domes will bring about better government or even because the Capitol at Washington has a dome. The Capitol at Washington has a dome for the same reason that most state capitols have domes, because of the desirability of rearing a building which will be monumentally dignified and architecturally distinguished from other important buildings in its own neighborhood.

I hesitate to think that an architect in selecting the Gothic manner of design to achieve a fine office building profanes Rheims or Amiens. It is more likely that he chose the Gothic because he intensely admired the Gothic spirit and felt moved to carry it on as a vital living element in modern architecture.

The trend of modern architectural thought, it is true, gives no small amount of consideration to style, but only as a means of expressing an architectural idea in the most effective manner possible. It does not design a building primarily to exploit a style, or ruin a building primarily to avoid a style. Architecture, like most things, is larger than any of its parts, and moves steadily forward through a succession of styles without finding its permanent expression in any of them.

The element of design in architecture rests in the reasoned solution of the specific problem and not in any extraneous attribute such as style. To be able to see a building without seeing its stylistic rendering is to see architecture. It is only thus that one may follow the trend of architectural thought as expressed in the works of those architects who are doing most

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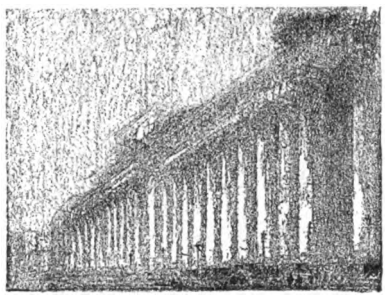
of the architectural thinking in this country.

To form a fair and broad opinion of a building, one must ask oneself whether the given problem is old or new and whether, in either case, the solution as conceived by the architect is old or new. There will at once be apparent, then, the measure of the architect's ability and the measure of the building's real worth.



The Pennsylvania Station, New York City
McKim, Mead & White, architects

All the buildings in Mr. Ferriss's drawings are important, and most of them are impressive. In general, they all meet one of the least cited, but most important, of architectural requirements; they possess a high pictorial quality, irrespective of all else. To miss this quality in a large building is to miss one of the greatest of architectural opportunities.

The fact that some of these buildings are stylistically derived from classic, Gothic, and Renaissance sources, while others are distinctly intended to depart from such precedents, yet that all are architecturally impressive, confirms the truth about the irrelevancy of style as related to the whole larger conception of architecture.

One obvious classic derivation, splendidly done, is seen in the Temple of the Scottish Rite, in Washington, D. C., a clean-cut, logical architectural solution of a problem analogous to an ancient problem. In the use of temple architecture for the design of a temple no violence was done to precedent, and the architect needed only to concern himself with how fine a thing, in the manner of its doing, he could achieve. He had simply to build as noble a temple as the architects of ancient Greece, and he succeeded. His problem was not one of ingenuity, but of integrity.

The building of the Library of Columbia University falls into a somewhat similar class of architectural achievement. Not so literally a temple as the Scottish Rite, it is nevertheless based on the temple-of-learning idea, and entirely fulfils its architectural destiny in being a beautiful temple. It has no need to be anything else. Like the Scottish Rite, it does not even involve a priori any structural problems which could not have been met by the ancient Greeks.

The Pennsylvania Station, in New York, presents another kind of classic derivation. In its general relationship of parts it is based on the Roman Baths of Caracalla, but here its similarity ceases. Splendid in scale and restrained in detail, it is adapted to entirely unclassical uses. It is an instance of old forms, an old classical concept, utilized with the highest order of architectural imagination and vision as the solution of an essentially modern problem. Well within the realm of critical nonsense falls the objection that there is nothing about it, architecturally, to suggest a railroad or a railroad station. What, in the name of Palladio and Vitruvius, could be done to make it suggest a railway station? How does, or should, a railway station look? Would it look more like a railway sta-

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tion if it were designed like the Sioux City Court-House? The objection is most often heard from the modernists. The Sioux City Court-House is nothing if not modern, but does it suggest a court-house? It is enough that the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal, occupying an entire city block, at a very important terminus of a very important railroad, is a superb and enduringly dignified building, which age will find unchanged. Need it be more? It may not mark a step toward the "national style" at the rainbow's end, but it is more than probable that it is architecturally a better and a finer thing than a restless and unsound experimentation would produce.

The Provost Tower, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
Cope & Stewardson, architects

The modern architect, specially if he build upon Manhattan Island, is often required to rear a building to heroic height on a relatively insignificant area. Such was the problem, the very modern and local problem, of designing the Bush Terminal Building on Forty-Second Street in New York City. For such a building the classic manner offers little encouragement. The classic key-note is the stately colonnade, and while a colonnade can be virtually the greater part of a low, horizontal building, or a moderate-sized building of cubical proportions, it can be only a small part of a tall, narrow building. It can figure in the base or at the crowning stories of the tall building, but what of the intervening wall areas? Here every angle of architectural thought and reasoning points to the Gothic.

But it should be remembered that the external manner of Gothic architecture, its pictorial quality, is all that is Gothic in the tall commercial building. The structure is entirely different, and it is only by a happy architectural coincidence that Gothic forms fit a soaring steel frame as gracefully as they originally fitted the masonry structures out of which they grew. Some critics maintain that the clothing of a modern, tall steel-frame building in Gothic forms is architecturally immoral. Other critics say that Gothic forms are the only proper architectural clothing for such a building. Both are wrong. It is a case of coincidence, and when it is generally recognized as such, much fruitless controversy will cease.

From the point of design, the Gothic manner affords a peculiarly happy solution for the problem of terminating the tall building, as is admirably evidenced in the top of the Bush Building. This is probably one of the finest silhouettes of all the tall buildings of New York. The side walls of the Bush Building may not always rise free and clear of adjacent buildings, and the architect's best effort was therefore concentrated on its peak. Not only was the Gothic manner a logical one to choose for so tall and narrow a building, but the architect was fortunate in expressing in his ingenious adaptation an authoritative

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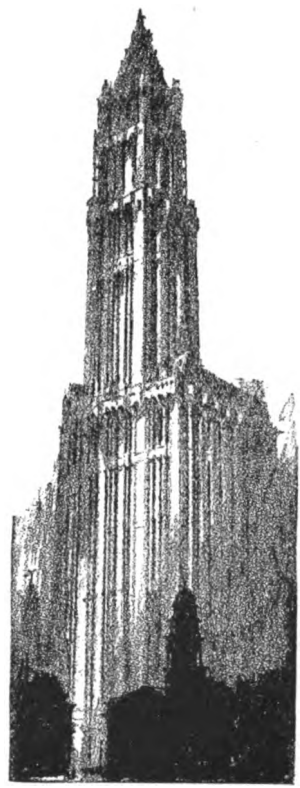
quality of ruggedness which is true to the spirit of Gothic architecture rather than to any mere specific example of Gothic form.

The Woolworth Building, probably one of the most well-known buildings in this country, is an unusually interesting architectural study. The sheer height of its vertical lines, if unbroken, would inevitably create optical distress, and the architect, with true ingenuity and grasp of the possibilities of the style in which he was working, utilized the Gothic device of continuous traceried canopies to relieve the verticality. Lines of shadow, of broken, irregular shadow, were needed as a part of the design, and were masterfully contrived. Equally interesting are the questions of minor relations of parts and of the scale and character of the detail. The Woolworth Building must not be forgotten as an exceptional example of the solving of a modern problem by means of an old system of design.

Before departing from the modern utilization of the Gothic manner of architectural design, several buildings may be cited as illustrations of different kinds of secular adaptations. In the Provost Tower at the University of Pennsylvania and in the buildings of the Military Academy at West Point the Gothic style is used for the solution of problems analogous to those of the times which originated the style. "Collegiate Gothic," as in the Provost Tower, is seen in various attractive versions in several colleges, notably in Princeton and the College of the City of New York, and relatively little adaptation has been demanded of the architect.

The buildings at West Point, to be sure, go much further, architecturally, because no exact Gothic prototype of this group can be cited. It is probable that a master-builder of the Middle Ages, confronted with the same problem, would have evolved much the same answer. The secularization of the Gothic style, with no loss of its character or vigor, as accomplished at West Point, is no mean architectural achievement. It would have been easy to design a pompous, but inevitably ridiculous, parody of a medieval castle, but not so easy to mold the architecture of a great epoch into a form which created a new designation, "military Gothic," to describe and to do it justice. Perhaps the message of West Point is that the architect will most readily achieve real success in the adaptation of an old style to a new building when he thinks as nearly as possible with the same architectural mind as would have been brought to the task by an architect of the period in question. Because the West Point group was designed very nearly as



The Woolworth Building, New York City
Cass Gilbert, architect

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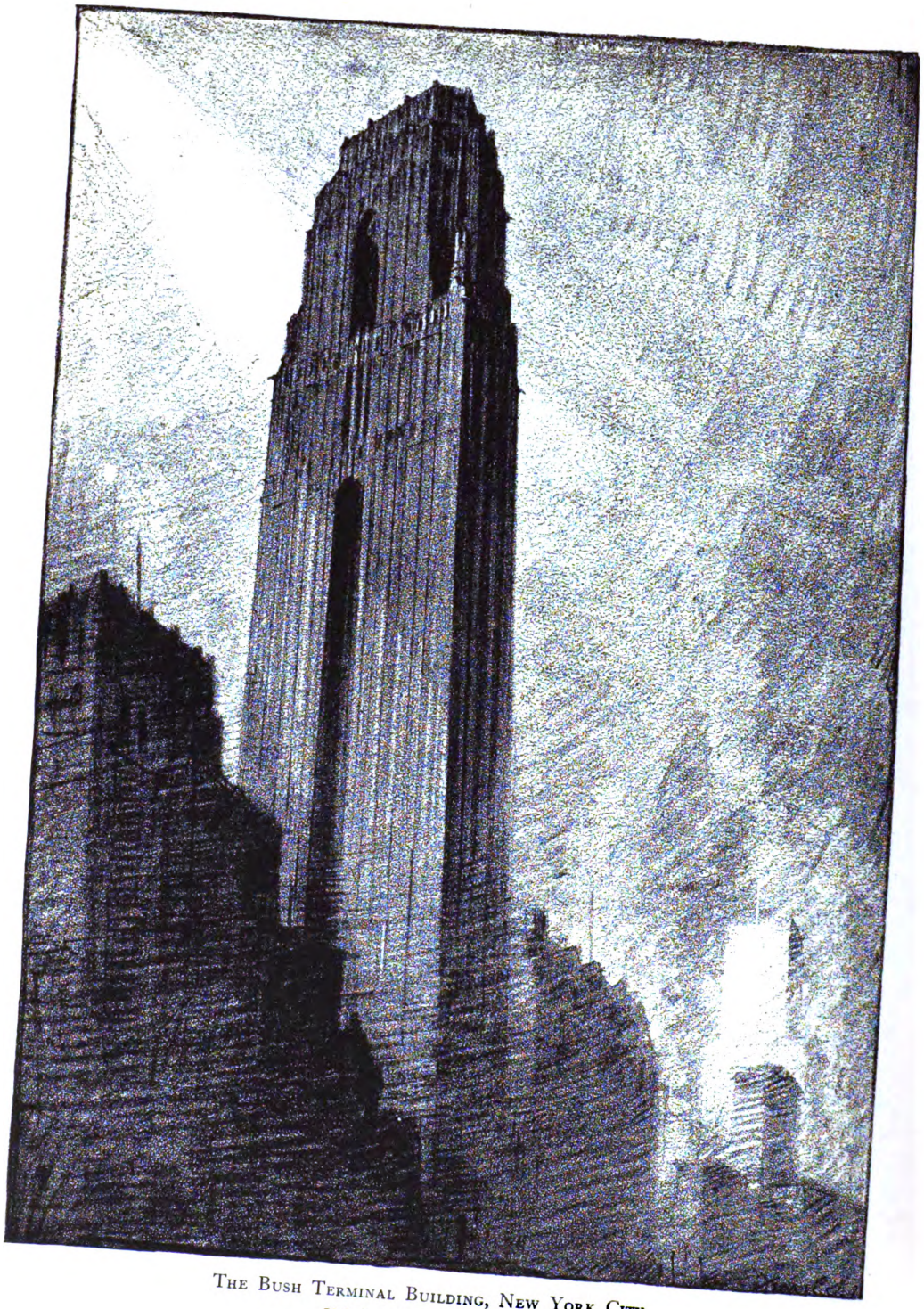

THE BUSH TERMINAL BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY
Helmle & Corbett, architects

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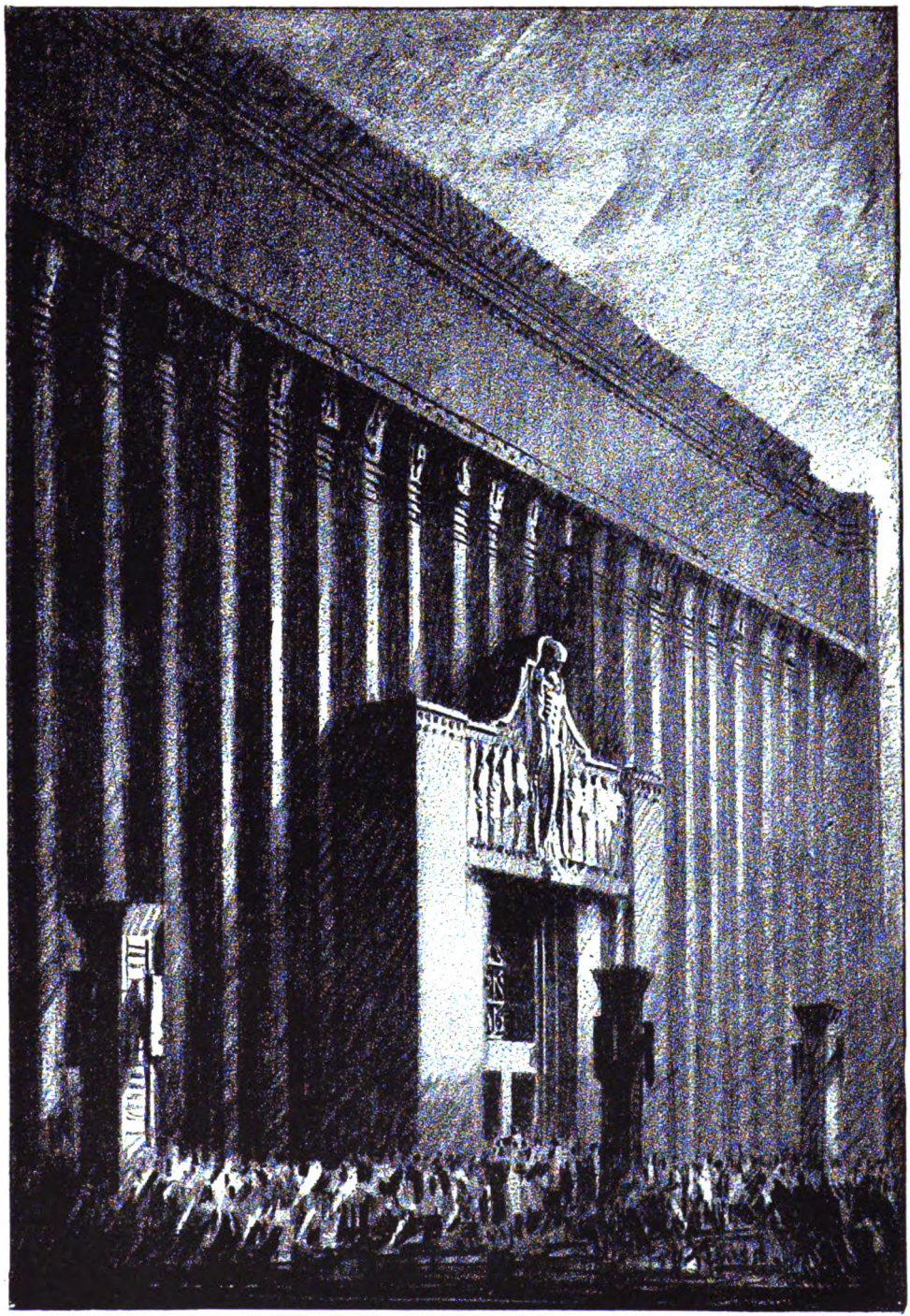

WOODBURY COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, SIOUX CITY, IOWA

W. L. Steele and Purcell & Elmslee, architects

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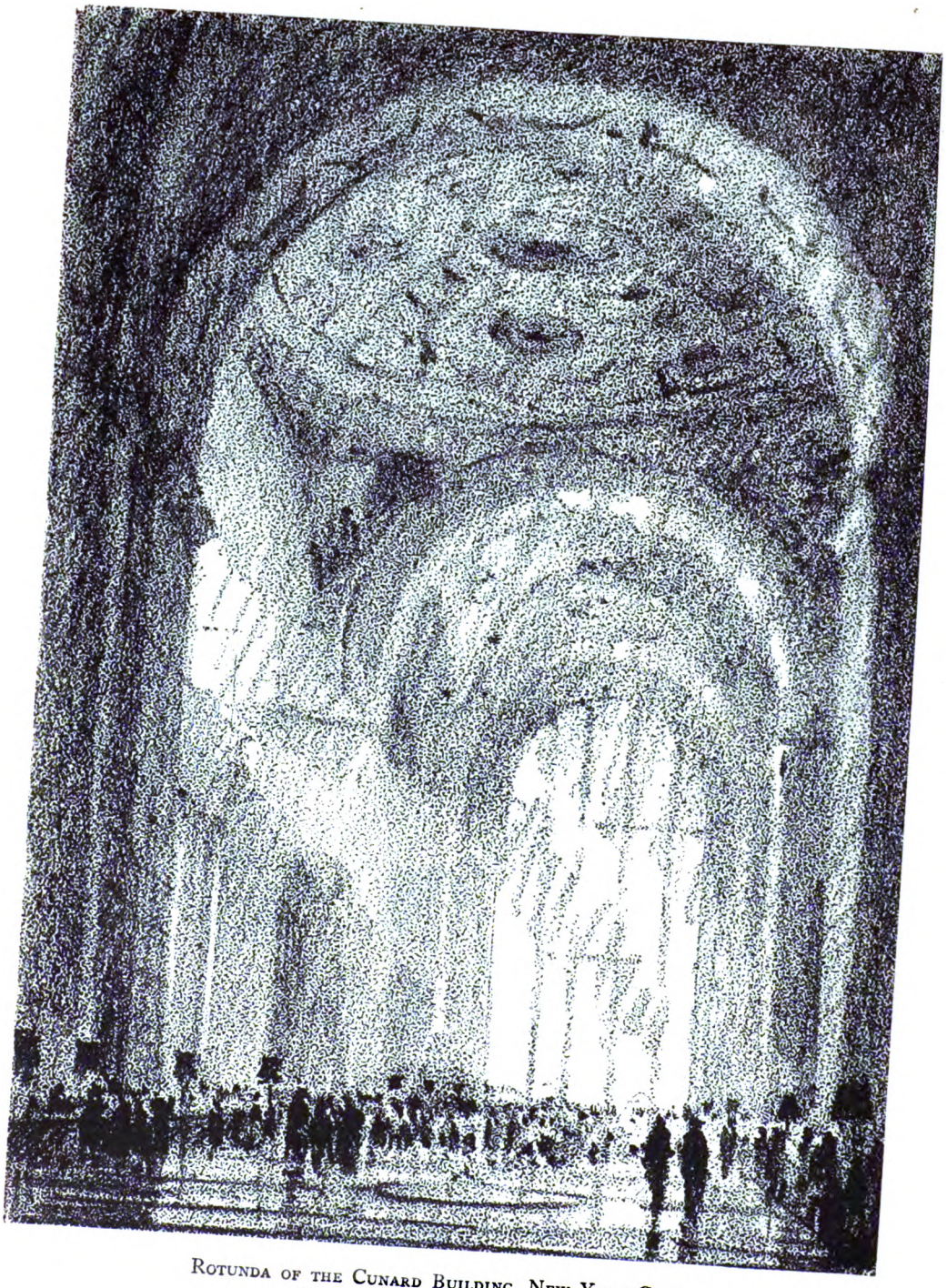

ROTUNDA OF THE CUNARD BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY
Benjamin Wistar Morris, architect

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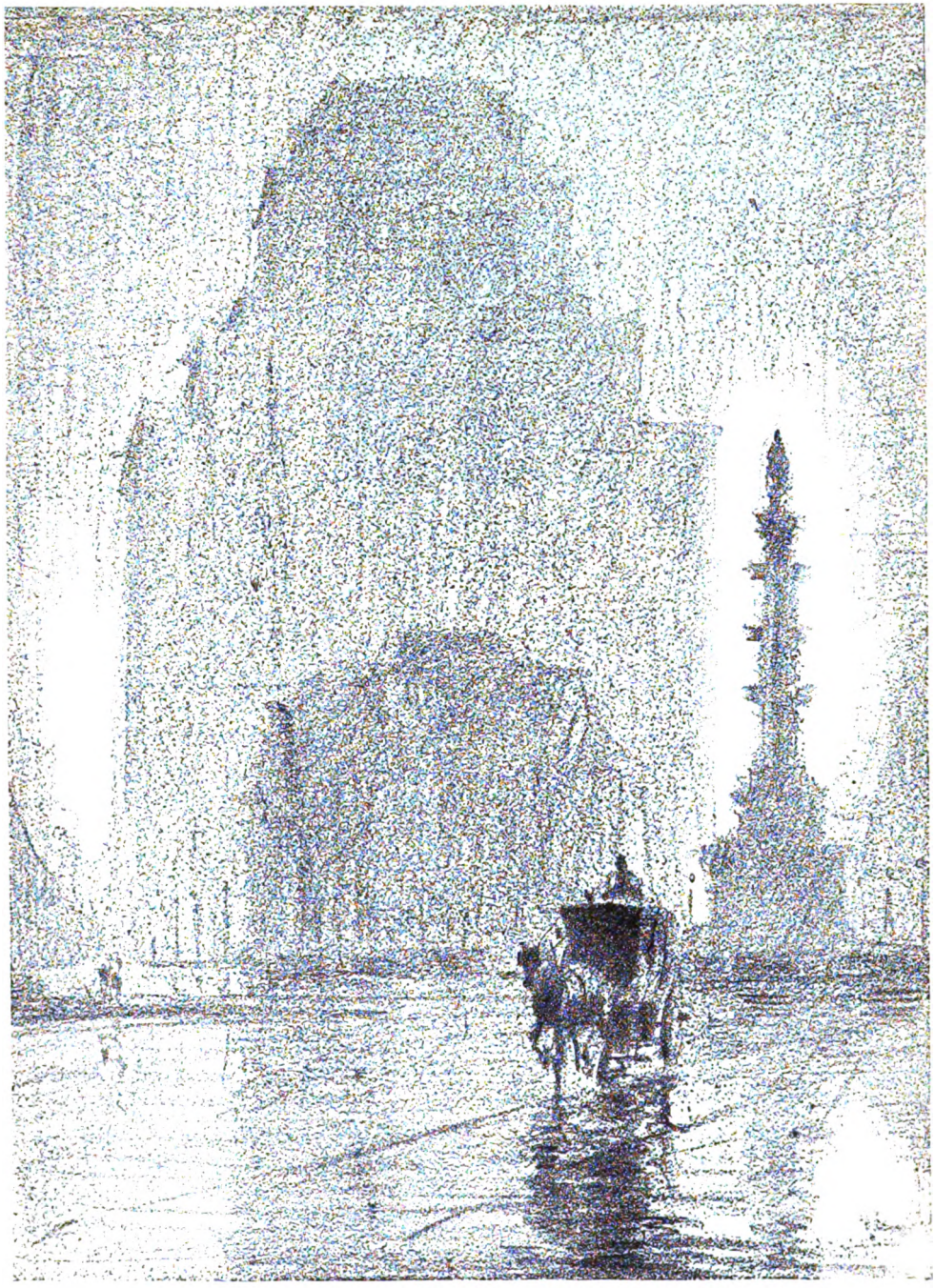

THE FISK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY
Carrère & Hastings and R. H. Shreve, architects

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we can believe a medieval master architect would have designed it if he lived to-day, the group is one of the most permanently and conspicuously fine architectural achievements to be seen in this country.

For monumental buildings of more generally horizontal mass than the sky-scrapers other architectural expressions than the Gothic are not only available, but more pleasing and suitable. Classic precedent and the whole architecture of Renaissance Italy afford ample material for adaptation. For the tall buildings, however, classic precedent holds no affinity in form or feeling, and Renaissance architecture, depending largely for its effect upon fine and subtle niceties of scale, becomes almost invisible when it is raised thirty or forty stories into the sky. The cornice, which is part and parcel of Renaissance design, means almost nothing when it is too far aloft to be more than a cap to the building.

Post Headquarters, West Point, New York
Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson, architects

For some years architectural thought in the Middle West has addressed itself diligently to discovering some form or forms of architectural expression which would owe nothing to precedent, which would solve both old and new problems in new ways.

The pioneer of the new school was Louis H. Sullivan, in Chicago, who made such brilliant departures from all known architectural precedent that he inspired many young architects who have since created a variety of work that is intensely interesting, regardless of its larger significance as a step toward an "ultimate" style. Sullivan's emancipation was complete, his originality embracing the detail as well as the major elements of the design of his buildings. The building for the People's Savings and Loan Association is typical, not only totally unlike the conventional idea of a bank, but unlike the conventional idea of any other type of building. Of plain squareness, devoid of any cornice, its ornamental details were characterized by intricate leaf arrangements, partly conventionalized, partly formal, and in no way suggesting, for instance, the classic manner of leaf treatment familiar in the Greek acanthus.

Elsewhere I have called Louis Sullivan and his followers "The American Secessionists," after the Vienese Secessionists, whose artistic and architectural convictions and ambitions were of the same color. I should be very unwilling to deny the existence of some real significance in the radical beliefs of this Mid-Western group, but I should be very unwise if I attempted to say exactly what that significance may some day be. Following honest instinct, not timid conservatism, I should still feel inclined to doubt even the ultimate authoritativeness of the Secessionist kind of design. Much of it is not soundly reasoned, and consequently lacks the authority that is one of the greatest attributes of architecture. Moreover, it largely fails to convince on the very point for which it strives, the point of expressiveness. What fiat will tell us that

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the People's Savings and Loan Association Building and the Sioux City Court-House express, respectively, the ideas of bank and court-house more architecturally, or even more humanly, than a classic Greek rendering of either? Each of these buildings is admittedly different from any other building designed for the same purpose, but in the case of either does mere difference constitute more effective architectural expression of the building's purpose?

Woodbury County Court-House, Sioux City, Iowa
W. L. Steele and Purcell & Elmslee, architects

Next to Louis Sullivan, the greatest exponent of the American Secessionists has been Frank Lloyd Wright, distinguished for his designs for houses, which exist in considerable profusion in the locality in which he worked, and also as the designer of the large and strangely interesting Larkin Building in Chicago.

Essentially true to the creed of the Secessionists is the Sioux City Court-House, a building which undeniably possesses great interest, and undeniably expresses a vigorous and probably sincere effort to evolve a new architecture. Its expressiveness, whether or not it suggests a court-house, was questioned earlier in this article. The query stands.

Regardless of this point, its design, considered only from an architectural point of view, should conform to certain axiomatic laws of architecture. Few will deny that the tower lacks design in itself and in its relation to the main building.

Few, on the other hand, would deny that the main façade possesses vigorous and well-articulated design. Perhaps the massive entrance portal makes overmuch ado about the two small doors it embraces, and perhaps the sculpture, effective and decorative as it is, gives a slightly uneasy reminder of the manner in which architectural sculpture was being handled by the modern German architects immediately before the war.

Regardless of these and other more or less unreconcilable qualities, this monument to the spirit of architectural adventure is by no means a building to be either ridiculed or ignored. The impulses that created it may one day come to exert far-reaching influence on the architectural thought of the future.

Also in the West, though the work of an Eastern architect, the design for the State Capitol of Nebraska looms up as something of an enigma. The architect undoubtedly wanted to rear a new kind of building in a new country. As a practical consideration, he wanted a tower that could be seen for many miles across the flat prairies. These were both admirable ideas, yet the building itself seems in some subtle, yet insistent, way, to contradict itself. Is it a tall, vertical building or a low, horizontal building with a tower? Somehow it seems to be neither. The tower dwarfs the building, because a tower is a jealous thing and brooks no infringement of its majesty. If a tower be reduced until it ceases to dominate the building, it becomes little more than a cupola. Probably two

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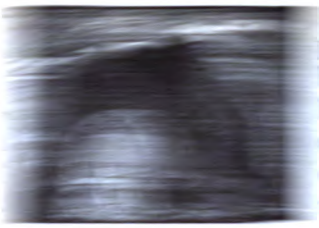

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"Jeshurun Waxed Fat"

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Drawings by F. LUIS MORA

IT WAS an evening at Chet McAusland's farm, on the hill above Fraternity. Chet and I had been all day in the woodcock covers with the dogs, Reck and Frenchy, and with the ghost of old Tantrybogus going on before us. We had come home to a heaping supper of fried woodcock, boiled potatoes, sweet salt pork, squash, doughnuts, cheese, and Mrs. McAusland's incomparable biscuits, with pie to follow after. When Chet's chores were done, we went down to Will Bissell's store to brag about our day's bag and get the mail; and now we were at home again, and Chet, to confirm his recollection in connection with an ancient catch of trout of which he spoke, brought from the desk in the front room an old leather-backed account-book and conned its yellowing pages.

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September 2, 1892. Abbie Grant says Uncle Jed's pain is worse. He 's not long for this world.

July, 1895. That pain in Uncle Jed's insides still hangs on. It will be the death of him.

August 2, 1898. Deborah Grant was here to-day. The old man still breathes.

May, 1900. Uncle Jed is still alive and kicking.

When I had finished reading these items aloud, Chet drew his chin back against his neck and laughed with that robust vigor which is characteristic of him; and I, without at all understanding the jest, nevertheless laughed in sympathy.

"But it seems to me," I suggested, "that the record ends here a bit abruptly. What happened to the old man, anyway?"

"That was old Uncle Jed Grant," Chet told me, tears of mirth in his

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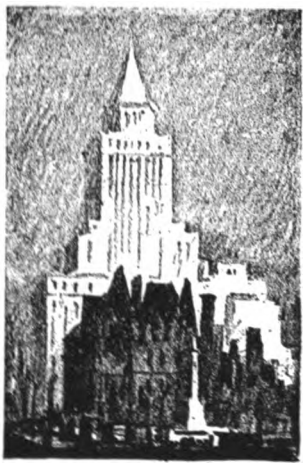
fundamentally different types of building cannot consistently be combined in one design.

Architectural thought, too, in this example, has sought to avoid as far as possible historic stylistic precedent in detail, although this avoidance has not been carried to the radical extreme of the Sioux City Court-House. The result is a sort of "middle grayness," a position of something like an architectural neutrality. There is interesting evidence, however, of that spirit of adventure that keeps architectural thought from becoming reactionary.



The Heckscher Building, New York
Warren & Wetmore, architects

A great undeveloped field of design possibilities for the tall building was recently discovered, as is the way with most discoveries, quite accidentally, and architectural thought has risen vigorously to the opportunity. A New York City building law of recent enactment decrees that as a building is carried upward, its upper stories must recede gradually, and in stages prescribed by a specific ratio to the height.

Even a flat silhouette of the great Fisk Building, in New York City, will declare at once that here is large design, design in its essence, and not linear design or even design of areas. The new law has created the fortunate necessity of designing in masses. As a treatment of the tall building this new requirement brings about a scheme that is very effective because it is architecturally logical. It is natural that anything mounting skyward should diminish in bulk as it ascends.

As a specific advantage, this decreasing of mass does away with the necessity of a cornice and substitutes something better, a profile. It is very difficult to give a cornice a proper or effective scale at any very great height. It has long been the fashion to embellish the crowning stories of a tall building with a considerable amount of detailed ornament, but with the necessity of effecting the required diminution of bulk, the fortunate result is that the uppermost part of the tall building will now be designed instead of being merely detailed.

The Heckscher Building and the Cunard Building, in New York, seem more vigorous in their design because of this more logical termination. Conforming to the law, architectural thought has turned the situation to splendid account, and in a technical restriction has opened up a limitless opportunity.

The Heckscher Building affords a rather interesting illustration of the tremendously great importance of the larger aspects of architectural design over the lesser question of detail and style. This building happens to be designed in the early French Renaissance style of Francis I, but, given the same general mass, any one of several other styles could have been used.

The new pyramidal profiles conjure up a prophetic vision of great Babylonian buildings, with terraces and

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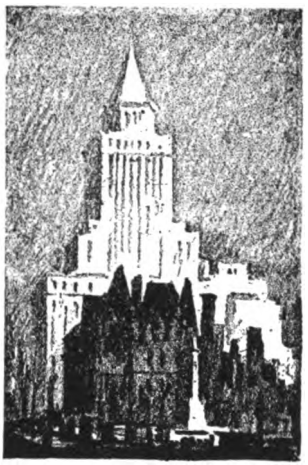

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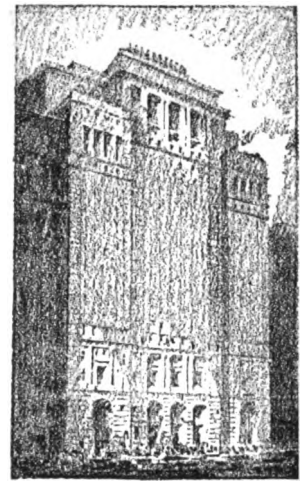
gardens flaunting themselves hundreds of feet in the air. These new buildings have not one, but many roof areas, and the city-dwellers of the future will undoubtedly find varied and interesting uses for their terraces in the sky.

Another illustration is found in the Cunard Building, bringing out the reasoned nature of architectural design that was referred to earlier. A great height and a great facial area are both skilfully mitigated by excellently reasoned division and treatment of the space. The entire huge mass of the building is resting on a substantial base, above which the embellishment of the second-story windows expresses the existence of important rooms within. The slight recessing of the center portion of the building makes a good vertical break and produces an effect of two strong corner towers. The recessing of a part of the uppermost stories gives strong mass design. The colonnade and the cornice are survivals of the accustomed treatment of the tall building, and in this one they are excellently managed. All the parts of this great façade are lucidly separated and logically treated. It is a work of reason and the product of a reasoning mind.



The Cunard Building, New York City
Benjamin Wistar Morris, architect

Stylistically, the trend of architectural thought is not any more easily discernible than it has ever been. It must be sought in those aspects of architecture that are larger than style. The architects of the larger and more important buildings are designing more than ever before in styles that are adaptable to modern uses and modern tastes. This accounts for the increasing prevalence of the Italian Renaissance style, and of certain types of Georgian English. The Georgian Colonial style, our own architectural heritage, has never been so extensively used in designing large buildings as it could be and as it should be. There has been a distinct swing away from the modern French manner, and it is safe to say that the architectural character of Renaissance Italy is at least the point of departure of the greater part of current architectural expression in this country.

But the vogue of styles is not so much an index of architectural thought as of architectural preference and expediency. Architectural thought is evidenced fundamentally in the broader concept of design. The large building of to-day, notably the large office building of the Cunard type, is more a thing of reasoned design than ever before. Its parts are logically and intelligently articulated, and the relative masses of the principal parts mean something. There is a new and very promising tendency to design in solids rather than in lines and areas. Architects are getting away from the old paper architecture, which looked fair in a drawing, but actually produced many thin, brittle buildings.

Moreover, the larger profiles of the masses, which are now the main elements of design, are far more interest-

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ing than the detail. Detail, meaning moldings, ornamental panels, balustrades, and the like, is coming to mean less and less in the sum total of the building's whole effect. It is true that these details, taken separately and at close range, are being done with more architectural erudition and finesse than in past years, but the promising thing is that they are treated as details both in their relative scale and in their quantity and disposition. Time was, not so long ago, when architects lost their heads over detail and quite overlooked the larger essentials of design, losing sight of the fact that no building can be made up of a profusion of details alone, no matter how fine they are.

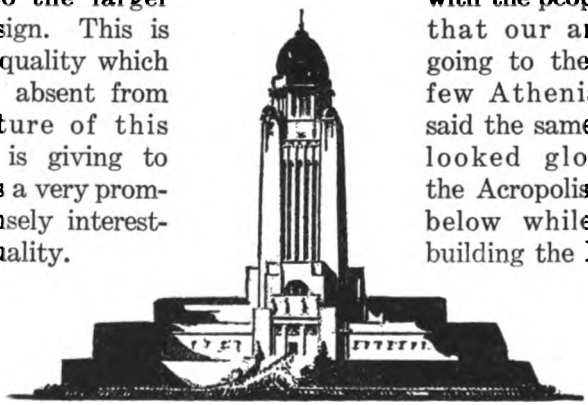
People's Savings and Loan Association, Sidney, Ohio
Louis H. Sullivan, architect

Our current architectural thought, then, is utilizing detail logically and intelligently, and is addressing itself with a new vigor and enthusiasm to the larger aspects of design. This is resulting in a quality which has long been absent from the architecture of this country, and is giving to larger buildings a very promising and intensely interesting pictorial quality.

To appreciate the pictorial quality that a building may possess, look at it on a misty day or at twilight, so that you can see it devoid of distracting details. And do you think in terms of manner, which produces style, or in terms of design, which gives the real expression of the architect's vision? Architecture possesses, in abundant measure, both manner and substance.

In substance our architecture is growing constantly more complex, but, fortunately and perhaps necessarily, it is also growing more reasoned. There is very little experimentation or exploitation of egotistic originality in the more important buildings of this country to-day. It is a period of architectural sanity, combined with architectural ingenuity and a remarkable degree of consistency.

I have very little patience with the people who contend that our architecture is going to the dogs. Not a few Athenians probably said the same thing as they looked gloomily up at the Acropolis from the city below while Ictinus was building the Parthenon.



State Capitol, Lincoln, Nebraska
Bertram G. Goodhue, architect

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By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Drawings by F. LUIS MORA

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When he had found that which he sought, he laid the book down between us, and as he talked, I picked it up and looked it through, idly. The covers were worn and ragged with age, and there was a flap upon the one that entered a slit upon the other, holding the book securely closed. The pages were filled with entries in pencil or in pen, and some of these were concerned with matters of business concluded twenty years before; and some recorded the results of days with rod or gun; while here and there, dropped at random, were paragraphs or pages devoted to casual incidents that had struck Chet's fancy through a space of forty years. On one such series I chanced, and read the entries through, first to myself, and then, with some amusement, aloud. They ran in this wise:

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When I had finished reading these items aloud, Chet drew his chin back against his neck and laughed with that robust vigor which is characteristic of him; and I, without at all understanding the jest, nevertheless laughed in sympathy.

"But it seems to me," I suggested, "that the record ends here a bit abruptly. What happened to the old man, anyway?"

"That was old Uncle Jed Grant," Chet told me, tears of mirth in his

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eyes. "I could tell you things about Uncle Jed that 'u'd surprise you."

Mrs. McAusland called from the kitchen to warn me that if I did n't look out I 'd get Chet started; but I reassured her, and bade Chet tell on. That which follows is the substance of his telling.

§ 2

This Jedidiah Grant, so Chet assured me, was by all odds the meanest man that ever dwelt in Fraternity, where to be mean and to be miserly are synonymous.

"Why," said Chet, "he was so mean he would n't let you see him laugh; fear it 'u'd tickle you." And he began to chuckle at some recollection, so that it was necessary to spur him before he would go on.

"I was thinking," he explained, "of the time Jed went down to Boston. Went to turn some gold into greenbacks. This was after the war, when the greenbacks was 'way down. Jed had made some money boot-legging in Bangor, and he see a chance to make some more. Trip did n't cost him a thing, because a couple of Boston men asked him to come down."

He had met these men in Bangor, it appeared.

"They 'lowed I uz a side-show," Jed told Chet. "I knowed they thought so, but long as they paid my way, I did n't mind. Went along down and did my business at the bank. Then they took me to supper at a tavern and tried to git me drunk; got drunk theirselves. Then we went to a show. Say, Chet, they was the funniest man in that show I ever see. I set between these two, and they kep' a-looking at me, and I was like to bust, I wanted to laugh so bad. I never did see such a funny man. But I did n't much as grin; it near killed me. Say, when I got into bed that night, I like' to died laughing, just thinking about him. But they did n't know that."

"I asked him," Chet explained, "why he did n't want to laugh in the theater, and he says, 'I would n't give them two that much satisfaction.' So he saved it up till he got alone. That 's how mean he was."

This man had been born in Fraternity, and his brother Nehemiah and his sisters Abigail and Deborah always lived in the town. No one of them was ever to marry. They were dwelling together in the house where their father and mother had lived when Jed came back to Fraternity and settled

Jedidiah Grant

down to a business in usury, lending out money on iron-clad notes, and collecting on the nail. He was a timorous man, forever fearful lest by force or by stealth he be robbed of the tin box of paper that represented his fortune; therefore he hid the box

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ingeniously, sharing the secret with no living man.

Jed was already old, and his sixtieth birthday came in 1881. He had bought a little hillside farm, where he lived alone; but in that year his loneliness became oppressive to him, and he sought out his brother 'Miah with a proposal that he had carefully planned.

Before 'Miah's eyes old Jed spread out all the kingdoms of the world. That is to say, he showed his brother the tin box of notes, showed all his wealth to the other man. He was worth at this time twenty thousand dollars, a fortune in Fraternity.

"It 's this a-way, 'Miah," he explained. "I 'm a-getting old, and mighty feeble sometimes. Can't do for myself like I used. I could hire somebody to take care of me, but that don't look just right. Seems like what I got ought to stay in the family, 'Miah. Don't it look that way to you?"

It did. 'Miah had no love for his brother; there was no basis for any such love, since Jed had gouged him as hungrily as he had gouged other men. Nevertheless, there was in Jed's money a powerful conciliatory factor, and 'Miah, though weaker, was as avaricious as the older man. He asked:

"What you heading at, anyway?"

"This here, 'Miah," Jed replied. "You come on over here and fix to live with me and look out for me. You 're younger than I be, and I ain't a well man, anyway. You do for me long as I live, and I 'll fix it so you heir my prop'ty. Ain't that a right fair thing?"

'Miah did not consider over-long. The duties proposed to him were burdensome, but the rewards were proportionately great. He did insist on a formal will, which Jed drew and signed and delivered into 'Miah's custody. Thereafter the younger brother moved from the home farm, leaving the sisters to dwell there alone with a hired man for help, and came to live with the old miser.

Jed began almost at once to prosper on this care. He contributed to the support of the household nothing whatever.

"'T ain't in the bargain," he insisted when 'Miah complained. "And, besides," he added, "all I got is a-going to come to you." He contributed nothing, yet demanded everything: victuals of his choice and plenty of them, the daily paper to read, and a regular allowance of gin. He demanded these things, and got them. Passers used to see him sitting in the sun before the house door, as slothful as a serpent, his little black eyes twisting this way and that in a beady fashion that completed the likeness. He had been spare and thin; he began to put on flesh. But as the angles of his frame became more rounded, the edges of his tongue became keener, and he cut 'Miah with sharp words day by day.

'Miah was a spineless man; nevertheless the hour came when he rebelled. It is impossible to say how this ultimate dissension was begun; the sources of such quarrels are often lost in the flood of recriminations which arise from them. 'Miah, in a futile, shrill-voiced manner, lost his temper, but Jed did not. The older man goaded the other with edged words, observing with malign amusement his brother's rising anger, till 'Miah suddenly became silent, turned away, and without word began to gather his few belongings. Jed, having watched him for a time, asked:

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"'Git Doctor Crapo, 'Miah. I 'm a-dying'"

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"What you a-doing, 'Miah?"

"I got enough of you," 'Miah told him, sullenly. "I 'm going back home."

Persisting in a stubborn silence, he continued his preparations all that morning; and Jed, at first jeering and incredulous, was forced to accept the other's intention. It was in this crisis that he conceived the artifice that was to become a part of his life. 'Miah, in the bedroom, heard Jed groan; he paid no heed, and his brother groaned again. This time the younger man came to the door and looked at Jed, suspiciously. The miser was bent forward in his chair, hugging himself and groaning more and more. 'Miah asked petulantly:

"What 's the matter with you?" And Jed gasped, as though in agony:

"Git Doctor Crapo, 'Miah. I 'm a-dying. I got a turrible pain in my stummick."

'Miah studied him; he said incredulously:

"It 's belly-ache."

Jed wagged his wicked old head and groaned again.

"All right, 'Miah; but git the doctor, anyhow. I 'm a-dying, sure."

There was always a chance that this might be true. 'Miah sent for the doctor, and Doctor Crapo, a young man then and not so wise as he would later be, questioned Jed, and took pulse and temperature, and said with some solemnity:

"I don't know. You 've got no fever, but your heart is jumpy. I guess— Well, you 're getting along, you know. If this pain is what you say, it 's just the beginning of one of those ailments that come on old men sometimes. Nothing I can do for it at your age."

"It 's a-killing me," Jed pleaded weakly, and the doctor said:

"Well, I can physic you, of course; but if it 's just a stomach-ache, it will stop anyway, and if it 's something worse, physic won't do a bit of good."

"This ain't no stummick-ache," said Jed and groaned again.

The doctor nodded, and he and 'Miah went out of the room together. 'Miah took this chance to ask:

"How about it, Doc?"

"May be bad," the doctor told him. "Looks like the beginning of one of those torturing deaths that some men die. Months, maybe years, of that pain, getting worse all the time. And —his heart is bad."

"He 'll maybe die?"

"Might go any time," said Doctor Crapo, and drove away.

Now, this was in 1883. Chet McAusland had recorded the first appearance of that pain in the old notebook that I still held in my hand. The effect of Jed's artifice was that 'Miah did not, after all, desert his brother. Actuated by the avaricious thought that since he had endured three years of servitude for no return, he might as well endure another period, now that the reward was in sight, he stayed on at the little hillside farm. The next spring he died and was laid away. Old Jed had read his brother well; he grinned to himself because he had been able to buy 'Miah's services with empty promises and nothing more, and the incident gave him confidence. He lived for a few months alone.

§ 3

But in 1885 Jed's native sloth rebelled at the necessity for tending his own bodily needs, and he sent for his

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sister Abigail, who lived with Deborah on their father's farm—sent for Abbie, and showed her, as he had showed 'Miah, that tin box of ugly treasure-trove.

"I 'm a-getting feeble, Abbie," he told her, plaintively. "I 'm too old to do for myself." With some inward appreciation of the satiric drama of the situation, he parroted the phrases he had used to 'Miah four years before. "I could hire somebody, but that don't look right. What I got ought to stay in the family. You come and take care of me."

"'I 'm a-getting feeble, Abbie'"

This spinster sister was a humble little woman without strength or assertiveness; she yielded not from greed, but from lack of strength to resist his insistence, and so came to the farm upon the hill. Chet, telling the story, struck his fist upon his knee at the recollection.

"There 's nobody knows what he put her through, and Deborah after her," he told me. "That old heathen had to have his own way or he 'd raise holy Ned; and he got it. Abbie stood it longer than 'Miah; she never did kick up and threaten to leave him. But after two years she took sick and discouraged-like, and wanted to quit and go home. Then Jed he begun to say again how sick he was; made her fetch the doctor again."

This time, it appeared, Doctor Crapo had been wholly convinced of the miser's honesty.

"A pain like that," he told Jed, "is always a sure sign. I 've seen them go. Specially men that eat heavy, like you do, and that get fat as they go along. You 're going to have that pain the rest of your life, and worse all the time."

Abbie was in the room, and Jed asked plaintively:

"Hev I got to suffer like this here for days and days, Doc?"

"Months, maybe years," said the doctor, implacably.

Jed shook his head, turned wearily toward the wall.

"It ain't a-going to be that long," he assured them. "I can't stand it so long as you say."

Before this pitiable resignation, Abbie had neither the courage nor the selfishness to leave her brother alone; so she struggled on, tending the dying man. But five years later he was still alive, as venomous and as slothful as he had ever been, when Abigail at last gave way. She suffered what would have passed as a nervous breakdown in a woman of more sheltered life, and needed Jed's care far more than he needed hers. When she would have taken to her bed, however, Jed kept

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stubbornly to his, so that she drove herself meekly to her round of tasks, and wept with the agony of tight-wrung nerves. It was release when, in the following spring, she died. Jed grinned at the fact that her years of service had brought her no reward at all, and the day after the funeral he sent for Deborah.

§ 4

"By that time," Chet assured me, "everybody in town knowed about Uncle Jed and this pain of his, and from now on he talked about it more. You stop to see him any day, and he 'd groan and take on in a way that 'u'd surprise you. He stayed in bed all the time, in a room all shut up tight, reading his papers and drinking his gin and eating all the time. Deborah took good care of him; she was that kind of a woman. She had backbone, but she was built to take care of folks, and half the town had had her in when folks was sick. There was times when she threatened to leave him, but she never did, him always saying he was about to die."

There were skeptics, it appeared. Doctor Crapo himself was at last beginning to suspect the old miser's play-acting.

"If he 'd had that pain all this time," he told Deborah, "he 'd be howling with it night and day or dead long ago. He 's a lazy hound; that 's all, Miss Grant."

But Deborah would not altogether be convinced, and when Jed heard the

"'If I 'd yell and take on, you 'd believe me'"

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doctor's words, he wagged his head and said pathetically:

"That 's what I git for bearing it so brave'. If I 'd yell and take on, you 'd believe me; but because I keep my mouth shut and stand these torments, you think I 'm lying."

So Deborah stayed with him. There was no avarice in her, but there was the instinct for service, and some trace of blood affection for this worthless brother, last of her kin alive. She gave him pitying and tender care, and the old man, in his slothful bed, fattened enormously, till it was scarcely possible for him to move at all. Yet in May, 1900, he was, as Chet had recorded, still alive and kicking; and in June of that year Deborah suddenly died.

§ 5

This woman was loved in Fraternity, and with reason. To the funeral services in the little farm-house came more men and women than could be crowded within doors. Jed, abed in the next room, listened to the minister's slow and reverent words with a derisive grin. One or two people came in to speak to him, charitably, as people do at such hours. There was an element of martyrdom about the woman's death that awed them, glorifying even the ugly ceremonies of the funeral.

Jed did not feel this at all. He was amusing himself with his own reflections, and as the service drew toward its end he became so absorbed in his own thoughts that he was not aware when the stirring of feet marked the departure of the little cortège. The last man and the last woman left the house to follow what was left of Deborah to her grave, and five minutes after they were gone Jed realized that he was alone.

Not at first sure of this, he called out; but no one answered. When he knew that he would not be overheard, the fat man began to chuckle and shake with mirth at thought of how he had tricked his brother and his sisters; how, trading upon their avarice and their faint love for him, he had bought their lives with empty promises, never to be fulfilled.

But after a little this amusement passed; it gave way to a desire to talk to some one, share this jest with them. He called out once more, but no answer came to his call.

The realization that he was in fact utterly alone, the abrupt possibility that hereafter he would always be alone, with no tender hands to serve him, startled the old man, and somewhat affrighted him. He was aware of a tremor of fear at the prospect of the loneliness that lay ahead, and because he wished to reassure himself, give evidence that power still dwelt in him, he decided to get out of bed.

With some effort he pushed away the heavy coverlets with which he was accustomed to swaddle his vast body, and tried to swing his feet to the floor, lift his bulk from the bed. He struggled for an instant, then fell back with white face and staring eyes, and the sweat of fear upon his forehead.

For the first time in his life he had suddenly been stricken with a terrific pain in his bowels. He had never suffered this agony before, yet knew it for what it was; knew it for one of those shafts of anguish that presage months or years of torment, with no relief save a torturous death at the end.

He whispered, with stiff and horror-stricken lips, "I 'm a-dying." This time he spoke truth. He had, in fact, at last begun to die.

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My Friend John Burroughs[1]

By HAMLIN GARLAND

JOHN BURROUGHS came of a long line of farmer folk and woodsmen. His grandsire, in 1795, cut his way across the timbered divide into the valley of the Pepacton, and hewed a farm from the mountain-side nearly two thousand feet above tide-water.

It was on these rugged ancestral acres that Johnny Burroughs spent his childhood and youth, taking a hand in all the slow and backbreaking methods of husbandry that the time and the place made necessary. It is a stern land, rocky, timbered, and steep; a man's country and a man's climate. The summers are short, and the winters long and bitter.

The Burroughs homestead faced the east, and hence the most impressive objects in the boy's landscape were the high hills across the valley, peaks which must have seemed like a lofty mountain-chain to his childish eyes. Back of the house stood another, nearer height, dark and forbidding at nightfall, which was part of the farm, a source of fire-wood in winter and of maple-sugar in the spring.

John was one of a numerous family, "mostly boys and girls." It was necessary that all hands should be applied to the task of scraping a living off those stony slopes. Money was scarce, and clothing hard to get; hence it follows that schooling was as thin and scanty as the soil.

In all these limitations John's life was typical. He drove oxen, carried buckets of sap, hoed potatoes, swung the scythe and the cradle and chopped wood, sharing in all ways the varied tasks of a farmer in the forties. Only for a few weeks in the winter was he allowed to go to school, at first in the little stone school to the north, later in the red school-house of the district to the south. Yet his boyish heart was filled with a growing desire to do something out in the great world, which he glimpsed as he rode to market with his father on a load of wheat, or sensed in some degree in the words of some book or newspaper.

He was a variant from the stock. How this difference between himself and his brothers arose we do not know; it sprang out of the fundamental mystery of personality. It was due to the driving power of what we call "genius," the inexplicable urge which at that same time was filling the heart of William Dean Howells, a barefooted printer's boy standing at his case in a small Ohio town. No matter what John Burroughs's brothers might say, he was as determined to get away from the farm and to do something in the world beside milk cows and pitch manure as he was to learn to spell.

This was due not to a hatred of work in itself, but to a desire for better things, or what the boy considered better things. He was a good worker. He shirked nothing on the farm, but

[1] For some of the dates in this article I am indebted to "John Burroughs Boy and Man," by Dr. Clara Barrus.

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he was not content to think of being merely a farmer. He ached for larger action.

There were not many openings for an ambitious youth in the valley at that time. The only congenial employment open to John was that of teaching, and therefore at seventeen he left home to become the master of a school thirty or forty miles away from Roxbury. For nearly ten years he earned his living in this way, now here, now there, though a precarious living it was. The wolf was almost always near at hand, if not actually at the door, his voice heard in the dark of the mountain midnight.

John's real education began when, in his eighteenth year, he took his first ride on the "steam-cars" down to the almost mythical city of New York. In telling about this trip he always made a point of his firm belief that the train started very abruptly, and that it was necessary to safeguard one's hat. The coaches were rude, the seats hard, and the dust was annoying; but it was a noble ride, nevertheless, the first great event in his life.

It is highly significant to record that he spent almost his last dollar at a second-hand book-shop and that he carried that bundle of precious volumes on his back over the final twelve miles of his homeward journey, and did it on an empty stomach, every cent of his money having gone to pay his return fare. As I run over the list of the books he bore that day, I wonder that his back was not broken, for he carried among others, St. Pierre's "Studies of Nature," Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," the works of Dr. Johnson, Spurzheim's "Phrenology," and the works of Thomas Dick! Certainly it was a most heroic load for a hungry youth on a mountain road.

§ 2

Like many another receptive mind at that time, John's first real inspiration came from a reading of Emerson, though, strange to say, the reading was done not in Kingston, but in Chicago and Buffalo Grove, a near-by Illinois town, whereto he had adventured during his nineteenth summer, a romantic excursion quite in keeping with the westward urge of the day.

This glimpse of the West was important in other ways. It gave young Burroughs a concept of the prairie, and enabled him to forecast in some degree the marvelous possibilities of the Mississippi Valley. Just how he was able to break away from Delaware County I cannot understand, for he once related to me the story of an uncle who kept his valise all packed under his bed for half a year, vowing every Saturday night that he would start west on Monday. The uncle never succeeded in leaving the valley, but Johnny Burroughs, a youngster and engaged to be married, moved by an impulse to explore new fields, managed somehow to migrate.

Even in John's case it was only an excursion, for notwithstanding his success as a teacher, and despite the library and his new-made friends in Buffalo Grove, something drew him back to his native valley to renew the struggle to make a living. Perhaps he was recalled by his love for Ursula North, though I like to imagine that he was drawn by something which no mere person, however attractive, could counteract or misdirect. Whatever the motive, whether homesickness or a promise to Ursula, this much is cer-

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tain: he returned to Roxbury and remained on the old homestead till the day of his marriage, which occurred just before his twenty-first birthday.

Hardly more than a boy, with only his pay as a teacher or a farm laborer on which to maintain a household, his life problem was further complicated by his steadfast desire to write. In fact, he had already begun to compose essays, somewhat in the manner of Emerson, on "Expression," "Revolutions," "Progress," and other grandly abstract subjects, papers which had little value except as practice for his pen and consolation for his hours of loneliness.

The years lying between 1857 and 1863 were years of struggle, filled with poverty, doubt, and discouragement, almost with despair. At the urging of his ambitious young wife he tried to get into something more lucrative than teaching, but failed. He read medicine, and gave it up; he tried without success to write acceptable articles; and, worst of all, he ceased to make progress in any direction. "Seemingly all I could do, except till the earth, was to teach, and this inability to earn a respectable living disturbed my ambitious young wife, who resented the pity of her former classmates."

It was at this period of disheartenment that he wrote his noble poem "Waiting," which seems now to have been the expression of a subconscious conviction that somehow, sometime, his own would come to him. Yet the poem, when printed, had no perceptible effect on his fortunes. No one spoke of it; nothing came of it.

June, 1863, was another notable month in his calendar, for it was then that he met Emerson on the parade-ground at West Point, and also began the reading of a series of books that changed his whole outlook on life, awakened in him a new and definite ambition, and filled him with glowing enthusiasm. Of these books he says, "I was teaching at the time in the little town of Highland Falls, a few miles below West Point, and it was in the library at the academy that I chanced upon Audubon's monumental volumes 'The Birds of America.' "

He had already reached James Russell Lowell and "The Atlantic Monthly" with an essay on "Expression," a piece of writing which seemed almost too good to be the work of a country school-teacher; nevertheless, it had been accepted and was about to be published. Burroughs himself, however, perceived its imitative quality. "It was to rid myself of the Emerson style," he said, "that I had turned my attention to back-country themes—themes which were native to me."

In the midst of this resolve to tramp the woods and fields, the contact of his mind with the work of Audubon was of enormous importance in his development. As he has himself declared in print: "It was like bringing fire to tow. I was ripe for adventure. I was in a good bird country. How eagerly and joyously I took up the study! It turned my enthusiasm into a new channel. It gave my walks a new delight. It made me look upon every grove and wood as a new storehouse of possible treasure."

To his love of back-country habits and customs and people he now added a keen desire to know the birds and to write of them. In this way the John Burroughs whom the world was to honor came into being. He had entered upon his distinctive field of literature, for even in this he was the

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writer first; the naturalist was only secondary.

This was in the midst of the Civil War, however, and for a time he could make only desultory studies. Uneasy and distraught, he could write on no subject but the war. He had a guilty sense of shirking, and so to his friend Allen, just after the disastrous Battle of Chicamauga, he wrote:

"I am thinking of enlisting. I want to do something. I am not content to stay here and teach school or farm."

Allen in reply stated the other side of the case.

"God forbid that I should throw a straw in the way of patriotism now. Our country needs sacrifices, but I don't see that the demand is such that you need to enlist. . . . What you would sacrifice would be immense. I need not tell you that your after life will depend very much on the way in which the next three or four years are spent, toward your development."[1]

The sickness of his wife soon after this time brought upon Burroughs the threefold rôle of nurse, housekeeper, and teacher, and his plan for enlisting was, as he stated, "knocked in the head." He gave up for the summer all hope of going to war, and it was not till October that he found himself in Washington on his way to enlist.

Here again fate led him in the right direction, for it was not long before he came into comradeship with Walt Whitman, whose influence on him was immediate and fundamental. Furthermore, distance lent enchantment to his native landscape, permitted him to view it in perspective. He saw its hills and streams through a haze of homesickness, a longing which put an aureole around every hill and tree. At a desk in the Treasury Department, in which he became a guard, he began to write. "While facing the blank side of a big iron door I wrote 'Wake Robin' and other of my sketches," he once said to me.

In the cramping space and half-light of that gloomy place in Washington he dreamed of the radiant valley of the Pepacton, and heard the foxes squall around the dark summit of Old Clump. In imagination he saw the flights of birds along the Delaware. In the silence of his granite corridor he kept the clock of the seasons. Slowly, tenderly, he began to write the pages which were in effect his longings for the open air and the sun. Even when he spoke of this to me long afterward his voice took on a tender droop.

"I seized every opportunity to get into the woods. Every holiday, every Sunday, found me wandering about the hills of Rock Creek. I was like a prisoner paroled for the day. That is how I came to miss hearing Lincoln on the occasion of his second inaugural. I wanted to make the most of my day off."

Despite this keen delight in nature, notwithstanding his daily writing about birds and flowers and streams, his first book was controversial and not at all a treatise on outdoors. It was a book on Whitman, "Poet and Person." That this writing took precedence of "Wake Robin" was due to his love of Walt and his desire to defend him from the storm of denunciation which had followed the republication of "Leaves of Grass." John was a loyal friend, and could not sit silent when his high priest of the open road was being maligned.

Emerson, Audubon, Whitman—

[1] From "John Burroughs Boy and Man," by Dr. Clara Barrus.

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these were the great teachers who each in a special way profoundly instructed the farmer from the Catskills, and of the three it is hard to say which one most influenced him. He was thirty years old at this time, a stocky, bright-eyed, brown-bearded man of quiet manner and rustic speech.

For nearly ten years he made his home in Washington, breaking his exile, however, by frequent returns to his native hills in summer-time. In the course of his duties as treasury guard he went to England with a shipment of government bonds, a mission which enabled him to meet some English men of letters and to make some valuable observations on English country life and landscape, though all the while his love for his native hills was intensified. To his friend Benton he wrote: "I feel like a fowl with no gravel in its gizzard. I am hungry for the earth; I could eat it like a horse," expressions which only a farmer could use or fully understand. At last, in the spring of 1873, he resigned his job in Washington and returned to the Hudson River Valley.

In the effort to satisfy his craving for the soil he purchased nine acres of land on the west bank of the Hudson midway between Newburg and Kingston, and there in the autumn of the same year of leaving Washington he set about building his permanent home. Having been appointed federal bank examiner for the region roundabout, he was able for several years to combine his love of the soil and his planting with an official position which yielded him a living while his trees and vines were coming to fruitage.

His wanderings had ceased. He had found his home—a home which satisfied him. Within easy reach of the Roxbury homestead, in the midst of a wonderfully populous bird country, he began the work which was evidently adapted to his hand. Busy and contented, he developed his vineyard, and put forth book after book of intimate studies of flower, bird, and field. "Winter Sunshine," and "Pepacton" followed, and in magazines and newspapers his strong and characteristic name became increasingly familiar.

"My life was not dependent on the sale of my books," he explained. "I made my vineyard pay. In some years I raised as many as forty tons of grapes." He said this with pride and some humor, as if it took more skill to make the vineyard pay than it did to write his books.

§ 3

Although I began to read Burroughs in the late seventies, I cannot be quite sure of our first meeting. I am inclined to think that it was in 1889.

It could not have been long after this that I met Burroughs at a New York club. He was a brown-bearded man just beginning to go gray, or so he seems to me as I strive to recall him. He seemed smaller than I and a little stooped, but he moved alertly, and spoke with quiet authority on many subjects. I liked him at once and I think that I, perhaps, interested him as an output of the prairie; anyhow, our correspondence continued. His letters were all in his own hand and usually in faded ink, as if he had let the bottle freeze, which, as I afterward came to know, was the fact.

For six years we met infrequently in New York City, never at "Riverby," as he called his place at West Park; but in 1895, when I was about to go

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to West Point in pursuit of material for a life of Grant, I wrote him that I was coming, and he replied as follows:

West Park, Dec. 8, 1895.

Dear Garland: I am not tramping much now-a-days—I am building a retreat on some wild land I have purchased—a big stone chimney I am building with my own hands. It is great fun.

On the day after Christmas he wrote again:

I hope you can come this way, and spend at least a day with me. I cannot promise to keep you overnight, matters in the kitchen are so uncertain, but we can have a pleasant day together, and if things are at their worst, we can take our dinner over in Whitman Land. [By this he meant Slabsides.] I have taken my dinner there every day for a week—except Xmas—and have relished it immensely. The chimney of my hermitage is done, and we are putting on the slabs. Do come.

This letter is especially valuable, for it settles just when Slabsides was built, and it tells also something of the disturbing conditions at Riverby that made Slabsides a refuge.

It is no secret that in the judgment of his own family, as well as in that of his wife, writing was a foolish waste of time. His skill as a vineyardist had their unqualified respect, but to knock off tying up grapes in order to put down some observation concerning a bird or a chipmunk was ridiculous and productive of nothing but laughter on the part of the neighbors, one of whom is reported to have said, "Why all these people come around here to see old John Burroughs I can't see."

It was in self-defense against such folks that he built Slabsides in the thick forest one mile west of Riverby. There he received Whitman, Muir, and many others of his nature-loving friends. He had few "society" contacts.

In externals he was very much the farmer; only when he put his pen to paper did he show his power and his precision as a writer. He was never witty and seldom humorous in conversation. His discourse was homely, mellow with rustic common sense, or penetrating with the wisdom of the natural philosopher who was also the man of wide and careful reading.

In speech he was almost the direct antithesis of Howells, for Howells spoke, as he wrote, with exquisite precision and with rare humor. They were good friends, but widely separated in their ways of life. Howells loved nature and birds not for their scientific interest, but for their human association, while Burroughs cared very little for fiction of any kind. Each meant a great deal to me during those years, and I was able to share in some degree the enthusiasms of the naturalist without losing my interest in the fictionist.

§ 4

In 1900, when I first brought my wife to New York City, Burroughs was quick to call upon us, and as the years passed, my children came to the point of knowing "Oom John," whose long white hair and beard made him delightfully venerable to them, a kind of Santa Claus. He was not given to fondling children,—I am not sure that he ever took mine in his arms,—but there was something in his voice and eyes that won them. He never pressed his affection upon them even after they were old enough to know that he was a kind of household saint at our fireside.

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Once on his way to California he brought Mrs. Burroughs to dinner at my Chicago house, a notable visit, for it presented them both in holiday mood. They made a charming old-fashioned couple, she in shining black silk, he in rough-and-ready homespun, his halo of hair and beard and his noble head reminding me of Whitman.

He talked of John Muir, whom he expected to see again in California, and told of Muir's visit to him at Slabsides. "He 's a great man and a good man, and I like him," he explained, "but he is a wearisome man to have around. If you say 'two and two make four,' he is sure to retort: 'Aye, Johnny, but two and three make five. Now, how is that Johnny?' He always has something of his own to offer. He always holds the floor. He is interesting, but along about two in the morning he gets tiresome. He talks well, much better than he writes, but there is a limit to my powers of endurance. I am exhausted when he leaves me."

Roosevelt was another bond of sympathy between Burroughs and me, and always when we met we discussed him. "Roosevelt knows what he is talking about when he touches on birds and animals," Burroughs often said, and he was especially emphatic about this after one of their excursions into Virginia. "He taught me two new birds, while I taught him only one," he explained gleefully.

The President treated him with a mingled love and admiration, which was highly pleasing. "I felt like a personage with Roosevelt," he confessed, with an expression of humorous self-analysis in his voice. "It was like living near the center of some kind of national disturbance; and yet Roosevelt was never hurried or worried himself. He had an immense capacity for thinking in the midst of a crowd."

Once when some one was urging him to write his life, Burroughs said, "My life is not worth writing about; nothing ever happened to me." In a certain sense this was true, for his adventures were mostly internal; but he made things happen to several other people in 1903, when he wrote his celebrated article in opposition to romantic natural history—an article which brought Roosevelt to his aid with his caustic phrase "Nature-faking." Between them they made stormy weather for all careless or designedly "popular" animal historians. Nature-fakers soon took their rightful places in the minds of readers. To John Burroughs this was an event.

In this I had a part. Although in no sense a naturalist, I had grown up in the woods of Wisconsin and on the prairies of Iowa, and I had trailed in the Rocky Mountains enough to know something of its animal life; hence I was interested, and when my friends Ernest Thompson-Seton and Charles G. D. Roberts were involved, I was moved to take a hand. I had followed Seton's career from the beginning and I had read Roberts's stories with admiration. I knew Seton's careful methods of work, I had seen his note-books, and I could testify that his tales were based upon accurate notes and drawings in the field.

For these reasons I wrote to Burroughs in defense of Seton, and when I met him I went into detail on the subject.

"Seton is a story-teller, I admit, but his stories are based on careful observation," I stated in conclusion.

Burroughs was reasonable.

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"I like Seton and I like his stories, but I do not like them when issued as natural history," he replied. "The two forms of writing should be carefully separated. I did n't mean to include him or Roberts in my diatribe. They are both good men of the woods."

This gave me a friendly report to carry to Seton, and it happened that I was present when Burroughs made personal amends. It was at a dinner at Andrew Carnegie's house. Seton and I entered the reception-room together. Almost the first man we saw was Burroughs, who was in conversation with Hamilton Wright Mabie. I confess to being a bit apprehensive, for the fight on nature-faking was at its hottest, and all the papers were taking a somewhat malicious delight in repeating that Burroughs had "flayed" Seton.

Seton did the manly thing. Walking straight up to Uncle John, he offered his hand as if nothing had happened to mar their friendship, and Burroughs grasped it in the spirit in which it was offered, saying: "I did n't intend to bring you into my indictment, Seton. I was so mad at the fakers that my bile slopped over on some of my friends."

While this explanation was going on, others of the men in the room were smilingly regarding it in the light of a reconciliation, and so indeed it was. For the rest of the evening we three kept in close association. If I am not mistaken, Seton asked to be seated beside Burroughs at the table.

To my way of thinking there remained a fundamental difference between Burroughs and the younger men of that day. He refused to admit, and later in his published conclusions in "Ways of Nature" continued to minimize, the wide differences which arise between individual members of the same species, whereas Roberts and Seton and other observers made much of such "animal heroes."

On this question Burroughs sometimes found Roosevelt inclined to side with the story-tellers, and in my own discussions with him I called to his mind the amazing individuality in a litter of pigs, for example.

"There is always a bully who cuffs the others, a clown who 'cuts up,' and a meek little tit-man who whines of being cheated," I said. "As children we always recognized these differences and gave them names accordingly. Puppies and kittens vary in the same amusing way; so do ground-squirrels. Now, Seton and Roberts fix their eyes on the doings of these differing or exceptional creatures, while you are inclined to ignore the individual in the light of the general characteristics of a species. Furthermore, your use of 'instinct' is pretty inclusive."

"Perhaps I *do* work instinct pretty hard," he replied thoughtfully.

He was not a mystic. He had small regard for the vague or sentimental or speculative in philosophy. Neither was he prosaic. On the contrary, there is a lasting charm in his books, though they are never rhapsodic. He keeps his feet on the ground. "There is little of the moralist or preacher in me, but a good deal of the philosopher, the investigator," he says in one of his books.

As he grew in years he drew to himself a very large audience of young students who were able to follow him, repeat his discoveries, and verify his deductions for themselves. Burroughs's material was near at hand,

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homely, and accessible, and his expression clear and definite; hence his ever-widening audience of school-children and amateur naturalists. Inevitably, his books became texts for review in classes, and as a result he became the most venerated figure in our present-day group of writers, a veneration toward which Roosevelt undoubtedly contributed by means of his outspoken words of praise and his warm personal friendship. Slabsides and the Bark Study became shrines for an increasing number of pilgrims.

In 1909 John added a third and still more appealing workshop to his list. In a letter to me, written about 1910, he says:

I am back on the old farm at Roxbury, swinging a scythe over the very ground I helped to mow when a boy sixty years ago. I am in an old house on the farm my father owned, but it is not the home in which I was born. I call the cottage Woodchuck Lodge. Come and see me when you can.

This I promised to do, but it was not till 1917, after I had become a resident of the Catskills myself, that I was able to follow his trail and find his den.

One day in my camp in Onteora, in response to a timid rap, I opened my door to find a fair-haired young fellow, a stranger to me, standing on my threshold.

"John Burroughs is out here," he announced. "He has come to visit you."

Glancing toward the roadway, I saw "Oom John" engaged in manœvering a snorting, sputtering, protesting "flivver" into a position of repose on the steep slope of my front yard. He looked like an up-to-date Santa Claus as with a smile of pride he shut off his engine.

§ 5

This was the beginning of many neighborly interchanges, for Roxbury was only two hours' ride down the Schoharie valley, and a lovely ride we found it to be when we returned John's call a few weeks later. "Keep down the valley to Grand Gorge," he wrote, "then turn to the left for several miles. Just before you come into Roxbury cross the railway-track to the west, and climb the hill till you come to a small stone cottage. Leave this on your right hand and keep on angling up the slope till you come to a small farm-house with a front porch littered with books and woodchuck skins. That will be Woodchuck Lodge."

With this luminous description we could not go wrong. We made all the turns, angled the hill, and came at last to the cottage with the porch and the litter of books and woodchuck skins, and in the midst of it sat the white-haired old philosopher in a brown sweater, a rough shirt, and gray trousers.

It was a very humble cottage, without a particle of charm except in its view, which afforded a noble sweep of the valley far below and the high range of hills on the eastern horizon.

"That is the valley of the Delaware," John explained. "Pepacton is its Indian name—a name which I revived, though it is really the east fork of the Delaware. I 've come back to the scenes of my boyhood."

He spoke of the lack of beauty or picturesque quality in the place.

"It is just a poor little farm-house," he admitted. "I 've done nothing to it but add the porch."

It was in truth an ugly place. Its furniture and its wall-paper, its wood-

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work and its doors, were all indicative of the poverty of the man who had built it, but it expressed John's indifference to esthetic considerations. He liked to be comfortable, but had so little care about being "artistic" that he made no change in the decoration of the rooms. Aside from his books and his collection of wasp-nests, curious rocks, and roots, the rooms offered no special appeal.

Aside from his noble head and his white cloud of hair John was himself as plain as the house. His baggy trousers, his moosehide shoes, his faded sweater, and his rustic speech fitted in with the bare walls and stark simplicity of his home. It was difficult to relate him to the beauty and dignity of his books.

To many people he was a naturalist, a writer upon birds. To me he was above all else an essayist, a stylist of singular clarity and precision and beauty. The porch was a library as well as study. Here as elsewhere he was surrounded by books, and his files were filled with letters from poets and philosophers. It was his habit to read as it was his habit to observe.

He was not a linguist, as Howells was, for he knew no language except English, but he read widely in translations, especially in books on natural phenomena. His interest in contemporary events remained keen, a fact made evident to me by the presence on this hillside of the New York papers. He cared very little about painting or music or the stage, but his interest in philosophy, poetry, science, and descriptive prose was insatiate. Even here, on his porch, were some of the most recent philosophical books.

Near by stood the old barn from whose doorway he had made the studies for several of his later books, and in the driveway was a rude table, made of several boards nailed to the top of a dry-goods box, on which he had done the actual writing of many chapters. Sitting at this table, with a pen in his hand and a pair of field-glasses within reach, he was accustomed to observe and write for long hours. On this box he had written some of his most penetrating studies of the psychology of birds and small animals. It remains to say that he did not tell me of this; he was much more interested in showing me a hidden bird's nest or in calling to my attention the delicately etched form of a fern which he had discovered in the heart of a rock "millions of years old." There was very little of literary pretension in Burroughs.

§ 6

The lodge is high above Roxbury, and Roxbury itself is off the direct line of travel; and yet all day long at frequent intervals motor-cars climbed the hill in order that their passengers might catch a fleeting glimpse of the farmer-poet. He was not permitted to be lonely, and for the most part he was glad of this homage, at least when it appeared to be genuine.

"On Sundays visitors come in processions," he explained, "people of the Western States going East, and people from New England going West. Most of them tell me that they learned to read my books in the schools."

There were usually children in these motoring parties, especially those which came from near-by points. To see him moving about the yard or in the midst of the meadow with a group of youngsters following him, looking up at him, and listening while he

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talked of a bee, which he picked from a flower as if it were a berry, or of a little lizard, which he held in his hollowed palm, was to enjoy a charming picture of age and innocence.

Although a man of solitary habit of thought, he was notably gregarious. He loved his kind, especially in his later years, and was catholic in his loves—almost too much so for some of us who had not his capacity for shutting up and going off into Brahmanic meditation in the presence of bores. The throngs around him exhibited an extraordinary mixture: Vassar students, amiable frumps, aspiring young naturalists, poets, men of letters, Whitmanites, mystics, all kinds and conditions of men and women except those who are more interested in saying a smart thing than a true thing. He had no patience with such folk. In truth the highly sophisticated man or woman found nothing worth while in Burroughs. He was neither witty nor comic nor suggestive in his talk. He knew little and cared nothing for the activities of either the smart intellectual set or the smart social set.

While he was not a man of much humor, he could tell things which reflected on his own conceit with comic effect. His account of his experiences while learning to run his motor-car were amusing, and so were his confessions of social blundering; but for the most part he was a serious and rather taciturn companion.

In order to make my reader feel the kind of man he was, I must repeat myself. The gulf between the philosopher with his pen in his hand and the plain, homely old farmer who met you and talked with you in the road or on the porch was enormous. John Burroughs the man of letters was master, not merely of his subject, but of the English language; Uncle John, as he sat by my fire, was kindly, serious, rather negative, often a little remote; a countryman, interested in birds, the weather, the neighbors. It was hard for me, long as I had known him, to realize the immense range of his reading and the ground he had covered in his writing. It is only now, as I am rereading his books in their proper order, that I begin to estimate in something like just degree, the depth, and patience of his marvelous intellectual discipline.

The clarity, the quiet authority of his statements on geology and chemistry, as well as his judgments on poetry, displayed the mind of a man who dwelt in seclusion, with power to meditate and to put into beautiful and precise phrase the results of his meditation. He was in this journalistic age of ours, but not of it. With his pen in hand he had an amazing power of vivid description. Many of his pages are as perfect in their form as poems; some of them *are* poems.

In his later years he loved company. To have people attentive to him was a joy; and yet at times admirers became a burden. One Sunday afternoon when I knocked at the door, it was opened by Dr. Clara Barrus, who first exclaimed a greeting, then called to Burroughs in the back room.

"It 's some one you know, Uncle John. It 's Hamlin Garland." Going into the kitchen, I found Uncle John in hiding, "worn out with people," as he confessed.

It ended in my inviting him over to my home in Onteora.

"You shall have a rest," I assured him. "We will have no one in. You shall see no one but my own family."

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This promise we kept. Only one or two of our most intimate friends knew of his coming, but at the end of the second day he said with a hesitating note in his voice:

"Are n't you going to have anybody call? I 'd like to see White and Mrs. Black and young Brown."

We understood. He wanted to be quiet, but not *too* quiet. That night we had a "party," and Uncle John was happy.

He was not a "joiner." He belonged to no clubs or societies except in an honorary capacity. He was of no value in organization. His tendency was to flock alone. He attended few dinners and never acquired the lecture habit. In the later years of his life, however, he learned to make speeches.

"And I did it pretty well," he remarked to me, with a laugh in his voice. "I did n't know I could stand up and talk to a thousand people, but I did. I got so I enjoyed it."

Last summer his friend Frank Seaman of Yama Farms, in consideration, as he supposed, for Burroughs's comfort, arranged to have him housed at a lovely cottage on a lake six or eight miles above the inn.

"Nobody will disturb you up there," Seaman said. "You can hunt birds or write without distraction or interruption."

Burroughs was curiously unresponsive to this arrangement, and went in a mood which was not at all enthusiastic. He stayed one day or possibly two. "I want to go back to the inn," he announced. "I don't like it up here; it 's too lonesome."

This was amusing to some of his friends, but to me it had its sober side. It was as if the old man realized that he was about to enter that solitary cell for which there is no key, and the thought of the dark silence made him avid for human companionship.

He could philosophize on death,—he often did so with me,—but I could see that he was loath to leave the sunshine and the trees and the purple hills of the good earth he knew so well.

"I should like to live three years more. I want to finish the books I have in hand. I know I ought not to expect that much, but I am hoping to see them all in final shape."

§ 7

The last night he spent at my fireside was especially beautiful. With only the flaming logs for light we sat about the hearth and sang old songs, and then a young girl, one of my daughter's friends, played the violin from a dusky corner of the room, while Uncle John, a majestic figure, sat like some old saint, the radiance of the chimney creating about his head a nimbus of gold-colored light. That he was deeply affected was evident to us, although he said little, and when he went away next day, I had no expectancy of ever having him the center of our circle again.

Like most old people, he dreaded each returning winter, and to escape the imprisonment of it he had made it a point to go to Florida or Bermuda or California for at least three months, and it was on his return journey in March of this year that he suddenly fell into his long sleep on the train.

He had planned to celebrate with friends his approaching birthday, but it was otherwise ordered. The eighty-fourth anniversary of his coming into this life marked his reëntrance into the soil from which he sprang.

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This Little Pig Went to Market

By SYDNEY GREENBIE

Drawings by JOHN R. NEILL

THE basket was growing heavier and heavier, and his stomach weaker and weaker. How to convert his burden into a meal was a problem, written as large upon his face as the delight in the bargains he was making shone in the face of the marketeer beside him. He was a young chap just emerging from boyhood. He had been employed by this restaurant-keeper because he said he needed a meal. It was not to be a real job. He was to get his meal all right, but not till he earned it by going with the boss to market and carrying his basket for him.

The basket was soon full to overflowing, and the young man bearing it was nigh exhaustion. They were now going home. At the corner of the open square that Brussels had assigned to its garden-truck venders the old man stopped to buy a rose. He disputed the price with the flower-girl, obtained a reduction, and went on. "I always bring my wife a rose from market," he remarked in semi-soliloquy, and they disappeared, the young fellow with his burden, the old man with his rose.

Thus does the European little pig go to market, and he 's the most civilized little pig in the world. He has been learning to market for hundreds of years, and that most essential of social functions is the progenitor of communal life. The way in which it is performed is a test of the civilization of a people.

The first democrats and artists of Europe, the Greeks, knew this, and made the agora a market-place, a focus of public art, and the scene of their political gatherings. Wretched, indeed, was the little pig that stayed home when the agora was convoked, for he it was whom the Greeks had

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determined to ostracize. Despite their efforts as democrats, there were only too many who had to stay home when the affairs of that world were being decided; but as a market, with all the architectural genius concentrated on making it attractive and beautiful, and Socrates leading his classes through it, it was a certain success.

In the ruder parts of Europe, owing to the absence of means of communication and the dangers of carrying one's possessions abroad, definite market-places became an imperative necessity, and charters for their existence were granted by decree. They became an important means of securing revenue.

Even the church recognized the value of festivals as means of enriching itself in a combination of barter with merry-making and adoration. Festivals and fairs alike enhanced the material and the artistic life of mediæval Europe, and marked, as it were, the embryonic element out of which grew all the later laws and ethics of trade. The legitimacy of piracy at sea and robbery on land had to be counteracted in some way, and the dignity and decency of exchange established. The evolutionary process by which civilization has achieved some sort of business morality may yet be traced in various countries, especially among the primitive peoples of the South Seas, the more advanced Filipinos, the recently awakened Japanese, the Mexicans, and the accomplished New-Zealanders. Beneath the surface of the market-place, the wide world over, one finds the source of civilization, and at its level, the level of human commonality. For as men hunt to cover up their love of wild life and nature, so women market as an excuse for mingling among people. There is in the behavior of the marketeer all the cunning of the animal in search of prey, and the degree to which these instincts are developed gives in a sense the measure of a man's civilization.

Even outside the bonds of law and order the mere process of exchange tends to establish social ethics. This is nowhere better exemplified than at the thieves' market in Mexico or in the hidden reaches of the Orient. Thither all robbers bring their stolen wares for sale. Thither all the robbed hasten to recover their lost property. Instinct within each and all of them is the gambling spirit. The despoiler is eager to sell as quickly and as successfully as possible lest the rightful owner arrive and claim the booty. The general public is anxious to buy, for the prices are naturally low, and many a bargain may be secured. The despoiled, chagrined though they may be at their loss, are in part compensated by the hope of a purchase at somebody else's expense.

§ 2

I had not known that buying and selling was ever part of the scheme of things among people whose needs were as few as those of the South-Sea islanders. Saints and philosophers are always teaching us that the most desirable state is that in which wants are few, and their indulgence is still more limited. But it seems to me that where that condition holds, the few necessaries of life become so much more desirable and so much more difficult to obtain that, instead of a release from slavery, slavery is even more rigorous. Our pictured impressions of the tropics are full of breadfruit-

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trees and fruits growing in abundance without labor. But quite the contrary is the case. The fear of famine and the insecurity of life have dampened the joys of many a wild man, and the pressure of population has only too frequently resulted in infanticide and cannibalism.

When, therefore, I heard that there was to be a native bazaar across the Rewa River, in Viti Levu, the largest island of the Fiji group, I defied the yellow sun that hung overhead, secured a complement of guides in two Fijian boys who were more afraid of me than they were of their chief, and set out for real primitive excitement. We were pulled across the river on a punt secured to each shore by a cable, and made our way up the banks in the direction of the sugar-mill.

It was noon when we arrived at the fair-grounds. Aside from long wooden tables that stood beneath arbors of palms, there was nothing completed by way of preparation. A few straggling natives wended their way from hut to hut of slab-board and thatch, their quiet manners reminding me of the monks in monasteries, absorbed in their duties. Gradually, venders arrived; the tables began to sprout with banana-leaves and flowers. Strings of berry beads were displayed, like fish out of water, appealing eyes of the plant world asking why, with nature so near at hand, they needed to be torn from life. Bottles of liquid fats, like capsules of the castor-plant, stood ensconced in green-leaved packages containing sweet messes that left the eager natives, old and young, literally web-handed.

The goods displayed, the crowds from the surrounding huts arrived, drawn by an irresistible charm. A Fijian never came with his mate; maiden never approached on her lover's arm. Though they all appeared indiscriminately, there was no obvious grouping of friends with friends. They moved like shoals of fish that had got the scent or the sight of food. It was a crowd with every evidence of cohesiveness except that of companionship. I did see one young Fijian help a maid carry an iron kettle into a hut, but that was the only case of aid between the sexes that I noticed, and when I mentioned the case to the head of the mission, he was surprised. He had seen such helpfulness only once during his many years of work among the Fijians, and that was when an old man took the arm of an older woman and assisted her up a slippery hill.

To me there was something pathetic in that crowd. An outsider by all the laws of centuries of contrary development, I had no means of entering their emotional lives, the promptings which made them leave privacy for herding. I had only the most outward signs to go by, and I thought what spiritless, barren lives they must lead who could be brought together on such an occasion in such a casual mood. For aside from the bottles of oil, the strings of beads, and the wrappings of stuff in banana-leaves, there was nothing from my view to make a hundred or two hundred thousand pounds of sluggish flesh rise from its mats and dare the yellow, piercing sun.

Yet the women who did most of the selling, with their unkempt hair and their crude alien costumes, awoke to something universal under the game of barter they were here called upon to play crudely. Rummage sales and carnivals, dog shows and dances, like-

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wise change the glitter of blue eyes and pink cheeks; and I smiled at the thought of Lao-tsze and Tolstoy, who between 650 B.C. and A.D. 1910 preached the ugliness of trade.

When the play of barter and exchange had stirred these primitive folk to a little more life, they quite naturally sought a way of giving it off again; but so foreign did a real bazaar seem to them that they entered the recreations with little zest. In these days of savage sedateness, with trade becoming more and more a feature and a pastime of life, it is not surprising that the natives attend with spirits in abeyance. Following the great exchange of beads and oils and edible messes, the crowds moved out to a more open space, under the clear sun. There, with the aid of a native band, under the conductor-

"With a gust of austerity and command quite uncalled for"

ship of a Catholic priest, they made merry, with strange sounds and more familiar dances. But it all seemed perfunctory and not without a touch of sadness. The Fijian voice at its best is rich, deep, and stately. One cannot imagine it attuned to singing jazz or rag-time. It seems exclusively made for hymns. In consequence, the crowds could not rise to the occasion, and stood behind the entertainers like so many solemn Japanese in the presence of royalty.

§ 3

But lest the little pig who stays at home may really starve to death, the world sometimes indulges him a little by letting the market go to him, and never have I seen a market more picturesque and more self-possessed than one of this sort when our steamer lay anchored in the harbor of Manila.

All about us during the night had crept Filipino lighters, their gunwales capped with low-arched mats. They hugged the steamer like a brood of younglings waiting for their food. They were to receive the cargo of boxes and canned goods from New York and other markets of the world.

It was still cool. A native Filipino woman squatted on the ridge of a lighter top between two men. She was enjoying her morning cigarette. As she caught my gaze her face beamed flirtatiously. Then and there I tried my tongue for the first time in the real use of Spanish, and failed. As the morning advanced, children crept from the darkness of the covered lighters; charcoal pails were fanned into a glow like that of the dawn; and roosters, tied to the boats by one leg with a string, crowed their contempt, protest, or indifference upon a gluttonous and unjust world.

As the hour of breakfast's needs arrived, a thin, long canoe came up, insinuating its way among the many more capacious crafts, quietly, slowly,

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like a thing just stirring with the new day. On its narrow bottom flopped dozens of little fish in agony, dying of too much air. They looked like so many bars of silver when they lay dead. A basket of bananas and a few simple vegetables comprised the rest of the stock of these aquatic tradespeople, this man and his woman. She squatted leisurely, looking from side to side for customers, while he pushed the canoe along with easy strokes. They did not cry their wares, and handed their stores out as though known to all for fair dealing and fearless of competition. Thus with the freshness of morning air they stimulated this little world to action.

By noon that day I was slipping through narrow streets, avoiding the moldy shops of the main street, seeking out the men and women who make life interesting. The coolness of the morning was gone, crowded out by steaming noon. The casual, gift-like manner of those two aquatic traders was now a thing not even to expect, for I was in the midst of civilized trade. Unaware, I came upon the public market.

What a different world! The hand of the law was in evidence. Here, despite the general confused appearance, the concrete drains and stone tables gave an assurance of at least periodical cleansing. Here the laws of barter held men tied to fair dealing, as the roosters were tied to those lighters. Venders made a mad dash for freedom through cheating, but were jerked back to honesty by the bargain-hunter who watched the scales and knew the laws. Values were measured by the size of the pupil or the intensity of the gaze; if eagerness was manifest, up went the price.

A Buddhist, looking upon a market like this, if he were unaccustomed to pagan ways, would shrink from the sight as we would at a cannibal feast. Here the world was calmly cruel. All the things we eat lay in their naked ghastliness—the thin streams of blood, the bulging eyes of little creatures, the stiff inflexibility of limbs once quick and supple. And the men and women were unconsciously affected by the scene.

For nothing stimulates the snarling quarrelsomeness of human beings more than the sight of food or the fear of imposition. The appeals of the sellers were mingled with the bargainings and bickerings of the buyers, a competition among both to best one another. Two women stood over a fish-bin engaged in a matching of wits that might well have been envied by filibustering senators. The debate was over a tray of tiny fish.

As a contrast to their barbarity sat Miss Civilization. She was partly set in savagery. She sat slightly crouched back into her primitive nature, and doubled up underneath her were her legs. All the while that the two were wrangling, her face was a study in human balance of anger and poise. She looked them up and down; her face showed sympathy with one or the other as the arguments were bandied about. I could not understand their speech, but by watching her face, I could gage the justice or injustice, sympathy or antipathy, which she felt. The cigarette in her right hand was drawn calmly, and there was never a wink of her eyelids, no matter how often the contestants struck the stand with their open hands. The crowd gathered.

A white woman, firmly knit in body

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and in character, made her way through the many aisles, purchasing with a precision as clearly civilized as it was silent. A Spanish woman, dark and dashing, swung through the same aisles like a little whirlwind. There was brilliance in her eyes, and brilliancy in the gems on her fingers and in her ears. She was exceedingly well dressed, buxom, and attractive, but every purchase was made with a gust of austerity and command quite uncalled for. She bullied the fisherwoman, she bullied her hackman, she bullied the servant who had come to carry her purchases for her; and then she sat down at one of the little restaurant tables and ate the strange concoctions with a dexterity obviously native to her. She was a half-caste, but the Spanish vein was strong in her blood, and Spanish passion actuated her. She got into her ancient-looking hackney-coach with flash and gusto, but not, however, before she had gained her point in the matter of an extra piece of fat upon which she was insisting. She was the little pig who had roast beef because she knew how to market economically.

§ 4

But the little pig that has none, and the one who cries wee! wee! wee! all the way home, in the Far East, is like the Greek about to be ostracized by the community in the agora. Indeed, he has been ostracized in Japan for hundreds of years, and even modernization and imperial edict have changed his status but little. He is known as the *eta*. To him has been allotted the task of attending to dead animals, whether edible or not, and though his touch profanes the lowest classes of Japan, his labor keeps the country clean after a fashion. Much more. Not only do these outcasts remove dead carcasses from a careless Oriental world, but in one place at least the women of this class have been given the sweetest of all professions—that of selling flowers with which to decorate the *tokonoma*, the most honorable place in the Japanese home. And all through the day, if one is not too engrossed in the marts of the foreign settlement, one will hear the voice of these flower-girls calling plaintively, "Hana! hana-i! hana-iro!" Flowers are the things that stand between them and the degradation of their class, because for years the shrine of a loyal servant of the neglected emperor who was struggling against a greater and more powerful group of disloyal Japanese had been kept fresh with flowers by these *eta*, or outcasts, who did not know whose grave they cherished.

Otherwise the market in Japan is in the hands of Japanese now in good social standing, men who before the opening of the country numbered among those not much above the outcasts. To be in trade was worse in Japan than in England, and when one watches the behavior of men at markets, one is not much amazed. One who takes the average trader at his word in Japan—not the big concerns, to be sure—deserves to cry wee! wee! wee! all the way home.

While all over the world woman goes to market, in Japan the market goes to her. She has had to have most of her daily supplies brought to her door by the cobbler, the bean-curd-maker, or the fisherman. In consequence, except when she has servants, she has been deprived of the educational advantages of market gossip, and has been kept in her sphere more easily.

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She will be the last to come forward to freedom.

Not so the men. All the social advantages of barter and exchange are theirs. They communicate their experiences to one another at four A.M. over the fish-tub. They test their wits and their eyes with the auctioneer who starts them running in competition with one another over an attractive specimen from the sea. Or the more imaginative resist confusion in the pit of the stock market, where they keep in touch with their entire country and with the world. They are becoming, in consequence, more efficient and more practised in world-wide ethics of business.

"The sweetest of all professions"

Yet within the last few years public markets have sprung into vogue in Japan, and I look toward a revolution in the relations of the sexes, for no woman who goes to market remains long an obedient and submissive little soul. This is obvious to any one who wanders into the market of Shanghai. There one can see the status of the various women who replenish their household supplies, and the most humble, it seemed to me, was the woman of Japan. She moved about like *Priscilla* suddenly brought back to life and sent to compete with the modern American woman.

§ 5

In ancient Greece, of course, no woman of refinement went marketing herself. She sent her slaves. But in modern New Zealand there are not only no slaves, but there is no one to do any personal service of that nature. In the old days, in Europe, the market was the general rendezvous where life played its pranks at all levels. The religious festivals also afforded dramatic pageantry, and sometimes the two interplayed with each other. But in our modern times, when the public market is largely supplanted by the great department store, shielded, protected, organized into a minimum of human interest and a maximum of efficiency, the charm of the market is no more. So, too, our festivals have surrendered much of their artistry. This was somewhat revived during the war. New Zealand, because of the still evident atmosphere of the pioneer life, the lack of interlocking systems of communication, and its distance from the most advanced places in the world, still affords some of that simple charm

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of a life one reads about. The streets of the main cities nightly resemble something one has dimly heard of and never hoped to see. The people have laid aside all thought of business or barter, and promenade the thoroughfares, choking the avenues that during the day are a clutter of wheeled traffic. There is in the attitude of the people something of that suppressed amazement that revealed the thoughts of the South-Sea islanders when asked to thrill to an alien band conducted by the Catholic priest. Both the whites and the primitives seemed to recall that once they knew how to celebrate.

Queens Street of Auckland was decorated one day, and booths were erected on which simple products were offered for sale. A parade of two fire-department machines, a number of men in Chinese costumes, others painted and foolscapped, boys with enormous masks, and girls in dominoes, marched through the city, and in their wake was a rush of just plain pedestrians. Other than that nothing happened. From five to ten thousand people jammed the street and began walking up and down the three-block length of Queens Street. At the foot of this main street, within the shadows of the piers, couples clung to one another in amorous ecstasy. The same moon that dispenses romance to us affects them there below the line. And the crowd was essentially like every other crowd in the world—the same in gregariousness, the same in hunting after pleasure that abideth but a moment.

One evening the events were more thrilling. Sulky races, men driven by girls, and May-pole dances round the street lamps that stand between the tram-lines gave a suggestion of antiquity to the city. The only difference between these performances and those in the upper regions of the tropics was in the absence of palms and green arbors. In place of wide spaces were narrow streets, lined with brick buildings and studded with iron poles whose only blossoms were glowing electric lights, and whose only branches were pairs of stiff arms holding the trolley wires.

So, too, the market side of this carnival was a sharp contrast to the fairs and markets in more modernized communities. Britons are essentially traders, but they trade by rule. Even when they play trading, as at this carnival, they are more constrained. What little was done to allay the sober spirit was revived by the element of barter. The gambling spirit, checked in normal times, was stimulated. Raffles, wheels, and rings were employed to extract coins from the under-zealous. The only abandon was in the confetti, which was scattered generously about in the throngs.

In the booths conservation was the key-note. Every thing, from motor-cars to potatoes, was auctioned and raffled. A man from Coney Island, accustomed to that hysterical release of emotion, would have felt that he was attending not a carnival, but an open market in which only the basic necessities of life were in immediate demand.

Not so in Napier, New Zealand, or in Sydney, Australia. There they seem as different from their British ancestry as Hottentots are from Polynesians. There men and women know how to make merry in ways almost unforgetable, and to ripple the smooth surface of sedate civilization with lovely flirtations that would weaken the most

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"In Japan the market goes to her"

stoic of mortals and paragons of propriety.

Otherwise, in all New Zealand, life goes along in its leisurely, businesslike way. Men attend horse-sales with great zest; salesmen rush across the country in their little motor-cars, bringing the wares of the world's elaborate markets to the doors of stations or ranches; auctioneers dash hither and thither to confuse, if they can, farmers into the exchange of sheep or cattle. While tramping along the road to Wellington, I was overtaken by a touring-car.

"Want a ride?" asked the driver. And when I mounted, he asked: "Seeing our little country, are you? Nothing like it in the world. Ever been to a sheep auction? Want to come along?" And the next thing I knew we were rushing over the dirt road toward Onga Onga. We drew up at the accommodation house.

The guest-room was filled with farmers. Sallow, hollow-cheeked, with voices that seemed to plow through their brains for thoughts, their conversation was labored. Dinner was devoured in semi-silence.

But when they got to the stock-yards, they became more alert. The auctioneer mounted the fence like an orator. He began cackling like a bewitched hen. The farmers moved about, feeling sheep offered for sale, the more expert glancing at them with pride in judgment. One sleek farmer, whose elaborate motor-car stood by the roadside, scrutinized the yards as one who might buy the entire lot as a whim.

The psychology of the auction-sale crowd is distinct from that of the bargain-hunter. The latter believes himself to be the winner because of the confessed misjudgment of the trader. But the auction-buyer moves about quietly, makes his own judgments of values, exchanges opinions only with his associates, and waits his chances. At a bargain-counter every one rushes for the thing he wants; here the very thing most wanted is ignored, as though to lead other hunters off the scent. As soon as the sale is over, men fall apart, like boiling rice in a pot when suddenly douched with cold water.

So far has civilized man made cer-

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tain the processes by which he secures the satisfaction of his wants that one begins to wonder why men like to buy and sell at all. They are like the artisans and the mechanists who have become specialized and divorced from contact with the living, finished product. So much so is this true that much of New Zealand's marketing is done in London. Once the manager of a station wired his London principals:

Snowing during lambing.

The principal, according to New Zealand's version, replied:

Stop lambing at once.

§ 6

Wander where one may this wide world over, one finds that the places to which tourists are drawn mostly are the markets. There one finds the richest rewards for curiosity. The traveler in foreign lands, especially if he is alone and somewhat homesick, knows no pleasanter thrill than the sight upon the pier, amid cargoes from every known quarter of the globe, of a box of canned goods stamped in black-stenciled letters with the seven signs of bliss, "NEW YORK."

When lost in that good old town, it had never occurred to him that ships trail the seven seas carrying canned soups and fruits and vegetables to black-faced, sprawling-toed, sublimated savages. But out there in the wide spaces of the globe he realizes how strikingly alike are the alimentary failings of mankind. Lost in reminiscences, when back on Broadway again, he thinks himself forever cut off from romance, until he happens to turn to a side street, a shopping district, or even a small chain-store grocery. There he finds that in a small way romance is not dead. The sedate housewife permits herself on occasion to flirt with the butcher or the baker; incidents he has not thought possible prevail here as well as in the markets of the Orient. And packages with the imprint of Japan, of China, coffee from South America, awaken in him memories irresistible. He goes away wishing he were back again—off there where New York seems like romance to him. The day will never come when silks and spices and marts will not conjure up in the minds of the most prosaic the very essence of romance.

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"The Last of the Great"

By ALEXANDER BLACK, *Author of* "THE GREAT DESIRE" *etc.*

WHEN it seems essential to clench a contention that the world is going to the bad, nothing is more effective than the pointing out that the last of the great in some field has just passed beyond. A feeling of apprehension and even of desolation may sometimes be induced by some general picture if the picture is drawn with sufficient violence, but the simple announcement that "the last of the great" painters or actors or statesmen or historians has just slipped away leaves a sense of being left high and dry in an arid wilderness of a world which no other trick can effectively rival. If there are no more great, all argument is ended. The earlier time that produced the great is logically exalted. Inferentially, it had the "punch."

The departure of the great is sometimes cited not merely as offering reminder of the desolation that remains, but with the effect of suggesting that the great are going in disgust. When the great, and specifically this last one of them, looks for his hat, hospitality may well seem to be scathingly accused. There is an implication that somebody should feel ashamed.

Usually somebody does, and asks why more greatness has n't been provided. If there is a greatness shortage, something should be done about it, preferably at once.

In the average case, I fancy, there is a tendency to conclude that our present inferiority, established by that word "last," may not of necessity be final; that things may look up later on. You never can tell. When some one says, "There used to be Wagner, and now we have Sousa," when a month of America is compared with a cycle of Europe, the absurdity usually escapes challenge under the spell of the formula, and the common expedient is to plead for mercy upon the interval.

I recall the startled realization that came in first reading Plato's reverent reference to "the ancients." There were, I soon discovered, no ancients who did not look back toward other ancients. There was also, among those who looked back, from a time however remote, a disposition to believe that "there were giants in those days." The whole phenomenon of ancestor worship carries its implications of a satisfaction in this belief, but the tradition has always gone further. Races have enjoyed the notion of being importantly derived. Individual men may have been willing, like Congreve, to say, "I came up-stairs into the world, for I was born in a cellar," but races are less comfortable, it would seem, in parading a humble origin. Descent from the big has had a superior appeal to the imagination. Perhaps this accounted for much of the rage against Darwin. To be comfortably settled with family portraits of

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people who came over with the Conqueror or in the *Mayflower*, and then to hear an upstart talk about antecedent hairy ones—well, it was too much. Neither Darwin's "exploded" evolution or any other sort will ever make ascent as popular as descent. We seem to prefer to have come down rather than to have come up. Logic and pride may give us satisfaction in a great descendant, yet this glory at its best seems never to attain the utterly complacent ecstasy of having a great ancestor. For one thing, a descendant is still a responsibility, while an ancestor is finished. The past has the security of its perspective.

Carlyle found in this security an explanation of why the past is so often regarded as beautiful. He points out, as to the past, that "the element of *fear* is withdrawn from it"; it is safe, "while the present and future are so dangerous." Jealousy of the past is, after all, a rare sort of subtlety. Jealousy of the present is a commonplace. At the great pause the voice of jealousy drops to a whisper. Living, your man is an obstacle, an intrusion, a problem; dead, he is only a moral force. Living, he is a politician; dead, we can afford to let him be a statesman. Living, he is a scribbler; dead, he is an author. Incidentally, to call him great when he is dead is one way of impressing the living. To call him the *last* of the great is to put the obstreperous living quite where they belong.

The rebuke, made most dramatic by the concrete example of the disappearing last one, is reflective of a castigating attitude of mind that is very old, but has to believe itself new to keep its energy. The answer of Mark Lemon is classic. When some one said, " 'Punch' is n't so good as it used to be," Lemon was prompt. "It never was," he said. Castigation is seldom strong in its perspectives. The appetite for "Punch," like the appetite for pie, may have a good memory, but a bad historical sense. The pie mother used to make established its qualities in a young stomach. That "old-fashioned snow-storm" measured high on young legs. The orator we heard in boyhood was the real thing. He lifted us out of our seat. Can this new-fangled speechifier do that? That adventure story kept our boy eyes staringly awake until sunrise; at forty we pick up one of these modern pretenders, without a trace of bigotry, impartially eager, in fact, to give a fair hearing. And what happens? We are asleep before the first chapter is finished. How can you compare a romancer who puts you to sleep with one who kept you awake all night? Yes, there were giants in those days.

Philip Hone, once mayor of the city of New York, having returned to private life, attended a mayor's reception on New Year's day, 1837. When he came home he wrote in his diary, "The manners as well as the times have sadly changed." "Sadly" changed, you observe. Change persistently contrives to be "sad." Don't take my word. Go thou to the records.

§ 2

Scan London in the seventeen nineties, when the last of the great were departing with absolutely panicky results. The decent, the decorous, the distinguished were disappearing. Manners were, of course, "sadly changing." Cropping the hair was regarded as a prodigious affectation. Cutting off coat-tails was worse. The Earl of Spencer's jacket was remarked as "a

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humiliating fashion," and you may be assured that women's dress was disapproved as equivocal, if not licentious. Bare shoulders had been forbidden in Italy. Great Britain got out a yardstick for skirts. History is, of course, full of the expedients of collective modesty. Government suggestion was always an abominable interference, and always as if interfering had just begun. Recent American efforts to regulate the height of heels recalls the statute under Edward III that forbade anybody under the rank of knight to wear pointed shoes measuring "more than four inches beyond the natural extremity." (Some one should devote a tome to "the natural extremity." The social and spiritual parallels to the natural extremity—best minds to fix that delicate point of the *natural*, so definitely measurable in the case of feet—offer a theme of extraordinary suggestiveness. There is only one other word that reeks with so much fun as "natural." That word, of course, is "normal.")

As you will have suspected, the London "Times" was ready to say, "it would not be easily believed by our great-grandmothers." The last of the great-grandmothers said it before she went. Horror—that was her state of mind. It did not matter that this happened to be in the seventeen nineties. How perfectly these words would have fitted any period down to last week: "Tell a servant now [1795], in the mildest manner, they have not done their work to please you, and you are told to provide for yourself." And, wages having gone up to *five dollars a month:* "I look upon their exorbitant increase of wages as chiefly conducive to their impertinence." Although any doctrine of original sin should have prepared us, it is nevertheless disenchanting to discover, as with original jokes, that the past spoiled many of our opportunities for fresh wickedness. There in the twilight of the eighteenth century, "Take care of your pockets!" was a "usual cry" in the lobby of the theater; it was indicative of a calamitous decline that the Prince of Wales should go to a prize-fight; impatient protest made it increasingly plain that there were too many lawyers; and as for politics, what could have inflicted a deeper pain on the last of the great than the open sale of public office? "Five hundred pounds," read one advertisement [1779], "will be given to any Lady or Gentleman who can procure the Advertiser a Place under Government where the emoluments will be liberal compensation for the sum proposed, and but little attendance required."

Could anything be more affronting to our sense of originality than that casual fling, "but little attendance required"? Have we been surer of anything than of inventing political short change? Can it be true that Charles Lamb was not joking when he said, in the matter of his public job, that if he came late, he squared himself by going away early?

Writing men have, indeed, not only seemed, from the beginning, to be fearfully human in conduct, but they have been quite as ready as the average wayfarer to "view with alarm." They have always seen changes as "sad." Huysmans's bitter phrase, "our vile time," has a classic adjustability. "Our whole system," said Alfred Henry Wallace, "is rotten from top to bottom." Decay—that is the point of emphasis; we have always been degenerates. No wonder, then, that Wallace

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found that "our social environment is the worst the world has ever seen." He could believe in evolution, but he did not escape the frailty of believing that *his* humanity had slipped back. The cry of Felix Adler before the Great War that "we are living in a time of moral chaos" is but a paraphrase of things said with the same vehemence by Seneca and Marcus Aurelius. Balzac was sure that there was no longer a nobility, but only an aristocracy. Scott was not without hope, but he seems to have been sure of the contemporary slump. "When the taste for simplicity," he says, "is once destroyed, it is long ere a nation recovers it." Ruskin, of course, was violently resentful of his time. "It is simply and sternly impossible," he declares with a caustic gesture, "for the English public, at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing." Even the urbanity of Renan yielded to the human habit. There is a pathos in his way of remarking, "People understood this forty years ago"; that is to say, forty years ago, in the good days of the old-fashioned snow-storms! You may be assured that Carlyle was not without positive consciousness of a depressing plight for the immediate generation. "Alas!" he mutters, "the age of substance and solidity is gone for the time; that of show and hollow superficiality — in all senses — is in full swing."

"Gone *for the time*" is a perennial. Each generation is sure that it has a copyright for "superficiality." Robert Grant's lament of to-day's "easy-going optimism," and of the way "standards are swept away" by malcontents with a "smattering," touches the same note, though Judge Grant can be ironical about the tired business man without a trace of any traditional despair. American complacency is his mark, just as American smugness is the mark of Theodore Dreiser when he maintains, in a certain stalwart document tingling with controlled wrath, that "our ignorance is appalling," that "in the main we are unbelievably dull and wishy-washy."

Mr. Dreiser's arraignment of American colleges is a reminder of the antiquity of scholastic perverseness. If Lady Mary Montagu thought her education "one of the worst in the world," so have most British geniuses before and since her time, frequently with the effect of fortifying Jeremiah in his pronouncement that "ye have done worse than your fathers." Carlyle has another "Alas!" to fit the case: "Such is the miseducation of these days!" When Agnes Repplier sees disaster in "letting down the walls of human resistance" by offering as play what should be stern school work, so that the elements of education might be absorbed "without conscious effort, and certainly without compulsion," she is but echoing a misgiving that has taunted instruction since the caveman parent was first admonished not to spare the club. You may pick up traces of this misgiving in any century. "I have ever found it a vain task," said Oliver Goldsmith, "to make a child's learning its amusement; nor do I see what good end it would answer were it actually attained."

Poor old education! In a day when it was hard, Montaigne could emerge from college with the anathema that he had brought nothing away "but a hate and contempt for books." At each sign of a softening there has been the warning cry to "Treat 'em rough!" and ever, at each step of the way, there

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has come the voice, like that of John Butler Yeats, though he is no pessimist, to murmur dejectedly, "Yet we wonder that the world no longer produces distinguished personalities."

Probably Mr. Yeats would have called Henry Adams a distinguished personality, yet Henry Adams himself was as disappointed at the beginning as at the end. Adams, who often gives the impression that, like the tagged dog in the baggage-car, he "chewed up where he was going," and would have us believe that he never did get anywhere except into the book where ultimately we find him, might have called his book by Edgar Saltus's title, "The Philosophy of Disenchantment." Adams's trouble was that he was too much a descendant. If he had been busy as an ancestor, with concrete responsibilities as to some one else's education, he might have had less time to despair.

§ 3

It is needless to indicate that art has not only always been dying, but that in each season it has just died, leaving a gray waste behind it. No class of critic seems to have escaped the automatic influence of years. As an example of this influence, take the same Montaigne, who began with a repulsion, with no reverence at all, but who did not escape the age-old and old-age habit. "I am not greatly affected to new books," he says, "because ancient authors, to my judgment, are more full and pithy." It is only new books that give us the scalding phrase, "modern trash." Whoever heard of "ancient trash"? Our scorn of the contemporary output is nourished, doubtless, by the common feeling that an indifference toward the arts has just happened. "To-day," said Rodin, "mankind believes itself able to do without art." To-day is mercenary. To-day men paint for money, accept checks for their poems. Who can associate filthy symbols with the creator of a Madonna? The Greeks, the Romans, the men of Italy's golden age, are assumed to have labored under a high emotion that somehow left them free from economic pressure. To suggest a Michelangelo driving a bargain or a Rembrandt truckling for an order would be not only sacrilegious inculpation as to these divinities, but insultingly disturbing to the notion that the advent of a mercenary period persuaded the last of the great to take himself off. The theory that men used to write and paint and carve and build under impulses of pure devotion has in it, I am sure, something good, however mistaken it may be.

An earnest woman once asked me whether I thought Lot's wife had really had a square deal. I felt forced to admit that Mrs. Lot appeared to have been a victim of that disproportion in punishments which is equaled only by the disproportions of popular glory. Larger hearings became apparent. The truth is that only those who look backward can wisely look forward. False deductions from the backward look are the basic calamity. The Preacher apprehended the danger. "Say not thou," we are warned, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." Science supports Ecclesiastes. When Huxley sums up our knowledge of the ethnological past of man, he finds that "so far as the light is bright, it shows him substantially as he is now; and, when it grows dim, it

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permits us to see no sign that he was other than he is now."

§ 4

Certainly H. G. Wells is here, as often elsewhere, a modern Ecclesiastes. He has brilliantly belabored those who have not "enquired wisely." He has said his say about the giants of "those days." He has taken mighty pains to prove how the long ascent of the past "gives the lie to our despair." He is irrevocably placed among those who cannot be fooled about "the last of the great." Incidentally, he has strikingly fortified the truth that no history ever was or ever can be other than opinion. Reading history for "facts" is not only a prodigious, but a pernicious, delusion. Each of us may be and must be his own historian. Each of us must find his own way of not being fooled. If we are lucky, we shall be able to do this without belittling either the big of the past or the big of the present. We shall see, for one thing, that if each era has been able to apostrophize the last of the great, the great must always have been present. If the great, like the poor, are always with us, we need not despair, though we may choose to reserve all of our rights in the quarrel as to their identity. We may learn to measure movements and peoples as well as individual men with some glimmering of proportion. We shall perhaps learn to greet as well as to bury, learn to encourage by high expectation as well as to commiserate in post-mortem tears. Having learned to accept all report of the past as so much opinion, and thus to have acquired the privilege of occupying it ourselves, we shall be the better prepared to consider the present as ever subject to our individual measure. If a Strindberg, in agony or in petulance, speaks of "that madhouse, that jail, that morgue, the earth," we may be reminded of his right to a personal opinion.

In the end we may come to realize that a consciousness of the strategic as well as the stupid quality in the phrase titling these remarks may have a practical usefulness in the presence of any stodgy contemporary criticism. That static criticism which finds its nourishment and its dogmas in the past, as distinguished from the dynamic criticism which is fed by the blood of the present, has the advantage of seasoned formulæ. It knows the effects of fear. It knows that a humanity born in sin is self-distrustful. It knows the mesmeric force of the accusing finger and the bitter word. It knows the witch-doctor trick at the funeral pyre. To the moribund formalist death is an eternal text, reinforcing to every theory that we live in a rotten time. To the creative critic, eagerly alive, with a passion of belief in the immutable processes, it is birth that stirs the pulse of prophecy; it is the unfolding of genius rather than its withering that kindles concern; it is the living sign rather than the graveyard symbol that stirs to action and warms the cockles of a provocative expectation. The creative critic will fall into no frenzy of lament over the great dead, because his homage will not have waited for death. He will have kept his judgment books in balance. He will have appraised the forces of his time not in terms of age any more than in likenesses to tradition, but by the high measure of a patient and an inspiring faith.

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In the Diamond Fields of Brazil

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Drawings by LOUIS H. RUYL

THERE were many tunnels on the way to Ouro Preto, and much winding among deep-green hills, the soil still reddish, with little cultivation. All this region is more than three thousand feet above sea-level, where corn feels more at home than bananas or even than coffee. Herds of cream-colored cattle of part zebu ancestry roamed the broken, grassy countryside. It was a dull, showery day, and the wet, green trees clung to the hillsides like the plumage of birds, while everywhere the palms stood with disheveled hair. We made several stops on the branch line eastward from Burnier, just why I do not know, and at length halted at an isolated building with the information that we had reached Ouro Preto. One of the negro hotel-runners piled my valises on his head, and we set out into the night on foot; for Ouro Preto, I quickly discovered, is so steep that vehicles have never become acclimated there. As we panted upward past great sheer-cut bluffs, scattered lights gradually disclosed the town, piled and tumbled far above and below us, the round cobblestones of its precipitous streets worn so icy smooth by many generations of feet that my own showed a continuous desire to lag behind me. In a hotel as old as Vasco da Gama, and about as delapidated, I was shown with ceremonial courtesy into an enormous front room, with a "matrimonial" bed wider than the street outside, the springs of which I quickly discovered to be solid planks. Recalling my courteous colored companion, I gave him five minutes of life in which to find me a real bed. We wandered much longer than that through a labyrinth of rooms

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and anterooms, the latter all with narrower bedsteads, suggesting the old slave days when every traveler brought with him a servant to sleep outside his door, before we discovered a *cama de arame*, or "bed of wire," in another vast chamber, with a window looking out across what seemed to be a bottomless gorge to patches of small, window-shaped lights climbing high into the sky on the other side.

I went out for a stroll, climbing cobbled streets so steep that a foot-slip would have landed me in quite another part of town, passing buildings so old and quaint and medieval that I expected some old Portuguese viceroy in his cloak and sword and plumed hat to step out of each dark passageway, followed by his slaves and retainers and preceded by his link-boys, despite the modern lights Edison has bequeathed to the place. I had all but forgotten the "feel" of old South-American mountain towns, with the something peculiarly their own, and could easily have dreamed myself back in the Andes again. Indeed, I was only beginning to realize the charm of those old Andean pueblos, barely guessed when one is physically lost in their squalor, yet fascinating from a distance of time and space, every twist and turn and descent and rise of their streets a lurking mystery, like a winding mountain road, cool, and silent in the absence of all wheeled traffic.

Ouro Preto means "black gold," and Ouro Fino was so called because of the fine or dusty condition of its ore, and Ouro Branco, not far away, was named for the whiteness of its treasure-bearing rock. Here the hills and young mountains piled in tumbled heaps about the town are honeycombed with abandoned mines, as the town itself is said to be with secret subterranean passageways. Not even Ayacucho, in the Andes, is so overrun with churches as Ouro Preto. Only an accurate man could throw a stone without hitting a church, most of them of light-colored stone, beautified with age, bulking both by their size and by their places of vantage on some eminence or mountain nose far above the few houses apportioned to each. Between them the little old houses straggle in double rows far up every steep and narrow valley that has room for them, connected here by very old stone bridges over little, yet deep, gorge streams, with time-crumbled stone benches along them, there refusing to follow when the cobbled street suddenly lets go and falls headlong, with many a racking twist, into some other abyss.

In general the old capital of the mining province of Minas Geraes is built along both sides of a small, swift stream, which spills down through town with a musical sound, picking up some of its garbage on the way. Old colonial ruins, built in the leisurely, plentiful, massive fashion of long ago, still bear coats of arms and cut-stone Portuguese emblems, some half hidden behind masses of white roses or climbing flowers. Fountains of variegated colors, very broken, much weather-beaten and time-faded, still have tiny streams trickling forth from the stone mouths of human-shaped heads or strange creatures unknown to natural history; scores of quaint old balconies, mysterious corners, queer porticos, jut out over streets or abysses. There was evidently no building plan except that imposed by nature. Each householder built on his few feet of space at any height and slope he chose, so that although the buildings nearly all cling

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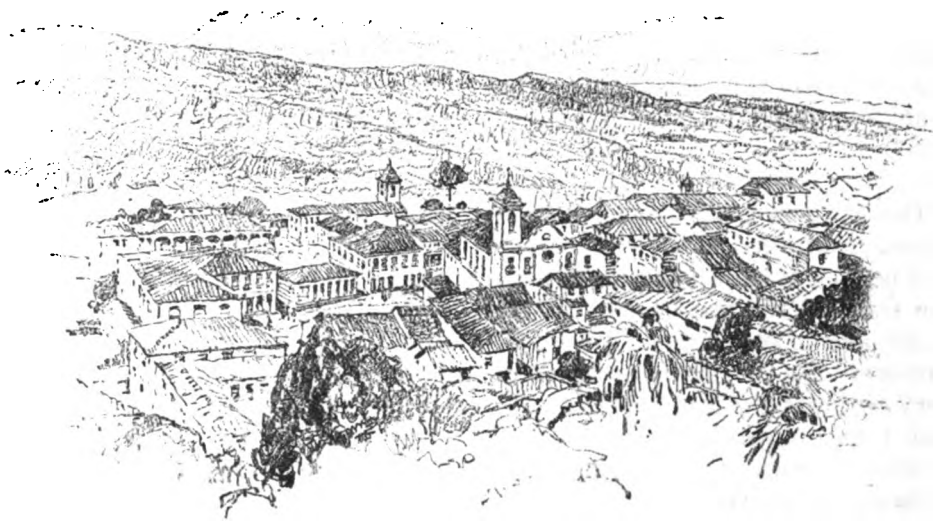
close together for mutual support, they present most fantastic combinations, each with its red-tile roof.

The Indians of Minas could not or would not be enslaved, and the workmen required in the mines were brought from Africa early and often. I do not recall a mountain town anywhere with so large a percentage of negro blood, the great body of the population being mulatto, generally ragged, barefoot, unbathed, do-nothing, and completely contented. There is, of course, no pure African blood left, for the old Portuguese settlers were not slow to dilute it with their own, and with the exception of a very few of the proud old families of Ouro Preto, who have overridden their environment and kept their veins free from the blood of slaves, there are few indeed of white ancestry.

§ 2

Rain was pouring when I followed my baggage down the steep, cobbled street to the station. An affectionate crowd was embracing and fondling one another after the Brazilian fashion, and gradually filling a tightly closed car in which it was not easy to breathe. Beyond the old town of Sabará, where the first gold that was to make Minas Geraes famous and Portugal wealthy was discovered in 1698, we turned westward, and a few minutes later sighted through bedraggled palm-trees the glaring new town of Bello Horizonte.

It was no doubt to escape the labor of propelling themselves about the steep streets of Ouro Preto that the legislators of Minas Geraes dethroned the time-honored old capital at the beginning of the present century, and moved the government to this hitherto uninhabited spot, justly called "Beautiful Horizon." The site chosen on which to build to order this new capital is a broad, shallow lap of rolling country, a treeless country, which joins the light-colored new buildings in producing a constant, uncomfortable



Diamantina. The heart of the town

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glare. It is strange that a place with water was not chosen, a lake or at least a river, which may be found even in the lofty state of Minas Geraes. As it is, there is only an insignificant creek creeping through town, and an artificial pond in the center of an unfinished park in which the water is so red that even the swans paddling disconsolately about in it have a reddish hue. The designers had all the details of a complete city in mind; the difficulty was to carry out their well-laid plans and produce one. For Bello Horizonte is splendid proof that it takes more than houses, streets, and inhabitants to make a city. There are, of course, some advantages in a city, and especially a capital, built to order, but though modernity's gain over medievalism is in some ways shown, and the city is far cleaner and more convenient, it wholly lacks the charm of old Ouro Preto; it lacks even the air and spirit of a city. The whole place feels like a house one has moved into while it is still building over one's head. There is the bland, sophisticated air of people already trained to city life elsewhere, like transplanted flora from many other gardens.

§ 3

One can now go to famous old Diamantina by rail. In a few years there will be no place left for those who prefer traveling to train-riding. I had small hope of the diamond town proving worth the time and expense necessary to bring the Kinetophone to it, but I had a personal interest in it; moreover, though I could not get exact information on the subject, the map suggested that I might cross on mule-back from Diamantina to Victoria, and save myself a long, roundabout trip.

The rain had let up at last, though sullenly, like a despot forced out of power. Our cane-seated first-class car, made in Delaware, was moderately comfortable, and the trip reasonably clean, thereby beyond my expectations. Every time the train gave a sign of coming to a halt the passengers all sprang up, crying, "Vamos à tomar café!" and poured out upon the platform, to return growling if even a lone dog-kennel of a station was not prepared to serve them their favorite beverage.

It would have been sunset, had there been one, by the time we pulled into Curralinho, whence a two-car train runs three times a week to Diamantina. The main line continues to Pirapora, from which a river steamer down the Rio São Francisco brings one out far to the north; or one may disembark at Joazeiro, and in thirty-six hours by train reach Bahia. The German hotel-keeper of Curralinho had once lived in the United States, but we found it more convenient to converse in my Portuguese than in his English, and only the tongue of Brazil was in evidence, though the dozen travelers who joined us in celebrating Christmas eve with his tow-headed family and the dreadful made-in-Germany phonograph were of almost as many races.

On my reaching Diamantina, a youth of very decided African leanings took my bag, and we stepped over the edge of the uninhabited plateau, to find the town heaped up directly below us, all visible roads and trails pitching down swift slopes into it. The medieval streets were roughly paved in all shapes of cobbles, with a kind of sidewalk of naturally flat stones running down the middle. The town was labyrinthian, with narrow blocks

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The rough-cobbled, plunging streets of Ouro Preto

of every possible form between the narrow streets. It spilled down on the farther side into a deep valley, backed on all sides as far as the eye could see by a rough and savage landscape of blackish hue. It was as picturesque as Ouro Preto, which it seemed to equal in age, though it had been somewhat less elaborately built than the old state capital; its churches were fewer, smaller, and more insignificant. The fact that here also there were no vehicles may be one of the reasons why the population appeared healthy and active despite their decidedly preponderating negro blood.

But the railroad had not yet brought them into contact with the outside world long enough to spoil the simple people of Diamantina. They seemed to live together like a great affectionate family, soft-mannered and little given to quarreling; even the boys, street Arabs, and piccaninnies treated one another like French diplomats. No doubt it was their negro blood that gave them their considerable gaiety; perhaps also the adventurous, happy-go-lucky, take-a-chance character natural to a mining community. There was no evidence of anything but kindliness and good feeling among the barefoot women who stopped to gossip, with their water-jars set jauntily on their heads—real jars, too, for Diamantina is so far away from the world that oil-tins have not yet come to usurp the place of picturesque native pottery.

§ 4

The adventurous *Bandeirantes* of São Paulo first penetrated this region, looking for gold. A considerable amount of it was found in the muddy stream at the foot of the present town, and early in the seventeenth century the adventurers founded the village of Tijuca, which took its name from a near-by swamp. In olden times gold-dust and tiny nuggets were used as money throughout the region, and there were scales in every shop. The gold is said to be the highest grade in the world, some 940 per cent. to the thousand, with forty-one per cent. silver, and less than twenty per cent. waste. It seems to be found almost anywhere in the region, and placer-mining is the natural occupation of all its inhabitants. After a heavy rain little particles of gold are picked up in the gutters of Diamantina and along the edge of the little stream below it. So here at last is a place where one can really pick up gold in the streets, yet the people are poorer and more ragged

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than those who live by planting beans.

It was while searching for gold that the miners of Tijuca came across many bright, half-transparent pebbles that were plainly of no use to them, but the largest of which they gave to their children or used as counters in their own card games. There was a bushel or more of them in such use in the village and its neighborhood when a new priest arrived from Portugal. In his first game of cards the pious *padre* noticed the peculiar poker-chips that every one produced by the handful. He let the information leak out that he thought them very cute, and would be pleased to have them as keepsakes. They were quite worthless, of course, to his new parishioners, and if his innocent sacerdotal eye was caught by their transparent brightness, they saw no reason why they should not aid his whim, and at the same time their own favor with the church, by giving him such of the worthless little baubles as he did not win at cards. Thus he gathered together half a bushel or more of them, and suddenly disappeared in the general direction of Amsterdam, dropping a hint in Rio on the way.

Word soon reached the Portuguese crown of this new form of riches in its overseas possessions. It turned out that the range of hills from well south of the present town of Diamantina to far up in Bahia, a tract of more than four hundred square leagues, was diamond-bearing land. Indeed, if one may believe local conviction, the finest diamonds in existence come from Minas Geraes, and the world's most famous black diamonds from Bahia, a bit farther north. Diamonds were first discovered in India, and for centuries came from there only. When they were found in Brazil also, thousands of the stones were sold as Indian diamonds not only because buyers were prejudiced, but because the Portuguese Government had forbidden private mining on penalty of death, and the contrabandists were forced to reach their market by way of India. The village of Tijuca became a flourishing center, far as it was from the outside world, and despite the stern government régime set over the region.

In 1734 Portugal sent out an "intendente geral dos diamantes," with absolute power to enforce the government monopoly. Despite this, the workers multiplied, and Diamantina became a center of riches and luxury. Contrary to the case in the rest of Brazil, many broken noblemen and men of education came here to mend their fortunes, until the colony, and eventually all the province of Minas Geraes, became a focus of "civilization," as that word was understood in those days—much powdered hair, knee-breeches, beauty-patches, minuets, and swarms of miserable slaves. It may be that the courtesy of the poor Africanized inhabitants of to-day is only a hold-over from those times of elaborate etiquette.

There is really nothing more prosaic than diamond-gathering, and the resemblance is slight indeed between those who hunt the precious stones and those who wear them. None of the improved methods of South Africa has been introduced into Brazil, not even the hand screen or the "grease board," and the negroes still use the *batea*, or wooden bowl of the shape of a hand basin, in washing for both diamonds and gold. When he has chosen his spot beside some stream, the negro sets up about six inches above the surface of the water a *baca*, a kind of top-

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less soap-box with one end knocked out, and fills it with gravel. Then with the *batea* he scoops up water and throws it with a peculiar twist on the gravel, washing it from side to side until the loose stuff runs off and leaves only the pebbles. These are then spread out and gone over carefully by hand, the diamonds being readily detected by the experienced eye, particularly as, unlike other stones, they cannot be wet, and for that reason stand out more brilliantly than the others.

If ever a native of Diamantina has stolen a diamond, even as a boy, he is blackballed in the community all the rest of his life. It is a long way to anywhere else even since the advent of the railroad, so that the thieving of the town's chief product is extremely rare. Men from far-off up country often come in with thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds or black carbons on a pack-mule, which lags far behind with its negro driver, and though every one along the way knows what it carries, for decades no negro has run away, nor has any one "framed a hold-up."

Gold and precious stones are handled in the town with a casual carelessness equaled only by the Bank of England. A local jewelry shop famous in the trade the world over looks like a miserable little tinker's den, where a dozen men and boys, all with more or less African blood, work at dirty, worn benches. About them is a wilderness of junk, where cigarette butts, gold-nuggets, iron tools, gold wire, and worthless odds and ends lie tumbled together with diamonds of all sizes, cut and uncut. Old tin tobacco-boxes, with fortunes in diamonds, lie loose among them, and precious stones wrapped in dirty bits of paper can scarcely be distinguished from the dusty rubbish on the tables. A tiny show-window, recently put in as a concession to modern ideas, has a six-carat diamond stuck against the glass, with several smaller ones about it, day and night; a tin can that originally held soap, but is now full of emeralds, amethysts, topazes, and the half-dozen other precious stones found in the region, was kicking about the floor. Yet there was no sign of lock or key except those used to fasten the outer door at night; the owner came only off and on during the day; and amid this disordered jumble of wealth his dozen workmen and boys toiled from seven in the morning until sometimes nine at night at ludicrous wages without a loss ever having been reported.

§ 5

In the end I was not able to ride across to the rail-head of the line from Victoria and come out well up the coast on my journey northward. Constant inquiries and much chasing of natives finally boiled the varied rumors down to the information that it is forty leagues to the railroad in question, and that it could be made in about six days in the dry season. What it could be made in after weeks of an almost constant downpour, with rarely a glimpse of the sun, even the natives refused to guess, and as I must be in Victoria within a week to make new contracts before the show caught up with me, I dared not risk it. Still, I continued the negotiations my inquiries had started, for in South America such things are hard to smother. I should even have been delighted to walk across if something could be done about my baggage, but was assured that

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Ouro Preto, old capital of the State of Minas Geraes

there were hundreds of streams that would in all likelihood now be impassable. A native *camarada*, familiar with the trail, called and offered to rent me a horse or a mule for the journey, with saddle and spurs, for 3$ a day. This seemed reasonable. That would make the trip across come to about 20$.

"Yes, but it takes *two* animals."

"Why 's that?"

"You must have a guide, or at least a man to bring back the horses."

"Ah, then that makes 6$ a day instead of 3$?"

"Yes—ah—and then of course you must pay the man."

"How much?"

"Oh, 3$ a day; same as the horses."

"Ah, then that makes 9$ a day, and seven days would be—"

"No, say ten days."

"But why ten days?"

"Because in this season that is the least you can depend on."

"In other words, the trip would cost me 90$—nine times ten?"

"No, it would be nine times twenty, or 180$."

"Eh, what twenty days?" I asked.

"Why, the man and the horses would have to come back, would n't they?"

"*Sacrameto!* I suppose so, unless I could chloroform them when I got there. So, then, 180$ would cover *all* the expenses?"

"All, completely all—er—that is, of course you would have to feed the animals and the man on the trip, and it might be much more than ten days—"

"And no doubt there would be a tip to the man and the animals, and perhaps a third horse needed when he caught sight of my valise; and of course the government officials here and along the way would come in for their customary graft, and there would be the stamp-tax on each horse-shoe, unless they were mule-shoes, in which case, no doubt, it would be doubled; and a tax on each bray the 'burros' might emit en route, and—" Whereupon I gave him a warm hand-shake and bade him good night, saying I would think it over, and wire him from Bagdad in 1946.

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§ 6

Bahia, the former capital and oldest city of Brazil, takes its popular name —for the official and correct one is São Salvador—from the immense bay on which it is situated—the bay which from anywhere a bit above sea-level in the upper town stretches away in deepest, richest indigo blue, everywhere dotted with specks of white sails, to the low ridges of hills, faint with distance, which surround it except for about the fourth of a circle where it opens to the ocean. In some ways it is a finer situation than that of Rio, though not so strikingly, so dramatically beautiful, and the old capital has the advantage over the new of the almost constant trade-winds sweeping across it. Bahia is divided into an upper and a lower town, that at sea-level being only a few blocks deep at best, and often thinning down to a single row of buildings. "O Commercio" the *Bahianos* call this lower part, and it is almost exclusively a business region, perhaps the only spot in South America that resembles lower New York in being silent and uninhabited at night, with only dim gas-lamps in the streets that is, except the massive old colonial churches, which are everywhere. So much of the old town has fallen into semi-ruin that a good fire would be a blessing to Bahia. Nearly every building dates back to colonial days, with the accumulated uncleanliness of generations, and swarming with negroes and all the kindred unattractiveness these bring with them. Many of these old houses are in splendid situations, perched out on the edge of the ridge at the very base of which lies the immense bay, crystal-blue by day, shimmering with moonlight by night, ever fresh with the breezes that lightly ruffle its ocean bosom. Yet they are taken up almost entirely by the African descendants of slaves, and the white minority of Bahia has been driven to the suburbs,—only a few of the suburbs at that,—and most of them comparatively far less attractive in situation than the negro-infected colonial mansions.

Our four-weeks' engagement in Bahia and the towns about her bay was drawing to a close as carnival began. Only two weeks before there had been a similar celebration, but there is a constant string of this expensive tom-

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Local prison, Diamantina, Brazil

the full dress of public appearance. But not a great many came that afternoon, for which I did not blame them. Why pay to go inside a musty old theater when the brilliant summer day outside is full of free shows?

Scores of automobiles filled with fantastically garbed men and girls crawled through the streets, while thousands afoot were arrayed in wild and generally ugly and orderless costumes, with masks or head-pieces equal to *Bottom's*, the weaver. Nearly every one's slight sense of humor prompted him to pose as the opposite of what he was in real life. Every negro who could afford it wore a rosy-cheeked mask and white gloves; most of the few whites had blacked up or wore negro masks, and perhaps half the men were made up as women, while there was a perfect rage, particularly among the part-negro girls, to appear in male attire, their hips bursting through their otherwise loosely flapping garments. "Ladies of the life" took advantage of the spirit of the day, and sat bare-legged in their balconies over the main streets. We canceled the third "section" that night and joined the throng parading the streets amid cloud-bursts of confetti, rivers of scented water, and maudlin uproar, and after looking in at a popular ball that had many suggestions of a witch dance in the heart of Africa, I went home for my last night's sleep in São Salvador da Bahia.

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"Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread"

Considered Internationally

By EDWARD A. FILENE

THE times have given a new significance to this ancient prayer. It is a hungry world that has emerged from the war, and how to provide it with its daily bread—by which I mean restoring the world to sound economic health—is a problem that is vexing business man and statesman alike. In fact, how to get this ancient prayer answered, here and now, is the most practical problem before our politicians, our business men, our labor leaders, and, for that matter, all of us.

This phrase was never, even when first uttered, a mere pious aspiration that we be miraculously fed. Never was it less possible for it to mean that than now. The problem of providing the war-weakened world with its daily bread not only runs into world politics, world trade, and world finance; it *is* world politics, world trade, and world finance.

Not as a churchman, but as a business man, I am impressed by the fact that "give us this day our daily bread" has become the prayer of the world's business no less than of the world's religion. And, still thinking as a business man, I want to suggest that while the mechanics of its answer will be found in the business of the world's market-places and exchanges, the motive, the impulse, the power that will insure its answer must be found in the religion of the churches. What I mean concretely is this: whatever mechanism of international credit and commerce our business men and statesmen devise must be used, if it is to work in time to save the situation, in that spirit of service and sense of moral responsibility which the churches, above and beyond creed, exist to stimulate.

That this is not "mere idealism," in the cynic's sense of that term, but hard, practical, common sense, is plain, I think, from a simple survey of the straits in which the world finds itself in this after-the-war period.

§ 2

What are the underlying facts of business conditions in the United States? The basic conditions of our country are good; we are the richest nation in the world; our savings-bank deposits are the largest in our history; there is enough work that needs to be done to keep every man and woman in the United States busy. There is a vast amount of building that should be done to relieve our housing shortage; there is no end of work that should be done on our railroads to make good the deterioration of war-time and to extend their service; there is worn-out machinery of all sorts to be replaced; and an untold amount of labor could well be expended upon necessary public improvements that were held up during the war.

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And yet there are more than three millions unemployed in the country, and as I write we have just passed through a financial and business crisis, none the less a crisis because it did not wear the familiar garb of a panic. The danger has not yet wholly passed, nor have the most needed remedies been applied. In the light of the preceding paragraph, this may strike some as paradoxical in the extreme; but the explanation is not far to seek.

The fundamental cause of this paradoxical situation is our inability to export our surplus goods. We not only have on hand a surplus of goods, but, as a result of the war stimulus, we possess a surplus-producing ability that would have been thought impossible in 1913. And up to the moment of writing our exports have continued to fall off from month to month by hundreds of millions of dollars.

This is serious business for us, any way that we choose to look at it. Of course, if we do not solve this riddle of international economic relations and find a way to export our surplus goods, it does not mean that we are going to the dogs. It does mean, however, a far-reaching readjustment of our whole plan of national life and work. Unless we find a way to export our surplus goods, there will come a super-competition between businesses and industries within our own country—a super-competition not only between our producers, but between our distributors as well. If we cannot let off our surplus energy in export trade, we shall use it in fighting one another for domestic business. If such a condition of affairs obtains, this intensified competition will go on for a number of years until the amount of national production will be scaled down to the volume of what we ourselves can consume, plus, of course, whatever export trade we may have.

This super-competition will mean a domestic battle of price-cutting and, as an inevitable result, of wage-cutting, which will let us in for all sorts of industrial discontent and political unrest. In the end we shall swing to an economy as extreme as the extravagance we have been practising. All this cannot but mean an ultimate lowering of the standards of life in the United States.

But is all this necessary? Why can we not export our surplus goods? We have them, we want to sell them, and the world cannot be restored to its normal economic health nor the peace of the world be assured until we do. The answer is simple: the European nations are for the time too poor to pay for them in gold or in goods. The only way in which the European nations can take off our hands these surplus goods is by the grace of long-term credits extended by the United States.

But—and here is the crux of the matter—long-term credits cannot be extended until there is greater social and political stability in Europe, less danger of revolutions or wars that will make repayment of loans uncertain or impossible.

§ 3

Let us look for a moment at the other side of the picture. In Europe the military war has been followed by a series of economic wars. These wars of trade, if not as dramatic, have been as devastating in their effect upon many European nations as was the military war. Now, normal production is the only thing that can

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insure daily bread and daily jobs to the peoples of Europe. Normal production depends upon a steady flow of food and raw materials to where labor is. Until such flow begins, there will never be peace and prosperity in the world.

At the end of the war food and raw materials were used up in Europe. The lack of food and raw materials has plunged Europe into genuine want and created a shortage of work. As was to be expected, this has resulted in great deficiencies in national incomes, and incitement to revolutionary and semi-revolutionary movements that have overturned governments and precipitated military and economic battles between the exhausted nations.

The needs of Europe are so real that in almost every nation the party in opposition to the party in power sees its greatest opportunity for gaining the power itself by pandering to the national and racial prejudices and to the fears and weaknesses of the war-strained masses, who, overburdened and without adequate food and work, demand a change. This results for the most part in opposition parties fighting wise and safe methods of recuperation, which are necessarily slow, and in forcing governments to make even harmful concessions. Thus conditions become worse, taxation heavier, production is more handicapped, the suffering masses are more restless, and there is real danger of irrational radicalism and new balances of power.

It is because of these conditions that business and banking find themselves unable to give long-term credits.

American business men cannot be charged with a cold and materialistic indifference to this situation. Our business and banking interests have shown their eagerness to do what they can to remedy the situation by creating new and well-thought-out machinery for the kind of credit needed —long-term credit. Under the Edge Law there have been formed corporations—as, for example, the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation, with its credit-giving ability of eleven hundred million dollars—for the granting of long-term credits to Europe. But this machinery cannot work effectively, because the granting of long-term credits has been deemed too risky while European political and social conditions are as unstable, as dangerous, as they have become.

§ 4

The fact is that the defect is too deep to be corrected by business and banking alone. Business and banking will be able to solve this critical problem only when the United States coöperates in statesmanlike fashion with Europe in restoring social and political stability. We are now facing a situation in which political stability must precede economic restoration.

Everywhere in Europe I found this contention confirmed. The leaders of Europe are under no delusion that American business men and bankers can or will extend the needed long-term credits to a Europe in social and political dissolution. Last year I conferred with business, banking, party, and government leaders in many of the principal countries of Europe, and everywhere these leaders confessed that the necessary social and political stability can be achieved only by the grace of American coöperation. American isolation must in the end make for European dissolution.

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Many of the European governments have been and are guilty of sins of commission and omission. A full understanding of these will show, however, that they are mostly a part of the war's natural aftermath and of our failure to coöperate adequately. Even if we emphasize these sins to the utmost, we still are compelled to see that they or similar evils cannot be prevented unless we do coöperate. And such coöperation is essential to our own prosperity.

Our farmers early discovered the truth of this. In the last Congress, you may remember, they asked that a billion-dollar credit be granted Europe, in order that Europe might be able to buy their products. The business interests of the country have found it out, too.

§ 5

Now, what are the practical things we can do to help the world and ourselves out of the plight into which we have fallen? Personally, I think the fundamental need is still to "make the world safe for democracy," but I think that as a cold matter of business procedure that phrase can now be translated to mean that our immediate aim should be to "make the world safe for long-term credits." This alone will insure that flow of food and raw materials which will mean, on the one hand, the restoration of Europe to normal work and wealth, and, on the other hand, set free our surplus goods and stimulate our own business health.

I have only three suggestions to offer, three things we, as American citizens, may and should do now.

First, we should mind our H.'s, and *H*elp *H*arding, *H*ughes, and *H*oover. These three men are in strategic positions, the three men through whom America must express its political and economic ideas of world-relations.

President Harding needs to understand that the great mass of Americans is with him in making this country an active member of an effective association of nations. We must begin to differentiate between the Americanism of political campaigning and the real Americanism involving our duty to our neighbors as well as to ourselves. I am a Democrat who voted for Governor Cox, but this question is greater than partizanship. It should be the aim of every American now to work with and through President Harding.

Second, we should make clear to our senators our willingness, our determination, to do our part in helping to restore normal production and distribution in Europe and to establish an effective international court.

Third, we should determine by careful study what is necessary to put our millions of idle back at work.

I am apparently making a plea for the league, but I am not intending primarily to do that. I am emphasizing the points that the facts make it necessary to emphasize, and any sincere study of conditions in Europe will force one to emphasize the imperative need of our association with the nations of Europe if there is to be recuperation and lasting peace.

Disarmament agreements are offered by many people as a substitute. Reduction of military expenses is necessary in all nations, because, in Europe especially, they are too great a burden to be borne safely in addition to the huge expenses of the war. But disarmament on an adequate scale is

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impossible without some efficient substitute. There is no substitute for war except law—international law. But international law effective enough to be a substitute for war is impossible without an association of nations of which the United States is a member.

§ 6

To bring order out of chaos in Europe there is mainly need of the understanding by our people that we are really neighbors of Europe, that we are intimately concerned in Europe's fate and must act as good neighbors. Lloyd George, speaking in the House of Commons, recently said: "People forget that countries are interdependent. 'Love your neighbor' is not only sound Christianity, but also good business." And where the power of business is limited, religion, the churches, can help much. Religion has no more important mission to fulfil than to make its doctrine of "love thy neighbor" come to the world's aid in this crisis. International neighborliness, international friendship, is religion in action, applied religion. We are not good neighbors if from a position of comparative safety we use our superior strength selfishly while we see our neighbors fighting with their lives to keep intact the dam that stems the threatening flood of destruction. We can be good neighbors to Europe only if we lend our strength to save her from the flood of want, unemployment, and anarchy that threatens her.

Besides the business and material reasons, it seems to me there are real ethical and spiritual reasons why we have got to go into Europe and help. We pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Would any of us confine this prayer to bread for Americans alone? And daily bread cannot come in time to Europe unless we in the United States make it possible not as a paliative through alms, but through real international friendship. Organized religion can help by giving leadership and voice to the understanding of our countrymen. This is the great opportunity for religion.

The road back to peace and universal daily bread will indeed require all the world's best qualities—the best qualities of business and of religion combined. The surest way to make these qualities effective is through international friendship. Invention and progress have made our nation the physical neighbor of every other nation, have brought London and Paris nearer Chicago than the thirteen States were to one another when we made our United States. Nationally, we must think and act in a neighborly fashion like good neighbors or fight like bad neighbors.

The church's fundamental ideals are justice, mercy, brotherhood. These are the foundations for international friendship, the foundations for international coöperation. The measures needed for the restoration of our material prosperity are the same as those needed for our spiritual salvation.

We have so far failed to restore the world through the processes of partizan politics, and we are beginning to see that we cannot restore the world through the processes of business alone. There must be stirred in us something of the religious motive of social responsibility before we can shake off the incubus of partizanship and clear the way for the effective use of our business energies in the task of organizing the peace of the world.

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The Crystal Heart

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME, *Author of* "THE DARK TOWER," *etc.*

Drawings by NORMAN PRICE

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–XI. From the beginning Joy Featherstone smiled unexactingly at a universe that she loved. She was nine when Rosemary, last of a large family, was born, and Joy knew she could never love anything so much again, not Maude, her companion sister, or Nicolas Pennant, who loved her better than any one else, despite Maude's desire for first place in his affections. Rosemary developed a rare and incurable wasting disease, and the long task of caring for her lay chiefly in Joy's devoted hands. She gave herself completely to fighting the child's unbearable pain, and after her death, she refused to marry Nicolas because of her horror at the thought of having a child who might suffer as Rosemary suffered. Nicolas thinks her horror is for him as a lover, and while Joy visits his married sister, Julia Ransome, he allows himself to become engaged to Maude. Julia, to whom Joy has confessed her vanishing fear, writes him an explanation, but Joy and Nicolas agree on the impossibility of hurting Maude. After the wedding Joy goes to help Julia, who has fallen mysteriously and broken her leg. Nina Mullory, Owen Ransome's secretary, hints at trouble between Owen and Julia, but Joy refuses to believe it possible.

XII

JOY did not dislike Miss Mullory any more. It was quite impossible for her to dislike any one who had not a home of her own, and she had found out that Nina lived in a hostel. She sat at Miss Mullory's feet by the library fire and heard all about the life of hostels.

But Nina had now had glimpses into a life which seemed built for a pleasure beyond the temporary one of getting the better of somebody else. She said to Joy, with a sudden outbreak of wistfulness:

"You can't think how I like this bath here, enough hot water always, and good firm soap, and never having to do things for yourself, or sleep in sheets that look gray. I could n't believe it when I first came here, and nobody snapped your head off. It 's odd how things strike you. I was brought up in the country, and when Owen took me down here, I thought this house was like a bunch of mignonette."

Joy nodded.

"It is like that," she said. "It 's Julia, you know; everything she touches is clean and sweet."

"Oh, no," said Miss Mullory, impatiently; "it 's not Mrs. Ransome and it 's not Owen. It 's money, and don't you forget it. You can't be what you 'd like when you 're poor. Unless you keep as dull as ditch-water, you can't even be what you ought. I 'd have liked to be like other girls myself, the kind that can take their fun without paying for it. But you can't if you 're poor; you 've got to choose.

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Either you pay for it or you do without it, and I 'm not the sort that does without."

Nina met Joy's eyes defiantly, but there was nothing in Joy's expression on which to feed her defiance. Joy was not sure what Miss Mullory meant either by her fun or by paying for it, but she was quite sure what Nina felt: she felt at a disadvantage. This was what had drawn Joy to her ever since Owen came back. He had been at home three weeks now, and it had been Joy who contrived not to let Nina feel out of things. Owen had been so kind to Joy personally, so extraordinarily kind, that he had a little overlooked the claims of his secretary. But Joy had n't overlooked them. She had insisted always on Nina's sharing all the delightful things they did together in Owen's free hours, and she had steadily refused the most interesting conversations if they shut Nina out. She thought that if Nina worked for Owen, it was at least only fair that he should in return contrive sometimes to let her play with him. From the moment she was there in the house, one of themselves, she must be one of themselves.

Joy had even talked to Julia about it. Julia had not been very responsive, but she had agreed that when you pay people for their work, you do nothing to discharge your personal obligation to them outside of it. She steadfastly refused, however, to allow Nina in her own room.

"She is not, you see," she pointed out to Joy, "my obligation."

In a sense she was n't Joy's, but Joy felt that any one who is not quite happy had a right to be made as happy as any one else could possibly make them.

"You 're a queer sort," Miss Mullory answered after a pause. "You 'd think I 'd hate you, but I don't. I did at first, of course; but you 're not like other girls. You don't know what 's what, and that 's a fact."

"But why should you hate me because I 'm another girl?" Joy objected. "Is n't our being the same sort of person a reason for liking me?"

"My God!" said Miss Mullory, using this term almost in awe, "you are a rum little kid! Don't you know we *are n't* the same kind of person?"

"Well, of course, you 've had more experience of life," Joy acknowledged; "you 're cleverer and you can work for your living. But I 'm going to do that if I can when I get home. I think mother 'll let me. I 'm going to train to work among babies."

Miss Mullory lit a cigarette and gazed at Joy for a moment through the smoke, but she did not follow up this interesting branch of their subject.

"I don't suppose you even know you 've cut me out?" she said slowly after a pause.

Joy blushed furiously.

"Oh, but you see," she explained hurriedly, "I am Julia's greatest friend. She wrote and asked me to take care of her house for her. I really could n't do anything else even when I found you here."

"I did n't mean the house," said Miss Mullory, significantly.

Joy thought for a moment what Nina did mean, and then it suddenly occurred to her that perhaps Nina was thinking of Owen. It was a curious way of thinking of him, because he had n't really anything to do with either of them.

"I don't really do anything for Owen," she said, hesitating a little.

Miss Mullory shut her lips firmly,

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as if she had determined to check something that was on the tip of her tongue.

There was something in the curly head so close to her knee that absurdly touched her. This sheltered, fairy-like child, playing with unknown fires, was n't like another woman; you could not get at her without saying something that would be an injury. If you warned her at all, you would be exposing her to the very danger she might pass safely through in the armor of her innocence. She knew that Joy had been kind to her, kinder than any one had ever been before, and she shrank from meeting this kindness with the harsh exposure of fact.

"Miss Featherstone dear," she said a little breathlessly after rather a long silence, "I wish you 'd do me a favor."

Joy looked up at her quickly.

"Oh, any favor," she said. "Only it would n't be one, I 'd be so glad—"

Miss Mullory put her request nervously, with frequent pauses, as if she were picking her way over rather a hard bit of road.

"I 'd like to stay on," she said, "even though you have put my nose out of joint. It 's jolly here, and so peaceful. I 've racketed rather a lot lately, and, to tell the honest truth, I 'm tired. I 'm not in any hurry to go back; only, you see, he 's done with me now. I can see he 's only waiting for a chance to tell me to pack. If you could just say something about liking me to stop here, just over Christmas, till you go—I 'm not in Mrs. Ransome's way, am I now? And I swear I would n't get in yours. Besides, it would n't be any good. It 's funny, I know, but I 'd like to be here with you."

"He? Who? Do you mean Owen?" Joy asked in amazement. "But I 'm sure he is n't dreaming of your going. He 's far too kind to want to turn any one out, and, besides, are n't you his secretary?"

"Oh, I 'm that, yes," said Miss Mullory, with a short laugh. "He won't want to do me out of my job, if that 's what you mean. I 'm too useful to him, but I generally work at his office in town. What he 'll do is to tell me to go back to the hostel."

"I 'm sure you must be mistaken," said Joy, incredulously. "But I 'll tell you what I will do. I 'll get Julia to ask him. He 'll do anything in the world for Julia."

"My hat!" said Miss Mullory, with intense feeling; but she refused to

"This sheltered, fairy-like child, playing with unknown fires, was n't like another woman"

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explain the relevancy of this apostrophe to her head-gear. She merely added, "I 'd rather you 'd do it yourself, please."

Joy agreed, of course.

There was something dancing in the air. Every morning when she woke her heart leaped to meet the day. She knew it would be full of all the things she liked best: the twins' breakfast, long talks with Julia about home, and in the afternoon wonderful drives or walks with Owen. The days were crisp, with light frosts and sweet sunshine, sharp in flavor, like the taste of an apple. They flew past her with that swift, unnamable magic which colors the world to a single heart.

She would always remember the red sunset catching up the orchard and making all the apples shine like fairy gold, and Owen leaning over a gate beside her and telling her about his school-days. It shot through her mind, while she listened eagerly, that Nick long ago in the Doone Valley had told her of his school-days, too, only it had been different then. She had not known how to listen to his confidences, and they had hurt her a little, because he was so hard in his young sense of right. He had none of Owen's delicate, tolerant humor. She remembered how fierce Nick had been about that one bad boy, the boy whom everybody liked, and who had gone, so Nick had said, through the house like rat poison. She had been so sorry for that bad and nameless boy that she had prayed about him for many years. Owen would have understood him better, perhaps. It did not cross her wildest dreams that Owen, looking down at her with those kind and intimate eyes, had every reason to understand him best of all.

Owen never talked, as Nick did, heavily, about problems, as if they were things you could try to get right. He did not seem to think there were any problems. He mentioned Nicolas once.

"Young Pennant was in the same house that I was at school," he said lightly. "If you don't mind my saying so, he was a bit of a prig."

But Joy did mind his saying it; she could not bear to hear criticisms of her friends.

"I think he always saw so very clearly what was right," she said a little stiffly.

Owen laughed.

"Saw so very clearly what was wrong, you mean, don't you?" he asked good-humoredly.

The light on the apples became fierier still under the low, red sky,—they were so vivid that they looked enchanted,—and Owen, leaning beside her, laughing down into her eyes, looked enchanted, too. There was something dazzling about him, as if he were more than just her friend and Julia's husband. He was beautiful and strange.

Owen joined the two girls in the library for tea, and afterward he suggested taking Joy for a drive.

"It 'll be dark before we get back," he said, "but it 's not cold and it 's stopped raining. Do come for an hour's spin."

"And Nina?" Joy asked as usual, but Nina shook her head. She said she had n't quite finished getting the post off.

While Joy ran to get her things on, Owen sat quite still, looking at the carpet. He did n't seem to have anything left to say to Nina.

"Well," she said after a long pause, "I don't know what you think, Owen

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my lad, but I think you 've bitten off a bigger bit than you can chew. *That* girl 's good."

Owen winced; her expressions sickened him. He did n't want to have any of his thoughts of Joy put into words. He raised his eyes, and looked at Nina with an insolent coldness.

"If I were you," he said, "I 'd learn to hold my tongue. You may find it important one of these days. What I feel or what I don 't feel is none of your business."

Nina laughed disagreeably.

"That 's rather recent, is n't it?" she asked. "I 'm paid to be your secretary, are n't I? But there are some things I have n't been paid for, Owen."

"I 'd be delighted," he drawled, "at any time to write you out a check."

Nina flinched as if he had deliberately struck her; the tears sprang to her eyes.

"That was a nasty one," she muttered. "Owen, you 're about the worst I have ever come across. Don 't let her find it out, that 's all."

Joy came dancing into the room, but she stopped short. Something in the air hurt. She looked questioningly from one to the other of them, but it could n't have come from Owen. He stood looking down at her with his laughing, kind eyes as if things that hurt had no existence at all.

Joy hesitated for a moment, and then she went across the room and kissed Nina for the first time. She thought Nina must have got a little cold, because she felt her shiver as she kissed her.

Owen wrapped Joy up beautifully in the car. He drove himself, and they ran quickly through the little village and out into the wooded, empty lanes. The air was chill after the rain, but very fresh and sweet. The clouds hung heavy and low above the rusty foliage. Sunset lit the fields and hills until the world about them was like a smoldering fire.

Owen drove in silence for a long time. Joy loved the sense of his speed and skill. The intimacy between them had deepened in the last three weeks. She was aware of it all the time, but it seemed suddenly to leap into significance when they were alone. Joy had never thought it possible to be as real a friend to Owen as she could be to Julia, but lately she had felt as if she was. Owen seemed to communicate with her ceaselessly at every point; the very air was full of his friendliness, and when he sat silent and absorbed beside her, she felt it most of all. She had never known any one who was so near her own mind.

Nick had never realized what she meant, only what she meant to him. But Owen understood her all the time, and although he was so tremendously clever, he put himself completely at her disposal, so that she understood him, too.

He stopped the car suddenly with a little jerk close to Ashdown Forest.

"I 'm going to take you to look at a favorite haunt of mine," he said. "The car 'll be all right here. Proper things on your feet? Good! It 'll be as wet as a bog."

It was growing dusk already, and was nearly dark under the close shelter of the trees. They followed a small, soaked footpath till they came out suddenly into a grove of beech-trees. The rain had begun again, but under the heavy heads of the trees they felt nothing. They stood as if inside a cloister, a million miles away from the bluster of mankind.

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"She would always remember the red sunset catching up the orchard and making all the apples shine like fairy gold"

"Let 's sit here for a moment," said Owen, pointing to a fallen log. "May I smoke?"

Joy nodded, but she could not speak. She did not want a sound to stir the motionless serenity.

"This kind of thing makes a man feel religious," Owen said at last.

"Yes," said Joy, very softly; "it 's as quiet as prayer."

Owen looked at her curiously.

"You believe in all that sort of thing, I suppose," he asked, "religion, churches, law, and gospels?"

Joy hesitated.

"I believe," she said, "in one thing; at least I don't know even if I believe it, because I suppose believing is being what you think, is n't it, even when you find it hard? I have n't found it hard yet, but I do believe in love, Owen."

"Love?" asked Owen, his eyes rested on hers with a kindness that seemed to beseech and claim an answering kindness from her. "But that 's what I believe in, too, Joy. That ought n't to pan out very hard."

"Everybody's," she went on, "and for everything; I think it is what we can live on."

Owen laughed softly.

"You interest me less," he said, "when you make it so tall an order. Never mind, you do interest me. Only don't tell me, as you usually do, just when I 'm most counting on your liking to be with me, that it would be quite perfect if Julia was here, too!"

Joy looked at him in astonishment. For a moment she did n't like what he said, and then she realized with immense reassurance that Owen could n't mean what she did n't like. Of course he was only laughing about Julia.

"It *would* be quite perfect, of course," she said; "that 's what 's so wonderful, Owen. I can really like you both together now; I don't have only to like you because you 're Julia's husband."

"I 'm glad you 've got as far as that," said Owen, with a mocking little smile. "Do you believe in friendship between men and women, Joy? There are people, you know, who think it can't be done. One or the other tumbles into love. That 's the idea, I take it."

"Well, they might, of course," Joy agreed, "if they were n't either of them married."

Owen said nothing at all to this; he amused himself by drawing patterns on the leaves with the point of his stick. He seemed to be very much

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amused, for he was smiling all the time.

"I wonder," said Joy, "if I might ask you something, Owen—something I want?"

"Don't you know," he answered, without turning his eyes from the leaf mold he was engaged with, "by now, little Joy, that you may ask me anything in the world, and that, practically speaking, I am incapable of refusing you?"

"That 's because you 're so kind," said Joy. "I notice you hardly ever refuse anybody anything. What I want to ask you is, may Nina Mullory stay on till after Christmas? I 'm going to stay, you know, and I thought it would be nice if she could, too."

Owen did not answer for a moment; then he said:

"But what does Julia say?"

"Julia," replied Joy, "says that Miss Mullory is your secretary, and you can make any arrangements you like, of course."

"But I may n't if you won't let me," said Owen, quickly. "What do you want Nina to stay for?"

"It must be so horrid," said Joy, "to have to have Christmas in a hostel. Do you know, Owen, I never realized before that there were hundreds and thousands of girls having to live in ugly places without homes. It 's rather awful, is n't it? And Nina is happy here. She likes me now. She did n't at first, but she 's very kind about me now. I 'd like her awfully to stay."

"Then it 's settled, is n't it?" said Owen, a little impatiently. "I can't refuse you anything you 'd like. Only, Joy, quite seriously, I don't advise it. Miss Mullory is quite a good person for a secretary, but she is n't a bit suitable for your friend. She might so easily hurt you."

"Oh, but, Owen, she would n't," said Joy, reproachfully. "You ought to know her better than that. She 's kind."

"She might say things you did n't like," persisted Owen. "I 'd far rather have her in London. You see how Julia behaves to her, don't you? She gives orders for her to be made comfortable and leaves her alone."

"But can you be very comfortable when you are left alone," Joy asked diffidently—"not when there 's another girl in the house being treated differently, can you?"

"Well, there you are," said Owen; "that 's just my point. Would n't it be simpler not to have her in the house? Julia would n't stand it, you know, if she were up. She 'd think a it *gêne*."

"I can see that," said Joy, "because, of course, you two like best to be alone together. But just till Julia *is* up, might n't she stay?"

"She can do exactly as you like," said Owen; "but must we go on talking about her? I have been thinking ever since you came back about your eyes, and now I 've just discovered what they 're like: they 're the color of very blue corn-flowers."

"Are they?" said Joy, with unembarrassed interest. "Have you noticed Julia's? They 're like a very gray wave, oh, such a deep-gray wave, just before it breaks. You can't get to the bottom of them. Tom's are going to be exactly the same." Tom was the youngest twin.

Owen said something quite unintelligible under his breath; then be broke up the picture he had made with the leaf-mold.

"Joy," he said laughingly, "when

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did you learn to be as wise as the children of the world when you are so markedly one of the children of light?"

"I 'm not wise at all," said Joy. "What do you mean, Owen?"

But Owen did not tell her what he meant. He only rose up rather suddenly, and walked out of the circle of beech-trees, which were as quiet as prayer.

XIII

When they got back that evening Joy thought that Nina must be going to have influenza. She still sat over the fire, shivering. Owen was in his most delightful mood; he asked Joy to play his accompaniments, and got out an old album full of songs. He had a light, clear baritone with a great deal of expression; all his songs were love-songs. He sang them like a man inspired, and Nina sat crouching over the fire without turning her head. Joy left the door open, and Julia's door up-stairs, so that she could hear the gay, touching voice full of ardor and supplication. She thought that Julia must feel almost as if Owen was talking to her. Joy did not dream that Owen sang only for her, that his eyes never left her face, while every nerve in him responded passionately to the extravagant praises he sent out upon the air to reach her heart.

He sang on and on, until at length the drooping little figure of Nina rose up and left the room. Owen stopped abruptly then and closed the door after her.

"Come and rest a little," he said to Joy, drawing a deep breath. "I think I 've sung myself out."

"I want to go up to Julia," Joy objected. She wondered a little that Owen himself did not suggest going to Julia after those songs.

"No, not just yet," Owen pleaded; "stay a little with me."

Joy sat down by the fire in a kind of dream; her heart seemed swung out of her body upon a tide of music. The silence of the room was full of remembered sound. The great claims and promises of love, set to such lilting tunes, besieged her imagination. All this enchanted, perilous secret was still unlearned.

Owen moved about the room restlessly for a minute or two, then sat down on the floor by the fire and leaned back against her knees.

"'Yes,' said Joy, very softly; 'it 's as quiet as prayer'"

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Joy was startled for a moment by his sudden proximity, but there was something so natural in his being there that she had not the heart to move away from him. It would have seemed like an unkindness. She felt curiously tired, and just sitting there, leaning against the cushions, with Owen's head resting on her knees, was the most peaceful thing that had ever happened to her.

As for Owen, he gave a little sigh of complete content.

"I 'm in heaven," he whispered, "with one of the angels, Joy."

She hardly heard what he said. She had two opposing feelings struggling in her. An instinct that just being there close to Owen, alone by themselves, was so beautiful that it must be right; and an instinct, which was no less strong, that Julia was alone up-stairs, and should n't be forgotten for the sake of any beauty.

She gave a little sigh, and slowly withdrew herself from his leaning head. Owen jumped up and stood in front of her; his breath came quickly.

"You 're not going *now*?" he asked, as if something had happened to prevent her going.

"Yes," said Joy; "I 'm going to Julia first, unless you want to go to her, then to Nina. I don't think Nina is quite well."

Owen said something that sounded very like "Damn Nina!" but one look at Joy quieted him. She was wholly unaware of any possible reason for damning Nina.

"Say you don't want to go, and I 'll let you," he said impulsively. It had n't occurred to Joy that there could be any question of Owen preventing her. She saw, however, that he was in a strange mood; perhaps all that music had excited him. So she said truthfully:

"I should really rather stay, it is so quiet here, after the music; but I do want to go to Julia, too, of course."

He let her go then, or, rather, he turned quickly and walked toward the window, and though Joy had no idea that there was anything to escape from, she took the opportunity of slipping away without further expostulation.

She sat with Julia for an hour. It was late then, so, after she had paused outside Nina's door and heard nothing, she decided Nina must be asleep and that it would be better not to disturb her. Perhaps she was not ill after all, but the music had upset her.

"Joy did not dream that Owen sang only for her"

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Joy kneeled down by her open window. It was very dark outside, and the rain fell again, persistently, but without violence. She thought of her home, and all the beauty of the hills and sea came vividly before her. She almost heard the waterfalls whispering and withdrawing their innumerable secrets; the memory of the open moors, held high against the sky, came like a sudden freshness upon her spirit. She thought of Rock Lodge with a fixity of all her being, as if she were seeing it for the last time. Then she heard a light tap at her door. Nina entered hurriedly as if she were frightened, but for a moment or two she said nothing. Then she began to speak quickly and as if she were forcing herself to a task which was half against her will.

"I have come," she said, "to tell you something. You 've been kind to me. I don't know whether I ought to speak or not, but I can't stand it. You 've got to know. Won't you sit down somewhere, and not kneel as if you were saying your prayers?"

Joy moved a chair forward for Nina.

"You 're very tired," she said softly. "I hoped you had gone to sleep, or else I should have come in to ask how you were."

"Sleep? No, it 's not likely I should sleep," said Nina. "Sit there yourself. I can't sit down. Has n't Mrs. Ransome told you anything at all?"

Joy shook her head.

"But if it 's something about Julia," she said quickly, "don't tell me. She herself would if she wanted me to know."

"It is n't only about her," said Nina in a quick, breathless voice; "it 's about the whole thing, and I 've a right to speak. I don't know whether I 'd better or not, but I know I 've a right. It does n't seem like a friend to have you here and risk anything, but I never have been able to make her out, anyway. I could n't expect her to stand me, but before she knew, she need n't always have behaved as if it was her business to be kind, not as if she wanted to be. There 's things a girl can't stand—what he said to me to-night. He ought n't to have said it; and then to sing all those songs—he used to call them mine—to sing them as if I was n't there. He thinks I 'm not made of flesh and blood, that 's all, or else he just does n't care.

"If a man like Owen is in love with you, he runs blind like a horse in blinkers. It 's only you he sees, and if he is n't in love with you, he does n't think of you at all. You are n't a human being; you 're just a thing in the way. I 'm going to-morrow, anyhow. I 'm fed up. Look here, Miss Featherstone dear, do you know anything at all?"

Joy stared blankly at her, like a creature fascinated.

"Well," said Nina, "I 'm not what you 'd call respectable. Do you understand that? And it 's Owen Ransome's fault that I 'm not. I did n't mean any harm when I came here; I 'll swear I did n't. I just came for the lark; I 've been fond of him for years. It 's only been on and off, you know, on his part, but I 've stood that. You 're always having to stand something if you 're in love. He 's like that. She knows it, Mrs. Ransome does. She 's done everything to keep him, turned the house upside down, and filled it with God knows who because he likes queer fish. She 's stood by him time and time again when he 's got into a mess. About six months ago he as near as makes no matter got

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into the courts, but she swore black was white for him, and they believed her. I don't believe she tells lies easily; she does n't look like it. But she need n't have treated me like dirt. I did n't mean a thing down here but to do a piece of work I could n't get him to settle to in town. He 's a wonderful head for business, Owen has; only he 's lazy.

"She came in one day suddenly when I was alone with him. It was awkward, I 'll admit, but he might have got out of it somehow if he 'd tried. Perhaps she got him into a corner,—he can't stand being got in a corner,—so he probably turned nasty and gave us both away. Anyhow, the fat was in the fire.

"She 'd had enough, poor thing; I suppose his bringing me down looked a bit too steep. I can't blame her. I 've felt like it many a time, but I never had the pluck.

"You see, dear, what happened to Mrs. Ransome was n't an accident: she meant to do herself in. Oh, my God, dear, don't faint! You 're as white as glass!"

Joy covered her face with her hands. She had queer images going on in her mind: the twins eating bread and milk in the nursery, the smart white fox-terriers running at Owen's heels,—he had a masterly way of training dogs,—the starched, stiff parlor-maid impassively laying tea, church on Sunday, and the pew full of the occupants of Pollards, all regular and handsome and solid. What was happening to the inside of these hollow beings? Was everything that looked so safe a bog under one's feet? Nina was speaking again.

"I could n't stand it," she repeated, "to see you here, and he starting it all up again, me not out of the house, and you her friend. Well, it was a bit too thick, was n't it? And I have my pride. He 'll chuck me for this, but I don't care now; he should n't have said what he did, not after—you do look shocking, Miss Featherstone dear. Do take a glass of water or something."

"No, no," said Joy; "I don't want anything." She rose slowly to her feet, holding on to the back of her chair. She was quite steady now, and she understood. She understood some of it, but she felt that there must be some monstrous mistake somewhere—a mistake less monstrous than the truth.

"I must go to Julia," she said. "Let me pass, please; I must see Julia!"

(To be concluded)

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The Jewish Problem

Its Relation to American Ideals and Interests

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

Zionism is daily assuming a significance that demands full examination and debate. Dr. Gibbons here presents vigorously one aspect of the anti-Zionist point of view. We offer it not as the point of view of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, but as the opening statement of an interesting debate in which our readers will have both sides of this question fully discussed. — THE EDITOR.

THE aftermath of the war has brought to the United States many things to be deplored and some things to be feared. On June 16, 1858, Abraham Lincoln said at Springfield, Illinois: "I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other." Because Abraham Lincoln realized that we were at the cross-roads, and because his faith in the nation choosing the right road was coupled with the determination to make men see which was the right road, he became President, and saved his country. Once more there is division within the household. We do not expect the house to fall, but are we taking steps to provide that "it will cease to be divided"?

The German, Irish, Polish, Russian, and Jewish elements in our population are too numerous, too virile, too intelligent, to be "Americanized" by steam-roller methods. They will not exchange their culture and traditions for Anglo-Saxon culture and traditions. They will oppose, and oppose successfully, the entry of the United States into a coalition or alliance to protect and advance the interests of certain European countries at the expense of other European countries and racial elements. A study of the figures of the 1920 census will convince any man of sober judgment of the impossibility of making Americanization synonymous with the acceptance of Anglo-Saxon culture and a "pan-Angle alliance." The figures are against "the hands across the sea" and "blood is thicker than water" propagandists. In 1920 the United States was an English-speaking, but not an Anglo-Saxon, nation. What will it be in 1930? In 1940? We must realize that whatever system of regulating immigration we use, a large influx of English and Scotch is not to be hoped for. More important still, one has only to use his eyes to see that the old Anglo-Saxon stock in this country is producing per family fewer children than German Americans, Irish Americans, Polish Americans, Russian Americans, and Jewish Americans. The percentage in favor of elements which refuse to become Anglicized runs from two to four children more per family in this generation than among Americans of English and Scotch blood.

In the face of these facts (study the

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census, and the reader can check up on me), it does not do the slightest good for members of the Anglo-Saxon group to call the Sinn Feiners jackasses, cry traitor to the German Americans who took President Wilson at his word, berate the Poles, denounce the Russians and the Bolshevists, or become anti-Semites. On the other hand, it will do a lot of harm. My phrase is not strong enough. The attempt to make assimilation with the customs and traditions and interests of the Anglo-Saxon group and professed friendship for any European nation the tests of Americanization will lead to a permanent and hopeless destruction of our national life. I feel this so keenly that I must state it baldly.

It is not that those of us who belong to the older blood and who have an almost fanatical pride in our institutions and affection for the country and civilization which gave us our background should be content to see the United States changed into an inchoate dumping-ground of Europe; but we should realize that we are not living in a world of theories, that fulfilment of a desire is not accomplished simply by expressing it, and that facts are not to be dismissed with a lordly wave of the hand. I am afraid that the old American stock and its attitude were well illustrated by Assemblyman Falconer, who had never heard of Einstein. His ignorance of the Berlin professor's existence did not make Einstein a myth, nor did it prevent Einstein from receiving the freedom of the city of New York. Because you and I have Haig's etching of Durham Cathedral in our study and love to read Walter Pater, that is no reason why Patrick McDermott should feel untrue to the country of his adoption when he attends a Sinn Fein meeting. He has as much right to dream of McGillicuddy's Reeks towering over Killarney as Admiral Sims and I have to think of Magdalen Tower and the steeple of St. Mary the Virgin rising over Oxford. You think of love-feasts in Paris, and say that the Treaty of Versailles shall stand. Your fellow-citizen, Hans Schwartz, has a letter from his folks in Westphalia, and declares that it sha'n't. Pat and Hans each have six children; you have one. *Quot filii [et filiæ], tot voces.*

During the war, one hundred per cent. Americans were after the pacifists and pro-Germans. When the armistice was signed, baiting had become a habit; so they discovered that foreigners who failed to shave were Bolshevists. Now suspicion of undermining our institutions seems to have turned against the Jews. My mail brings me much less about the Bolshevists and the I. W. W. than it did last year, but scarcely a day passes that some one does not write to me that the Jews are plotting to control the world. In letters and pamphlets I get a continuous rehash of the London "Morning Post," the Paris "La Vieille France," and the Dearborn "Independent." Of course Dearborn is not as large a place as London or Paris, but it has put itself upon the map by passing on to the American public what Mr. Henry Ford's young men have read in European anti-Semitic journals.

The articles of the Dearborn "Independent," however, cannot be passed over with a laugh or answered by a denunciation of the motives of the Detroit manufacturer who inspires them. The Ford campaign is symptomatic of a condition that is new in

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the United States. Mr. Ford did not create this condition. He has aggravated it, of course, but if the minds of the American people were not ready for what the Dearborn "Independent" has asserted, Mr. Ford's "International Jew" would have been laughed out of existence in the same way Mr. Ford's peace ship was.

§ 2

The attention which the Dearborn "Independent's" campaign is commanding in this country, despite the discreet silence of other newspapers, demonstrates the existence of anti-Semitic feeling. This is a distressing result of the World War. And yet it is impossible to believe that the ground was not fertile for it to spring up into a full-grown movement in so short a time. In dealing with internal and international problems of European countries, anti-Semitism has long been an accepted fact and factor, but until 1918 were the Jews widely spoken of by us as a disruptive force to be reckoned with in American life, and as agents of an international organization aiming at world domination?

During the period of settlement in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were few Jews in America, and during the greater part of the nineteenth century those who came over here to cast in their fortunes with the growing republic found that they did not have to feel either the political or social barriers erected everywhere against Jews in the Old World. Of course there was a certain amount of prejudice due to age-old notions and traditions of Christendom. But the prejudice was social prejudice, and was never felt by Jews of gentle breeding or of intellectual attainments. They were accepted everywhere without hesitation, and no position in government service or in business was denied them. In proportion to their numbers, Jews always played an important part in American life. Every one of the older cities in America has Jewish families who have retained their ancient faith, who have identified themselves with purely Jewish activities, and who are still regarded as among the "best families" of the cities in which they live. In the laws and customs of the American people there is no discrimination against Jews. The Jewish question, in its social and economic aspects, arose only after the great tide of immigration from Russia set in thirty years ago. In its political aspect it has arisen here since the Balfour declaration of November 2, 1917, which purported to give the Jews "a national home" in Palestine. In its religious aspect it does not exist.

Social prejudice is a curious phenomenon, the causes of which are not readily distinguishable. It shows itself arbitrarily against any group which is too numerous or too suddenly prosperous or too clannish. But in my experience I have never seen an instance of social prejudice acting arbitrarily against a person unless he belonged to an Asiatic or African race. No doors are closed to Jews in America simply because they are Jews. Exclusion from hotels and clubs is a hardship that has to be endured by many a man or woman because of the faults or characteristics of others. When Jews were few, they were never barred. Even now there is no hotel or club that would not be glad to have some Jews. The trouble is that Jews themselves, wherever they have gathered in numbers, have displayed a strong

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group spirit. The exclusiveness is on their side and leads to the exclusion. Social prejudice is not a manifestation of anti-Semitism, then, nor is anti-Semitism a development of social prejudice.

Nor is there racial prejudice against Jews *ipso facto*. The Jews who feel that there is this racial prejudice are victims of their own imagination, and have brought the idea with them from Europe. Racial prejudice is a strong term, and cannot be imputed to those who claim to dislike Jews as a group. The white man instinctively denies social equality to colored races. He possesses a physical antipathy for all Africans, and in varying degrees for Asiatics. Something within him which he cannot control makes it impossible for him to have a close relationship with them. There is none of this feeling about Jews, who, like Arabs and other peoples of the Near East, are a white race in their origins. If an American feels any physical repugnance for a Galician or Polish or Russian Jew who has just arrived, it is a mere question of the lack of a bath, and identically the same feeling is experienced by the newly arrived immigrant's American coreligionists. Racial prejudice, in the narrower European sense of the word, is also lacking. The older Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic elements in the United States possess a certain arrogance in dealing even with other white races taken in the aggregate. Members of the Jewish group may feel that there is a certain reserve in the attitude of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic groups, but they can rest assured that this same reserve is shown toward other European races, Latin, Greek, and Slavic.

The super-sensitiveness of Jews of the older immigration, who feel that they have to suffer because of the unprepossessing qualities of their co-religionists of the later immigration, and the ignorance of Jews of the later immigration, lead them into a fundamental misunderstanding of the attitude of their Christian fellow-citizens. We are ready to break bread with Jews, receive them in our homes, marry them, and work with them, and very often under them. Many of my dearest friends are Jews, and I find that they have in common only one characteristic, an impenitent sort of idealism. In everything else they are as different from one another as Gentile friends. The rise of anti-Semitism in the United States does not, and cannot, feed upon religious bigotry, social prejudice, or racial antipathy.

§ 3

A dislike of the Jewish element on business grounds, and a feeling of uneasiness concerning the Jew's place in our economic life, have long been reasons for incipient anti-Semitism. Virtually every other immigrant strain in the multi-textured America has penetrated all through the country, and when its numbers passed the million mark, has settled on the land. The Northern groups did this from the beginning. Within the last twenty years Slavs and notably Italians have taken to farming. When we had fifty thousand Jews in the United States, their whole-hearted devotion to commerce and banking, while noticeable, was not alarming. Now that we have more than 3,300,000, a good half of whom have not gone fifteen miles from Ellis Island, and only a few thousand of whom are tilling the soil, we can no

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longer say that we have not a Jewish question in America. We have. Before the war broke out, we were beginning to ask ourselves how we were going to deal with the mass of unassimilated eastern European Jews who were taking possession of Manhattan Island. None in America was worried about more Jews coming into the United States, but their continued and indefinite concentration in New York and a few other large American cities, where they became shopkeepers and middlemen, brokers and bankers, lawyers and newspaper men in overwhelming numbers, began to create the strong prejudice that undoubtedly exists against the Jews in our great centers of population. Had the Jews scattered all over the United States, and had they gone into the producing end of business, they would have been treated just as any other group from Europe which came to contribute its varied part to the development of the United States.

Our 300,000 Jews, representing the earlier immigration and its descendants, are to be found in all the States of the Union, as thoroughly Americanized as any element of our population, and have rendered services to the building up of our country far out of proportion to their numbers. Our 3,000,000 Jews representing the later immigration and its children, have already given many outstanding figures to community and national life. But the 3,000,000 are bunched and clannish.

The student of Jewish life in Europe has grave misgivings that the old story of putting the Jew within the pale is going to repeat itself in America. But if this occurs, it will be, as it has not been in the past, only the fault of the Jew himself.

§ 4

This clannishness would eventually break down were it not for the deliberate efforts of Jewish leaders who are determined that Israel shall remain an *imperium in imperio*. If the Jews persist in maintaining a distinct ethnic consciousness and an exclusive community life, anti-Semitism will thrive in America as it has thrived in Europe. The American nation, itself the result of fusion, will not tolerate without protest a foreign element in it. For the Jew it is either into the melting-pot or back to the Ghetto.

The twofold pity of it is that the leaders of Jewish nationalism, as it is expounded to us in America, are creating a difficult and embarrassing situation for coreligionists whom they do not represent and who are unqualifiedly opposed to Jewish nationalism, and that the ideals for the sake of which they are stirring up animosity against the Jews are wholly irrealizable.

I have read through, with minute attention to every argument advanced and fact adduced, the articles of the Dearborn "Independent." The case against the Jews has three counts: that they are unassimilated and cannot be assimilated; that their first allegiance is to Jewry and not to the country in which they live; and that they are using their unique position as an "internation" to dominate the world. But the case rests upon the false hypothesis of Jewish racial or national and cultural solidarity. It is absurd to consider the Jews as a separate nation, linked together throughout the world by a national self-consciousness. It is the same mistake that misinformed writers make when

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they speak of the menace of Islam. The Jews and Mohammedans have as radical differences of culture and ideals as Christians.

Just because they are Christians, one does not assume a community of spirit and a common culture to the French and Germans. And yet there is an equally wide, if not wider, gulf between Spanish-speaking Jews and Yiddish-speaking Jews. They hate one another like poison even in Jerusalem. Nor does Dr. Chaim Weissmann represent the Jews of Europe, as he said he did when he was in this country recently. At Cleveland, at the Zionist convention in June, Dr. Weissmann neglected to admit frankly that he was having the same trouble in Europe over Palestine funds and official representation that developed in America. Most American Jews, who have been swept off their feet by the Zionist propaganda, do not know about the meeting of leading rabbis who form the central council of "Agudas Yisroel." The orthodox Eastern Jews adopted at Vienna a protest against Article IV of the draft of the mandate for Palestine prepared by the British Government. These Jews refused to recognize the right of Dr. Weissmann's organization to be considered as the Jewish agency for coöperating and advising with the administration of Palestine. I know personally strictly orthodox rabbis in many European countries to whom Dr. Weissmann and all his works are as much anathema as they are to the Reform Jews in America.

Unfortunately, the Jews who are indifferent to or opposed to the un-American propaganda of the Zionists have until now kept quiet. By not actively working against Jewish nationalism, as it is being taught in the United States by men who do not understand American institutions and the spirit of American life, they have let silence give consent. Many American non-Jews have thus been led to believe that the Jewish element as a whole does not intend to become Americanized. Every day we read about the interest of the Jews in Zionism, and their eagerness to be citizens of a reconstituted Palestine. Why do we not hear the other side? The best way for the Jews to check the growth of anti-Semitism in America at the present moment is for every Jew who does not want to become a Palestinian to say so openly. The time has come for the Jews of America to refuse to tolerate the assumption of certain European Jews to act as spokesmen for the aspirations of the Jewish "race" or "nation."

If Zionism were purely religious, no American would say a word against it. But those of us who have read Ahad Ha'Am's "Al Parashat Derachim" know that Zionism, based on this influential writer's interpretation of it, is subversive to American citizenship. No Jew can be a follower of Asher Ginsberg (Ahad Ha'Am), and be a good American. Ginsberg in his essay considers Zionism as a means for deepening the cultural rather than the religious life of Jewry, and he believes that, while the majority of the Jews must remain outside Palestine, their attachment to Zion will enable them to be an international community linked together by the closest of ties.

§ 5

Call it by whatever name you will and explain it as you will, the Zionist

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movement tends to emphasize in the immigrant what makes him unfit for American citizenship. Jew or Gentile, the man who comes to this country and who casts in his lot with this country must make it his business to learn and to express in his life American ideals and to work for American interests. Our colonists and our earlier immigrants never hesitated to sever the ties that bound them to the country or the people of their origin. Otherwise, the United States would never have become a nation. What it means to be an American is taught in one of the books of the Hebrew Bible. The story of Ruth is an epic of Americanization. Whoever comes to us in the spirit of Ruth need not feel an alien. Whoever comes to us in the spirit of Ahad Ha'Am will always be an alien, and will breed aliens.

Confronted with anti-Semitism, what are American Jews going to do? Will they allow the newer element of their coreligionists to crystallize themselves into a community apart, worked upon to give their loyalty to Palestine and their money to Keren Hayesod, or will they fight the Zionist propaganda by dissociating themselves publicly from the movement and all its implications, and by enlightening the immigrants from eastern Europe concerning the duties and privileges of American citizenship?

The nineteenth century gave to the Jews full rights of citizenship in western Europe. In eastern Europe the Russian Revolution and the treaties after the World War brought sudden emancipation. Whether the gains are illusory or real depends in large measure upon the Jews themselves. They must choose between attachment to Palestine and attachment to the country of which they are citizens. The time is poorly chosen to preach Zionism.

This is especially true in the United States, where we are a thousand times more sensitive about divided loyalty than we were before the war. If we overdid the stamping out of German and Bolshevist propaganda, fancying that it existed where it did not, it must be remembered that the provocation was great. When it comes to the rank and file of Americans, the Americanization issue is not cheap jingoism or left-over war hysteria. It is a means of preserving the unity of the United States, just as abolition, sixty years ago, was a means of preserving the Union.

The sponsors of the Jewish-nation idea are, in my opinion, enemies of American unity, and give journals like the Dearborn "Independent" weekly texts to use against their coreligionists. We Americans cannot afford to have any nationalist propaganda spread among our fellow-citizens, especially among those recently or not yet naturalized. Zionists will cry out that a man can be a good American and at the same time a fervent Zionist, but no involved and confused line of explanation and reasoning about the spirit and purpose of Zionism will convince American public opinion that a man who has two countries is a good citizen, or that a man can belong to two nations at the same time.

Here is the test for the American who professes the Jewish religion. Is he an American first or a Jew first? If he answers that he is an American first, is he prepared to accept the fact that his obligations to other Americans, irrespective of religion, transcend his obligations to others of his own

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faith who may be nationals of another country? With the rise of nationality in Europe this question was threshed out between different sects of Christendom. The Catholics of England were loyal to Protestant Elizabeth. The Catholics of France rallied to Protestant Henry IV, and then the Protestants of France rallied to Catholic Henry IV. Those who did not place country above religion were persecuted, and finally driven into exile. The American Christian is willing to say to the American Jew that in case of a difference with any foreigner, he would place the American Jew before the Christian foreigner. The tie is not religion, but nationality.

We are sure of the answer the 300,000 will give. Are we sure of the 3,000,000? The reason we are not sure is our fear of what the Zionist propaganda is accomplishing in preventing the Americanization of immigrants and in undermining the loyalty of others to American ideals and interests. We do not hold in abhorrence the Jews, but we do hold in abhorrence the Jewish nation. The existence of a Jewish nation, whatever connotation one gives to the term, means the existence of anti-Semitism, and as the Jewish nation flourishes, so will anti-Semitism flourish.

§ 7

The split in the Zionist organization in the recent Cleveland convention confirmed our belief that a serious attempt was being made by Europeans to bring together the Jews of America into a formidable organization, imbued with a separate national consciousness, for purposes which, while we may not understand them clearly, are certainly not for the benefit of American ideals and interests. The Keren Hayesod (Palestine Fund) was conceived by the majority at the last London Zionist conference as a tax or levy and not as a free-will offering. That was the revelation of 1920. And now in 1921 we learn that this money, a large portion of which is to be contributed by Americans, it is proposed to administer through an agency in which the contributors have little voice and no control at all.

The worst feature of Zionism is that its teachings make difficult of refutation the charges that the Jews are an international community, and that their presence as an unassimilated group in every country is in accordance with a plan to dominate the world.

In an eloquent speech at the Buffalo convention of Reform Congregations in May, Mr. Marcus Aaron said that Jewishness was a spiritual value, and could not be less than that. He was fortunate in his phraseology. Living, vital faith needs only symbols. When the Jews are dependent upon a material Zion for the preservation of their religion, the religion will have ceased to exist. The cultural Zion of Ahad Ha'Am demands what an American citizen cannot give. Every element in the United States must make its cultural contribution to the United States, holding nothing back, and no exception is made for the Jews. The religious Zion is within the heart of the worshiper. The cultural Zion is in the home of the American Jew, and what he gives and does outside must be a contribution to American life. There remains the political Zion. American Jews can have nothing to do with that. If they do, they are members of an international group and rightly subject to suspicion.

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The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

IS OUR RELIGIOUS LEADERSHIP BREAKING DOWN?

Is the ministry losing its appeal as a career for men of mind and leadership? Is the pulpit to be deserted? Is Christianity—at least Protestant Christianity—to become voiceless in the United States?

Some weeks ago the "New York Evening Post" conducted an investigation that disclosed the fact that to-day there are at least five thousand vacant Protestant pulpits in this country, while Protestant theological seminaries as a whole continue to show a decreasing registration. This cannot be dismissed as merely part of a post-war educational slump in view of the fact that our colleges and universities turned out record-breaking graduation classes this year. These facts are, as the "Post" well says, of great social significance to the nation.

Certain facts brought out by this investigation should be summarized before any independent comment is made.

In the face of five thousand vacant Protestant pulpits, only about sixteen hundred prospective clergymen were graduated from accredited Protestant seminaries last June. It cannot be said that all these will enter the pulpit. Some of them will enter foreign mission fields, take up various forms of social work, or pursue further studies. There were about an equal number of men and women graduated from such institutions as the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago and Los Angeles, but the graduates of such institutions are, in the main, men and women of negligible educational equipment, sincere, but ill-equipped, servants of the church. Many of them have had only a brief training after high school. Many of them will enter special forms of work in city missions and in itinerant evangelism. They will contribute little toward a solution of the problem of the vacant pulpit. Their theological training has been of the ultra-conservative sort that is likely to prevent their effective ministry to the mind of the modern man.

In June, 1920, the Protestant seminaries graduated eighteen hundred students. That was far below normal, but this year the total dropped to sixteen hundred, as just noted. Dr. Robert L. Kelley, secretary of the Council of Church Boards of Education in the United States, is quoted as saying:

> There are scarcely 5,500 students in all Protestant seminaries to-day. This should represent merely the graduation total, while four times that number should be in undergraduate attendance if the supply were to equal the demand.

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The following statistics, quoted from the "Post" articles, indicate the situation in greater detail:

Attendance in Episcopalian theological seminaries decreased from 463 in 1916 to 193 in 1920; in all Presbyterian seminaries from 1,188 to 695; in Methodist seminaries from 1,226 to 976; and in Congregational institutions from 499 in 1910 to 255 last year. Roman Catholic seminary enrolment has increased rapidly, however, bringing up the entire total to an approximate pre-war status, although the Protestant institutions have not recovered.

Attendance in all theological seminaries in the United States—Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish—increased very gradually from 3,354 in 1870 to 10,588 in 1915. There was a noticeable jump in registration before America entered the war to 12,051 in 1916, followed by a slump to 9,354 in 1917–18.

Back of these bare statistics lies a story of profound human interest. Some day some interested publicist will give us a significant book on the problem of religious leadership in the United States. It will not be a book of special pleading, but a book of super-reporting. These statistical tables will be translated into illuminating stories of communities of "sheep without a shepherd," stories of communities in which religious leadership has failed to challenge either the mind or the creative moral impulses of the people, tragic stories of great spirits broken by the economic slavery of the American ministry, stories of ignorant pulpits starving and insulting intelligent pews, and, contrariwise, of intelligent pulpits strangled by illiberal pews, stories of clergymen who turn their churches into retreats for mystics, discussing esoteric doctrines that bear no relation to modern life, while laymen wait for interpretative ethical leadership in the mazes of present-day political, social, and industrial relations, and stories of equally ineffective clergymen who turn their churches into mere reform clubs, arguing for planks in a program without stimulating the passion that will incarnate the proposals in constructive action. This book will dramatize every existing type of religious leadership in the country. Without argument, without dogmatic generalization, it will illustrate the futility of certain types of leadership and the desirability of other types. It will be an indictment not only of certain types of clergymen, but of certain types of laymen as well. It will, by the simple reporting of facts, give us a pretty complete picture of American civilization, a complete story of the innumerable forces that play about the pulpit, influencing the courage and timidity of the ministry. The times cry aloud for a muck-raking of pulpit and pew by an honest reporter. No other single thing, if this were honestly done, would give so great an impetus to authentic Christianity.

§ 2

The first of the "Post" articles presented the statistics of the situation. In succeeding articles the investigator presented the results of interviews with outstanding clergymen and theological professors, reporting their interpretations of the situation. From the mass of interviews I disentangle eleven reasons why, in the judgment of these leaders, young men are less and less inclined to enter the ministry.

First, the influence of the war. This assertion runs through many of the interviews, but in no case is it very

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clearly or convincingly stated what is meant by it. The war itself is pictured as a instrument of disillusion, wrecking the faith of many in the power of things spiritual. It is pointed out that the spiritual renaissance which many expected to follow the war failed to materialize.

Issue is taken with this conclusion by several leaders. Some assert that the war sent the really strong men back stronger, the weak men weaker. Others assert that the war had little if any effect on the situation.

Second, the decline in the economic status of the minister. The disgracefully low salary schedule of American clergymen needs no emphasis here. It is obvious. Some leaders find grounds for hope in the present campaigns for pension funds for aged ministers. It may be asked, in passing, whether such campaigns, dramatizing as they do the difficult economic problem of the minister, may not themselves discourage many prospective candidates for the ministry. Many leaders think this is true.

Third, the decline in the social influence of the clergy. The decline in the minister's economic status has had something to do with this, no doubt, but many factors, too involved for full consideration here, have entered into the change from the early days, when the minister was the dominant personality in the community.

Fourth, the increased attractiveness of other professions. It is pointed out that in recent years many new forms of religious leadership other than the ministry have been developed, as, for instance, secretaryships in the Young Men's Christian Association, social-welfare work, and the like. What is not sufficiently emphasized in any of these interviews is the fact that, aside from such strictly religious forms of leadership, preaching has in our day got outside the churches, slipped out of surplice and pulpit, and found many new and secular avenues of expression. Novelists, dramatists, college professors, university presidents, judges, labor leaders, secretaries of state, governors, journalists, and other public men have in our day "preached" with all the passionate emphasis of Puritan parsons on the moral ideals of the race. Many of these men would, had they lived in early New England, have entered the ministry. Had Theodore Roosevelt lived in the New England of Cotton Mather, his preaching of "the square deal" would doubtless have been hurled from the pulpit to the enlivening of many a somnolent Puritan congregation. Had William Jennings Bryan lived then, he would doubtless have been a settled pastor instead of the itinerant political evangelist he is today. Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup" would doubtless have been delivered from a pulpit to a limited congregation instead of reaching a best-seller-novel audience. Charles Rann Kennedy, the playwright, would in earlier days have turned naturally to the pulpit rather than to the stage as the medium for the expression of his servant-in-the-house ideas. As Governor of New York, Charles Evans Hughes preached from the rostrums of county fairs and political mass meetings the same basic moralities his father preached for forty years from the pulpit. When Woodrow Wilson, a layman, became President of Princeton University, his appeals to the conscience and idealism of its young men were as high appeals as any made by his clerical predecessors. In fact, it

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would be difficult to name any outstanding leader of American public life who has exerted a dynamic moral influence upon the country during the last half century who, a few generations ago, would not have naturally turned to the ministry. This is a sweeping but, I think, sound statement. Who will say that, under present day conditions, any of these men would have rendered greater or as great service had they entered the pulpit? But all this, although in ultimate moral effect good, has meant a turning away from the regular ministry and has helped to create the present problem of the empty pulpit.

Fifth, the lack of freedom of speech in the modern pulpit. The pews of the leading churches in all of our communities are filled with men who have a big material stake in the existing social and economic order. Naturally they resent recklessly radical attacks upon this order by the clergyman whose salary they pay. Men never have and never will cheerfully pay men to attack them or their interests. A certain amount of such conservative influence upon the clergy, as upon school teachers and editors, is salutary, but there is no danger that the necessary minimum of conservative safeguarding will ever be lacking. The danger is all on the other side. The danger lies in those pew-holders who insist upon the preacher's sticking exclusively to the "old gospel," by which they really mean sticking to a safely irrelevant doctrinal sermonizing which will not disturb their Sunday morning devotions in the way impertinent discussions of "Christianizing the social order" do. The danger lies in those pew-holders who want the world of devotion and the world of dividends kept safely distinct in air-tight compartments. It is manifestly true that no young man of intellectual insight and sincerity can look forward with any degree of satisfaction to a limitation of his public utterances to pious exhortations to abstract moralities. He knows that under such limitations he can never be more than a seller of rhetoric. And whether it be noble or ignoble, religious or irreligious, the able young man of to-day is not interested in the exclusive task of "labeling men and women for transportation to a realm unknown" and sedulously avoiding straightforward consideration of that reconstruction of human society which Jesus of Nazareth had in mind when he talked of the kingdom of God coming on earth.

Sixth, changes in religious emphasis during the last half-century. The Very Reverend H. E. W. Fosbroke, dean of the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, is reported by the "Post" investigator as asserting that one of the great deterrents to entering the ministry to-day is the fact that "many of the ablest young men believe that the churches still insist upon a literal interpretation of the scriptures which conflicts with their scientific study at college." This, of course, is not true in any sweeping sense, but it is true enough in many quarters of the church to make it not wholly an invalid belief on the part of our young men. The constructive scholars of the church have never fully met their duty of popularizing the results of their studies. We should not be in the critical situation we are now in respecting religious leadership if the great scholars who have done so much to rescue Christianity from the fogs of myth and mysticism had matched the

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itinerant evangelist's ardent preachments with an equally effective presentation of their findings. If the young men of America knew the results of modern Biblical research, many of them would not feel, as they now do, that they would have to scrap their scientific training if they entered the ministry.

Seventh, the feeling that ministers are made a class apart and "shunted out of the main stream of affairs into narrow channels of merely theological interest." This goes back to the question whether the ministry is to be conceived by laymen and by clergymen as a task of "exhortation to abstract moralities" alone or a task of leadership in "Christianizing the social order" as well. Where the ministry deals mainly with abstract moralities alone, clergymen will be a "class apart," but when it fully assumes its rightful leadership in the morals of public affairs, this apartness will disappear.

Eighth, the materialism of the age. This is an old cry. It is easy to damn an age with an adjective, but to call our time materialistic and say that passion for money, for comforts, for luxuries, accounts for young men's failure to enter the ministry in which there are no financial prizes is, I think, shallow reasoning. I believe there has never been a time when as many young men of intellectual power and a sense of social responsibility were devoting themselves to poorly paid work because some program of achievement challenges their interest and their courage. Hundreds of such young men in government service, in scientific laboratories, in journalism, in teaching, have turned their backs upon more profitable fields because they have found a challenge.

Ninth, the lack of a program, with anything near the unanimous support of church leaders, that challenges the intelligent faith and courage of young men.

All this goes back to the statement made before that young men will be interested in the ministry if it is stated in terms of concrete contemporary affairs as well as in terms of abstract preachments.

Tenth, the decline of religious life in the home. On this point there is room for wide difference of opinion. There has been a marked decline in the ritual observances of religion in the homes of the United States. The modern American family does not assemble daily for prayer and reading of the Bible as it did in earlier days, and fewer fathers "say grace" at the table, but in fundamental moral atmosphere and in wholesomeness of outlook upon life I believe that modern American family life is preferable to the stern ritualism of earlier days.

Eleventh, the failure of the Inter-Church World Movement. It is pointed out that young men who returned from the war, still intending to enter the ministry, saw this greatest plan for Christian unity ever attempted go to wreck and ruin through denominational jealousies, petty animosities, and the determined opposition of certain lay forces who disliked its dabbling in social and economic conditions. This, it is believed by certain leaders, shattered the faith of many young men in the power of the church to effect genuine readjustments in human society.

These, then, are the reasons advanced by prominent churchmen for the decreasing number of young men who enter the ministry. They make

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a rather dark picture. The one bright spot in the situation, to many, is that the majority of the more liberal seminaries and those having university connections are better attended than ever before, while many of the conservative seminaries are searching desperately for students to fill their halls. For instance, the Union Theological Seminary, the Yale Divinity School, and the University of Chicago Theological Seminary, with liberal reputations that have evoked the disapproval of great groups of churchmen, are popular. This speaks well for the intellectual quality of the students who have chosen these institutions.

§ 3

I want to conclude this discussion by relating the story of one young man who entered the ministry, but later left it for reasons that will appear in the story. He has never wavered from the purposes that prompted him to enter the ministry, but he is to-day in a secular position from which he is exerting the influence he had hoped to exert through the ministry. I tell his story because it dramatizes, I think, the problem confronting many young men to-day. I shall call him John Gordon, as a convenient name for him to hide behind, and I shall call the old doctor who was his confidant Dr. Ambrose. The story, however, is "from the life," as he has told it to me several times, and as I watched its development.

Gordon had packed, to standing-room capacity, his church. Men who had not darkened church doors for years became regular attendants, but many of the "regulars" in his church grew doubtful. The instinct of heresy-hunting, seemingly as inseparable from some natures as hunger or thirst, began to manifest itself. It was not that Gordon had attacked or denied any of the doctrines of orthodox theology. He had ignored them. He rarely referred, save in the reading of a lesson or the taking of a text, to the incidents of Bible times. He talked a good deal about the Carpenter of Nazareth, but always in terms of candid intimacy that left the impression that he was discussing a contemporary living leader. He talked much of the Christianizing of American society, American politics, and American industry. What he said was shot through with an ethical passion that gripped and moved the unchurched who crowded to hear him. There was about him something reminiscent of the old Hebrew prophets. He seemed to share their sense of reality, and to burn with their hot hatred of the futile formalism into which religion tends to fall.

But this seemed not to impress the "regulars" of his parish. Unfortunately for Gordon, he was ministering to a community that was one of those hermetically sealed pockets of population, still to be found in our country, into which had filtered nothing of that modern thought which is rescuing Christianity from the hair-splitting theologians and sinister interests who have colored it with their prejudices or bent it to their purposes. He was talking a new language, and they missed the ancient accents. That it was the language of the founder of their church was not apparent to them. His sermons did not "sound like the regular preaching we 've been used to." He had likewise been severely criticized by several of his fellow-ministers. He was disturbed.

In his difficulty he turned for coun-

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sel to the one man in town who, he felt, would understand him—old Dr. Ambrose, who was of that passing type of "family physician" to whom one instinctively turns for counsel, although the matter may lie outside medicine or health. He went to the old doctor's home one evening.

"Well, well, my boy, what 's up now?" queried the old doctor as Gordon entered the room. "Been burning the midnight oil and not playing fair with stomach and nerves?"

"No, not that," Gordon replied. "I was never more fit in my life, but I 'm up against something that involves my whole future. It 's about my church."

The old doctor had been watching young Gordon's career with sympathetic interest and suspected what was coming, for he knew the town and the atmosphere in which Gordon had to work. But, from long experience, he knew that the first thing to do with a troubled mind is to lead it to unburden itself of its story.

"Have n't begun to doubt the gospel, have you, my boy?" he angled.

"Far from that, Doctor," Gordon replied quickly, "but some of the men of my church and some of my fellow-ministers think I have n't been preaching it."

"And what is it that you 've been saying now that they object to?"

"Oh, they don't seem to object to what I 've been saying. It 's what I *have n't* been saying that worries them," explained Gordon. "They say I 've left Christianity out of my preaching. They say that what I 've been preaching is all right in its way, but that it is n't Christianity. They want more 'doctrinal' sermons."

"Come to think of it, it 's a fact; you have n't preached a 'doctrinal' sermon since you 've been here," said the old doctor. "Why don't you give us a series on 'The Modern Point of View in Theology,' or something like that? You 'd help a lot of us to straighten out our thinking. There 's a lot of rubbish in the attic that a fresh, clear mind like yours could help us clear out."

"Because," Gordon answered decisively, "that is n't my idea of the preacher's job. It is n't *bad* theology that 's hurting the world and hamstringing the church most; it 's *too much* theology. The doctrine-makers have disfigured Christianity almost beyond recognition. They 've put into the mouths of us preachers a vocabulary that has little more relation to the original Christianity of the Carpenter than the Greek alphabet has to the Chinese language. Sooner or later we preachers will have to scrap that vocabulary. We can go on trying to pour new meanings into the old phrases, but there 's a limit to that sort of thing. Stripping ancient dogmas of their superstition may be a wonderful intellectual sport, but there 's a bigger thing to be done. What good does it do to 'modernize' a lot of doctrines that are themselves perversions of Christianity? What we need is n't a reconstruction of theology, but a rediscovery of Christianity."

"But, my boy," argued the old doctor, "that can't be done without a frank handling of these doctrines that you say have disfigured Christianity. You can't lay the foundations for a new building, you know, until you 've wrecked the old and removed the debris."

"You 're right, of course," Gordon said thoughtfully, "but that can't be done from the pulpit. Let the scholars

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do that. The people are so wedded to the old catch-words that the preacher who attacks them simply stirs up an antagonism and distrust that prevent his exerting any positive influence. The only thing we preachers can do, if we want to restore original Christianity, is to *ignore* this mass of theology and allow all that is unreal to die of its own unreality. But, I must admit, such tactics have failed in my case."

"Well, Gordon, my boy," finally counseled the old doctor, "you 're ahead of your time in a community like this. What you 'll have to do is to get out of this sort of community and out of the denomination you 're in and go to one of these independent liberal churches in a larger city."

Young Gordon had not thought of this possibility. Maybe here was a way out. But some months later, when he had the opportunity to go to an independent liberal church which conducted its services in a down-town theater of a certain large city, he saw the matter differently. I talked with him when he was considering the offer.

"I am afraid," he said, "that this is n't the happy solution it looks. A few months, a year maybe, in this liberal church, and I 'd have this fight all over again. It would only postpone the difficulty."

"Would n't it be different in a *liberal* church?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I don't think it would be in the long run. This city crowd is liberal, but in one direction only. They 've revolted against the impossible dark doctrines about the hereafter, but they 're still thinking of Christianity in terms of a set of doctrines to be believed. They would n't want me to preach infant damnation or anything like that; they 're past the idea of God as a vindictive baby-killer. But we have to do a lot of fresh thinking not only about Christianity and the hereafter, but about Christianity and the here and now as well. Christianity has something to say to society as well as to the individual man. That 's where the shoe pinches. It 's Christianity's message to society that's been side-tracked for so long. And that 's the message that will most quickly get a man into trouble with his board of trustees."

"Is n't it a challenge to your personality, tact, diplomacy, technic?" I asked.

"A smooth, diplomatic manner," he countered, "will often succeed in putting over ideas if the ideas conflict with men's beliefs only, but when your ideas conflict with men's *interests*, it 's a different story. I am about convinced that it is impossible for a man to preach the original Christianity of the Carpenter in all its naked challenge to modern society and long remain the popular and enthusiastically supported head of any organization. I don't believe that the Carpenter himself would last six months as pastor of this liberal church to which I 've been invited. Not that he 'd preach the old theology they 've left behind. He would n't. He did n't. But they would regard him as a dangerous agitator."

The upshot of the affair was that Gordon entered a secular profession.

"Why did you leave the ministry?" somebody asked him several years later.

"I did n't," Gordon replied. "I left the pulpit and entered the ministry."

Was it cowardice or clarity of insight that dictated his decision? Opinion will differ widely. I leave the story to the reader, without comment.

THE RUMFORD PRESS
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THE
CENTURY MAGAZINE

OCTOBER
1921

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"He struck and struck"

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 102 *October*, 1921 NO. 6

The Black Hand

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

Drawings by GEORGE BELLOWS

"A HOPELESS case," said the theorist in the deck-chair.

His friend glanced after young Yarde.

"You think so?"

"I 'm sure of it," replied the theorist, comfortably. "Nothing will ever happen to link him up to his environment."

The friend smiled.

"I don't know about that," he said. "But the boy has n't much chance. Is it true that old Yarde makes him take too much to drink on principle—says that the boy 's bright only when he 's drunk?"

"One hears things." The theorist shrugged. "He 's an inheritance of evil and folly on both sides. He is heir to a supreme selfishness. That brings me back to my favorite idea."

"Let 's have it, Fred," said the good-natured friend.

"Well, youth 's always incurably lonely, to start with. Can't help but be, because it 's disconnected with the life around it. And it takes time, and generally a shock of some sort, some acute disturbance of the usual, to produce the full contact of the individual boy with his environment. They call it waking up. 'Young So-and-so 's waked up at last,' they say. It is n't that. It is that something has brought So-and-so into contact with his surroundings, and for the first time he 's linked up and working in unison with life's machinery. When did *you* first wake up?"

"I suppose I had n't thought much about anything until my dad died and I had the girls to think for."

"Exactly. Under the shock of your father's death you lost the curious separateness of youth. Can you remember the moment of realization, of connection?"

"Queer, but I do. He 'd always taken in the morning paper when he unlocked the front door. The morning after the funeral I unlocked the front door and took in the paper for the first time. Everything, including myself, was just as usual except for the trouble we were in. There was the newspaper lying on the rubber mat on the front porch. I stooped to lift it. I can't describe to you what *happened* at that moment; but when I did that little thing he 'd always done, it was as if I 'd consciously lifted and assumed all the hopes and responsibilities he 'd dropped."

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"Exactly." The theorist's voice was gentle, for the other man had nobly fulfilled those hopes, borne those responsibilities. "It was a bit of music did it for me, linked me up. Never mind that. Often it 's a trivial means. But what possible link can there be in *that* case?"

They were silent, watching the boy who came lounging back along the steamer's rail. He was a boy any one would have watched. On the top of a long, rangy body was set a replica of the face that had made his mother notorious in many ways before she had married Gibson Yarde. He looked splendid enough in his white linens against the blue sea through which the *Alcazar* was steaming. And the friend suggested the obvious.

"Might not a woman do it?"

"No," said the theorist; "he 's been trained all his life to think of nothing but himself. And there 's no separation, no solitude, so hopeless as that. I 've a belief, you know, that criminals are just those men who stay separate, who never get linked up."

"He 's young, Freddy."

"Yes,"—the theorist glanced at his watch,—"he 's young, and it 's ten forty-nine A.M., and he 's a little bit the worse for drink already."

Both men sat silent as the son of Gibson Yarde and Laure Delisle went by, swinging to the motion of the ship.

§ 2

He was a little bit the worse then; he was much the worse at ten forty-nine P.M., when he stood by the rail watching the stars and wondering, wondering. He was cleverer when he was drunk. His father was quite correct; he was clever enough then to feel a half-savage wonder at life. What was the matter with it? What was the matter with him? Why, with his money and his looks, was he always lonely? Sometimes, in these moods, he pictured life as a series of doors that he could see through, but never open; sometimes as a set of naked switches, and himself as a non-conductor incapable of completing the circuit.

He must have been pretty bad, because afterward his recollections of that night came in silence; he could never remember any noise, though there must have been plenty. As he recalled it, he was looking at the stars one minute, and the next they were reeling dizzily upward all in a mass, and he, with a great pressure on his chest, was looking down at more stars. Then he realized that the ship was heaved up and lying at a great slant, that the pressure on his chest was the weight of his own body across the rail, and that he was looking down at the stars reflected in the sea. He thought, "She 's going over, and I 'm going down." And she went over, as you may read in the press of that time, and he went down.

He went down a long way. When he came to, he was lying on something that floated, a hatch-cover or the like. The sea was perfectly dark, perfectly quiet. He was alone in the middle of the limitless night. He was a microscopic atom broken off from life and lost. It was like the realization of a haunting dream. He shrieked aloud, like a child; and immediately from the darkness a voice answered him.

It was a voice so enormously deep and rich that for a moment the fancy pierced his unimaginative mind that the sea itself had replied to him. He looked down. The thing on which he lay was painted white and caught

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a glimmer of the stars. On its edge he saw a great black hand.

He was not alone. There was a man in the sea behind him, swimming, and pushing the cover along with one hand on it.

Yarde could not see anything of him but that one hand. He melted into the night. The broken reflections of stars twinkled along his sides as he swam, and that alone gave him substance, that and the hand. The tremendous, mournful music of his voice belonged to the sea and the sky, and was not human. Yarde could not understand what he said.

But he was not lost. He understood that. He lay on the heave of the quiet, warm, black sea, linked to existence by the black hand on the edge of the white wood. He crawled near it and went to sleep.

§ 3

When he roused, it was dawn. The cover had been pushed up and grounded on sand. This sand and the sighing, quiet ocean and the sky were all palpitating with rose color. Little flickering, rosy flames seemed to race with the reflections of ripples on the beach. Only the man lying beside the cover, one arm across his eyes, one hand yet grasping the edge of the wood, was a dark shadow in all that radiance.

Young Yarde gathered his weak limbs together and looked down at his rescuer. He saw a big, black sailor, wearing ragged dungaree breeches held up by a broad leather belt. He was magnificently built. He must have swum many hours. His flesh was all grayed and crinkled with the sea, and tiny crystals of salt glittered in his woolly hair and in the thatch of his great chest.

Shivering, Yarde leaned nearer. The man stirred; his arm dropped from his face. Yarde shrank back.

It was an inexpressibly somber and savage face, low in the brow, with a great out-thrust jaw and a broad nose; across one hollowed cheek ran a pinkish scar. It was a face from the older world; Yarde was ten thousand years younger than it. It filled him with the panic of a dream, for his nerves were rotten by inheritance. He leaped from the cover, and ran yelling up the sand.

He knew that the black sailor had come to his feet in a lithe bound and was running after him; he heard a great booming cry. Warm, drenched, and sick with incredible terror, the boy ran on. He did not know where he was going. He just ran, clear across the sand-bar and into the sea again. There he dropped. The bright sky and the foam met over his face, a vast silver dazzle. The last thing he was aware of was a huge black hand swooping from the dazzle and plucking him forth as if he were a fish.

Young Yarde was pretty bad that day. He did n't know much until it was night again; then he woke beside a small fire. The sand about it was warm. He felt naturally sleepy. Some one was patting him on the back, steadily, to a monotonous, murmured rhythm, as a mother pats a child to sleep. The great black sailor was squatting beside him; the black hand rose and fell softly, ceaselessly, pat, pat, pat, pat. Yarde slept.

He woke in full sunlight, very hungry; he stood up. His clothes were dry; the sea sparkled like a faceted gem. No one was in sight, but the driftwood coals glowed. From the fireside a man's footprints led down to the sea,

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savage footprints, long, with perfect toes, pointing inward. Yarde followed the track.

The sailor was lying stretched on white rocks above a blue pool. His sinewy arm swung down like a shadow; his hand hovered above the water. In a moment, while Yarde watched, the hand dashed into the pool. There was a scatter of white drops; then the man pulled out a jerking silver fish. He got up, and strode to Yarde across the rocks, his long, black shadow no blacker than he. His face took the light, heavy, scarred, terrible with the unmeaning fierceness of an ancient sculpture. Yarde mastered his dread of that face; he went to meet the man. He said:

"Where are we?"

The man answered, but Yarde could not understand. It was some kind of melodious, mutilated French. He stood with the wriggling fish in one hand, and pointed seaward with the other, which he swept three or four times in a half-circle. Yarde thought he meant something about a ship, that they might be taken off in three or four days. He looked about, shivering with fear and loneliness. They appeared to be on a small sandy island fringed with white limestone rocks. Hard-leaved bushes grew in the sand; in one place there was green grass. Here a small spring trickled, and Yarde ran and drank as though he would never stop.

The sailor followed him closely; his towering shadow fell across Yarde. The boy looked up and asked hoarsely:

"Who are you?"

The man did not appear to understand; his face did not change. His eyes had just the fierce, heavy stare of a bull's. In his hand the fish yet jerked. He laid it on the rock, and crushed the life out of it with one stroke of his heel. Yarde shivered again; yet when the man strode back to the fire, he followed, and ate ravenously of the fish cooked on the wood coals.

The day passed. Yarde was weak and dozed a great deal. The black sailor sat with his knees drawn up and his chin resting on them, staring immovably out to sea; but Yarde knew that the man was aware of all he did, of every movement he made.

It was terrible to be alone on that island with another human being with whom no communication was possible. Neither could understand the other. Yarde felt silence shutting in on him. He woke from his dozes screaming, trying to push it away, to break it.

When night came, he slipped off in the darkness and hid behind the rocks. He did not want to sleep by the fire near the sailor. It grew cold when the sun dipped; the rocks were wet with dew. The sea had a hollow, melancholy sound.

With the first stars, it was as if the island had sent out a voice into the forsaken seas—a voice, musical, deep, heavy with years of solitude, "A-ho-o-o-o! a-ho-o-o-o!"

The black sailor came striding over the rocks, looking for Yarde. He climbed the rocks beneath which the boy lay. He it was who had called. Yarde cried out and ran.

He ran whimpering into the dark. He knew the other ran behind him, enormous, relentless. He felt a hand close irresistibly on his shoulder; it felt like a hand of iron, black, heavy. He cried out again, and his strength went. The sailor picked him up and carried him back to the fire.

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"He saw a great black hand"

It was like being carried by an animal, a machine, a great automaton impervious to any appeal. Yarde shrieked to be put down, to be let go. The sailor did not seem to hear; he strode on. Yarde struck him. It was like striking metal warmed with life; the black face against the stars never changed its appalling and savage serenity. When the man laid Yarde down in the sand beside the small fire, the boy broke into hysterical weeping.

He wept himself faint. Then he was aware of a slow and steady motion, soft, relentless. The black sailor was holding him down in the sand with one hand and patting him with the other.

Pat, pat, pat; pat, pat; pat—it was like the pulse of time, the tick of a clock, the beat of a great heart. It was like the heart of all humanity, for which Yarde hungered, which he had never reached, beating there between the night and the sea. It swept Yarde into sleep as though it had been a drug.

Next day he was much stronger, but that enabled him to feel fear all the more acutely. The loneliness, the separateness, of youth was intensified in the son of Gibson and Laure, the promoter of bubble companies and the light woman. He had no steadfastness, no confidence, no resource of endurance. He began to question, to wonder, facing the locked puzzle of existence. "Why did the man save me? Why is he taking care of me this way?"

He could not get away from the

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sailor. The man was always there, always watchful. If Yarde slipped out of his sight, he followed with his tremendous, mournful call. Yarde thought: "He must know who I am. He must be doing it for a reward."

That thought held comfort. He imagined himself filling with gold the black hand that saved him; he saw it that way—just the hand dripping gold dollars supplied by Gibson.

Then, as it drew toward night, he lost that thought. He remembered tales of shipwreck and hunger. He imagined that black hand slowly scraping the sand, scraping it into a grave. He imagined worse things. Shut in his prison of loneliness, he pictured the extreme horrors of the sea.

Why had the sailor saved him? Did he know who he was? Why did he watch so closely? Why did he keep so near? Why?

§ 4

Yarde had collected a heap of driftwood for himself, and dried it in the sun. Only with the dark did he remember that he had no matches. The sailor had some in a water-tight box in his belt. Yarde was afraid to ask for one, though he had worked all day with the determination to have a fire of his own that night.

When it was quite dark, he slipped away. He walked rapidly over the sand, through the bushes, across the rocks; he walked and walked. Soon he heard the sailor following him in the dark. He walked on. The sailor came up with him, spoke to him in his deep voice, mournfully. Yarde walked on. The sailor stepped in front of him and laid on his breast a black hand. At the touch the boy's body bowed together. He stopped, quivering, and the sailor led him back to the fire.

The fire made a little round glow in the night. Still holding Yarde with one hand, the sailor stooped, and with the other hand scooped a hollow in the sand just long enough for the boy to lie down in. He gently pushed Yarde into it. Yarde lay there, shaking, in a cold sweat.

He stared up at the marching stars. If he turned his head one way, he saw nothing but blackness. If he turned his head the other way, there was the sailor squatting in the firelight, watching him with a savage, impenetrable regard. Again and again Yarde looked fearfully at that unreadable face. Why was the man guarding him so closely?

Once he started from a doze, weak with sickening terror. He was quite in the dark; the fire had died down, and over his face, between it and the warm, sleepy stars, hovered the shape of a hand. It descended, touched his face, his throat. With a sob, Yarde fainted.

The next day was a bar of fierce sunlight, blackened with his increasing terror of the night to come. That terror was so intense that he felt none of the fear natural to his circumstances. He did not fear thirst, hunger, or death. He feared the sailor, he feared the night. At last this came. He knew it was no use hiding. He went, shaking, and lay down by the little fire the sailor had made. He remained there alone. Presently he fell asleep.

He woke in the middle of the night, the vast night striding, as it were, with a huge visible motion over the sea and the island. It seemed to advance with a cry. Yarde sat up. He

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knew it was the sailor who was crying.

He crept among the rocks. Soon he saw the sailor, a great black figure upon the highest rock of all. At intervals he threw back his head; he sent the mighty music of his voice rolling into the dark:

"Ah-ho-o-o-o! ah-ho-o-o-o-o!"

He was like some dark priest of the night calling upon his gods to come. Yarde shuddered, and fled back to the fire. All night that great voice rolled over him, wordless, beautiful, appalling, "Ah-ho-o-o-o! ah-ho-o-o-o!"

Why was the man up there, awake in the night, and calling? Yarde found no answer, and he could not ask. If he could have *reached* the sailor, it would not have been so bad; but they were shut off from each other in loneliness.

The next day Yarde tried desperately to communicate with the sailor. He talked, chattered, sang, whistled, gesticulated, drew things on the sand. It was like dancing in propitiation before some jungle god cut in black stone, so impassive was the wild face, so somber the bull-like stare. He desisted at last. He repeated to himself: "It 's all right. It 'll be all *right*. He knows who I am."

After catching a couple of small fish, the sailor busied himself that day carrying all the dry wood up to the topmost rock. There was nothing in this to make Yarde uneasy; yet, as the darkness inevitably advanced, he grew desperately uneasy. If only he could have asked the man what he wanted the wood for, and received the obvious answer, "To make a signal-fire." He could n't ask, and he could n't get that answer. The sailor built the wood in the form of a pyre, and Yarde could not reach his mind to find out anything.

That night the sailor lighted the fire. Yarde lay in the sand beneath, sick with blind terror. As the sailor stalked round the fire to feed it, his huge shadow passed over the sand, over Yarde, out to sea.

Yarde knew that he could stand no more of it. He would die of fright if he stopped on the island; he would die if he tried to get off. But better that than waiting with the sailor.

Fear made Yarde, the stupid, beautiful youth, as cunning as a weasel. It was just as if he were drunk with fear, and therefore abnormally intelligent.

The sailor had not slept for two nights. If he would sleep by day, Yarde thought he might be able to launch the hatch-cover, which still lay above the tide-mark, and float off on it. He would rather surrender himself to the sea, which lay in a vast blue ring under the sun, than to the nameless air of mystery that made the island a prison by day and a horror by night.

All the next day he waited, watching the sailor, and drinking deep of the spring. He did not know if he would ever drink again, and he had suddenly discovered the excellence of cold water on hot lips. He had nothing in which he could carry water, nor any food, for he could not catch fish in his hand as the sailor did. But his fear was so intense that this did not hinder him.

§ 5

He waited through interminable bright hours. At last the sailor stopped his unmeaning stare at the sea. He lay down in the sun; a radiation, like that from hot metal, quivered above his motionless body. He was as still as an iron idol fresh from the casting, terrible and unhuman. In a little while he slept.

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"The man pulled out a jerking silver fish"

Yarde started to crawl down to the hatch-cover. He trailed through the sand in his torn, white linen like a silent lizard. Using rollers of drift-wood, he managed to launch the hatch-cover. He pushed it out to deep water, his pulses throbbing wildly. He climbed on it, and poled out with a bit of wood. Then he lay down as he had lain before, and waited.

The tide was going out; a strong eddy sucked toward the reefs beyond the island. The cover entered the eddy, swung, circled, and drifted out. The island receded. Yarde lay at length, looking back toward the island. His face was drawn into grotesque lines of fear, of suspense. Beneath him, in the warm blue sea, a school of little fish gathered in the shadow of the cover, their disks of eyes glinting like silver.

The beach of the island was almost hidden in the heat-haze when a long shudder ran over Yarde; for out of the glitter a cry came to him, tremendous,

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deep, menacing. It seemed the voice of all the hidden terror of the sea.

Yarde leaped to his feet; he screamed crazily. He shouted:

"I won't go back! I won't!" He saw a shadow in the bright water. The sailor was swimming after the cover, cleaving the sea with great strokes. His pursuit seemed monstrous to Yarde, out of nature, as though iron swam after him. He jumped and screamed: "You sha'n't catch me! I won't go back!"

Heaving half clear of the water, the sailor called again. His arms flashed as regularly as parts of a machine. Yarde sank down and hid his face.

Presently he felt a soft jar, and the cover tilted. He looked. A black hand grasped the edge of the wood.

Yarde stood up. It seemed to him that all he feared centered in that hand. He caught the bit of wood he had poled out with, and struck it. He struck and struck, trying to beat off the hand. It yielded no more than iron. In a minute Yarde stopped. He crouched, gasping, staring into the black mask of a face behind the hand. He saw something so incredible that he had no more power to move.

Slow, immense wrinkles strained the face. The fierce eyes gazed at Yarde, and from them tears ran; not sea-water, but tears. That was the incredible thing. The black sailor was crying.

Yarde began to tremble; his mouth opened. Then the sailor spoke. A deep appeal was in his voice, a burden of trouble as heavy as the old sea's. He lifted his arm and pointed.

In the dazzle Yarde saw a black speck and a flash. A boat was putting in to the island. Presently, behind it in the haze, he made out a ship.

He sat still, staring at these things. The sailor began to swim with the cover, pushing it toward the boat.

A great confusion held Yarde, he had lost the measure of distance and of time. He did not know how long it was before the boat came up to them, and he was lifted on board. He saw the black sailor heave himself dripping over the rail. Men talked to him, gave him a blue coat, a sandwich,—that somehow seemed very funny,—and a drink. They told Yarde that they had been sent out on purpose to search the islands for him, but Yarde could n't think of these things now. One urgent necessity was his, to get into communication with the black sailor. The first thing he asked when he stood on the schooner's deck was:

"Is there any one here who can speak to him? Is there any one here who can tell me what he means? Is there any one who can find out what he saved me for?"

A man in a queer yellow shirt, with brass rings in his ears, came forward. He spoke to the black. The black answered him as resonantly as the tide on a beach. They talked for minutes. Yarde could wait no longer.

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what he says!"

The man with the brass rings glanced round, grinning a little.

"He says he 's tired, oh, dam' tired. He says he thinks you 're crazy, always tryin' to get away and give him so much trouble. He says you got left behind when the ship ran on the reef. All the boats went off without you. He was in the last boat. He saw you down below in the water. He jumped in and brought you up, but there was only room in that boat for one. It was very full. They wanted him in it, not you, because he 's a good

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man in a boat. He would n't quit you. He put you on the first thing that came by, he says, and the boat towed it. But the rope parted in the dark, and he lost the boat. Then, he says, he swam with you to an island he knew was near, where there was good water and plenty fish. And there, he says, you been acting like crazy; so he was scared to take his eyes off you for fear you 'd drown yourself. Everything he do, he says, seemed to make you crazier. He says you cry and talk and laugh, just as if you was alone there, and without him looking after you. And he says he never left you alone by yourself not for one minute, any more than if you was a baby, he says."

The man with the ear-rings looked at Yarde, curiously. In the faces of all the men who stood in a little half-circle and listened was something curious, latently hostile, the look of human kind for what is alien to it.

Yarde was accustomed to this look. This was what his mind sullenly pondered over when he was drunk. Now the confusion of the last days changed to a sudden, burning, premonitory clearness. He seemed to see with his whole being, to see the men's faces, their clothes, their shadows on the deck. One man was quietly sucking an orange; another was splicing a rope, his browned fingers working like a skilled knitter's, without the aid of his eyes, which were fixed critically on Yarde. Yarde knew he would never forget one detail of that picture, with the blue sea behind it. But he did not know that it was the last picture he would see with the lonely eyes of his marred boyhood. He stammered:

"Ask him *why* he saved me."

"He says one man 'd always do that much for another at sea."

Yarde drew in a long breath. He had been lonely, he had been desperately afraid; and all the time, close beside him, were honor and pure benevolence, saving him, serving him with a mighty hand, and he had not recognized. Shaken with knowledge come suddenly as a vision, he looked at the black sailor.

Only Yarde had been alone, separate, castaway; the black sailor, divided from Yarde by ten thousand savage years, had been all the time in touch with the greatest things of life —with patience, with courage, with sacrifice.

"He says he done his best for you; he 's sorry you was so scared. He says now he 'll go and get a good sleep."

The sailor turned away, but Yarde shot from out that ring of critical eyes. Stammering, he held out his hand.

After a minute, the iron mask bent toward him wrinkled; the black sailor smiled, a slow, somber, smile like the stretching of a lion's lips. He laid his great hand in Yarde's.

At the grip something was completed in Yarde, a full connection was made. He turned back to the men of the schooner, and now their faces seemed no longer alien; they were friendly, the world was friendly. Nothing could happen in life that a man of courage should fear. Men would always help men.

Yarde brushed his arm across his eyes. He said hoarsely:

"I know I 'll never forget what he did for me."

The man who had been eating the orange threw the skin overboard. He came up to Yarde and slipped an arm through the boy's and said:

"You come on down with me an' get some eats into you, Sonny."

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Who Will Succeed Lloyd George?

By A. G. GARDINER, *Author of* "PROPHETS, PRIESTS, AND KINGS"
Drawing by RALPH BARTON

EUROPE, three years after the war, is like a derelict ship left helpless on the face of the waters. The storm has passed, and the waters have subsided, but the ship is a wreck. Its timbers have parted, its machinery is scrapped, helm and compass and all the mechanism of control are lost. Worst of all, there is no captain.

When peace came, the cohesive motive that made for the solidarity of the mass during the war disappeared. The simple issue of the war was dispersed into a thousand conflicting and fragmentary issues, national, economic, political, personal. The leap of Niagara was broken and scattered in the tumult of the whirlpool. Pre-war society had gone to pieces in a paroxysm of violence, and European civilization lay stunned and disintegrating, all its traditions gone, all its landmarks submerged. Faith in men had perished with faith in institutions, and the moral sanctions of society were repudiated as frankly as its political bonds. A fierce egotism, descending from the race to the nation, from the nation to the class, and from the class to the individual person, became the general note, and the spirit of Prussianism, crushed in Berlin, took possession of the heaving masses of European society. The old gospel, with all its social contracts, had gone in the whirlwind, and the law of the jungle became the law of Europe. It is in these circumstances that the bankruptcy of our moral and spiritual resources has been manifest. An unprecedented challenge was issued to the statesmanship of Europe, and it was issued in vain. We are without leadership and without a leader, and no voice is heard above the ugly scramble of savage appetites in which nations are falling daily to even deeper levels of ruin. We look back to the past when Gladstone touched the whole life of Europe to finer issues, when the simple and sublime wisdom of Lincoln shone like a star for the guidance of men, and we ask whether humanity has lost this great strain or whether it is that events have swelled to such vast dimensions that the human mind is no longer able to grasp them.

§ 2

Of the general paralysis that has fallen upon European leadership, the most conspicuous example is offered by England. It is the most conspicuous because it was only from England, after the United States had left the field, that a strong and disinterested European policy of reconciliation and reconstruction could issue. She had emerged from the war less mortally stricken than any other belligerent European power, her armies in being, her fleet commanding the seas more indisputably than ever before, her mercantile marine supreme. She was

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under a staggering weight of debt, it is true, but there was a reasonable prospect of ultimate financial recovery. Above all she had no Continental interest to serve other than that of the restoration of its normal economic life, on which her own economic recovery depended. With all these moral and material advantages, her influence, thrown into the scale for appeasement, would have been irresistible. But Mr. Lloyd George, having no constructive policy of his own, and looking at the unparalleled situation not with the eye of a statesman, but with the eye of an astute politician playing a hand for personal power at home, yielded the leadership to France and, with an election conducted as an appeal to the lowest dregs of war fever, secured the return of a House of Commons that has insulted and degraded the public life of the nation beyond all precedent in modern annals.

The result is before us in a landscape more dark than in the darkest days of the war, a continent in dissolution, Ireland in rebellion, the industrial world seething with discontent, millions of unemployed in the streets, trade vanishing, taxation so oppressive as to have passed the limits of productiveness, an exchequer faced with the impossibility of meeting the gigantic expenditure left by the war. An ominous restlessness is the prevailing temper. The habit of thrift has largely disappeared. It seems to have no relevance to a world in which values have no fixed meaning and from which security has gone. We live from hand to mouth and from day to day. Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for the moral sense, numbed by years of passion, seems dead, and family life has suffered an unprecedented blow. Retired judges, like Lord Mersey, are called in to deal with the unending stream of divorce suits. Public affairs have got into so incomprehensible a tangle that the public turns away from them to the trivialities of sport, and we seem to have no serious interest in life apart from cricket, golf, racing, and boxing. Christianity, put into cold storage during the war, is still frozen, and the churches have lost all influence upon public opinion. Labor, threatened with the collapse of wages from the high levels established during the war, is rebellious, and industry is crushed between the loss of world trade and the catastrophic conflicts, such as the one in the coal trade, which are paralyzing production.

The better mind of the nation, aghast at the drift of events, yet helpless to check it, waits with deepening alarm for the emergence of some leadership that will recall the country from its wild course before it is too late. It understands the disease very well. There is no responsible man of any party to-day who does not know that Lloyd George is the enemy and that until the malign power is destroyed it is idle to look for a turn in the tide of disaster. But how and by whom is it to be destroyed? In the art of political manipulation there has never been a phenomenon comparable with Mr. Lloyd George, and the chaos into which the convulsion of the last half dozen years has plunged society is the perfect medium for his sinister and astonishing gifts. Through his skill in using the press he has created a legend of himself that has made him supreme with the mob, which he excites and influences with breath-taking ingenuity. He plays with all parties and all interests, has reduced the organized

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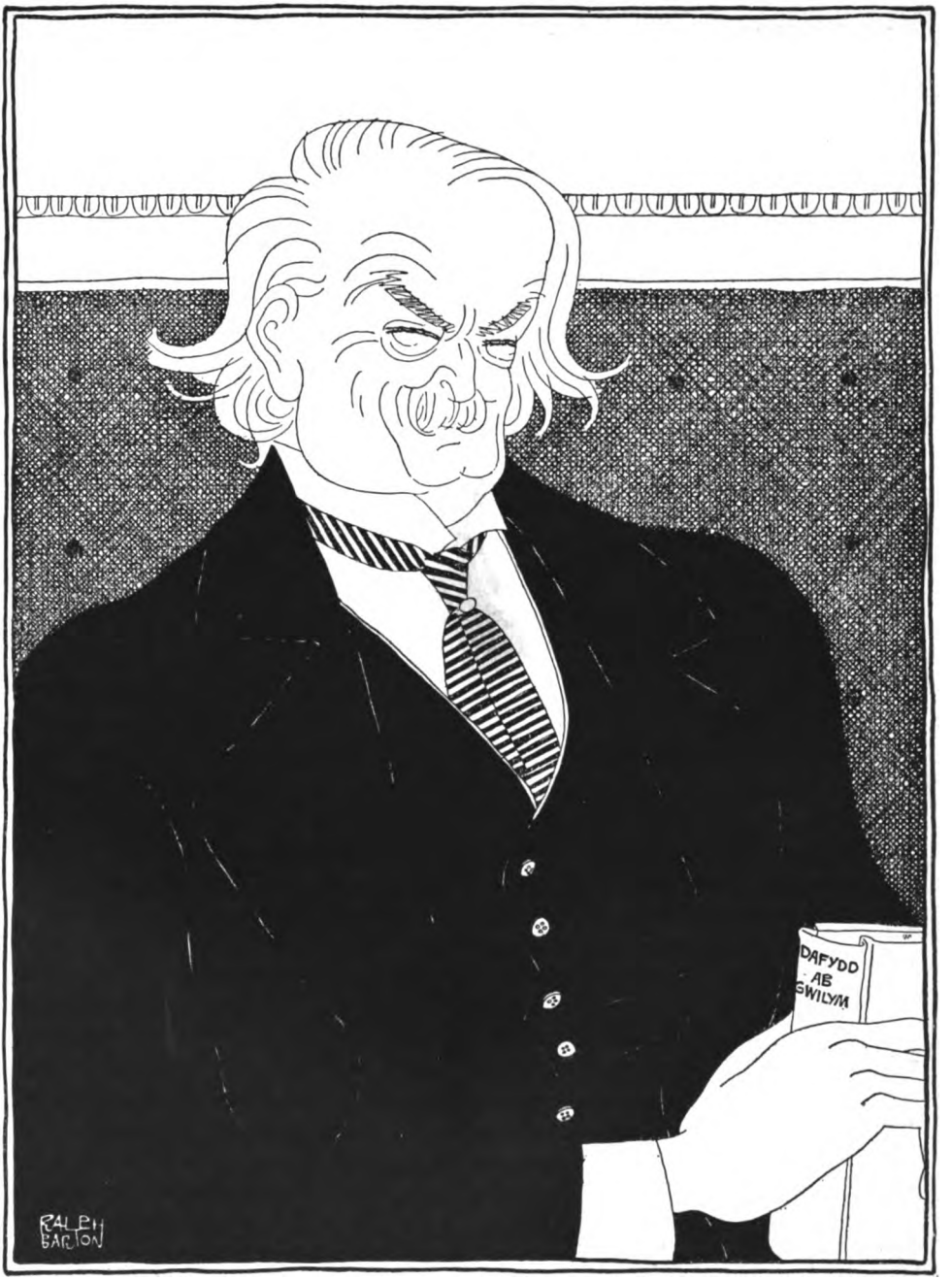

Lloyd George

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political systems to fragments, keeps every issue open and contentious and the public mind in a condition of feverish unrest. His appeal is always to the passions of men, never to their reason or their moral sense. He thinks so habitually in the terms of warfare that every issue becomes a conflict of passion, in which the dominating purpose is never to settle anything, but to give the knock-out blow to somebody. The result is a social bitterness that becomes more aggravated with every conflagration that his levity and irresponsibility set raging. As in the war, so in the peace, he has no considered policy, but juggles with all policies. He uses them as counters in a wonderful improvisation, and though no party trusts him, all the interests attach themselves to him in the belief that they will be able to use him.

§ 3

It is obvious that until this spell is broken there can be no moral recovery in the public life of England. The horizon is scanned anxiously for a personal force around which the better influences of the country can be mobilized. What is needed is a new personality, free from the commitments and contaminations of the past, to meet the demands of a wholly new problem. But no such personality has yet emerged, and speculation and controversy are limited to men who have already played a great part in public affairs. Of these the first is Mr. Asquith. He is the first because he is still the unchallenged leader of the remnant of the Liberal party, whose return to power seems the only possible chance of a dramatic change. But Mr. Asquith is approaching seventy. He belongs to the tradition of the past, has little influence with the mob, and no skill in using the press. His overthrow during the war by the lieutenant who owed his survival of the Marconi episode entirely to his leader's loyalty was due in part to a fine scorn of intrigue and a refusal to stoop to the baser weapons of political warfare. But it was due also to a state of inertness and flaccidity, which does not diminish with age. His reputation has risen clear from the squalid slanders of the war, and his high character and spacious and disinterested outlook upon affairs are recognized, but he lacks the force and initiative that are necessary in the leader of a great national revival. He is the first of the Elder Statesmen, but he is an *elder* statesman.

Among the established figures in public life, Lord Grey is probably the one who approaches most nearly to what is demanded. If he would come out boldly as the leader of the nation, he would command a following which would assure him power. The orgy of intrigue during the war left his personal influence virtually untouched. His immunity was due to a character of singular simplicity and nobility, to which the suspicions of the vulgar could not attach. Even his association with the secret treaties, while it prejudiced him with the jurists, was recognized as the consequence of circumstances that he did not initiate and had not wanted, and his whole-hearted advocacy of a world partnership as the only alternative to world dissolution has made him, despite himself, the chief hope of enlightened thought. I say despite himself, for the fact is that the only obstacle in the path of Lord Grey is Lord Grey. He thrusts aside the crown not as Cæsar thrusts it aside

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in the play, but deliberately and finally. He is so far from those who wade through treachery to power that he rejects power in the face of duty. The plea put forward is that the failure of his eyesight makes public activity impossible. It is a plea which, I think, would not be insisted on if there were not a positive disinclination behind it. He has a congenital distaste for the scramble and vulgarities of politics, and he has something of the spirit of the recluse, which withdraws him more and more to the sanctuary of nature. It may be that he is sensible of deficiencies, which he assumes disqualify him for popular leadership; but I cannot regard it as other than a grave misfortune and something of a dereliction of duty that in so great an emergency, when the world is perishing for the lack of a moral inspiration, this rare gift for seeing the needs of society in the large and from the angle of a nobler and disinterested idealism should be withdrawn from the public service. But the utmost that we could hope from him is that he would join others in a common enterprise.

The next name in the minds of the thoughtful public is that of Lord Robert Cecil. He is a Tory, of Tory traditions, but the terrific lessons of the war have released his spirit from the bondage of those traditions. He is the one statesman of high character and ideals who has enlarged his political stature during the war. His outlook is very much like Lord Grey's. He sees the world problem with the same emphasis and intensity, and subordinates the spirit of natural egotism to it with the same large understanding. But he is a statesman and not a politician. He feels too acutely the weight of things to be able to play lightly and frivolously with them as the politician plays. He is always serious, and has no parliamentary cunning. His advance along the lines of enlightened internationalism, with its corollaries of free trade, anti-militarism and anti-imperialism, have separated him from the ruck of his party, while his ecclesiasticism induces occasional cold fits in action, which stand in the way of his complete incorporation in the liberal movement. But he has gone far, and his high qualities of mind and character have made a deep impression in the country. He is at present a leader without a party, but if he has the courage to shake off the last rags of his old political associations, there is no one who has a party so completely at his call.

§ 4

I have said that Cecil has no parliamentary cunning; that is a characteristic which applies to all those I have named. Unfortunately, parliamentary cunning and address are essential to bring down the present dictatorship. It is this fact that makes Mr. Winston Churchill a powerful factor in the political situation. He commands no more confidence than Mr. Lloyd George. He is out for adventure and his own hand. His principles are light and transferable things, counters in his game, pebbles for his sling. But he has astonishing political intrepidity and address, great gifts of speech, power of work, imaginative daring. He has less nimbleness than Mr. George, but more directness and impetus, and he has the courage to take his life in his hand for the sake of the gamble. He is the one man in politics whom Mr. George fears, for he uses

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Mr. George's own weapons. The Asquiths, Greys, and Cecils are without those weapons and would not know what to do with them if they had them. But Mr. Churchill has them and uses them. So far Mr. George has kept this formidable person with him, but there are not wanting signs that the partnership is weakening. Mr. Churchill is a good judge of a sinking ship. He knows that Lloyd Georgeism is doomed sooner or later, and he is n't the man to share in a shipwreck for the *beaux yeux* of a colleague. Moreover, he has a grievance. He wanted to be chancellor of the exchequer, and that job, with the leadership of the House, was given away by George to Sir Robert Horne during Mr. Churchill's absence in Egypt. It may have been an accident that the absence and the vacancy synchronized. It may have been; but the fact is so characteristic of the Georgian processes that Mr. Churchill probably thinks otherwise. In any case, he was not appointed, and we may anticipate consequences. He is the only man in Parliament with the peculiar qualities necessary to break Mr. George's mastery. He is a ruthless fighter, and it may be said of him, as Arthur Chamberlain said of his brother Joseph, that "Rupert never rides but to conquer or to fall." His weakness is his poverty in the country, where he is held in general disesteem and almost active dislike. But his parliamentary gifts are so great that despite his total lack of judgment and his failures of policy, he cannot be kept out of the center of the stage.

There is another figure, now somewhat in the background, which cannot be overlooked. He cannot be overlooked because when the crash of Lloyd Georgeism comes it will come on finance. In the end the nation will be compelled to call in its ablest financiers to rescue it from the natural bankruptcy, which is the shadow that darkens the sky. And by general consent the ablest financier is Mr. Reginald M'Kenna. It was Mr. M'Kenna, with his precise, dry mind, who incurred the maximum of the hostility that Mr. Lloyd George reserved for his old Liberal colleagues, and in the election of 1918 Mr. George took special pains to exclude him from Parliament and succeeded in doing so. Mr. M'Kenna promptly went into the City, became the head of one of the great banks, and is to-day easily the first man in the world of finance. His prestige stands so high, and the alarm in the financial world at the course of events is so profound, that, Tory though it is, it is not unlikely that the City of London itself would send him to Parliament.

§ 5

These are the most conspicuous personalities to whom the country in its emergency is turning. With the exception of Mr. Churchill, who is a Churchillite and will join whatever tabernacle that gospel directs him to, they are members of the old parties, three Liberals and one Tory; but there is little that separates them, and on the large issues of politics they are at one. In character, capacity, and outlook they are, of course, incomparably superior to the third-rate placemen with whom Mr. Lloyd George has surrounded himself. But while they would constitute a team that would command the confidence of the country and give the world a new policy and noble inspiration, they do not

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contain the obvious and indisputable leader for the occasion. They are all a trifle too gentlemanly for the vulgar game that politics under the influence of Mr. Lloyd George have become. They are never rude; they are never unfair; they are never treacherous; they never hit to hurt. These are, no doubt, moral virtues, but they are heavy political handicaps. I remember at a dinner to Mr. Asquith, after he had been overthrown by Mr. George, one of his followers appealed to him to forget occasionally that he was a Christian gentleman and "to go in with the gloves off." It was a vain request, and later the man who made it transferred his loyalty to Mr. George, who always fights to kill.

It will be observed that in this gallery of potentialities there is neither a new man nor a Labor man. There is no new man, because no new man of high capacity has appeared. He could hardly appear in a Parliament that was virtually nominated by Mr. George in the moment of his intoxicating success at the end of the war. And there is no Labor man, because Labor has not yet discovered that men of brains have any function in Parliament and prefers to send trade-union secretaries who, however estimable in their local lodges, are negligible at Westminster. Mr. Henderson, Mr. Clynes, and Mr. Thomas are the best of them. They would fill departmental posts successfully, but no one can suggest that they are of the stuff of leadership in so great a drama as that which lies before us. But there are able Labor men outside, waiting to come in—men like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Philip Snowden, and Mr. Sidney Webb. But even here there is no indisputable leader.

That rare bird will not appear until the next Parliament or perhaps the next. And even then he will have to graduate and win his spurs. In the meantime the overthrow of Lloyd Georgeism will be accomplished by the men whom Lloyd Georgeism overthrew. There would be no doubt about the issue but for one fact. A combination of the Liberal party with the enlightened left of the Tory party under Lord Robert Cecil and with the Labor party would sweep the decks. But Labor at present refuses coöperation with the Liberals. It is the last-comer in the political field, and its ambitions are high. It aims at ruling alone or not ruling at all, and if Mr. Lloyd George's coalition of the interests has yet a little while to run, it is due to the impracticableness of Labor. But the leaders of the party are wiser than their followers, and events are moving irresistibly toward an accommodation between all the elements of liberalism and sanity in the state. The present drift of Europe to ruin is involving all classes in its consequences. Trade is stagnant, millions of workmen fill the streets of the industrial towns, the world of the City has ceased to have anything to do, taxation has become a nightmare, and wherever one goes one hears anxious talk about the future and about emigration. If there were a Gladstone to focus the discontents, the country would be carried by storm. In the absence of a great voice, the impulse is coming less dramatically from the necessities of the people. We have had our debauch of passion. The days of the debauch are still with us, but the awakening is near, and I look for a momentous revival of liberalism in Europe, with a chastened England leading the way.

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"Oh, Golden Bells, Golden Bells!"

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Messer Marco Polo

By Donn Byrne

Drawings by C. B. Falls

XIV

And now when Marco Polo was rested and had recovered, they brought him from the Convent of the Red Monks to where the khan was in the city of Chandu. Now, there were two palaces in Chandu; there was the winter palace, which was of marble, and the summer palace, which was of gilt cane. Around these palaces there was built a wall sixteen miles in compass, and inside of it was a park of fountains, and rivers and brooks with the speckled trout in them, and meadows with the lark at her ease in the grass, and trees of all varieties where the little birds do be building and none to grudge them a home. And all the wild animals were abundant, the timid hare and the wild deer and the wee croaking frogs, long-legged colts by their white mothers, and little dogs tumbling over themselves with the sport of spring; brown bees among the clover, strawberries in profusion, trees would delight your eyes, and brown cows and black cows, and dappled moilies under the great leaves of them, and lambs would be snowy of fleece. All the flowers of the world were there; the paradise of wild things it was, the park of Kublai Khan.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan,"
quoted young Randall,
"A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens, bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

"Whose poem is that poem, Brian Oge?"

"A poem of Coleridge's, Malachi."

"I thought it was maybe a poem of Colquitto Dall McCracken of Skye that one of you lads had put English on. It is a poem of the head, you ken, and Colquitto, being a dark man, could only see with the eye's ghost. But it has n't the warmth, the life of the work of blind Colquitto. Brian Oge, do you mind the poem Angus More Campbell of Rathlin wrote to Colquitto Dall?"

"'*Is aoibhinn duid, Colquitto Dall,*'" I remembered: "'It is happy for thee, blind Colquitto, who dost not see much of women. If thou wert to see what we see, thou wouldst be tormented even as I am. My sorrow, O God, that I was not stricken blind before I saw her amber, twisted hair!'"

"That 's it, that 's it, Brian Oge. But this is not the place to be talking of poetry. There is no poetry in this story.

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"I will now tell you of Marco Polo and him entering the presence of the great khan. . ."

XV

And Marco Polo was brought into the presence. And among all assembled there you could hear a pin drop.

At the north end of the great hall sat the khan himself, and Marco Polo nearly dropped with surprise; for where he expected a great, magnificent figure of a man, with majesty shining from his eyes, he saw only a pleasant, bearded man, not quarter so well dressed as the meanest servant in the room, and a fine, welcoming smile on his face. His throne was elevated so that his feet were on the level of the heads of the kinsmen of the blood royal beneath him, and they in silk and ermine and fine brocades and jewels. And beneath these were the barons and dukes and knights. And beneath these were the captains of the fighting men, three thousand and three. And beneath these were the musicians and the sorcerers. And behind Kublai Khan, very big, very erect, stood his three great servants, the Keeper of the Hunting Leopards, the Keeper of the Speaking Drums, and the Keeper of the Khan's Swords.

And beside Kublai Khan, on a little throne, sat Golden Bells. . . And it was the sight of her more than the sight of the great assembly that dumbed the words in his mouth. And Kublai was smiling at him, and she was smiling, too.

And Kublai saw there was something wrong with him, that there was embarrassment on him, and he rose from his throne.

"There is welcome for you here, Marco Polo, and no enmity. There is interest in and eagerness for your message. There is none here will criticize you or make it hard for you. Let there be no shame on you in speaking before so many people. Say what you have to say as if there were nobody here, if that will help you, barring myself and the little daughter beside me. . ."

"O Emperor," the words came back to Marco Polo, "and ye, great princes, dukes, and marquises, counts, knights, and burgesses, and people of all degrees who desire the light of the world, grace be to you and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ!

"The message I have to give you, I shall give in the words of Him Whose perfect message it is:

"'*Beati pauperes spiritu*—Blessed are the poor in spirit.

"'*Quoniam ipsorum est regnum caelorum*—for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"'*Beati mites*—Blessed are the meek'"

And Marco Polo went on and quoted for them the words that were spoken on the Mount in Galilee. And they listened to him with great civility and attention. And little Golden Bells leaned forward, with her chin on her hands, and Kublai leaned back in his throne, sitting with his eyes half closed.

"'But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil, but whoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.'" And at this the great khan looked up puzzled, and a movement went through the fighting men in the hall. But wee Golden Bells never budged a minute, and Marco Polo went on:

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"'*Et factum est; cum consummasset Jesus verba haec*—And it came to pass when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine.'

"I shall now tell you of the life and death of the Lord Jesus. . ."

He told them of the birth in Bethlehem, and of the teaching on the hills, and the poets nodded their heads; and he told them of the cleansing of the lepers and of the casting out of devils and the raising of Lazarus from the dead, and the magicians wondered; and he told them of the betrayal by Judas with a kiss, and the captains-at-arms shuffled in their seats; and he told them of the scourging, and of the crowning with thorns, and the great khan snicked his dagger in and out of the sheath. And a mist of tears came into the eyes of Golden Bells.

And he told them of the crucifixion between two thieves, and a great oath ripped from the beard of Kublai Khan, and the silver tears ran from the eyes of Golden Bells.

"'And on the third day He rose from the dead. . .'"

And a great shout came from the throat of Kublai Khan, and he stood up.

"He arose from among the dead men, I 'll warrant; He showed himself to the Roman Pilate in all His power and majesty—"

"No," said Marco Polo.

"Then He showed Himself to the thousands who had seen Him die upon the gallows-tree!"

"No," said Marco Polo.

"Who saw Him, then?"

"His twelve apostles and they in a little room!"

And Kublai Khan sat down suddenly and said no more. There was a moment's murmur of wonder among the assembly, and then silence. And Marco's heart fell. And he was aware of two things, of the great politeness of the Chinese people and of Golden Bells' pitying eyes. . .

XVI

Then Kublai Khan dismissed the assembly, and he took Marco Polo into a sitting-room, and Golden Bells came with them.

"And what did you think, sir, of what I said? And can you not see, sir, the truth that 's in me?"

"Well, now, laddie," said the great khan, "when we come to examine this sermon you quoted to us, what is there in it but the rule of the righteous man? We 've had a great thinker and pious man of our own, Confucius. I 'm not a reading man," says he, "but I 've got an idea," says he, "that there is n't a thing you said but is embraced in the Analects. And if it is n't, it 'll be in the teachings of the Lord Buddha."

"Ah, but, sir," Marco Polo said, "you 'll have to admit that He of Whom I speak was the true God made man."

"Now, now, laddie, remember I 'm an old man, set in my head and my ways, and I 've been used to one belief so long it would be hard changing. So don't press me now; don't press me, I ask you."

"Ah, sir," pleaded Marco Polo, "it 's terrible to think of, as great a prince as you to be in the black spaces outside of heaven because you would n't accept the truth."

"Well, maybe they won't be so hard on one, my dear lad. When my time comes and I rap on the gate of your

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heaven, maybe they 'll say: 'It 's only old Kublai, the soldier, is in it. He knows the devil and all about religion, but his fights were fair fights, and he never hit a man when down. He had a soft heart for wee children and he was easy on horses. Sure, what 's the difference? Let him in!' And if they say no, I 'll tuck the old nicked claymore under my arm, and be off to where the other old fighters are."

"I see, sir, that there was little success to my message."

"I would n't say that," said Kublai Khan. "Wait a little until you perform miracles before the people to prove your truth. You 'll know better then."

"Ah, sir," said Marco Polo, "I can perform no miracles. 'T is only a saint can perform miracles, and I could n't lace a saint's shoes. I have no miracles."

"Oh, well, now, my dear boy," said Kublai Khan, "I hate to tell you, but there 's no use going further. Sure, you 'd be up against the sorcerers of the world. They 'd ask you for a sign, and you 'd have no sign, and they 'd have signs in abundance. I would n't think of letting you go against them. Fair play 's a jewel, and you would n't have a chance. There 's the Red Pope from Tibet and there 's the Black Magician from Korea and a hundred minor ones, and the Warlock of the North, from the Islands of Ice, who governs the hail and the snow. Child, I would n't let you get into the same ring with them. Sure, they 'd ruin you."

"But, sir, was n't it a great miracle of the Lord's, my rescue in the Gobi Desert?"

"A miracle of the Lord's! A miracle of Golden Bells here. It was her magician saw you, and she had the message put on the drums, and the desert patrols went to seek you. It was herself here, wee Golden Bells." And Golden Bells' mouth gave a smile of shame that his thought should be broken in his mind.

"A long way I 'm after coming," said Marco Polo, "and when I set out my heart was high."

"Now, don't be taking it too hard," says the khan, kindly. "Sure, there 's a power of good you can be doing here. Maybe you can do something with Li Po," says he. "I 'd like fine for you to try. The man is worrying the life out of me with his drinking. I never know when he goes out whether he 'll come back all right or feet foremost on a door. For he 's got the bitter tongue when the drink 's in him, and China could ill afford to lose him. And there are some of my captains, and the tune they 're always piping is 'War! War! War! And let 's show up this Alexander who said he conquered the world.' And I 'm past the age when you make war for devilment. So let you be helping me out with them, Marco Polo."

But Marco Polo knew this was only meant in kindness, and his heart was broken.

"Ah, wee lady,"—he turned to Golden Bells,—"wee lady, wee lady, why did n't you let me die in the desert? Why did n't I die?"

"And why should you die, Marco Polo?" Her low, sweet voice rang in the heart of him. "Did n't you come here to give your message? And to make converts? And did n't I hear your message? And am n't I your convert, Marco Polo?"

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XVII

And now the place of Li Po was usurped, and gone *Sanang* with his magic glass, and in the jasmine garden by the Lake of Cranes Marco Polo sat and instructed Golden Bells. . .

XVIII

And he told of the flight into Egypt when savage Herod reigned, and of the Jewish maid and her child sleeping beneath the shadow of the great Sphinx, while the shades of old Afric gods looked on in reverence, Amenalk and Thoth and the moon-horned Io, Isis, and Osiris. And the painted kings knelt in their pyramids, and out of the sluggish Nile came the strange aquatic population, the torpid crocodiles and monstrous water lizards, and the great hippopotami lumbered to bow before the little Lord of all things. . .

And he told her how Satan had tempted Him on the lonely, black craigs. . .

"But you are not listening, little Golden Bells—"

"Indeed I am listening, Marco Polo. Yes, indeed I am. I love to hear your voice, Marco Polo. You are so earnest, Marco Polo; there is such a light in your eyes. Listen, Marco Polo. Li Po once wrote a poem, 'White Gleam the Gulls,' and it is the poem by which he is best known, and every time I hear it there is an echo in my heart. But, Marco Polo, I never listened to Li Po's song as eagerly as I am listening to your voice."

"But you are not taking it in, little Golden Bells."

"It is very hard to take in, Marco Polo. It happened so long ago. It is hard to think of a tragedy in a strange country, and we in this garden on the second moon of spring. And it was so very long ago. Do you hear the bees, Marco Polo—the bees among the almond-blossoms? And see the blue heron by the lotus flowers? And do you see the little tortoise, Marco Polo, and he sunning himself on a leaf? If I throw a pebble, Marco Polo, he will dive, and he is such a clumsy diver, Marco Polo!"

"But you must listen, Golden Bells, and believe me."

"I do believe, Marco Polo; I honestly do. Don't you know I believe you? Anything you say, Marco Polo, I believe. You would n't be coming all the way over the world to be telling me a lie. Of course I believe."

"And does n't it make you happy, Golden Bells?"

"Once I was unhappy, Marco Polo. I used sit here, and on my lute I used play the 'Song of the Willow Branches,' which is the saddest song in the world. Under the moon I used be lonely, and the droning of the bees meant nothing to me, and now it is a sweet, brave song. I cannot play 'Willow Branches' any more, so alien is sadness to me. And the moon smiles. I am very happy, Marco Polo."

"It is the true religion, little Golden Bells, that makes you happy."

"Is it, Marco Polo? Is it? It must be, I suppose. I don't know what it is, but I am very happy."

XIX

And he told her of Paul, who had seen a vision and gone preaching through the world, who was persecuted, who was shipwrecked, who was bitten by a viper, and who survived every-

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thing that he might preach the Lord Jesus. He was a fierce, ragged man with burning eyes. . . He told her of Paul's instructions to women. . .

"You do not look at me when you speak, Marco Polo. Only your voice comes to me, not your eyes. Is it because of Paul?"

And Marco Polo felt great trouble on him, because he could not explain. But Golden Bells went on:

"There is little in your faith about women, Marco Polo. Is it a faith only for men, then? Is it against women? Must the young men not look at the young women?"

"No, Golden Bells; the young men must not look too much on the young women."

"But that is very foolish, Marco Polo. Is it wrong to see the beauty of the almond-blossoms, wrong to taste the scented wind? Is it wrong to watch the kingfisher seeking his nest? Is it wrong to watch the moon, the stars? All these are very beautiful, Marco Polo, so beautiful as to make me cry. Is it wrong to watch them?"

"It is not wrong, Golden Bells. The glory of God is in the beauty of his handicraft."

"Li Po is old and wise and a great poet, Marco Polo, and Li Po says there is beauty in a running horse and beauty in a running stream; but there is no beauty like the beauty of a young woman, and she letting down her hair. God made the beauty of women, too, Marco Polo, as well as the beauty of the stars. Won't you please explain to me, Marco Polo? Why should Li Po say one thing and Saint Paul another?"

"But Golden Bells, Saint Paul is inspired of God."

"But Li Po is inspired of God, too, Marco Polo. You must n't be thinking little of Li Po. He is fat and old and drunken, but when he sings, Marco Polo, it is the song of the wandering stars. But why must not the young men look at the young women, Marco Polo? Why must they not look with their eyes?"

"It will be hard for me to tell you, Golden Bells—"

"Look at me now, Marco Polo. Lift up your eyes and look into my eyes. Is there evil in me, Marco Polo, that your eyes should avoid me as the fox avoids the dog? Or maybe I am not beautiful. Maybe they told me wrong because I was a king's daughter, and they would not have me think little of myself. Maybe I am not beautiful, Marco Polo, maybe I hurt your eyes—"

"Ah, Golden Bells, the little horned moon is not more beautiful."

"Then why must not the young men look at the young women, Marco Polo? You are here to instruct me. Won't you tell me why?"

"Maybe—maybe—maybe it is for fear of sin, Golden Bells."

"Sin? Sin! Why should there be sin? I know sin, Marco Polo. They have warned me against it since I crept upon the floor. There are two sins. There is meanness, Marco Polo, and there is cruelty; and those are the only sins. I know your heart, Marco Polo; there is no meanness there. You would not have come here were you mean. The mean do not travel afar for other people. And cruelty! Surely you would not be cruel to me, Marco Polo. You would not be cruel to anybody, dear Marco Polo. You would not be cruel to me?"

"Cruel to you, little Golden Bells! How could I be cruel to you?"

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"But the sin, Marco Polo?"

"I don't know, Golden Bells. I don't know."

XX

And one dusk the moon rose over the Chinese garden, and Marco Polo finished telling her of what John saw on Patmos and he an old man. . .

"'*Veni, Domine Jesu.*

"'*Gratia Domini nostri Jesu Christi cum omnibus vobis. Amen!*'"

"It is very difficult, Marco Polo. I don't quite understand."

"I don't quite understand myself, Golden Bells. But that is all I can tell you. But you will understand more," he said. "My mission is finished now, and I will go back. I will stop at the court of Prester John, and he will send a bishop surely or some great cardinal to baptize you and to teach you the rest."

"You will go back?" A great pain stabbed her. "I never thought, somehow, of you as going back."

"I have come on a mission, Golden Bells, and I must go back."

"There is a woman, maybe, in Venice—" And she turned her head away from him and from the moon.

"I would not have you thinking that, Golden Bells. There is none in Venice has duty from me. And if the queen of the world were there, and she pledged to me, I could never look at her, and I after knowing you, Golden Bells!"

"Is it money, Marco Polo?" she whispered in the dusk. "It is maybe your uncle and your father are pressing you to return. Let you not worry then, for my father the great khan will settle with them, too. There is not a horse in all Tartary that your uncle cannot have, nor a woman, either. And your father can have all the jewels of the treasury, and all the swords, too, even the sword with which my father conquered China. My father will give him that if I ask. Only let you not be leaving this moonlit garden."

"Dear Golden Bells, it is n't that; but I came here for converts—"

"Oh, Marco Polo, listen! There is a folk at Kai-fung-fu, and they are an evil folk and a cowardly folk, and my father abhors them. I shall ask my father to send captains of war and fighting men to convert them to your faith, Marco Polo, or lop off their heads. And we can send a few hundreds to the pope at Rome, and he will never know how they were converted, and he will be satisfied. Only let you not be going away from me in my moonlit garden. You will only be turning to trade, Marco Polo, and marrying a woman. Let you stay here in the moonlit garden!"

"Ah, little Golden Bells, there is no place in the world like your moonlit garden. There is no place I 'd liefer be than in the moonlit garden. But, little Golden Bells, I set out in life to preach the Lord Jesus crucified. It was for that I came to China."

"Let you not be fooling yourself, young Marco Polo. Let you not always be ascribing things to God the things that are mine. You did not come to preach to China; you came to see me, and your mind stirred up with the story the sea-captain told of me playing 'Willow Branches' by the Lake of Cranes. O Marco Polo, before you came there were the moon and the sun and the stars, and I was lonely. O Marco Polo," she cried, "you would n't go, you could n't go! What

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would you be doing in cold Venice, far from the warm, moonlit garden."

"Sure, I 'll be lonely, too, little Golden Bells, a white monk in a monastery, praying for you."

"But I don't want to be prayed for, Marco Polo." She stamped her foot. "I want to be loved. And there you have it out of me, and a great shame to you that you made me say it, me that was desired of many, and would have no man until you came. And surely it is the harsh God you have made out of The Kindly Person you spoke of. And 't is not He would have my heart broken, and you turning yourself into a crabbed monk. And how do you know your preaching will convert any? 'T is few you converted here. Ah, I 'm sorry, dear Marco Polo; I should n't have said it, but there is despair on me, and I afraid of losing you."

"'T is true, though. I have nothing, nobody to show."

"You have me. Am n't I converted? Am n't I a Christian? Marco Polo, let me tell you something. I said to my father I wanted to marry you, and I asked him if he would give you a province to govern, and he said, 'Sure, and welcome.' And I asked him for Yangchan, the pleasantest city in all China. And he said, 'Sure, and welcome, Golden Bells.' And I told him we would be married, and go there and govern his people kindly. And you would n't shame me before my own father, and all the people of China. You could n't do that, Marco Polo. Marco Polo,"—she came toward him, her eyes shining,—"let you stay!"

"Christ protect me! Christ guide me! Christ before me!"

"Marco Polo!"

"Christ behind me!"

"The moon, Marco Polo, and me, Golden Bells, and the nightingale in the apple-tree!"

"Christ on my right hand! Christ on my left! Christ below me!"

Her arms were around his neck, her cheek came close to his.

"Marco Polo! Marco Polo!"

"Christ above me!"

"My Marco Polo!"

"O God! Golden Bells!"

And he put his arms around her, and his cheek to hers, and all the battle and the disappointment and the fear and the strangeness went out of him. And down by the lake the wee frogs chirruped, and in the apple-tree the nightingale never ceased from singing. And they stayed there shoulder to shoulder and cheek to cheek. And the moon rose higher. And it seemed only a moment they were there, until they heard the voice of Li Po in the garden.

"Are you there, Golden Bells? Are you there at all, at all? For two hours I 've been hunting and could n't get sight or sign of you. I have the new song, Golden Bells. For a long time I was dumb, but a little while ago the power came to me, and I have the new song, Golden Bells, the marrying song. . ."

XXI

"Thus far," said Malachi of the Long Glen, "the story of Marco Polo."

"That is a warm story, Malachi of the Glen, a warm and colored story, and great life to it, and Golden Bells is as alive to me as herself there by the fire, and I can see Marco Polo as plain as I can see my cousin Randall, and he playing with the dogs. . ."

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"If they were n't real and live and warm, what would a story be, Brian Oge, but a jumble of dead words? A house with nobody in it, the poorest thing in the world."

"But Marco Polo came back to Venice, Malachi, and fought in the sea-wars."

"There 's more to tell, Brian Oge. But sometimes I wonder should n't the best part of the story be kept to yourself. The people are n't as wise as they used to be, brown lad. The end of a story now is a bit of kissing and courting and the kettle boiling to be making tea.

"But the older ones were wiser, Brian Donn. They knew that the rhythm of life is long and swinging, and that time does n't stop short as a clock. Sure, what is a kiss from the finest of women but a pleasant thing, like a long putt sunk, or the first salmon of the year caught like a trout, or the ball through the goal before the whistle blows? And there 's many a well-filled belly over a hungry soul.

"But a story is how destiny is interwoven, the fine and gallant and the tragic points of life. And you must n't look at them with the eyes of the body, but you must feel with the antennæ of your being. Now, if you were to look at the Lord Jesus with physical eyes, what would it be but a kindly, crazy man and He coming to a hard and bitter end? Look at it simply, and what was the story of Troy but a dirty row over a woman?

"But often times the stories with the endings that grocer's daughters do not be liking are the stories that are worth while. And the worth-while stories do be lasting. Never clip a story halfways because the Widow Robinson does n't like to have her mind disturbed, and she warming her breadth at the fire. The Widow Robinson may have a white coin to buy a book with, and think you 're the grand author entirely and you pleasing her. But the Lord God, who gave you the stories, will know you for a louse.

"I call to your mind the stories of the great English writer—the plays of the Prince of Denmark, and the poor blind king on the cliff, and the Scottish chieftain and his terrible wife. The Widow Robinson will not like those stories, and she will be keeping her white coin. . . But those stories will endure forever. . .

"I will now tell you of Marco Polo, and him leaving China. . ."

XXII

You must see him now as he was seventeen years after he had come to China, and fourteen years after his wife, little Golden Bells, had died, a lean figure of a man, with his hair streaked with gray, a lean, hard face on him, and savage eyes, and all the body of him steel and whalebone from riding on the great khan's business, and riding fast and furious, so that he might sleep and forget; but forgetting never came to him. . . You might think he was a harsh man from his face and eyes, but he was the straight man in administering justice, and he had the soft heart for the poor—the heart of Golden Bells. He was easily moved to anger, but the fine Chinese people never minded him, knowing he was a suffering man. Though never a word of Golden Bells came from his mouth, barring maybe that line of Dante's, the saddest line in the world, and that he used to repeat to himself and no one there:

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. . . la bella persona
Che mi fu tolta . . . che mi fu tolta;
who was taken from me! Taken! Taken from me!

And oftentimes a look would come over his face as if he were listening for a voice to speak—listening, listening, and then a wee harsh laugh would come from him, very heartbreaking to hear, and whatever was in his hand, papers or a riding-whip, he would pitch down and walk away. . .

He had just come in from the borders of the Arctic lands, from giving the khan's orders to the squat, hairy tribes who live by the icy shores, and had come to the garden by the Lake of Cranes, the garden where the Golden Bells of singing and laughter were dumb this armful of years, and he was alone, and the listening look was on his face, when there came Kublai and Li Po and the old magician. . .

Now Kublai was very old, so old he could hardly walk, and very frail, and Li Po was very old, too, and gray in the face, and sadder in the eyes than ever, and the magician's white beard had grown to his knees, but there was no more humor in his eyes. . . And Marco Polo helped the old khan to sit down.

"Oh, sir, why did you come to me? Sure I was going to you the moment I had changed my riding-clothes. . . Sir, you should have stayed in your bed. . ."

"There was something on my mind, Marco, and the old do be thinking long to get things off their mind."

"What can I do, sir?"

"Marco, my child, you must n't take what I say amiss. But I want you to be going back, to be going back to Venice."

"Sir, what have I done to dissatisfy you? In all my embassies have I been weak to the strong or bullying toward the weak? Does an oppressed man complain of injustice, does a merchant complain of being cheated, or a woman say she was wronged?"

"Now, Marco of my heart, did n't I say not to be taking it amiss? Is there any one closer to me nor you, or is it likely I 'd be listening to stories brought against you? It 's just this. I 'm an old and tired man, Marco Beag, and in a week or a moon at most I 'm due to die, so the *Sanang* tells me. Don't be sorry, son. Be glad for me. Life has been a wee bit too long.

"And now, son dear, I want to tell you. You 've been closer to me than my own sons, and you 've been the dear lad. And there 's not one man in all China can say you did a harsh or an unjust thing; but, my dear son, 't is just the way of people; there 's a power of hard feeling against you in this land, you being a stranger and having stood so high.

"So when I 'm dead, dear son, there 's many would do you an injury, and treat you badly; aye, in our family itself, though they smile on you now. Let you be going now, Marco. I 'll miss you to close my eyes for me, but my heart will be lighter. It will so. I could n't sleep easy, and you ill treated in this land of mine. You ask him, too, Li Po."

"Ah, sir,"—Marco laughed,—"and, Li Po, what is ill treatment to me? Sorrow 's my blood brother. What I 've suffered! Do you think I could suffer more?"

"I know, Marco, I know."

"Don't you think I suffer now, sir?

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Fourteen years she 's dead now, the wee one who lay by my side in sleep. And never a word and never a sign. In the house where we were married I can see the pool and the willows and the hibiscus, but there is never a token of her," he broke out. "The leaves of trees cover the pavilion, the hair of the musicians is silver, and dust is on the blue-and-white tiles. And she never comes to comfort me. I can't sleep with waiting. The stars never seem to wane, and the hoar-frost comes on the grass, and I 'm always waiting. Christ! why should I go back? I 've forgotten Venice. I 've even forgotten my God for her!"

"*Sanang*," says Kublai Khan to the magician, "could n't you do something for this poor lad?"

It was now dusk in the garden by the Lake of Cranes. . .

"I don't need any damned wizard to bring my wife to me," raged Marco Polo. "If she were to come, she would come, and I in the dark of the moon and the moor-fowl calling. She would have come because my heart needed her." And he raged through the dusk by the Lake of Cranes. . .

"Now, Marco, dear lad, don't be flying off again, but remember that there is science needed to all things. And think, too, that maybe she was not permitted. The older we get, the more we understand the destiny that rules all things, with now a nudge, with now a leading finger, with now a terrible blow over the heart, and what we think at twenty-five was a trifling accident, at seventy-five we know to have been the enormous gesture of God. We are not asked when we like to be born, Marco, nor is it up to us when to die.

"And again, Marco, consider. If she were to have come to you in the dark of the moon-time, in the strange mystic hours when you can hear eternity tick like a clock, your eyes would have been not on this world, but the next. Your look would have been vacant that 's now keen to discover injustice. Your body would have been flabby that 's now whalebone and steel. And there would have been no memory of you in China, that 's now like sweet honey in the mouth.

"Would a wee dead spirit be proud of a man, Marco, and he just crying, crying, crying, and letting the days go by while even the brown bee works, and even the grass grows that cattle may fatten and men eat? She might be sorry, but would there be pride on her? Even a dead woman wants a strong man.

"Now, I 'm not saying that the silent dead should not have voice in our affairs when we need them. But they have wisdom, else what is the use of having died? And if the *Sanang* can bring her, she 'll come now and join with us in asking you, now being the time she 's needed.

"Child, be guided by us three ancient men. I have lived long and have knowledge of the world. Li Po has lived long and has knowledge of the heart. The *Sanang* has lived long, and knows the secrets of the dead. If to our three voices, who love you, there is added a sign from Golden Bells, will you leave China?"

"If there is a sign from her, I 'll leave China," said Marco Polo.

And it was dusk in the garden by the Lake of Cranes.

XXIII

The *Sanang* came over to Marco Polo.

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"Give me the black tress that 's over your heart."

And Marco Polo undid his coat and his undercoat and his fine sack and took out the perfumed hair, and gave it to the *Sanang*.

"Let you sing a little song, Li Po," the magician said, "the way she 'll be hearing and come. I have part of her here, and let you put in the garden the atmosphere she loved." And Li Po took his lute and plucked very gently at the strings.

"The swish of your silken skirt is discontinued," he sang,
"And the grass grows through the broken hearthstone,
And your room that was so warm and swept is cold and moldy.
But he, the beloved of your heart, clings on,
A fallen leaf in the chink of a door,
In the chink of a closed door!"

And it was dusk in the garden, and the voice of Li Po broke, and his lute stilled, and the old emperor breathed his aged gentle breathing, and the *Sanang* said his secret terrible formulæ, and Marco Polo was tense as a hunting dog.

And suddenly at the end of the garden, in the perfumed Asian dusk, there was a beam like moonlight, and into the soft ray of it trod little Golden Bells, with her wee warm face, and her wee warm hands, and her hair that was dark as a cloud, and her eyes that were pleading, pleading. . .

"Go now, Marco Polo, please go!" Her lips made the words, but no sound came to him.

"Oh, Golden Bells, Golden Bells!" He rushed forward, but the moonlight of no moon faded, and there was nothing, and he dropped on his knees, sobbing in the dusk by the Lake of Cranes. . .

XXIV

And after a while he got up from his knees and set his teeth on his sobbing and threw his head back and squared his shoulders and notched his belt and faced the three ancient men.

"Well," he said, "that 's that."

He went over and knelt and kissed the khan's hand.

"You 'll be seeing her soon, sir, you 'll be telling her . . . telling her everything . . ."

"Yes, son, I 'll tell her."

Then he patted the *Sanang* on the shoulder, and "Thanks!" said he, simply, and he took Li Po's hand in both his, and they looked at each other for a moment, and no words came to either.

"Well," he says at length, "I 'll be hitting the road, then. I 'll not say good-by to any of you. I 'll be seeing you all pretty soon again. There 's a war on between Venice and the Genoese, and where that 's hottest you 'll find me, and the quicker my end, the better I 'll be pleased. But it would be like my luck," he said bitterly, "not to be killed, but to be taken prisoner and to end my life in some lousy jail. Oh, well, we 'll hope for the best." He laughed. "So—so long!"

And the four of them looked at one another, trying to smile, and great grief on them.

"China will miss you, my son," said old Kublai.

"It 's nothing to how I 'll be missing China," said Marco Polo. "Venice! It 's only a sound to me. I 'll be an

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exile in the city of my birth. But what 's the use of complaining? If it 's go, it 's go. But it 'll be funny," said he. "My body will be there, but my heart and mind will be in China. There 'll be a gray eye always turning to China, and it will never see China. Queer! . . . All the voices and all the instruments in Saint Mark's, and in my ears the little drums of China. . . All the sunlight will be glinting on the Grand Canal, but the little rain of China—the little rain of China will be falling in my heart. . .

"Ah, well, if it 's go, it 's go. I 'd better be hitting the road. So . . . I 'll say good-by for the present . . . and . . .

"O my God Almighty! . . ."

(The end of "Messer Marco Polo")

White Currants

By AMY LOWELL

Shall I give you white currants?
I do not know why, but I have a sudden fancy for this fruit.
At the moment the idea of them cherishes my senses,
And they seem more desirable than flawless emeralds.
Since I am, in fact, empty-handed,
I might have chosen gems out of India;
But I choose white currants.
Is it because the raucous wind is hurtling round the house corners?
I see it with curled lips and stripped fangs, gaunt with a hunting energy,
Come to snout and nibble, and kill the little crocus roots.

Shall we call it white currants?
You may consider it as a symbol if you please.
You may find them tart, or sweet, or merely agreeable in color,
So long as you accept them,
And me.

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Russian soviet-government agricultural poster worded "The Past," "The Future."

The Balance-Sheet of the Russian Revolution

By MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, *Author of* "THE SOUL OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION"

THE Russian Revolution is manifestly completing its first, or heroic, epoch. Material and mental resources are being turned from the fields of battle to the field of economic reconstruction. The edges of extreme centralization are being blunted through extensive adaptations in the management of agriculture, industry, and commerce. What seemed impossible a few months ago in the way of concessions to private property and private business initiative has now become an accomplished fact. This year's famine, the worst affliction since 1891, may cause a number of convulsions, even great upheavals. The cycle of socio-political changes is hardly closed. The lines of social development may for the moment seem blurred by what is the outcome of sheer animal suffering. A great chapter of the Revolution is, nevertheless, concluded, and a general survey of the gains and losses, for Russia and consequently for mankind, of that grave period becomes more or ess practicable at this historic juncture.

Preliminary to such a survey, however, a few notions must be accepted as fundamental. They seem commonplace to a student of social events, yet they must be accentuated in a country where the news correspondent is busy with gossip and the press distorts the truth for the sake of advancing its propaganda.

§ 2

A.—The revolution of October, 1917, "the Bolshevik Revolution," is *not* the work of a group, a faction, a party. It is the work of a nation in the most crucial moment of its existence. It is the outcome of untold political and social, national and international, circumstances: the absolutism of the czars; the abortive revolution of 1905 and 1906; the ruthlessness of the Rus-

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sian nobleman and capitalist; the loss of seven millions, dead and wounded, between 1914 and 1917; the economic chaos as a consequence of the World War; the lack of a constructive policy in the hands of Kerensky and his group; the imperialistic aims of France, England, and the minor Allies; the misunderstanding by the Allies of the Russian Revolution; the spirit of revolt among the workers of the cities; the lamentable failure of the Russian intelligentzia to feel together with the masses; the propaganda of the Bolsheviki. The latter entered as one element into this mountain of causes; apparently, it was not the *only* cause. The revolution was accomplished by the millions of soldiers that wanted to go home, by the millions of peasants that wanted to seize the landlords' estates, by the millions of workmen that wanted to abolish exploitation.

B.—The ruin of Russian industry and transportation is *not* due primarily to the soviet system, but it also is an outcome of a vast number of historic causes preceding and accompanying the revolution. The backwardness of the Russian economic system; the mismanagement of the national wealth under the czars; the strain of war; the unstable psychology of the masses after the overthrow of absolutism; the forced cessation of imports after the beginning of the World War and the deliberate blockade after the October revolution; the destruction of the old administration, which, corrupt as it was, had accumulated a certain amount of knowledge and technical skill—all this is not the fault of the soviet régime. Neither can it be blamed for the continuation of war two years after the termination of the world conflict. The soviet régime as such is by no means free from a share in the Russian economic decline, for it made the crisis more acute by seizing power, and it caused industrial efficiency to decrease by unseating the former owners. Yet this is not the principal cause of economic chaos in Russia. Similar is the case of Poland, where no revolution took place. The Polish economic ruin is far more distressing than even the crisis in Russia.

C.—It is futile to speculate about the course that historic events *might* have taken had circumstances been different. "If" is a poor resource in the study of human society. What would have been the fate of Russia had Kerensky been a man of more decision or more ruthlessness, or had the Constituent Assembly been convened before October, 1917, or had America realized the magnitude of the change that was taking place in Russia, or had the Russians repudiated the German peace conditions at Brest-Litovsk—all such reflections, readily indulged in by writers "who are supposed to know," lead us nowhere. Their worth is nil.

D.—It is absolutely immaterial whether we like or dislike the revolution. Historic events care little for our personal predilections. Consequently, it is preposterous to sit in judgment over the revolution. Was it moral or immoral to discard the landowning nobility? Was it just or unjust to dispossess the manufacturers? Was it human or idealistic to wage war against the rich peasants? All such questions may occupy a group of people, a committee or party, *before* they decide upon a certain course of action. Surely, they are of no use to the observer who wishes simply to understand a certain historic event.

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E.—It is unscientific to pick out only one case or one series of cases from a vast number of many colored events. This is the basic fault of most American "eye-witnesses" and correspondents. If all the atrocities attributed to Lenine and Trotzky had actually happened, their enumeration would not bring us one iota nearer to an understanding of the revolution. If all the Bolsheviki had been agents of the German Kaiser, that fact alone, even if proved beyond doubt, would not explain the great Russian transformation. It is easier for the human mind to select a striking detail from a great complex and to dwell upon its moral qualities than to comprehend the complex as a whole. Unfortunately, even American statesmen made it "easy" for them, and the public, in this way. And this is why so little is known in this country of the actual character of the revolution.

Taking, then, the standards of the revolution as applied to millions, what has it accomplished so far, and what has it failed to accomplish?

§ 3

1.—It has consolidated the territory of the Russian nation and created a *modus vivendi* for its various nationalities. The great bulk of the czarist empire was a heterogeneous body held together by force. Provinces of a different linguistic character, former kingdoms, fragments of former states, were ruthlessly Russianized and kept under a uniform administration. The natural outcome were centrifugal tendencies, a hectic nationalism among the racial minorities, and a hatred for anything Russian. The downfall of the czar turned these tendencies into action. Province after province began to declare its independence. The Kerensky administration, controlled by moderate elements, refused to grant independence. Between the nationalism of the liberals of Great Russia and the nationalism of the Ukrainians, the white Russians, the Tatars, the Armenians of the Caucasus, etc., a series of clashes was imminent. The October revolution solved this problem. It failed to aline with the Russian union the provinces of Latvia, Lithuania, Esthonia, though the latter are economically dependent on Russia. It stopped, however, the tendency to break up the Russian territory into a mass of fragments. It created the federation, which gives an amount of sovereignty to minorities, however slight, and still keeps them as an integral part of the whole. Russia is now one continuous land from Baku to Archangel and Kola, from Minsk to eastern Siberia. Within this land each racial or linguistic minority has a right to form a separate state, remaining an integral part of the union militarily, financially, industrially, and adhering to a number of fundamental laws of the federal constitution. The right of cultural self-determination is virtually unlimited. The main causes of friction have thus been eliminated. Economic unity and broad local self-government seem to be the most logical combination for a national body of Russia's variety and magnitude.

By creating territorial unity, the revolution secured for Russia the main sources of national wealth. Siberian gold, Ural iron and copper, Caucasian oil and potash, Donetz coal, Ukrainian wheat, rye, and sugar beets, Northern lumber wood, are indispensable for Russia's economic existence. The loss of the Baltic ports, Riga, Libau, and

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A Russian soviet-government poster urging education. The wording on the book seeks to dispel the illiterate's awe of the printed page, and explains that "A book is only a man speaking in public." The inscriptions on the small signs read: "A book is a torch of communism"; "It is necessary to read to defeat the enemies of the working class"; "Long live the revolutionary union of science and labor!"

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Reval, is a disadvantage, yet, with Esthonia and Latvia necessarily becoming Russian dependencies, the loss may not be keenly felt. There is, besides, the possibility, almost the certainty, of the Russian federation drawing these nominally sovereign provinces into its national orbit.

2.—The Russian Revolution created a national army on a new basis. This seemed impossible in 1918, with the army just demobilized after its utter ruin in the summer months of 1917, with the old discipline shattered, with all passions let loose, with the country exhausted and war-weary, with the Germans advancing into the very heart of Russia. The Russians seemed open to any attack. Even the Czecho-Slovaks appeared to the Allies strong enough to crush the revolution. In 1920 Russia was armed and capable of resistance. The Red Army had an ideal to fight for; the military force was based on a new discipline, and it showed heroic efforts.

To-day Russia is emerging out of chaos as a new great power. Its army may not equal that of France or England in equipment, but it is not inferior to them in valor, and in case of war with a European power Russia has a force to bring into the bargain with a future combination of powers. It is due to this army that Russia has not become a prey to English, French, or Polish imperialism. Western statesmen may look condescendingly upon a country which calls to the outside world for aid in distress. Malicious sympathy, the other side of frank hatred, may be employed as a means of humiliating the revolutionary government and minimizing its strength. Such is the game of international duplicity. The fact remains, however, that Russia, soviet Russia, is once more taken seriously by diplomatic and business men. Treaties are being signed with its government, and its rights are being recognized by the courts. This would have been impossible without the army.

Within the country the army increased social cohesion and made opposing elements join hands in a common cause. This helped to tide the nation over in the most harrowing moments. The case of the former officers may be cited. Disgruntled after the collapse of czarism, mistrusting the new movements, ready to join any conspiracy against the new order, utterly disheartened by the loss of their former standing and prestige, they were gradually absorbed by the new army, and now most of them are devoted to their service and naturally accept the existing system.

3.—The Russian Revolution created a new system of representation and a new form of state administration. One may argue as to the merits of the soviet system in comparison with universal franchise. Students of government will have to agree, however, that voting by production units in the cities is a distinctly novel contribution to the modes of representation. This complex structure of soviets, which covers all the country from the remotest hamlets to the capitals,—in its lower stages, the village soviets almost a direct government by the meeting of all voters, in its higher grades, a powerful centralized national assembly combining legislative and executive power, and hampered by no tradition or law but its own will as expressing the will of the people,—is a creation of the revolution. It came into existence out of nothing. It had

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no precedents. It was planned by nobody. It grew out of the depths of national consciousness spontaneously in every part of the nation. Kerensky's government failed to recognize this fundamental fact. The scholars and thinkers of the liberal groups had before their eyes a ready pattern of Western democracies, characterized by division of power, by responsibility of the cabinet before the legislature, and by inactivity of the voter between one election and another. The masses of Russia created their own parliaments after their own ideals. The October revolution indorsed this new creation, as it indorsed many a demand and a mood of the masses.

The soviets became a school of political education for the Russian people. Men and women learn to govern themselves by governing themselves. Former mute subjects are turning into articulate citizens. The consciousness of public duty awakens. In a country where the horizon of the average man was confined to his shop or house or village community, a larger national conception is stirring the masses into activity. Tyranny becomes less and less possible. If the greatest foundation of liberty is in the minds and in the hearts of the masses, then Russia is becoming a free nation. Many an indignant voice has condemned the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly. The wisdom or folly of that undertaking cannot be here the subject of discussion. One thing is beyond dispute, however. The civic education of the Russian masses under the soviets has advanced much further than the education of the more literate masses of Poland, Latvia, Esthonia, where constituent assemblies were in session. We may like or dislike the substitution of the Russian Constituent Assembly by the soviets. We must recognize that the soviets correspond closer to the spirit of the Russian people and that their work is inestimable in organizing the Russian national life.

One feature of the soviet system stands out clearly. The city workman possesses more political power than the peasant. Perfect political equality has not been introduced by the revolution, though it was solemnly proclaimed. This is an ideal which can be realized only in an economically homogeneous community. Political power rests with the groups that control the wealth of a nation. In the Western democracies these are the captains of industry and finance. In revolutionary Russia it is industrial labor. The Russian worker was more revolutionary, better organized, deeper class-conscious than the peasant. In the struggle for freedom his share was larger, his conception clearer. When power passed into the hands of the soviets, he became a leading figure. He may be, and is now, compelled to make concessions to the peasant. He may, for a briefer or longer period, abate his ideal in order to pacify the village. Still, he is the head. He is the conscious maker of his country's destinies. His political hegemony is not disputed by the amorphous mass of the peasants.

4.—Classes have not been abandoned by the revolution. The old absolutist bureaucracy is gone. The class of noble landlords is gone. The large banker and factory-owner are gone. Old privileges and distinctions disappeared. "No work, no food," was made the slogan of the nation. Yet one line of division remains, that

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between workmen and peasants. The city workman, as a rule, is against private property and private management of economic concerns. He possesses no means of production, and his desire to improve the conditions of his life is limited to better payment, in money and kind, for the work he does in a publicly managed shop. His ideal is common work for the benefit of all and a common share in public welfare. The average peasant is more individualistic. He loves his piece of land, and would not share its produce with others. He wishes to possess as private property the fruit of his labor, and he is eager to increase his possessions. The exploitation of hired labor has generally been condemned by the rural population, and an accumulation of wealth above a certain minimum seems to be out of keeping with the peasant's ideal. Hired labor was abandoned by the constitution, yet the practice of using farm hands, in one form or another, has not yet disappeared. With the recent concessions to the peasants allowing free trading with the surplus of their products that remains after the payment of taxes to the state, economic inequality within the village may become more pronounced. The small manufacturer and petty trader have also been recently legalized in Russia, the state abandoning its intention of managing all the economic activities of the country and confining itself to the larger plants, mines, and shops, and to general control. This makes Russia, for the time being, a country of class differences, if not of severe class struggle, as peaceful coöperation between city and village seems to be beneficial for either side. Whether the working-class now in power will be able to perpetuate its leading position depends largely upon its ability to work hand in hand with the rural population.

5.—The revolution created a strong disciplined force to conduct the business of the nation, the Communist party. The rôle of this party in welding the nation together should not be undervalued. When the czar's administration disappeared, there was nobody to take its place. The nation was amorphous. The soviets were incompetent. Everybody was impatient. Government offices resembled debating clubs rather than governing bodies. The business of the nation became more entangled every day. The nation itself was falling to pieces. Somebody had to come and do organizing work. This fell to the lot of the Communist party, which had advocated the October revolution and was at the head of it in the moment of the final struggle for power. The dictatorship of the proletariat became the dictatorship of the Communist party. The party took upon itself the responsibility for all national affairs. War cannot be conducted by committees or legislative bodies. A strong and unified executive force becomes vital. This force was furnished by the Communist party in the wars for Russian independence and in the wars for the new distribution of power. It was, and is, a rigid force putting expediency above the letter of the law and national interests above the welfare of individual groups. It has aroused the ire of the enemies of the revolution and the criticism of many of its friends. Yet it has fulfilled a historic task. It has saved the nation from disruption. It has created an army. It has established a new bureaucracy to do the business of administration day by day.

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And it has served as a vast stimulus for a country horribly impoverished and ready to collapse. Let those who wish indulge in condemnation of "terror," "tyranny," and "corruption." In another connection it may be interesting to investigate what is true and what is invention in all these lamentations. The calm observer who takes stock in the Russian Revolution will ask himself where were democracy and liberty and the free expression of dissenting minorities in England, France, and America in the heat of war. Warfare in Russia in 1918–20 was immeasurably more difficult, due to the revolution and the losses sustained between 1914 and 1918. The impartial observer will be prompted to recognize the creative part of the Russian Communist party in the time of national catastrophe.

6.—The Russian Revolution introduced national management of industrial production and of transportation. Has it proved the superiority of public management over the traditional capitalist system? The positive or negative answer to this question seems to be decisive for the general public. To the popular mind the revolution stands or falls with the success or failure of the "experiment." From a broader point of view, nationalization of industries was no experiment. It was a necessity. It was dictated by the sovereignty of the revolution. Where shop committees were taking over control even before October, 1917; where sporadic confiscation of factories and plants by the workmen became a feature of economic life even under Kerensky; where the working-men loathed to work for the profit of the owners, whom they called "profiteers," and where a revolution was successfully completed under the slogan "All power to the workmen and peasants," the maintenance of private management became a chimera. If the nation was to go on producing even at a greatly diminished scale, public management became imperative.

It was a desperate task. The system was in disorder. The productivity of labor had decreased. The new managers had no experience. The workers became demoralized. The transportation system grew into a tangle. Imports from abroad ceased. Reserves were being rapidly consumed. The sledge-hammer of war was constantly pounding over the nation. It was in such circumstances that the revolution had to organize the industrial system on a new basis. It was confronted not only with the question of production, but also with that of distribution both of industrial and agricultural products.

The machinery is not working smoothly yet, but there is a machinery which works. There is the supreme council of national economy, which supervises the industries of the nation. There are councils of national economy in every province and every county that supervise the industrial establishments within their territories. There are the main committees and central committees that actually manage every branch of industry, such as the main committee of the steel industry, the main committee of textiles, the central committee of chemicals, etc. There are combinations of neighboring factories of the same industry pooled together so as to form virtually one concern under one joint management. There are individual managers, public appointees, in every factory, plant, or mine. The network is not complete.

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A Russian government anti-clerical poster

The number of errors is great. Waste could not have been avoided. Red-tape has become a plague. But the system is gradually straightening out. Efficiency is on the increase. Unnecessary offices are being abandoned. The most suitable men are being given a chance. And if Russia enters the fifth year of the revolution, after six years of continuous war and chaos, with an output of industries ranging from twenty to thirty per cent. of the pre-war output and with a prospect of rapid increase, this will shock only the

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most unimaginative. The nation succeeded in taking stock of all its productive forces; it has virtually at its command all the national resources, and it has organized the workers for work.

This latter task was accomplished through the labor-unions, which were organized after the October revolution. The main work of the unions is to discipline the workers, to increase productivity of labor. Mere compulsion is futile. The unions had to conduct a vast campaign of education, had to establish thousands of technical schools (according to the report of the May, 1921, convention of the Russian unions, the number of schools and courses conducted under union auspices was 10,046). It had to raise the workers to a new standard of citizenship. In 1921 labor is more ready and eager to work under public management than it ever was before. It is participating in the management itself, directly and indirectly.

Human nature has not changed. A community of freemen, working without compulsion and without prospect of gain for the benefit of fellow-men, still remains a dream. Higher wages still secure more and better work. Better abilities still demand more recognition and an ampler reward. Yet more free play is given to the creative instincts of labor. A wider road is open to prosperity, to contented labor, to general well-being. It will take years before this ideal becomes reality, yet the road has been indicated by the revolution.

7.—The revolution in the village redistributed the land in a fashion to suit the ideal of the peasant masses. Between the summer of 1917 and the summer of 1918 it annihilated the class of noble landlords that ruled Russia for over four centuries. Between the summer and fall of 1918 it annihilated the class of rich peasants. Leveling tendencies cherished by the poorer peasants gained the upper hand. Land, cattle, and implements were distributed on the basis of equality. The noble exploiter actually disappeared. The home exploiter, the strong man of the village, was compelled to hide his real face.

Out of this double revolution a class of small farmers emerges which is going to be the foundation of the future Russia. The land is legally the property of the state, but it is held by the peasants as the property of the local village, and is being periodically redistributed in accordance with the size of each family. The increase in the holdings of each family in Great Russia is not large, hardly more than two acres. In Ukrainia, the northern Caucasus, Siberia, Turkestan, the increase is sometimes not less than fifty acres. The revolution has made the peasant the master of his own land. His consumption of food during the years of war and revolution has rather increased. His feeling of security, compared with the city population, was immense.

The revolution succeeded in freeing the peasant from bondage. It also succeeded in securing food from the villages for the maintenance of the cities. It was not always using the most effective or most gentle ways of extracting the grain from the agricultural workers, but it bridged the chasm between city and village and it maintained coöperation between industry and agriculture, however irksome the task may have sometimes appeared both to the workmen and the peasants. Moreover, it taught the peasant to

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understand his vital interest in the industrial development of the country.

In more than one respect the revolution failed to accomplish among the peasants the task outlined by its leaders. It has not overcome the peasant's instinct for private property and private gain. The peasant hated to give up the surplus of his produce to the nation in the same way that the factory-workers give up the products of their factories or mills. The peasant felt himself entitled to all the fruit of his labor above the taxes paid to the state. And this concession had to be granted. State-managed farms, conducted on the same principle as industrial establishments, have so far proved a failure. Agricultural work is of a more individualist nature than work in a shop, where the pace is set by machines and where the manipulations are standardized. Communist farms will require workers of another mentality than the present villager of Russia. Coöperation between the peasants of each community has not yet been realized. Individual work with an individual team on an individual piece of land has been the rule. This is an obstacle to agricultural progress. In order to increase the output of the land, in order to introduce a rotation of crops instead of the archaic three-field system, in order to use modern machinery and modern fertilizer, a system of coöperative societies will have to be created. This will in a measure abate the spirit of individualism in the village. Whatever the ultimate social ideal, agricultural coöperation is the basis of future prosperity in Russia.

For the time being, the peasants of the lower Volga are in the throes of the most appalling famine. The disaster was caused by this year's drought, which became the more ruinous in that there were no reserves of grain to fall back on. A portion of the country, one of the most fertile, is in a state of destitution. Yet, however dreadful, the crisis will pass. The peasantry will recuperate. The present government, with its rigid discipline and quick ways of action, may prove the most capable to cope with a crisis of such dimensions. The crisis will serve as a warning against the backward methods hitherto employed in agriculture.

8.—The cultural advance of the Russian masses since the revolution is colossal. The number of schools, libraries, courses, colleges, lectures, excursions has rapidly grown. The number of new people attracted to use cultural institutions is enormous. The work of abolishing illiteracy is progressing. The streams of new thought, enlightenment, political understanding, have changed the physiognomy of the masses. This is only natural after the awakening from the nightmare of czardom, and can hardly be attributed to the October revolution. What is the specific work of this revolution is participation of the common worker and common peasant in the management of the national affairs. A new man, most active, most enthusiastic, most self-confident, is coming from below. He is replacing the old intellectual of the middle class or he is occupying a position alongside him. In the management of industry and distribution, in the soviets and the labor-unions, in the Red Army and in cultural establishments, in village and town, this new man takes the most responsible places. And he is rapidly learning. He is becoming efficient. His class is the bearer of power, and he

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is the representative and the expression of this power.

9.—A *modus vivendi* is gradually being established between the old middle-class intelligentzia and the new system. This group, formerly the brains and the nervous tissue of Russia, had failed to assume leadership in the crucial days after the collapse of the monarchy. It was opposed to the ideal of the October revolution. Consequently, it was shoved aside by that revolution. A state of hostility ensued between the intelligentzia and the masses. The masses maltreated the men of learning and culture, as if culture and learning were bourgeois in themselves. The educated despised the common men and their strivings. Great damage was caused to spiritual progress by this feud. As time went on, a readjustment became possible. The intellectuals realized that the new system is not a bubble likely to burst any instant. The masses realized the value of knowledge. At this moment coöperation between science, art, literature, and technical knowledge and the new order is on the increase. The reward of talent is not only material, but moral. "Beware of the professor, for he is the greatest creator," said Gorky, recently, to a convention of workers, and his call was responded to with great elation. The country is becoming more educated; consequently the educated man becomes more of a *persona grata*. The latter, however, is growing used to the idea that he is not the one and only leader and that the masses have their own conceptions and a right to their own ways of organizing the life of the country.

A structure is being erected on the debris of the old. It is hardly finished in the rough. It has no window-panes, and its roof leaks. It does not shelter from storms. It is uncomfortable to live in. But multitudes realize that this is their only home. Multitudes are busily engaged in improving every part. Hosts are seeing the vision of a magnificent building in the midst of a peaceful landscape. The building harbors harmony, creative work, and beauty.

Thus stands the balance-sheet of the Russian Revolution in the first week of August, 1921, when this has been written. No one can predict what concessions and compromises may be made as a result of the human suffering caused by famine. As in the past, a thousand colored and conflicting reports will fill our newspapers. I have set down the facts as I have seen them from personal investigation. As students we must keep in mind the facts of the past and reserve judgment until the *facts* of the future reach us.

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Birthright

By T. S. STRIBLING

Drawings by F. LUIS MORA

PART I

AT Cairo, Illinois, the Pullman car conductor asked Peter Siner to take his suitcase and traveling-bag and pass forward into the Jim Crow car. The request came as a surprise to the negro. During Peter Siner's four years at Harvard the segregation of black folk on Southern railroads had become blurred and reminiscent in his mind; now it was brought back into the sharp distinction of the immediate present. With a certain sense of strangeness, Siner picked up his bags, and saw his own form, in the car mirrors, walking down the length of the sleeper. He moved on through the diner, where a few hours before he had eaten and talked with two white men, one an Oregon apple-grower, the other a Wisconsin paper-manufacturer. The Wisconsin man had furnished cigars, and the three had sat and smoked in the drawing-room, indeed, had discussed this very point; and now it was upon him.

At the door of his diner stood the porter of his Pullman, a negro like himself, and Peter mechanically gave him twenty-five cents. The porter accepted it silently without offering the amenities of his whisk-broom and shoe-brush, and Peter passed on forward.

Beyond the diner and Pullmans stretched twelve day-coaches filled with less-opulent white travelers in all degrees of sleepiness and dishabille from having sat up all night. The thirteenth coach was the Jim Crow car. Framed in a conspicuous place beside the entrance of the car was a copy of the Kentucky state ordinance setting this coach apart from the remainder of the train for the purposes therein provided.

The Jim Crow car was not exactly shabby, but it was unkept. It was half filled with travelers of Peter's own color, and these passengers were rather more noisy than those in the white coaches. Conversation was not restrained to the undertones one heard in the other day-coaches or the Pullmans. Near the entrance of the car two negroes in soldiers' uniforms had turned a seat over to face the door, and now they sat talking loudly and laughing the loose laugh of the half intoxicated as they watched the inflow of negro passengers coming out of the white cars.

The windows of the Jim Crow car were shut, and already it had become noisome. The close air was faintly barbed with the peculiar, penetrating odor of dark, sweating skins. For four years Peter Siner had not known that odor. Now it came to him not so much offensively as with a queer quality of intimacy and reminiscence.

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The tall, carefully tailored negro spread his wide nostrils, vacillating whether to sniff it out with disfavor or to admit it for the sudden mental associations it evoked.

It was a faint pungent smell that played in the back of his nose and somehow reminded him of his mother, Caroline Siner, a thick-bodied black woman, whom he always remembered as bending over a wash-tub. This was only one unit of a complex. The odor was also connected with negro protracted meetings in Hooker's Bend, and the Harvard man remembered a lanky black preacher waving long arms and wailing of hell-fire, to the chanted groans of his dark congregation; and he, Peter Siner, had groaned with the others. Peter had known this odor in the press-room of Tennessee cotton-gins, over a river packet's boilers, where he and other roustabouts were bedded, in bunk-houses in tie woods. It also recalled a certain quadroon girl named Ida May, and an intimacy with her which still moved and saddened Peter to think of. Indeed, it resurrected innumerable vignettes of his life in the negro village in Hooker's Bend, it was linked with innumerable emotions, this pungent, unforgetable odor that filled the Jim Crow car.

Somehow the odor had a queer effect of appearing to push his conversation with the two white Northern men in the drawing-car back to a distance, an indefinable distance both of space and time.

The negro put his suitcase under his seat, hung his overcoat on the hook, and placed his hand-bag in the rack overhead; then with some difficulty he opened a window and sat down by it.

A stir of travelers in the Cairo station drifted into the car. Against a broad murmur of hurrying feet, moving trucks, and talking there stood out the thin, flat voice of a Southern white girl calling good-by to some one on the train. Peter could see her waving a bright parasol and tiptoeing. A sandwich boy hurried past, shrilling his wares. Siner leaned out, with fifteen cents, and signaled to him. The urchin hesitated, was about to reach up one of his wrapped parcels, when a peremptory voice shouted at him from a lower car. The lad deserted Siner with a sort of start, and went trotting down to his white customer. A moment later the train bell began ringing, and the Dixie Flier puffed deliberately out of the Cairo station and moved across the Ohio bridge into the South.

§ 2

Half an hour later the blue-grass fields of Kentucky were spinning outside of the Jim Crow window in a vast green whirlpool. The distant trees and houses moved forward with the train, while the foreground, with its telegraph poles, its culverts, section-houses, and shrubbery, rushed backward in a blur. Now and then into a window whipped a blast of coal smoke and hot cinders, for the engine was only two cars ahead.

Peter Siner looked out at the interminable spin of the landscape with a certain wistfulness. He was coming back into the South, into his own country. Here for many years his forbears had toiled endlessly and fruitlessly, yet the fat, green fields hurtling past him told with what skill and patience their black hands had labored.

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The negro shrugged away such thoughts, and with a certain effort replaced them with the constructive idea that was bringing him South once more. It was a very simple idea. Siner was returning to his native village in Tennessee to teach school. He planned to begin his work with the ordinary public school in Hooker's Bend, but in the back of his head he hoped eventually to develop an institution after the plan of Tuskegee or the Hampton Institute in Virginia.

To do what he had in mind, he must obtain aid from white sources, and now, as he traveled southward, he began conning in his mind the white men and white women he knew in Hooker's Bend. He wanted first of all to get a small field called the Dillihay Place, which he knew adjoined the negro school-house over on the east side of the village.

Before the negro's mind the different villagers passed in review with that peculiar intimacy of vision that servants always have of their masters. Indeed, no white Southerner knows his own village so minutely as does any member of its colored population. The colored villagers see the whites off their guard and just as they are, and that is an attitude in which no one looks his best. The negroes might be called the black recording angels of the South. If what they know should be shouted aloud in any Southern town, its social life would disintegrate. Yet it is a strange fact that gossip seldom penetrates from the one race to the other.

So Peter Siner sat in the Jim Crow car musing over half a dozen villagers in Hooker's Bend. He thought of them in a curious way. Although he was now a B.A. of Harvard University, and although he knew that not a soul in the little river village, unless it was old Captain Renfrew, could construe a line of Greek and that scarcely two had ever traveled farther north than Cincinnati, still, as Peter recalled their names and foibles, he involuntarily felt that he was telling over a roll of the mighty. The white villagers came marching through Peter's mind as beings austere, and the very cranks and quirks of their characters somehow held that austerity. There were the Brownell sisters, two old maids, Molly and Patti, who lived in a big brick house on the hill. Peter remembered that Miss Molly Brownell always doled out to his mother, on Monday's washday dinner, exactly one biscuit less than the old negress wanted to eat, and she always paid her in old clothes. A dozen times in his life Peter remembered his mother coming home and wondering in an impersonal way how it was that Miss Molly Brownell could skimp every meal she ate at the big house by exactly one biscuit. It was Miss Brownell's thin-lipped boast that she understood negroes. She had told Peter so several times when, as a lad, he went up to the big house on errands. Peter Siner conned this remembrance without the faintest feeling of humor, and mentally removed Miss Molly Brownell from his list of possible subscribers. Yet, he recalled, the whole Brownell estate had been reared on negro labor.

Then there was Henry Hooker, cashier of the village bank. Peter knew that the banker subscribed liberally to foreign missions; indeed, at the cashier's behest, the white church of Hooker's Bend kept a paid

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missionary on the upper Congo. But the banker had sold some village lots to the negroes, and in two instances, where a streak of commercial phosphate had been discovered on the properties, the lots had reverted to the Hooker estate. There had been something about a mineral reservation in the deed that the negro purchasers knew nothing about until the phosphate was discovered. The whole matter had been perfectly legal.

A hand shook Siner's shoulder and interrupted his review. Peter turned and caught an alcoholic breath over his shoulder, and the blurred voice of a Southern negro called out above the rumble of the car and the roar of the engine:

"'Fo' God, if dis ain't Petuh Sinuh I 's been lookin' at de las' twenty miles, an' not knowin' him wid sich skeniptious clo'es on! Wha' yuh fum, niggah?"

Siner took the enthusiastic hand offered him and studied the heavily set, powerful man bending over his seat. He was in a soldier's uniform, and his broad nutmeg-colored face and hot black eyes brought Peter a vague sense of familiarity; but he never would have identified his impression had he not observed on the breast of the soldier's uniform the congressional military medal for bravery on the field of battle. Its glint furnished Peter the necessary clew. He remembered his mother writing him something about Tump Pack going to France and getting "crowned" before the army. He had puzzled a long time over what she meant by "crowned" before he guessed her meaning. Now the medal aided Peter in reconstructing out of this big umber-colored giant the rather spindling Tump Pack he had known in Hooker's Bend.

Siner was greatly surprised, and his heart warmed at the sight of his old playmate.

"What have you been doing to yourself, Tump?" cried Peter, laughing, and shaking the big hand in sudden warmth. "You used to be the size of a dime in a jewelry store."

"Been in 'e ahmy, niggah, wha' I 's been fed," said the grinning brown man, delightedly. "I sho is picked up, ain't Ah?"

"And what are you doing here in Cairo?"

"Tryin' to bridle a li'l' white mule." Mr. Pack winked a whisky-brightened eye jovially and touched his coat to indicate that some of the "white mule" was in his pocket and had not been drunk.

"How 'd you get here?"

"Wucked muh way down on de St. Louis packet an' got paid off at Padjo [Paducah, Kentucky]; 'n' 'en I thought I 'd come on down heah an' roll some bones. Been hittin' 'em two days now, 'n' I sho come putty neah bein' cleaned; but I put up li'l' Joe heah, an' wan 'em all back, 'n' 'en some." He touched the medal on his coat, winked again, slapped Siner on the leg, and burst into loud laughter.

Peter was momentarily shocked. He made a place on the seat for his friend to sit.

"You don't mean you put up your medal on a crap game, Tump?"

"Sho do, black man." Pack became soberer. "Dat 's one of de great benefits of bein' decorated. Dey ain 't a son of uh gun on de rivah what can win li'l' Joe; dey all tried it."

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A moment's reflection told Peter how simple and natural it was for Pack to prize his military medal as a good-luck piece to be used as a last resort in crap games. He watched Tump stroke the face of his medal with his fingers.

"My mother wrote me about your getting it, Tump. I was glad to hear it."

The brown man nodded, and stared down at the bit of gold on his barrel-like chest.

"Yes, suh, dat uz guv to me fuh bravery. You know what a skeery little niggah I wuz roun' Hookah's Ben'; well, de sergeant tuk me an' he drill ebuh bit o' dat right out 'n me. He gim me a baynit an' teach me to stob dummies wid it ovah at Camp Oglethawp, ontil he felt lak I had de hea't to stob anything; 'n' 'en he sont me acrost. I had tuh git a new paiuh breeches evuh thwee weeks, I growed so fas'." Here he broke out into his big loose laugh again, and renewed the alcoholic scent around Peter.

"And you made good?"

"Sho did, black man, an', 'fo' God, I 'zerve a medal ef any man evuh did. Dey gim me dish heah fuh stobbin' fo' white men wid a baynit. 'Fo' God, niggah, I nevuh felt so quare in all muh bo'n days as when I was a-jobbin' de livuhs uh dem white men lak de sergeant tol' me to." Tump shook his head, bewildered, and after a moment added, "Yes, suh, I nevuh wuz mo' supprised in all muh life dan when I got dis medal fuh stobbin' fo' white men."

Peter Siner looked out of the Jim Crow window at the vast rotation of the Kentucky landscape on which his forbears had toiled for years; presently he added soberly:

"You were fighting for your country, Tump. It was war then; you were fighting for your country."

§ 3

At Jackson, Tennessee, the two negroes were forced to spend the night between trains. Tump Pack piloted Peter Siner to a negro café where they could eat, and later they searched out a negro lodging-house on Gate Street where they could sleep. It was a grimy, smelly place, with its own odor spiked by a phosphate-reducing plant two blocks distant. The paper on the wall of the room Peter slept in looked scrofulous. It had no window, and Peter's four years régime of open windows and fresh-air sleep was broken. He arranged his clothing for the night so it would come in contact with nothing in the room but a chair-back. He felt dull next morning, and could not bring himself either to shave or bathe in the place, but got out and hunted up a negro barber-shop furnished with one greasy red-plush barber-chair.

A few hours later the two negroes journeyed on down to Perryville, Tennessee, a village on the Tennessee River, where they took a gasolene launch up to Hooker's Bend. The launch was about fifty feet long and had two cabins, a colored cabin in front of, and a white cabin behind, the engine-room.

This unremitting insistence on his color, this continual shunting him into obscure and filthy ways, gradually gave Peter a loathly feeling. It increased the unwashed feeling that followed his lack of a morning bath. The impression grew upon him that he was being handled with tongs, along back-alley routes; that he and

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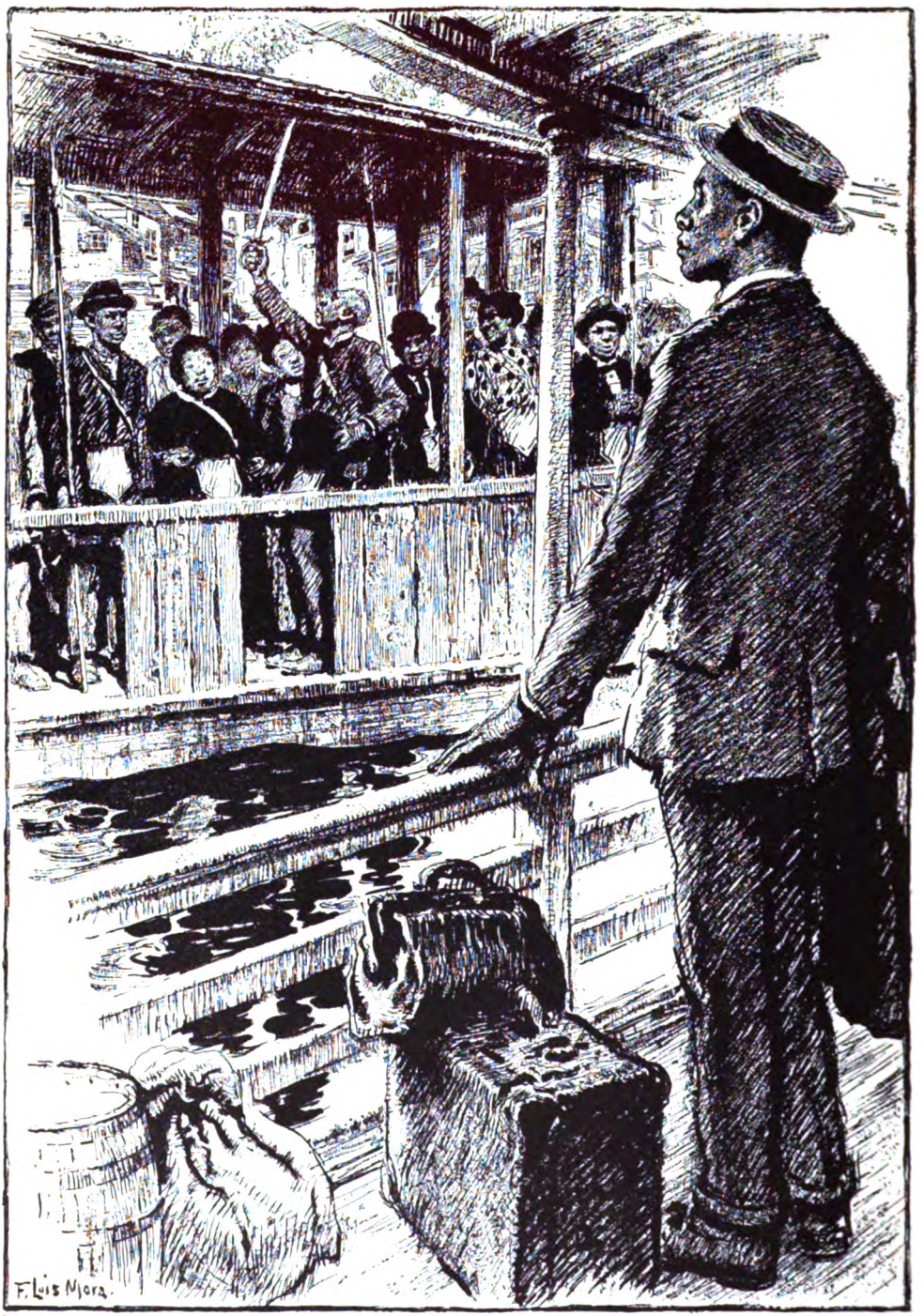

"Peter recognized the white aprons and the swords and spears of the Knights and Ladies of Tabor"

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his race were something to be kept out of sight as much as possible, as careful housekeepers manœuver their slops.

At Perryville a number of passengers boarded the up-river boat: two or three drummers; a yellowed old hill woman returning to her Wayne County home; a red-headed peanut-buyer; a well-groomed white girl in a tailored suit; a youngish man barely on the right side of middle age who seemed to be attending her; and some negro girls with lunches. The passengers trailed from the depot down the river-bank through a slush of mud, for the river had just fallen and had left a liquid mud to a height of about twenty feet all along the littoral. The passengers picked their way down carefully, stepping into one another's tracks in trying not to ruin their shoes. The drummers grumbled. The youngish man piloted the girl down, holding her hand, although both could have managed better by themselves.

Following the passengers, came the trunks and grips on a truck. A negro deck-hand, the truck-driver, and the white master of the launch shoved aboard the big sample trunks of the drummers with grunts, profanity, and much stamping of mud. Presently, without the formality of bell or whistle, the launch clacked away from the landing and stood up the wide, muddy river.

The river itself was monotonous and depressing. It was perhaps half a mile wide, with flat, willowed mud banks on one side and low shelves of stratified limestone on the other.

Trading-points lay at ten or fifteen mile intervals along the great waterway. The typical landing was a dilapidated shed of a store half covered with tin tobacco signs and ancient circus posters. Usually, only one man met the launch at each landing, the merchant, a democrat in his shirt-sleeves and without a tie. His voice was always a flat, weary drawl, but his eyes, wrinkled against the sun, usually held the shrewdness of those who make their living out of two-penny trades.

At each place the red-headed peanut-buyer slogged up the muddy bank and bargained for the merchant's peanuts, to be shipped on the down-river trip of the first St. Louis packet. The loneliness of the scene embraced the trading-points, the river, and the little gasolene launch struggling against the muddy current. It permeated the passengers, and was a sort of finishing touch to Peter Siner's melancholy.

The launch clacked on and on interminably. Sometimes it seemed to make no headway at all against the heavy, silty current. Tump Pack, the white captain, and the negro engineer began a game of craps in the negro cabin. Presently, two of the white drummers came in from the white cabin and began betting on the throws. The game was listless. The master of the launch pointed out places along the shores where wildcat stills were located. The crap-shooters, negro and white, squatted in a circle on the cabin floor, snapping their fingers and calling their points monotonously. One of the negro girls in the negro cabin took an apple out of her lunch-sack and began eating it, holding it in her palm, after the fashion of negroes, rather than in her fingers, as is the custom of white women.

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Both doors of the engine-room were open, and Peter Siner could see through into the white cabin. The old hill woman was dozing in her chair, her bonnet bobbing to each stroke of the engines. The youngish man and the girl were engaged in some sort of intimate lovers' dispute. When the engines stopped at one of the landings, Peter discovered she was trying to pay him what he had spent on getting her baggage trucked down at Perryville. The girl kept pressing a bill into the man's hand, and he avoided receiving the money. They kept up the play for the sake of occasional contacts.

When the launch came in sight of Hooker's Bend toward the middle of the afternoon, Peter Siner experienced one of the profoundest surprises of his life. Somehow, all through his college days he had remembered Hooker's Bend as a proud town with important stores and unapproachable white residences. Now he saw a scum of negro cabins, high piles of lumber, a sawmill, and an ice-factory. Behind that, on a little rise, stood the old Brownell manor, maintaining a certain shabby dignity in a grove of oaks. Behind and westward from the negro shacks and lumber-piles ranged the village stores, their roofs just visible over the top of the bank. Moored to the shore, lay the wharf-boat in weathered greens and yellows. As a background for the whole scene rose the dark-green height of what was called the "Big Hill," an eminence that separated the negro village on the east from the white village on the west. The hill itself held no houses, but appeared a solid green-black with cedars.

The whole ensemble was merely another lonely spot on the south bank of the great somnolent river. It looked dead, deserted, a typical river town, unprodded even by the hoot of a jerk-water railroad.

As the launch chortled toward the wharf, Peter Siner stood trying to orient himself to this unexpected and amazing minifying of Hooker's Bend. He had left a metropolis; he was coming back to a tumble-down village. Yet nothing was changed. Even the two scraggly locust-trees that clung perilously to the brink of the river-bank still held their toe-hold among the strata of limestone.

The negro deck-hand came out and pumped the hand-power whistle in three long discordant blasts. Then a queer thing happened. The whistle was answered by a faint strain of music. A little later the passengers saw a line of negroes come marching down the river-bank to the wharf-boat. They marched in military order, and from afar Peter recognized the white aprons and the swords and spears of the Knights and Ladies of Tabor, a colored burial association.

Siner wondered what had brought out the Knights and Ladies of Tabor. The singing and the drumming gradually grew upon the air. The passengers in the white cabin came out on the guards at this unexpected fanfare. As soon as the white travelers saw the marching negroes, they began joking about what caused the demonstration. The captain of the launch thought he knew and began an oath, but stopped it out of deference to the girl in the tailored suit. He said it was a dead nigger the society was going to ship up to Savannah.

The girl in the tailored suit was much amused. She said the darkies

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"He caressed his mother and murmured incoherently"

looked like a string of caricatures marching down the river-bank. Peter noticed her Northern accent, and fancied she was coming to Hooker's Bend to teach school.

One of the drummers turned to another.

"Did you ever hear Bob Taylor's yarn about Uncle 'Rastus's funeral? Funniest thing Bob ever got off." He proceeded to tell it.

Every one on the launch was laughing except the captain, who was swearing quietly; but the line of negroes marched on down to the wharf-boat with the unshakable dignity of black folk in an important position. They came singing an old negro spiritual. The women's sopranos thrilled up in high, weird phrasing against an organ-like background of male voices.

But the black men carried no coffin, and suddenly it occurred to Peter Siner that perhaps this celebration was given in honor of his own home-coming. The mulatto's heart beat a trifle faster as he began planning a suitable reply to this ovation.

Sure enough, the singing ranks disappeared behind the wharf-boat, and a minute later came marching around the stern and lined up on the outer guard of the vessel. The skinny, grizzly-headed negro commander held up his sword, and the Knights and Ladies of Tabor fell silent.

The master of the launch tossed his head-line to the wharf-boat, and yelled for one of the negroes to make it fast. One did. Then the commandant with the sword began his address, but it was not directed to Peter. He said:

"Brudder Tump Pack, we, de Hookah's Ben' lodge uv de Knights an' Ladies uv Tabuh, welcome you back to yo' native town. We is

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proud uv you, a cullud man, who brings back de highest crown uv bravahry dis United States has in its powah to bestow.

"Two yeahs ago, Brudder Tump, we seen you ma'chin' away f'om Hookah's Ben' wid sixteen othah boys, white an' cullud, all ma'chin' away togethah. Fo' uv them boys is already back home; thwee, we heah, is on de way back, but six uv yo' brave comrades, Brudder Pack, is sleepin' now in France, an' ain't nevuh go'n' tuh come home no mo'. When we honnahs you, we honnahs them all, de livin' an' de daid, the white an' de black, who fought togethah fuh one country, fuh one flag."

Gasps, sobs from the line of black folk, interrupted the speaker. Just then a shriveled old negress gave a scream, and came running and half stumbling out of the line, holding out her arms to the barrel-chested soldier on the gang-plank. She seized him and began shrieking:

"Bress Gawd! my son 's done come home! Praise de Lawd! Bress His holy name!" Here her laudation broke into sobbing and choking and laughing, and she squeezed herself to her son.

Tump patted her bony black form.

"I 's heah, Mammy," he stammered uncertainly. "I 's come back, Mammy."

Half a dozen other negroes caught the joyful hysteria. They began a religious shouting, clapping their hands, flinging up their arms, shrieking.

One of the drummers grunted: "Good God! all this over a nigger getting back!"

At the extreme end of the dark line a tall cream-colored girl wept silently. As Peter Siner stood blinking his eyes, he saw the octoroon's shoulders and breasts shake from the sobs, which her white blood repressed to silence.

A certain sympathy for her grief and its suppression kept Peter's eyes on the young woman, and then, with the queer effect of one picture melting into another, the strange girl's face assumed familiar curves and softnesses, and he was looking at Ida May.

A quiver traveled deliberately over Peter from his crisp black hair to the soles of his feet. He started toward her impulsively.

At that moment one of the drummers picked up his grip, started down the gang-plank, and pressed Tump Pack and his mother out of his path with its leathern bulk. He moved on to the shore through the negroes, who divided at his approach. The captain of the launch saw that other of his white passengers were becoming impatient, and he shouted for the darkies to move aside and not to block the gangway. The youngish man drew the girl in the tailored suit close to him and started through with her. Peter heard him say, "They won't hurt you, Miss Negley." And Miss Negley, in the brisk nasal intonation of a Northern woman, replied: "Oh, I 'm not afraid. We waste a lot of sympathy on them back home, but when you see them—"

§ 4

At that moment Peter heard a cry in his ears and felt arms thrown about his neck. He looked down and saw his mother, Caroline Siner, looking up into his face and weeping with the general emotion of the negroes and this joy of her own.

Caroline had changed since Peter

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last saw her. Her eyes were a little more wrinkled, her kinky hair was thinner and quite gray.

Something warm and melting moved in Peter Siner's breast. He caressed his mother and murmured incoherently, as had Tump Pack. Presently the master of the launch came by, and touched the old negress, not ungently, with the end of a spike-pole.

"You 'll have to move, Aunt Cal'line," he said. "We 're going to get the freight off now."

The black woman paused in her weeping.

"Yes, Mas' Bob," she said, and she and Peter moved off the launch on to the wharf-boat.

The Knights and Ladies of Tabor were already up the river-bank hill with their hero. Peter and his mother were left alone. Now they walked around the guards of the wharf-boat to the bank, holding each other's arms closely. As they went, Peter kept looking down at his fleshy old black mother with a growing tenderness. She was so worn and heavy! He recognized the very dress she wore, an old black silk which she had "washed out" for Miss Patti Brownell when he was a boy. It had been then, it was now, her best dress. During the years the old negress had registered her increasing bulk by letting out seams and putting in panels. Some of the panels did not agree with the original fabric either in color or texture, and now the seams were stretching again and threatening a rip. Peter's own immaculate clothes reproached him, and he wondered for the hundredth, or for the thousandth, time how his mother had obtained certain remittances which she had forwarded him from time to time during his college years.

As Peter and his mother crept up the bank of the river, stopping from time to time to let the old negress rest, the meanness and shabbiness of the whole village grew upon him. From the top of the bank the single business street of the village ran straight back from the river. It was stony in places, muddy in places, strewn with goods-boxes, broken planking, and excelsior and straw that had been used for packing. Charred rubbish-piles lay in front of every store, which the clerks had swept out and had attempted to burn. Hogs roamed the thoroughfare, picking up decaying fruit and parings, and nosing tin cans that had been thrown out by the merchants. The stores that Peter had once looked upon as show-places were poor two-story brick or frame-buildings, defiled by time and wear and weather. The white merchants were coatless, listless men who sat in chairs on the brick pavements before their stores and who moved slowly when a customer entered their doors.

And, strange to say, it was this fall of his white townsmen that moved Peter Siner with a sense of the greatest loss. It seemed fantastic to him, this sudden landslide of the mighty.

As Peter and his mother came over the brow of the river-bank, they saw a crowd collecting at the other end of the street. The main street of Hooker's Bend is only a block long, and the two negroes could easily hear the loud laughter of men hurrying to the focus of interest and the blurry expostulations of negro voices. The laughter spread like a contagion. Merchants as far up as the river corner became infected, and moved

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toward the crowd, looking back over their shoulders at every tenth or twelfth step to see that no one entered their doors.

Presently, a little short man, fairly yipping with laughter, stumbled back up the street to his store with tears of mirth in his eyes. A belated merchant stopped him by clapping both hands on his shoulders and shaking some composure into him.

"What is it? What 's so funny? Damn it! I miss ever'thing!"

"I-I-It 's that f-fool Tum-Tump Pack. Bobbs arrested him!"

The inquirer was astounded.

"How the 'ell can he arrest him when he hit town this minute?"

"Wh-why, Bobbs had an old warrant for crap-shooting—three years old—before the war. Just as Tump was a-coming down the street at the head of the coons, out steps Bobbs—" Here the little man was overcome.

The merchant from the corner opened his eyes.

"Arrested him on an old crap charge?"

The little man nodded. They gazed at each other. Both exploded simultaneously.

Peter left his obese mother to hurry to the corner. Dawson Bobbs, the constable, had handcuffs on Tump's wrists, and stood with his prisoner amid a crowd of arguing negroes.

Bobbs was a big, fleshy, red-faced man, with chilly blue eyes and a little straight slit of a mouth in his wide face. He was laughing and chewing a sliver of toothpick.

"O Tump Pack," he called loudly, "you kain't git away from me! If you roll bones in Hooker's Bend, you will have to divide your winnings with the county." Bobbs winked a chill eye at the crowd in general.

"But hit 's out o' date, Mistah Bobbs," the old gray-headed minister, a Parson Ranson, was pleading.

"May be that, Parson, but hit 's easier to come up before the J. P. and pay off than to fight it through the circuit court."

Siner pushed his way through the crowd.

"How much do you want, Mr. Bobbs?" he asked briefly.

The constable looked at the tall well-tailored negro with reminiscent eyes. He was plainly going through some mental card-index, hunting for the name of Peter Siner on some long-forgotten warrant. Apparently, he discovered nothing for he said:

"How do I know before he 's tried? C'mon, Tump!"

The procession moved in a long noisy line up Pillow Street, the white residential street lying to the west. It stopped before a large, shaded lawn, where a number of white men and women were playing a game with cards. The cards used by the lawn party were not ordinary playing-cards, but had figures on them instead of spots, and were called "rook" cards. The party of white ladies and gentlemen were playing "rook." On a table in the middle of the lawn glittered some pieces of silver plate which formed the first, second, and third prizes for the three leading scores.

The constable halted his black company before the lawn, where they stood in the sunshine patiently waiting for the justice of the peace to finish his game and hear the case of the State of Tennessee, plaintiff, *versus* Tump Pack, defendant.

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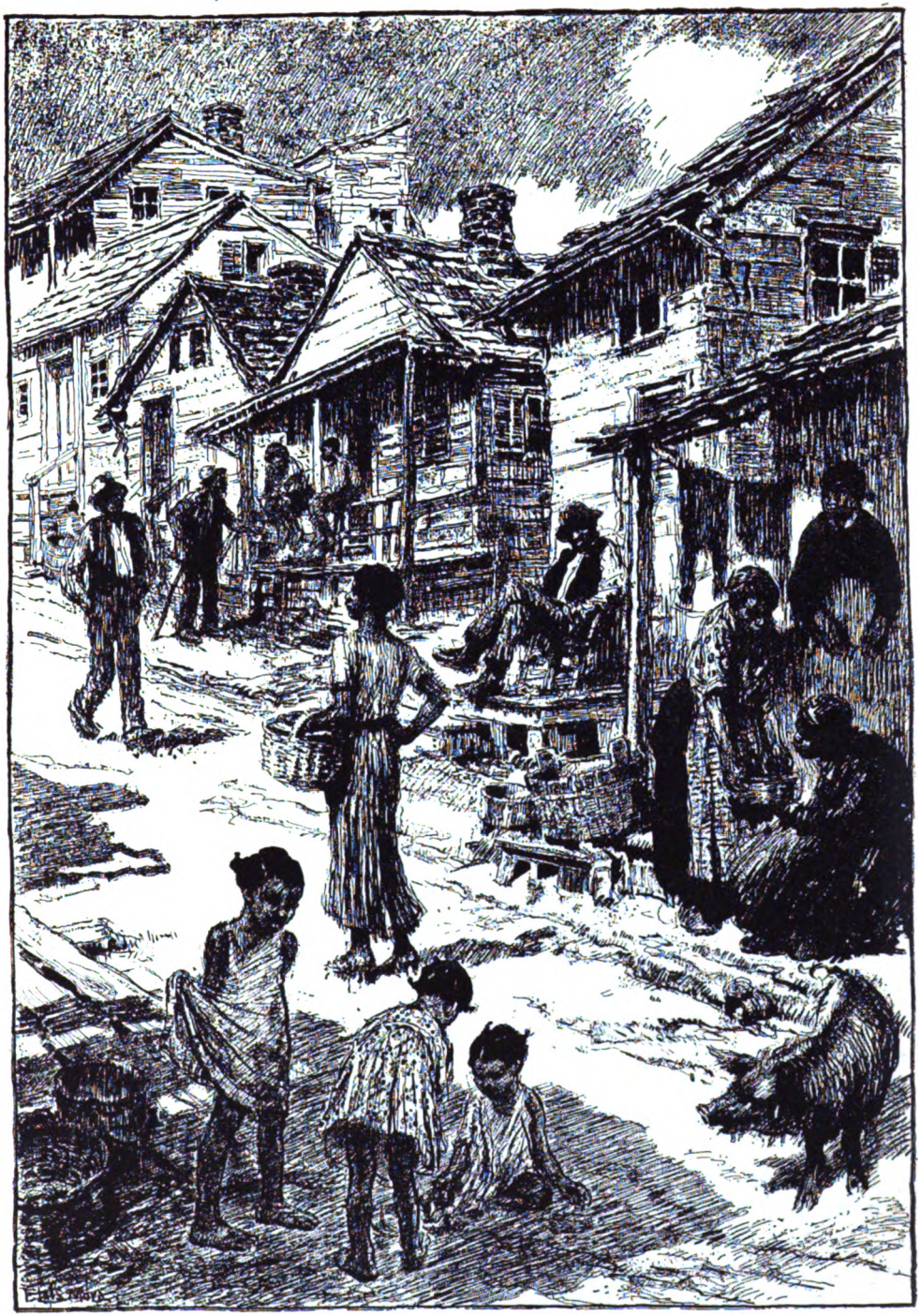

"Up and down its street flows the slow negro life of the village"

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§ 5

On the eastern edge of Hooker's Bend, drawn in a rough semicircle around the Big Hill, lies Nigger Town. In all the half-moon there are perhaps not two upright buildings. The grimy shacks lean at crazy angles, some propped with poles, while others hold out against gravitation at a hazard.

Up and down its street flows the slow negro life of the village. Here children of all colors from black to cream fight and play; deep-chested negresses loiter to and fro, some on errands to the white section of the village on the other side of the hill, where they go to scrub or cook or wash or iron. Others go down to the public well with a bucket in each hand and one balanced on the head.

The public well itself lies at the southern end of this miserable street just at a point where the drainage of the Big Hill collects. The rainfall runs down through Nigger Town, under its sties, stables, and outdoor toilets, and the well supplies the negroes with water for cooking, washing, and drinking. Or, rather, what was once a well supplies this water, for it is a well no longer. Its top and curbing caved in long ago, and now there is simply a big hole in the soft, water-soaked clay about fifteen feet wide, with water standing at the bottom.

Here come the unhurried black women, who throw in their buckets, and with a dextrous twitch or two that comes of long practice draw them out full of water. Black mothers shout at their children not to fall into this pit, and now and then, when a pig fails to come up for its evening slops, a black boy will go to the public well to see if perchance his porker has met misfortune there.

The inhabitants of Nigger Town suffer from divers diseases: they develop strange ailments that no amount of physicking will overcome; young wives grow sickly from no apparent cause. Although only three or four hundred persons live in Nigger Town, two or three negroes are always slowly dying of tuberculosis; winter brings pneumonia; summer, malaria. About once a year the state health officer visits Hooker's Bend and forces the white soda-water dispensers, on the other side of the hill, to sterilize their glasses in the name of the sovereign State of Tennessee.

The Siner shack was a three-room shanty about midway in the semicircle. Peter Siner stood in the sunlight just outside the entrance watching his old mother clean the bugs out of a tainted ham that she had bought for a pittance from some white housekeeper in the village. It had been too high for white people to eat. Old Caroline patiently tapped the honeycombed meat to scare out the last of the little green householders, and then she washed it in a solution of soda to freshen it up.

The sight of his bulky old mother working at the spoiled ham and of the negro women in the street moving to and from the infected well filled Peter Siner with its terrible pathos. Although he had seen these surroundings all his life, he had a queer impression that he was looking upon them for the first time. During his boyhood he had accepted all this without question as the way the world was made. During his college days a criticism had arisen in his mind, but it came

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slowly, and was tempered by that tenderness every one feels for the spot called home. Now as he stood looking at it, he wondered how human beings lived there at all. He wondered if Ida May used water out of Nigger Town well.

He turned to ask old Caroline, but checked himself with a man's instinctive avoidance of mentioning his intimacies to his mother. At that moment, oddly enough, the old negress brought up the topic herself.

"Ida May was 'quirin' 'bout you las' night, Petuh."

A faint tingle filtered through Peter's throat and chest, but he asked casually enough what she said.

"Did n't say; she wrote."

Peter looked around, frankly astonished.

"Wrote?"

"Yeh; co'se she wrote."

"What made her write?" a fantasy of Ida May dumb flickered before the mulatto.

"Why, Ida May 's in Nashville." Caroline looked at Peter. "She wrote tuh Cissie, astin' 'bout you. She ast is you as bright in yo' books as you is in yo' culluh?" The old negress gave a pleased abdominal chuckle as she admired her broad-shouldered, brown son.

"But I saw Ida May standing on the wharf-boat the day I came home," protested Peter, still bewildered.

"No you ain't. I reckon you seen Cissie. They look kind uh alike when you is fuh off."

"Cissie?" repeated Peter. Then he remembered a smaller sister of Ida May's, a little, squalling, yellow, wet-nosed nuisance that had annoyed his adolescence. So that little spoilsport had grown up into the girl he had mistaken for Ida May. This fact increased his sense of strangeness—that sense of great change that had fallen on the village in his absence which formed the groundwork of all his renewed associations.

Peter's prolonged silence aroused certain suspicions in the old negress. She glanced at her son out of the tail of her eye.

"Cissie Dildine is Tump Pack's gal," she stated defensively, with the jealousy all mothers feel toward all sons.

§ 6

A diversion in the shouts of the children up the mean street and a sudden furious barking of dogs drew Peter from the discussion. He looked up, and saw a negro girl of about fourteen coming down the curved street with long, quick steps and an occasional glance over her shoulder.

From across the thoroughfare a small chocolate-colored woman, with her wool done in outstanding spikes, thrust her head out of the door and called:

"Wha' 's the matter, Ofeely?"

The girl lifted a high voice.

"O Miss Nan, it 's that constable goin' through the houses!" The girl veered across the street to the safety of the open door and one of her own sex.

"Good Lawd!" cried the spiked one in disgust, "evuh time a white pusson gits somethin' misplaced—" She moved to one side to allow the girl to enter, and continued staring up the street, with the whites of her eyes accented against her dark face, after the way of angry negroes.

Around the crescent the dogs were furious. They were Nigger Town

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dogs, and the sight of a white man always drove them to a frenzy. Presently in the hullabaloo, Peter heard Dawson Bobbs's voice shouting:

"Aunt Mahaly, if you kain't call off this dawg, I 'm shore goin' to kill him."

Then an old woman's scolding broke in and complicated the mêlée. Presently Peter saw the bulky form of Dawson Bobbs come around the curve, moving methodically from shack to shack. He held some legal-looking papers in his hands, and Peter knew what the constable was doing. He was serving a blanket search-warrant on the whole black population of Hooker's Bend. At almost every shack a dog ran out to blaspheme at the intruder, but a wave of his pistol sent it yelping under the floor again.

When the constable entered a house, Peter could hear him bumping and rattling among the furnishings, while the black householders stood outside the door and watched him disturb their housekeeping arrangements.

Presently Bobbs came angling across the street toward the Siner shack. As he entered the rickety gate, old Caroline called out:

"Whut is you aftuh, anyway, white man?"

Bobbs turned cold, truculent eyes on the old negress.

"A turkey roaster," he snapped. "Some o' you niggers stole Miss Lou Arkwright's turkey roaster."

"Tukky roastuh!" cried the old black woman in great disgust. "What you s'pose us niggahs is got to roast in a tukky roastuh?"

The constable answered shortly that his business was to find the roaster, not what the negroes meant to put in it.

"I decla'," satirized old Caroline, savagely, "dis heah Niggah Town is a white man's pocket. Evuh time he misplace' somp'n, he feel in his pocket to see ef it ain't thaiuh. Do n' che tu'n ovuh that sody-watter, white man! You know they ain't no tukky roastuh unduh that sody-watter. I 'cla' 'fo' God, if a white man wuz to eat a flapjack, an' it did n't give him de belly-ache, I 'cla' befo' Gawd he 'd git out a su'ch-warrant tuh see if some niggah had n't stole' that flapjack as it went down his th'oat."

"Mr. Bobbs has to do his work, Mother," put in Peter. "I don't suppose he enjoys it any more than we do."

"Den let him git out'n dis business an' git in anudder," scolded the old woman. "Dis sho is a mighty po' business."

The ponderous Mr. Bobbs finished his inspection of the cabin with a practised thoroughness, and then the inquisition proceeded down the street, around the crescent, and so out of sight and eventually out of hearing.

Old Caroline snapped her chair back beside her greasy table and sat down abruptly to her spoiled ham again.

"Dat makes me mad," she grumbled. "Evuh time a white pusson fails to lay dey han' on somp'n, dey comes an' tu'ns ovuh evuh'thing in my house." She paused a moment, closed her eyes in thought, and then mused aloud: "I wonduh who is got Miss A'kwright's roastuh."

The commotion of the constable's passing died in his wake, and Nigger Town resumed its careless existence. Dogs reappeared from under the

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"The slender, creamy girl on the threshold . . . was younger"

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shacks and stretched in the sunshine; black children came out of hiding and picked up their play; the frightened Ophelia came out of Nan's shack across the street and went her way; a lanky negro youth in blue coat and pin-striped trousers appeared, coming down the squalid thoroughfare whistling the "Memphis Blues" with bird-like virtuosity. The lightness with which Nigger Town accepted the moral side-glance of a blanket search-warrant depressed Siner.

Caroline called her son to dinner, as the twelve o'clock meal is called in Hooker's Bend, and so ended his meditation. The Harvard man went back into the kitchen and sat down at a rickety table covered with a red-checked oil-cloth. On it were spread the spoiled ham, a dish of poke salad, a corn pone, and a pot of weak coffee. A quaint old bowl held some brown sugar. The fat old negress made a slight, habitual settling movement in her chair that marked the end of her cooking and the beginning of her meal. Then she bent her grizzled, woolly head and mumbled off one of those queer old-fashioned graces, which consist of a swift string of syllables without pauses between either words or sentences.

Peter sat watching his mother with a musing gaze. The kitchen was illuminated by a single small, square window set high up from the floor. Now the disposition of its single ray of light over the dishes and the bowed head of the massive negress gave Peter one of those sharp, tender apprehensions of formal harmony that lie back of the genre in art. It stirred his emotion in an odd fashion. When old Caroline raised her head, she found her son staring with impersonal eyes not at herself, but at the whole room, including her. The old woman was perplexed and a little apprehensive.

"Why, Son," she ejaculated, "did n't you bow yo' haid while yo' mammy ast de grace?"

Peter was a little confused at his remissness. Then he leaned a little forward to explain the sudden glamour which for a moment had transfigured the interior of their kitchen. But even as he started to speak, he realized that what he meant to say would only confuse his mother; therefore he cast about mentally for some other explanation, but found nothing at hand.

"I hope you ain't forgot' yo' 'ligion up at de 'versity, Son."

"Oh, no, no, indeed, Mother; but just at that moment, Mother, just as you bowed your head, you know, it struck me that—that there is something noble in our race." That was the best he could put it to her.

"Noble—"

"Yes. You know," he went on a little quickly, "sometimes I—I 've thought my father must have been a noble man."

The old negress became very still. She was not looking at her son, or yet precisely away from him.

"Uh—uh noble niggah,"—she gave her abdominal chuckle,—"why—yeh, I guess yo' fathah was putty noble as —as niggahs go." She sat looking at her son, oddly, with a faint amusement in her gross black face, when a careful voice, a very careful voice, sounded in the outer room, gliding up politely on the syllables:

"Ahnt Caroline, oh, Ahnt Caroline, may I enter?"

The old woman stirred.

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"Da 's Cissie, Petuh. Go ast huh in to de fambly-room."

§ 7

When Siner opened the door, the vague resemblance of the slender, creamy girl on the threshold to Ida May again struck him; but Cissie Dildine was younger, and her polished black hair lay straight on her pretty head, and was done in big, shining puffs over her ears in a way that Ida May's unruly curls would never have permitted. Her eyes were the most limpid brown Peter had ever seen, but her oval face was faintly unnatural from the use of negro face powder, which colored women insist on, and which gives their yellows and browns a barely perceptible greenish hue. Cissie wore a fluffy yellow dress some three shades deeper than the throat and the glimpse of bosom revealed at the neck.

The girl put out a slender hand to Peter.

"This is Cissie Dildine, Mister Siner,"—she smiled up at him;—"I just came over to put my name down on your list. There was such a mob at the Benevolence Hall last night I could n't get to you."

The girl had a certain finical precision to her English that told Peter she had been away to some school, and had been taught to guard her grammar very carefully as she talked.

Peter helped her inside during the hand-shake, telling her he would go fetch the list. As he turned, Cissie, motioning toward a big package that she had left on the porch, said: "Here is something I thought might be a little treat for you and Ahnt Carolin'." She paused, and then explained remotely, "Sometimes it is hard to get good things at the village market."

Peter took the package, vaguely amused at Cissie's patronage of the Hooker's Bend market. It was an attitude instinctively assumed by every girl, white or black, who leaves the village and returns. The bundle was rather large and wrapped in newspapers. He carried it into the kitchen to his mother, and then returned with the list.

The sheet was greasy from the handling of black fingers. The girl spread it on the little center-table with a certain daintiness, seated herself, and held out her hand for Peter's pencil. She made rather a graceful study in cream and yellow as she leaned over the table and signed her name in a handwriting as perfect and as devoid of character as a copy-book. She began discussing the speech Peter had made at the Benevolence Hall.

"I don't know whether I am in favor of your project or not, Mr. Siner," she said as she rose from the table.

"No?" Peter was surprised and amused at her attitude and at her precise voice.

"No, I 'm rather inclined toward Mr. DuBois's theory of a literary culture than toward Mr. Washington's plan for a purely industrial training."

Peter broke out laughing.

"For the love of Mike, Cissie, you talk like the instructor in Sociology B. And have n't we met before somewhere? This Mister Siner stuff—"

The girl's face warmed under its faint, greenish powder.

"If I are n't careful with my language, Peter," she said frankly, "I 'll

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be talking just as badly as I did before I went to the seminary. You know I never hear a proper sentence in Hooker's Bend except my own."

A certain resignation in the girl's soft voice brought Peter a qualm for laughing at her. He laid an impulsive hand on her young shoulder as he said:

"Well, that 's true, certainly, but it won't always be like that, Cissie. More of us go off to school every year. I do hope my school here in Hooker's Bend will be of some real value. If I could just show our people how badly we fare here, how ill fed, ill housed, and unsanitary—"

The girl pressed Peter's fingers with a woman's optimism for a man.

"You 'll succeed, Peter; I know you will. Some day the name Siner will mean the same thing to colored people as Tanner and Dunbar and Braithwaite do. Anyway, I 've put my name down for ten dollars to help out." She returned the pencil. "I 'll have Tump Pack come around and pay you my subscription, Peter."

"I 'll watch out for Tump," promised Peter in a lightening mood, "and make him pay."

"He 'll do it."

"I don't doubt it. You ought to have him under perfect control. I meant to tell you what a pretty frock you have on."

The girl dimpled, and dropped him a little curtsy, half ironical and wholly graceful.

Peter was charmed.

"Now keep that way, Cissie, smiling and human, not so grammatical. I wish I had a brooch."

"A brooch?"

"I 'd give it to you. Your dress needs a brooch, an old gold brooch at the bosom, just a glint there to balance your eyes."

Cissie flushed happily, and made the feminine movement of concealing the V-shaped opening at her throat.

"It 's a pleasure to doll up for a man like you, Peter. You see a girl's good points—if she has any," she tacked on demurely.

"Oh, just any man—"

"Don't think it! Don't think it!" waved down Cissie, humorously.

"But, Cissie, how is it possible—"

"Just blind." Cissie rippled into a boarding-school laugh. "I could wear the whole Avenue de l'Opéra here in Nigger Town, and nobody would ever see it here but you."

Cissie was moving toward the door. Peter tried to detain her. He enjoyed the implication of Tump Pack's stupidity in their badinage, but she would not stay. He was finally reduced to thanking her for her present, then stood guard as she tripped out into the grimy street. In the sunshine her glossy black hair and canary dress looked as trim and brilliant as a chaffinch.

§ 8

Peter Siner walked back into the kitchen with the fixed smile of a man who is thinking of a pretty girl. The black dowager in the kitchen received him in silence, with her thick lips pouted. When Peter observed it, he became slightly amused at his mother's resentment.

"Well, you sho had a lot of chattah ovah signin' a li'l' ol' papah."

"She signed for ten dollars," said Peter, smiling.

"Huh, she 'll nevuh pay hit."

"Said Tump Pack would pay it."

"Huh!" The old negress dropped

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the subject, and nodded at a huge double pan on the table. "That 's whut she brung yuh." She grunted disapprovingly.

"And it 's for you, too, Mother."

"Ya-as, I 'magine she brung somefin' fuh me."

Peter walked across to the double pans, and saw they held a complete dinner—chicken, hot biscuits, cake, pickle, even ice-cream.

The old woman sniffed again.

"Seems to me lak you is mighty onobsarvin' fuh a niggah what 's been off to college."

"Anything else?" Peter looked into the pans again.

"Ain't you see' whut it 's all in?"

"What it 's in?"

"Yeh; whut it 's in. You hea'd whut I said."

"What is it in?"

"Why, it 's in Miss A'kwright's tukky roastuh, tha' 's what it 's in." The old negress drove her point home with an acid accent.

Peter Siner was too loyal to his renewed friendship with Cissie Dildine to allow his mother's jealous suspicions to affect him; nevertheless the old woman's observations about the turkey roaster did prevent a complete and care-free enjoyment of the meal. Certainly, there were more turkey roasters in Hooker's Bend than Mrs. Arkwright's. Cissie might very well own a roaster. It was absurd to think that Cissie, in the midst of her almost pathetic struggle to break away from the uncouthness of Nigger Town, would stoop to— Even in his thoughts Peter avoided nominating the charge.

And then, somehow, his memory fished up the fact that years ago Ida May, according to village rumor, was "light-fingered." At that time in Peter's life "light-fingeredness" carried with it no opprobrium whatever. It was simply a fact about Ida May, as were her sloe eyes and curling black hair. His reflections renewed his perpetual sense of queerness and strangeness that hall-marked every phase of Nigger Town life since his return from the North.

Cissie Dildine's contribution tailed out the one hundred dollars that Peter needed, and after he had finished his meal, the mulatto set out across the Big Hill for the white section of the village to complete his trade.

It was Peter's program to go to the Planter's Bank, pay down his hundred, and receive a deed from one Elias Tomwit, which the bank held in escrow. Two or three days before Peter had tried to borrow the initial hundred from the bank, but the cashier, Henry Hooker, after going into the transaction, had declined the loan, and therefore Siner had been forced to wait a meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Benevolence. At this meeting the subscription had gone through promptly. The land the negroes purposed to purchase for an industrial school was a timbered tract lying southeast of Hooker's Bend on the head-waters of Ross Creek. A purchase price of eight hundred dollars had been agreed upon. The timber on the tract, sold on the stump, would bring almost that amount. It was Siner's plan to commandeer labor in Nigger Town, work off the timber, and have enough money to build the first unit of his school. It was a modest and entirely practical program, and Peter felt set up over it.

(The end of the first part of "Birthright")

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"Where there Ain't No Ten Commandments"

By E. Alexander Powell

Until I went to British North Borneo I had considered the British the best colonial administrators in the world. Generally speaking, I still adhere to that opinion, though I found in that remote and neglected corner of the empire a condition of affairs which I supposed had passed from the world with Leopold's régime in the Congo, with Diaz's rule in Yucatan. It was not so much the iniquitous character of the administration that amazed me, however, as the fact that such conditions could be tolerated by Anglo-Saxons. It is only fair to explain, however, that, save on the charge of indifference and neglect, neither the British people nor the British Government can be held responsible for the conditions existing in North Borneo; for, strictly speaking, the country is not a British colony, but merely a British protectorate, being owned and administered by a private trading corporation, the British North Borneo Company, which operates under a royal charter.

Now, the idea of turning over a great block of territory, with its inhabitants, to a corporation whose sole aim is to earn dividends for its absentee stock-holders is in itself abhorrent to most of us. We can get an idea of the situation if we imagine Porto Rico, for example, which is only one tenth the size of British North Borneo, being handed over, lock, stock, and barrel, to the Standard Oil Company, with full authorization for that company to make its own laws, establish its own courts, appoint its own officials, maintain its own army, and wield the power of life and death over the natives. Conceiving such a situation, what would we say if the Standard Oil Company, in order to swell its revenues, not only permitted, but officially encouraged, opium-smoking and gambling; if, in order to obtain labor for the plantations, it imported large numbers of ignorant blacks from Haiti, and permitted the plantation-owners to hold those laborers, through indenture and indebtedness, in a form of servitude not far removed from slavery; if it authorized the punishment of recalcitrant laborers by flogging with the cat-o'nine-tails; if it denied to the natives as well as to the alien laborers a system of public education or a public-health service or trial by jury; and, finally, in the event of insurrection, if it permitted its constabulary, largely recruited from savage tribes, to decapitate their prisoners and to pile the ghastly trophies in a pyramid in the principal plaza of the capital? Yet that would be a fairly close parallel to what the

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British North Borneo Company is doing to-day in that forgotten corner of the world which it has taken for its own.

§ 2

When I ordered the course of the *Negros*, the coastguard cutter that the Government of the Philippines had placed at my disposal for a cruise through the Malay Archipelago, to be laid for Sandakan, the chief port of British North Borneo, I knew nothing of the existence of the conditions to which I have referred. I went to Borneo because the glamour of its name had captured my imagination, because I wished to see the head-hunting savages who inhabit the jungles of its interior.

At sunset we had sailed out of Jolo, the southernmost point, save only Tawi Tawi, where flies the American flag, and all through the breathless tropic night the *Negros* had forged ahead at half-speed, her prow cleaving the still surface of the Sulu Sea as silently as a gondola stealing down the Grand Canal.

With the coming of day we forged ahead at full speed. Soon we could make out the precipitous sandstone cliffs of Balhalla, the island which screens the entrance to Sandakan Harbor and makes it one of the best potential naval bases in the East. Long before we came abreast of the town, signs of human habitation became increasingly apparent: little clusters of nipa-thatched huts built on piles over the water; others hidden away in the jungle and betraying themselves only by spirals of smoke rising lazily above the feathery tops of the palms. Sandakan itself straggles up a steep, wooded hill, the Chinese and native quarters at its base wallowing amid a network of foul-smelling sewers and canals or built on rickety wooden platforms which extend for half a mile or more along the edge of the harbor. A little higher up, fronting on a parade-ground which from the distance looks like a huge green rug spread in the sun to air, are the government offices, low structures of frame and plaster, designed to admit a maximum of air and a minimum of heat; the long, low building of the Planters Club, encircled by deep, cool verandas; a Chinese joss-house, its front embellished with grotesque, gaudily colored carvings; and a down-at-heels hotel. At the summit of the hill, reached by a steeply winding carriage road, are the bungalows of the Europeans, their white walls, smothered in crimson masses of bougainvillea and shaded by stately palms and blazing fire-trees, peering out from a wilderness of tropic vegetation.

Viewed from the harbor, Sandakan is one of the most enchanting places that I have ever seen. It looks like a setting on a stage, and one has the feeling that at any moment the curtain may descend and destroy the illusion. It is not until one goes ashore and wanders in the native quarter, where vice in every form stalks naked and unashamed, that one realizes that the town is like a beautiful harlot, whose loveliness of face and figure belie the evil in her heart. Even after I came to understand that the place is a sink of iniquity, I never ceased to marvel at its beauty. It reminded me of the exclamation of a young English girl, the wife of a German merchant, as their steamer approached Hong-Kong, and

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the superb panorama which culminates in the Peak slowly unrolled.

"Look, Otto! look!" she cried. "You must say that it is beautiful even if it *is* English."

Though Sandakan is the largest town in British North Borneo, with a population of perhaps fifteen thousand, it has barely a hundred European inhabitants, of whom only a dozen are women. The sacrifices of the women who, in order to be near their husbands, consent to sicken and fade and grow old before their time in such a spot are very great. With their children at school in England, they pass their lonely lives in palm-thatched bungalows, raised high above the ground on stilts as a protection against insects, snakes, and floods, with no amusements save such as they can provide themselves, and in a climate so hot that it is possible to venture out of doors with any degree of comfort only in the early morning or after nightfall. They are as truly empire-builders as the men, and, though they play less conspicuous rôles, perhaps, they are no less deserving of honors and rewards.

Because existence in Sandakan is made almost unendurable by mosquitos and other insects, within every sleeping-room is constructed a rectangular framework, covered with mosquito-netting and just large enough to contain a bed, a dressing-table, and a chair. In these insect-proof compartments the Europeans spend all of their sleeping and many of their waking hours. So aggressive are the mosquitos at certain seasons of the year that when one gives a dinner or invites friends in for bridge, the servants hand to the guests long sacks of mosquito-netting which they draw over their feet and legs, tying the top of the sack about the waist. The open space beneath the house is usually allotted to chickens and other domestic animals, a custom which frequently results in attracting pythons and other varieties of reptiles with which Borneo abounds. While I was in Sandakan a python invaded the hen-roost beneath the house of the local magistrate and devoured half a dozen imported Wyandottes. Gorged to repletion, the great snake fell asleep. It was discovered the next morning by the servants, and the magistrate blew off its head with a shot-gun. Its mottled skin measured slightly over twenty feet.

Even in this forgotten corner of the empire, ten thousand miles from the lights of the restaurants in Piccadilly, the men religiously observe the English ritual of dressing for dinner. For when the mercury climbs to 110, though the temptation is to go about in pajamas, one's drenched body and drooping spirits need to be bolstered up with a stiff shirt and a white mess-jacket. That the stiffest shirt-front is wilted in an hour makes no difference; it reminds them that they are still Englishmen. As might be expected under such conditions, the Chinese bartenders at the club are kept busy until far into the night, while about once a month the entire white male population goes on a terrific spree. Considering the great distance they are brought, wines and liquors are surprisingly cheap in Borneo, and nearly every man whom I met was insistent that I should try some special concoction, which he claimed to have invented and of which he was inordinately proud. The government doctor in Sandakan special-

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ized on a drink which he had dubbed "Tarantula Juice," and another which he called "Whisper of Death." He assured me very earnestly that no one unaccustomed to it could take three drinks of the latter without requiring the services of an undertaker.

I once wrote in one of my books that when the English occupy a country the first thing they build is a custom-house; the first thing the Germans build is a barracks; the first thing the French build is a railway. But since visiting Great Britain's possessions in Malaysia, I am inclined to amend this assertion by saying that the first thing the English build is a race-course. Lord Cromer was fond of telling how, when he visited Perim, a miserable little island at the foot of the Red Sea, inhabited by a few Arabs and many snakes, his guide led him to the top of a hill and proudly pointed out the race-course.

"But what do you want with a race-course?" asked the ruler of Egypt. "I did n't suppose there was a four-footed animal on the island."

His guide reluctantly admitted that, though it was true they had no horses on Perim at the moment, if some were to come, why, there was the race-course ready for them. Though I cannot recall having seen more than a dozen horses in Borneo, the British have been true to their traditions by building two race-courses, one at Sandakan and one at Jesselton. On the latter is run annually the racing classic of Malaysia, the North Borneo Derby. It is the most brilliant social event of the year, the Europeans flocking in from the little trading posts along the coast and from the lonely plantations in the interior, just as their friends back in England flock to Ascot and Newmarket and Epsom Downs. On the evening following the Derby is always held the hunt ball, though the only hunting in Borneo is that provided by elephants, rhinoceroses, and orang-utans.

The only other form of entertainment for the European residents in Borneo is provided by a company of Malay players, which makes periodical visits to Jesselton and Sandakan during its annual tours of the islands. Though the actors speak only Malay, this does not deter them from including in their repertoire a number of Shaksperian plays (imagine "Macbeth" played in Malay in a nipa-thatched hut on the shores of the Sulu Sea!), but they attain their greatest heights in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." There are no programs, but in order that there may be no doubt in the minds of the audience as to the identities of the characters, the manager of the troupe points to an actor and announces, "This is *Ali Baba.*" In like fashion he introduces the *Forty Thieves*, four actors strutting ten times across the stage in naïve simulation of the robber band. The thieves having concealed themselves behind their jars, which are really silhouettes of pasteboard, *Ali Baba's* wife waddles on the stage, bearing a Standard Oil tin on her shoulder, and with a dipper proceeds to ladle a few drops of cocoanut-oil on the head of each robber. While she is being introduced, one of the thieves seizes the opportunity to take a few whiffs from a cigarette, the smoke of which is plainly visible to the audience. Another, becoming restless, incautiously shows his head, whereupon *Mrs. Ali Baba* raps it sharply with her dipper, eliciting

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from the actor an exclamation that is not in his lines. During the intermissions the clown who accompanies the troupe convulses the audience with side-splitting imitations of the pompous and frigid British resident, who, as some one unkindly remarked, "must have been born in an ice-box," and of the mustached and monocled officer who commands the constabulary, locally known as the "Galloping Major." Compared with these Malay players, the favorite laugh-makers of Broadway are dull and tame. Until one has seen them, one has never known what it means really to laugh.

§ 3

With the exception of Rhodesia and of certain territories in Portuguese Africa, North Borneo is the sole remaining region in the world that is owned and administered by that political anachronism, a chartered company. It was in the age of Elizabeth that the chartered company, in the modern sense of the term, had its rise. The discovery of the New World and the opening up of fresh trading routes to the Indies gave a tremendous impetus to shipping, commercial, and industrial enterprises throughout western Europe, and it was in order to encourage these enterprises that the British, Dutch, and French governments granted charters to various trading associations. It was the Russia Company, for example, which received its first charter in 1554, that first brought England into intercourse with an empire then unknown. The Turkey Company, later known as the Levant Company, long maintained British prestige in the Ottoman Empire, and even paid the expenses of the embassies which were sent out by the British Government to the Sublime Porte. The Hudson's Bay Company, which still exists as a purely commercial concern, was for nearly two centuries the undisputed ruler of western Canada. The extraordinary and picturesque career of the East India Company is too well known to require comment here. In fact, most of the thirteen British colonies in North America were in their inception chartered companies very much in the modern acceptation of the term. But though these companies contributed in no small degree to the commercial progress of the states from which they held their charters, though they gave colonies to the mother countries and an impetus to the development of their fleets, they were all too often characterized by misgovernment, incompetence, and injustice and cruelty in their dealings with the natives. Moreover, they were monopolies, and therefore obnoxious, and almost without exception the colonies they founded became prosperous and well governed only when they had escaped from their yoke. The existence of such companies to-day is justified, if at all, only for certain political and economic reasons. It may be desirable for a government to occupy a certain territory, but political exigencies at home may not permit it to incur the expense, or international relations may make such an adventure inexpedient at the time. In such circumstances the formation of a chartered company to take over the desired territory may be the easiest way out of the difficulty. But it has been demonstrated again and again that a chartered company can never be anything but a transition stage of

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civilization, and that sooner or later the home government must take over its powers and privileges.

The story of the rise of the British North Borneo Company provides an illuminating insight into the methods by which the empire on which the sun never sets has acquired many of its oversea possessions. Though the British had established trading posts in northern Borneo as early as 1759, and had purchased the whole of the northeastern promontory from some Americans, who in turn had obtained its cession from its suzerain, the Sultan of Sulu, the hostility of the natives, who resented their transfer to alien rule, was so pronounced that by the end of the century British influence in Borneo was to all intents and purposes at an end. Nor was it resumed until 1838, when an adventurous Englishman, James Brooke, landed at Kuching, and eventually made himself the "White Rajah" of Sarawak. In 1848 the Island of Labuan, off the northwestern coast of Borneo, was occupied by the British as a crown colony, and some years later the Labuan Trading Company opened a trading station at Sandakan. In an attempt to open up the country and start plantations the company imported a considerable number of Chinese laborers, but it did not prosper, and its financial affairs steadily went from bad to worse.

At about the time the nineteenth century was approaching the three-quarters mark, another syndicate, known as the British North Borneo Company, obtained a royal charter from Queen Victoria, took over all the sovereign and diplomatic rights ceded by the original grants, and proceeded to organize and administer the territory. In 1886 North Borneo was made a British protectorate, but its administration remained entirely in the hands of the chartered company, the Crown reserving only control of its foreign relations, though it was also agreed that governors appointed by the company should receive the formal approval of the British Colonial Secretary. To quote the chairman of the board of directors: "We are not a trading company. We are a government, an administration. The Colonial Office leaves us alone as long as we behave ourselves."

The government of the protectorate is vested primarily in a board of directors who sit in London, few if any of them having so much as set eyes on the great territory which they rule. The supreme authority in Borneo is the governor, under whom are the residents of the three chief districts and the magistrates who administer the six less important districts and also collect the taxes. Though there is a council, upon which the principal heads of departments and one unofficial member have seats, it meets irregularly, and its functions are largely ornamental, the governor exercising virtually autocratic power. Unfortunately for the well-being of the natives, there is no imperial official, as in Rhodesia, to supervise the company's activities. As was the case with the East India Company, the minor posts in the North Borneo service are filled by cadets nominated by the board of directors, a system which provides a considerable number of positions for younger sons and family ne'er-do-wells. Most of the officials go out to Borneo as cadets, serve a long and arduous apprenticeship in one of the most trying climates in the

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world, are miserably paid (I know one official who held five posts at the same time, including those of assistant magistrate and assistant protector of labor, and who received the equivalent of one hundred dollars a month for his services), and eventually retire, broken in health, on a pension which permits them to live in a Bloomsbury lodging-house, ride on a tuppenny bus, and seek occasional entertainment at the movies.

There is no trial by jury in North Borneo, all cases being decided by the magistrates, who are appointed by the company, and must be qualified barristers. Nor are there mixed courts, as in Egypt and other Oriental countries, though in the more important cases five or six assessors, either native or Chinese, according to the nationality of the principals, are permitted to listen to the evidence and submit recommendations, which the magistrate may follow or not as he sees fit. Neither is there a court of appeal, the only recourse from the decision of a magistrate being an appeal to the governor, whose decision is final.

§ 4

The country is policed by a force of constabulary numbering some six hundred men, composed of Sikhs, Pathans, Punjabi Mohammedans, Malays, and Dyaks, officered by a handful of Europeans. Curiously enough, the tall, dignified, deeply religious Sikhs and the little, nervous, high-strung Dyak pagans get on very well together, eating, sleeping, and drilling in perfect amity. Though the Dyak members of the constabulary are recruited from the savage tribes of the interior, most of them having been addicted to the national pastime of head-hunting until they donned the company's uniform, they make excellent soldiers, courageous, untiring, and remarkably loyal. Upon King Edward's accession to the throne a small contingent of the British North Borneo Constabulary was sent to England to march in the coronation procession. When, owing to the serious illness of the king, the coronation was indefinitely postponed and it was proposed to send the Dyaks home, the little brown fighters stubbornly refused to go, asserting that they would not dare to show their faces in Borneo without having seen their emperor. They did not wish to put the company to any expense, they explained, so they would give up their uniforms and live in the woods on what they could pick up if they were permitted to remain until they could see their ruler.

But though the Dyaks make excellent soldiers, they are always savages at heart. In fact, when they are used in operations against rebellious natives, their British officers permit and sometimes encourage their relapse into the custom of head-taking. An official who was stationed in Sandakan during the native rising of 1908 told me that for days the police came swaggering into town with dripping heads hanging from their belts and that they piled these ghastly trophies in a pyramid eight feet high on the parade-ground.

Though the chartered company has ruled in North Borneo for more than forty years, it has only nibbled at the edges of the country. The interior is still uncivilized and largely unexplored, the home of savage animals and still more savage men. Though a railway has been pushed up-country

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from Jesselton for over a hundred miles, it is poorly constructed and indifferently equipped, the little tin-pot engines frequently jumping the rails and landing in the river. A few years ago an attempt was made to open up the country by building a highway across the protectorate from coast to coast, but it was abandoned after perhaps sixty miles had been completed. It was known as the Sketchley Road, and it ran through a rank and unhealthy jungle, the home of miasma and pernicious fevers, every hundred yards of construction, it is said, having cost the life of a Chinese coolie. To-day the Sketchley Road is only a memory; it has been swallowed up by the voracious tropic vegetation.

The company has done nothing toward establishing a system of schools, as we have done in the Philippines, for it does not believe in educating the natives. Knowledge, the company officials argue, produces discontent. There are a few schools in North Borneo, but they are maintained by the Protestant and Roman Catholic missions and are attended mainly by Chinese. I doubt if they have been as much of an aid to proselytism as their founders expected.

Scattered along the coast and on the upper reaches of the rivers are numerous rubber, tobacco, coffee, sago, pepper, gambier, sugar, and cocoanut plantations, for in natural resources Borneo is enormously rich, though the difficulties presented by lack of labor and means of transportation have seriously hampered their development. Just as school-teachers, clergymen, and others with no agricultural knowledge have attempted to engage in orange-growing in Florida and California, usually with disastrous results, so there are any number of persons at home in England who, though without experience and without capital, are convinced that they can make their fortunes growing rubber in Borneo. I was told a story—I do not vouch for its truth—of a man who approached a London banker with a scheme for floating a Bornean rubber company.

"How many trees have you?" asked the banker.

"Oh," was the careless reply, "I have n't set out my trees yet."

"Where is your land situated?"

"I have n't decided just where I shall buy my land."

"Then," demanded the banker, "what in Heaven's name have you?"

"Three bags of seed," was the answer.

The greatest obstacle to the development of Borneo's enormous natural resources is the labor problem. To begin with, the natives flatly refuse to work for Europeans, preferring the indolence and ease of existence in their villages, where the labor is performed by the women. Indeed, in a land where the native has no need for clothing, where he can pick his food from the trees, and where a perfectly satisfactory dwelling can be built in a few hours from bamboo and nipa-leaves, there is no incentive for him to bestir himself. Hence the company has been forced, in order to provide labor for the plantations, to import large numbers of coolies from China. These coolies, whom the labor agents recruit by holding forth glittering promises of high wages, a delightful climate, unlimited opium, and other things dear to the Chinese heart, are employed under an indenture system, the duration of their contracts being limited

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by law to three hundred days. But it is rare indeed that the coolie is able to return to China at the end of his time; the planters see to that. Almost as soon as he reaches the plantation where he is to be employed the laborer is given an advance, frequently amounting to thirty Singapore dollars, which he is encouraged to dissipate in opium and gambling, facilities for which are thoughtfully provided. This pernicious system of advances is general, the planters asserting that the Chinese will not work without them. Be that as it may, the advance has the effect, as it is intended to have, of chaining the laborer to the plantation under conditions approximating peonage. For the first advance is usually followed by a second, and that by a third, and to this debit column are added the charges made for food, for opium, for medical attendance, and for purchases made at the plantation store; so that, upon the expiration of his contract, the laborer almost invariably owes his employer a debt which he is quite unable to pay, and, as he cannot obtain employment on another plantation under those conditions, he is faced with the alternative of being shipped back to China penniless or signing another contract.

The evils of this system are graphically described in a letter which I have received, since my return from British North Borneo, from a former official of the chartered company, who himself has held the post of assistant protector of labor, and therefore knows whereof he speaks.

> One sees a large number of healthy, able-bodied Chinese coming into the country as laborers and, at the end of a year or two, instead of going back to their homes with money in their pockets and healthy with outdoor work, they go back as broken beggars, pitifully saturated with disease or confirmed drug-fiends. It is really sad to see some of them return home after a struggle of four or five years to save money—a struggle not only against themselves and their acquired opium habit, but against the numerous parasites which always fatten on laborers.

During the term of his indenture the laborer is to all intents and purposes a prisoner, his only appeal against any injustices practised on the plantation being to the protector of labor, who is supposed to visit each estate once a month. In theory this system is admirable, but in practice it does not afford the laborer the protection which the Government intends, for it frequently happens that laborers who have been brutally mistreated have been coerced into silence by the plantation-managers by threats of what will happen to them if they dare to lay a complaint before the inspecting official. Moreover, many of the up-country plantations are so far removed from the European settlements on the coast that a manager can treat his laborers as he pleases, without fear of punishment or of public opinion. One of the most serious defects in the labor laws of British North Borneo is that trivial actions or omissions on the part of ignorant coolies, such as neglect of work, misconduct, or absence from the plantation without leave, are punishable by imprisonment. As a result, the illiterate coolie does not know where he stands. He knows that the estate-manager can haul him up before a magistrate whenever he likes, and he can never be sure that the most inno-

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cent mistake on his part will not bring him within the reach of the criminal law. Under the company's laws unruly laborers may also be punished by flogging. Though the law provides that a man shall not receive more than twelve lashes, it is scarcely necessary for me to point out that, in view of the remoteness from civilization of many of the plantations, this form of punishment is frequently characterized by grave abuse. It is no exaggeration, indeed, to assert that an inhuman manager can flog a coolie to death and, by intimidation of the witnesses, be reasonably certain of escaping punishment.

Although, as I have shown, the British North Borneo Company permits the existence of a condition not far removed from slavery, a far more serious indictment of the company's methods lies in its systematic debauchery of its laborers by encouraging them to indulge in opium-smoking and gambling for the purpose of swelling its revenues from these monopolies. When a coolie has spent all his earnings in the opium-dens and gambling-houses, he can usually realize a little more money for the same purpose by pawning his few poor belongings at one of the pawnshops, which are also controlled by the company. In other words, from the day a laborer lands in Borneo until the day he departs he is systematically fleeced of his earnings, which are diverted, through the channels provided by the opium-dens, the gambling-houses, and the pawnshops, into a stream which eventually empties into the company's treasury. The chartered company did not go to Borneo from any altruistic motives, mind you. It is not animated by a desire to increase the well-being and contentment of the natives or of its imported laborers. It is there with one object in view and one alone—money. To quote from an address delivered by the chairman of the company at a North Borneo dinner in London: "They [the stockholders] have acted the parts of empire-makers, and yet they are filling their own pockets, for the golden rain is beginning to fall."

§ 5

Let me tell you where this "golden rain" comes from. The two principal sources of revenue of the British North Borneo Company are derived from opium and gambling. Suppose that you come with me for a stroll down the Jalan Tiga in Sandakan and see the gambling-houses and opium-dens for yourself. The Jalan Tiga (literally "Number Two Street") is a moderately broad thoroughfare, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, which is solidly lined on both sides with gaming-houses, or, as they are called in Borneo, gambling-farms. Over every door in this street are signs in English, Chinese, and Malay announcing that games of chance are played within. From nightfall until sunrise these resorts are crowded to the doors with perspiring, half-naked brown or yellow patrons, for both the Malays and the Chinese are inveterate gamblers. The down-stairs rooms, which are frequented by the lower classes, are sprinkled with low tables covered with mats divided into four sections, each of which bears a number. A dice under a square brass cup is shaken on the table, and the cup slowly raised. Those players who have been fortunate enough to place

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their bets on the square whose number corresponds to the number uppermost on the dice have their money doubled; the others see their earnings swept into the lap of the fat and greasy Chinese croupier who runs the table. The rooms up-stairs, which are usually handsomely decorated and luxuriously furnished, are reserved for the wealthier patrons, it being by no means unusual for a player to lose several thousand dollars in a single night. I was told that the monthly subsidy paid by the British North Borneo Company to the Sultan of Sulu, who comes over from his capital of Jolo, in the Philippines, to collect it, never leaves the country, as he invariably squanders it in a Sandakan gaming-house. Gambling is a government monopoly, the company annually farming out the privilege to the highest bidder. In 1919, the last year for which I have the figures, the gambling rights for the entire protectorate were sold for approximately $144,000.

Crossing the Jalan Tiga at right angles, and running from the heart of the town down to the edge of the harbor, is the street of the prostitutes. It is easy to recognize the houses of ill-fame by their scarlet blinds and by the scarlet numbers over their doors. Should one stroll down the street during the day, one would find the sullen-eyed inmates seated in the doorways, brushing their long and lustrous blue-black hair or painting their faces with white and vermilion preparatory to the evening's entertainment. Probably four fifths of the joy-girls of Sandakan are Chinese; the others are importations from Nippon, quaint, dainty, doll-like little creatures with faces so heavily enameled that they would be cracked by a smile. When a Chinese wants a wife, he visits a house of prostitution, selects one of the inmates, drives a hard bargain with the mistress of the establishment, and, the transaction concluded, curtly tells the girl to pack her belongings and accompany him to his home. I might add that the girls thus chosen invariably make excellent wives and remain faithful to their husbands.

Far from being veiled in secrecy, the opium-farms are operated as openly as pool-rooms in an American city. One finds a two-story wooden building containing several small, ill-lighted rooms which reek with the sickly, sweet fumes of the drug. The furniture consists of a number of "beds," which are really not beds at all, but broad wooden tables, their tops, which are raised about three feet above the floor, providing space on which two smokers can recline. Each smoker is provided with a small lamp for heating his "pill" and a head-rest consisting of a small, rectangular block of wood. The number of patrons who may be accommodated at one time is strictly regulated by the Government, signs denoting the lawful capacity of the house being posted at the door, like those with which we are familiar on ferry-boats and in elevators. For example, the door of one farm I visited bore the notice: "Only fifteen beds. Room for thirty persons." Overcrowding is not permitted by the authorities, for, you see, the more farms there are, the greater the company's profits.

The opium itself is purchased by the British North Borneo Company from the Government of the Straits Settlements for $1.20 a tael (about one tenth of a pound troy) and, after

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being adulterated with various other substances, is sold to certain "approved" concessionnaires, most of whom are Chinese, for $8.50 a tael, a profit of nearly four hundred per cent. even if the drug had not been adulterated. These concessionnaires, known as "opium farmers," either keep opium-dens themselves or sell the drug to any one wishing to buy it, just as a tobacconist sells cigarettes or cigars. The sale of the opium privilege in Sandakan alone, so I am reliably informed, nets the company something over $300,000 annually.

Now, iniquitous and deplorable as the opium traffic is, the Government of British North Borneo is not the only government engaged in it. But it *is* the only government, so far as I am aware, which actually encourages the use of the drug among its people by insisting that it shall be placed on sale in localities which might otherwise escape its malign influence. A planter who, actuated by moral scruples or a desire for greater efficiency, opposes the opening of an opium-farm on his plantation, might as well sell out and leave the country, for the company, which controls the labor market, will promptly retaliate for such interference with its revenues by cutting off his labor supply. It will inflict this penalty on the ground that, as the Chinese will manage to obtain opium anyway, the planter, in refusing to permit the establishment of an official opium-farm on his estate, is guilty of conniving at the sale of opium without a license!

The British North Borneo Company defends itself for engaging in the opium traffic by asserting that, as the Chinese will obtain the drug clandestinely if they cannot obtain it openly, it is better for every one concerned that its sale should be under governmental control. The fact remains, however, that China, decadent though she may be and desperately in need of revenue, has succeeded, despite the powerful opposition of the British-controlled opium ring, in putting a virtual end to the traffic within her borders, while another Oriental Government, that of Siam, is about to do the same. It is a curious commentary on European civilization that this vice, which the so-called "backward" races are engaged in energetically stamping out, should be not only permitted, but actively encouraged in a territory over which flies the flag of England. Its effects on the population of British North Borneo are summed up in this sentence in a letter recently received from a former high official of the chartered company: "Fifty per cent. of the thefts and robberies committed during the period that I was magistrate in that territory can be directly traced to opium and gambling."

Annually, at one of the great London hotels, there is held the North Borneo Dinner. At the speakers' table sits the chairman of the chartered company, flanked by cabinet ministers, archbishops, ambassadors, admirals, field-marshals. The speakers dwell on the services as empire-builders of the officials of the company, and sketch in glowing terms the spread of civilization and progress in North Borneo under the Union Jack. But the heartiest applause invariably greets the announcement that the British North Borneo Company has declared another dividend. The dinner always concludes with the singing of "Land of Hope and Glory."

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Cecco Remains

By ADRIANA SPADONI

Drawings by KERR EBY

THE man walked patiently along between the shafts of the little cart, his head bent against the cutting wind. His hair was thick with gray, his brown face seamed, his shoulders were hopeless. Every now and then he stopped and called in a hoarse voice: "Apples, hot potatoes, a penny." Like an insect, dragging its home behind, he trudged between the clanging cars and the great trucks unloading before the factories. When some one called him, he turned and went back gratefully half a block to sell a shriveled apple or a soggy potato. When his hands grew too numb to feel the shafts, he halted a moment to warm them over the rusty oven.

Late in the afternoon the oven was empty. Cecco peered closely to make sure that not the smallest browned apple was left, drew a deep breath of relief, which froze a moment later to delicate frostwork on his grizzled mustache, then took a new grip on the shafts and hurried away. When he came to the bake-shop of il Sorcio, the Mouse, he drew the cart close to the wall, and went in.

At the back of the shop, close to the warm ovens, Cecco sat down. No one paid any attention to him. The four men arguing violently at the round table near the front counter went on with their talk. Every day for a week Cecco had come at this hour, listened hungrily, gone back to the crowded rooms of his son Carlo, and at night, in the bed he shared with Carlino and Paolo and Pietro, his three youngest grandsons, dreamed of what they said. Most vividly did he dream of Tomasso Soracco, father of Michele Soracco, the *avvocato*, beloved of the poor. In these dreams Tomasso always leaned across the table, as he was doing now, shaking his great, hairy fist in the faces of the others, roaring:

"It is as I say, and no more do I waste time talking to the deaf. Is not my own son, the *avvocato*, secretary of the company? Do not my words come to you straight as water from a well? In five years, in less, I tell you again, you will own the land. Here in New York, what have you? A home like a sardine in a can. The Americans know nothing of the earth, but we! Back beyond memory our fathers' fathers dressed the vines and planted corn and olives. Already I am old; I have already the family grown. Or I, even I, Tomasso Soracco, would go and dig in the fat earth with these hands."

"Bah!" Il Sorcio took the broad paddle from under the counter and went to turn his loaves in the oven. "When a man comes to me with so many fine words and says, 'Dear friend, I wish this only for your happiness,' I button the flap of the purse tight. Why this fine scheme to give

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us the fat land of America? Twenty years I have been in this country, and no one has given to me a cent. The *avvocato* is a Christ with dreams."

"Holy Mother, pour oil on his heart, for it is stone!" Tomasso's beseeching hands sought it as a personal favor. "Only in the brain of a great man like my son can such ideas come, but not even he can make such a one see the truth. *Ecco!* bake on, poor Mouse, but these others—" He turned to the two remaining, their brown, unshaven faces cupped in their scarred palms. "In five years you can be padrone."

Their eyes were solemn with wonder.

"In one year I send for Nicolena and the boy," said Felipe, softly.

"And no boss to say, 'Do this, do that, you Guinea.'" Giacomo's head wagged as if stricken to idiocy.

Cecco half rose from his chair, then sank back, huddling into the depths. He heard none of the mutterings of il Sorcio, turning the loaves near him. Wide land under the sun, open fields, black earth, freedom!

Il Sorcio drew the hot loaves from the oven, and the shop was filled with the sweet smell of fresh bread. Women came to buy, listened for a few moments to Tomasso, and went, longing in their dark eyes, the huge loaves swaying upon their heads. It was almost dark when Cecco went, unnoticed, as he had come.

When he had padlocked the cart to its iron ring in the basement wall, he climbed the five flights to the floor where he lived with his son Carlo, Gemma, and their eight children. As he opened the door, Gemma put the soup on the table. Carlo drew in his chair, the older children stood about the table, the younger fought over their meal, placed upon the floor.

When the edge of hunger had been dulled, Carlo began to talk loudly, working himself into a rage over the happenings of the day. The new boss in the factory was a pig and the son of a pig; Carlo cursed him, his ancestors and descendants, forever. Gemma listened dully, like a brown cow. When Carlo had expended his fury, he seized his hat and went out. Gemma cleared the table, spread clean newspapers, and emptied a mountain of violets. The old man and Gemma and all but the two youngest children began silently to work.

Spring came early. The days grew suddenly warm; babies sprawled in the gutters; high in the air women hung, laughing and chattering, from the windows. Tomasso Soracco no longer talked in the bake-shop of il Sorcio. Many had heeded, and from time to time, when Cecco stopped in the weary trundling of his little cart to gossip, he heard of them somewhere beyond the river, living like Christians in little houses and digging in the earth.

It was the second week in April that Carlo came earlier than usual from the wine-shop of Nicolo and said:

"*Babbo mio*, there is no longer need for hot potatoes. I have arranged with Luigi, and to-morrow thou wilt begin with the organ. I have paid more, and it is better than that cursed instrument of last year, the one the lying dog of a Genovese cheated us with."

"As thou sayest," answered Cecco, and went on making violets.

§ 2

From early morning till late at night Cecco pulled the organ, but day by day the circle of his journeying widened. He chose streets with budding

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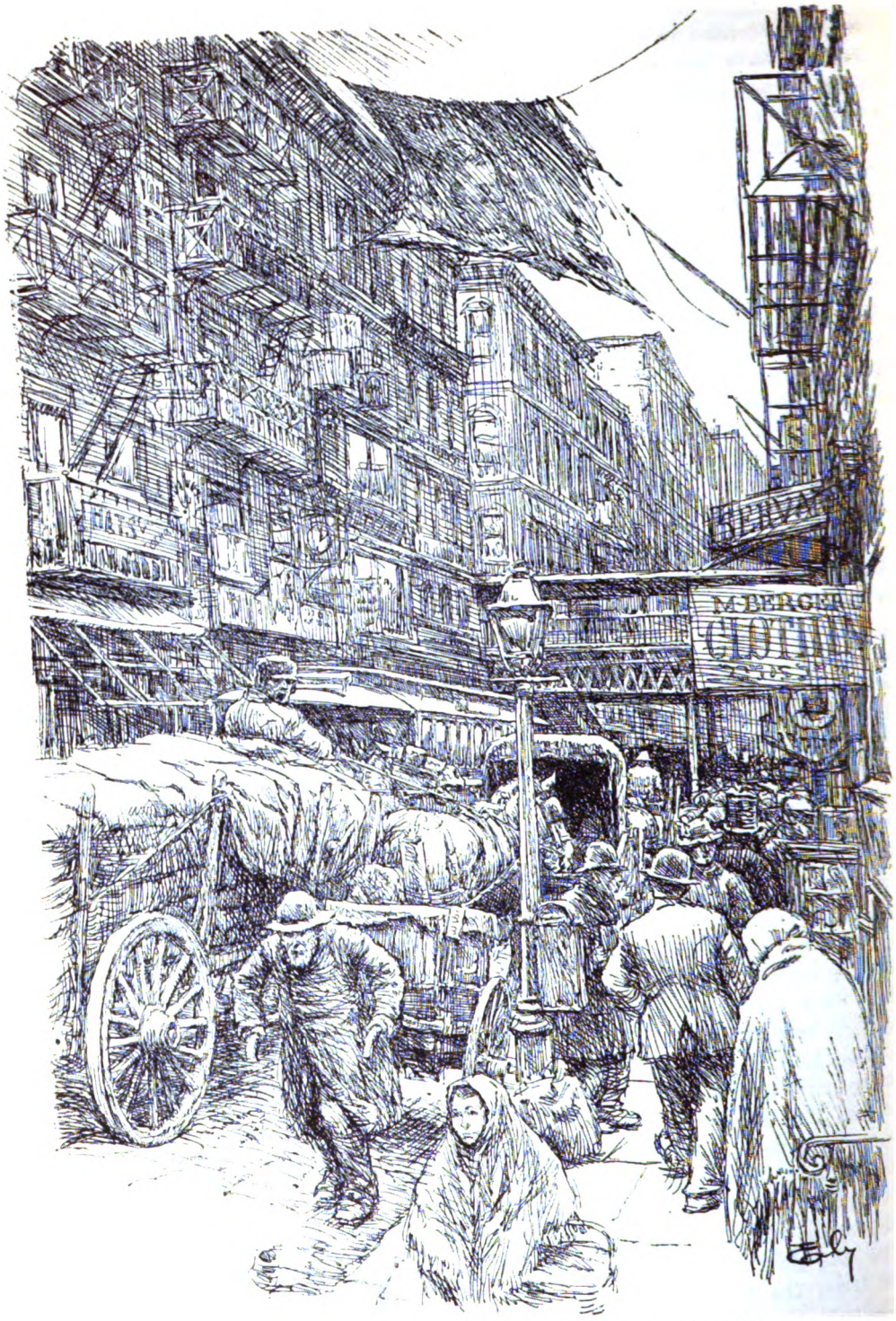

"The man walked patiently along between the shafts"

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trees, and cross-streets that ran to the river. While he stood grinding the wailing tunes into the clear spring blue, he gazed across the shimmering water to the greening cliffs beyond. The shafts of the organ-cart seemed to crumble into soft, warm earth in his hands.

It was the middle of May, a warm day with soft breezes that flirted in and out of the open windows in the office of *Avvocato* Soracco. Cecco sat respectfully upon the edge of the chair, his hat in both hands, while the *avvocato* listened with quiet attention.

"I tell you, Excellency, the truth. It is no longer possible. I am an old man. For more than thirty years I worked like a dog. In the morning I was in the fields before the sun. I was happy. Four girls and five boys I have given to the world, but of all, I loved best Carlo. He was so smart. When he came to America I was proud. When he wrote of this wonderful country, I ran with the letters to Beppo, who can read, and I learned by heart what Carlo said, and told to others. Three years ago he wrote, 'Come, make the home with me.'

"I saw before the eyes a home with my eldest. My work was done. I shall be fifty next winter, your Excellency. I would sit in the sun and teach his children the wisdom I had learned. *Dio mio!* dreams! dreams!" Before the memory Cecco blushed as if he had been found naked in a crowd.

"I came. When I had been two months, he bought a little cart. '*Babbo*,' he said, 'here is easy work. Thou also canst earn a little, and it costs much to live in America.' *Bene*, I am proud; I took the cursed little cart. I dragged it like a beast up and down the funnels of your streets—I who had lived always with the air and sun.

"When summer came he said again: '*Babbo mio*, next year I look to buy a house. Every scudo helps. I have rented an organ for thee. The work is easy.' I said nothing. In summer I hold out the hat like a beggar—I who asked never of any man anything. At fifty I grin like a monkey for a penny. My Carlo is good, but, like a fish in a net, he is caught in this America. It is a terrible country, your Excellency, like living always under a master with a whip. I believe not even the blessed dead rest in peace in your *campo santo*. And I, an old man, fifty next winter, I cannot run in the race. But since I must yet work, I will do the work of a man, not a slave."

"You want a farm, Cecco?"

"Ah, your Excellency, that would be heaven, but it is not for me. I am old, fifty years, *Signor Avvocato;* I am poor; I have nothing. I ask only to do the work of a man. I would dig in the earth until I have money to return to the land of the sun, where men live like men, not like engines. *Ecco*, I have taken much time from your Excellency. Is it possible that you arrange it for me?"

Cecco leaned forward, and wiped his moist face on a yellow handkerchief, while his black eyes blinked nervously, waiting the decision of the *avvocato*. At last the latter looked up.

"I believe I can, Cecco. In six months Giuseppe Fabbri marries. Now he lives alone with his Sister Maria, and they wish a third to help till the marriage. After that he needs no one; with two women it will be enough. They are good people. The pay is not much, but you have nothing to buy, and in six months, if you wish, you have the fare to return to Italy."

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"May the holy saints protect and guard your Excellency!" Cecco's voice broke, and he rubbed the yellow handkerchief across his eyes.

"It is nothing. To-day I shall write to Giuseppe. In three days we shall hear."

Cecco rose.

"You have opened *paradiso*, signor, to an old man. And your Excellency will mention it to no one—"

"As you wish, Cecco; as you wish."

§ 3

Four days later Gemma waited supper for Cecco. When it was very late, and he did not come, they ate nervously, and afterward Carlo walked till late in the streets, looking for him. Il Sorcio remembered an old man who had come through the last cold weeks of winter to keep warm by the ovens, but since spring he had not been there. They waited three days; then the police took up the search. At the end of another week Gemma threw her apron over her head and sat one whole afternoon wailing in the kitchen: "He is dead; he is dead. The poor old one has been killed, and they have buried him in Protestant ground."

"Silence!" commanded Carlo. "He is not dead. We would hear. He has lost the memory, as is often with the old. He has become a child. No one would hurt an old man. He will be brought back. To-morrow I will give a fine candle of the purest wax of the Abruzzi to Saint Anthony that he find him."

But the candle burned away, Cecco did not come, and the police forgot that they had ever been asked to look for an organ-grinder, aged fifty, with gray hair and mustache, answering to the name of Cecco.

Out in the green fields Cecco dug deep into the soft, black earth. As he dug, he sang low to himself a song that he had sung in his youth, that his father had sung, his father's father, and all the peasants of that Calabrian village back beyond the memory of man.

Oh, those eyes so black,
And those red lips that
stab me!

Maria, the sister of Giuseppe, paused in throwing the grain to the chickens, and hummed the words with Cecco. She was a heavy woman of forty, but the black curls still clung close to her firm, brown neck, and her voice was full and strangely young. They sang it to the end, smiling; then Maria emptied the pan of wheat and went back to the house.

All through the long, hot summer Cecco worked in the earth. In the dusk of evening he sat with Giuseppe and Maria on the kitchen porch. Paolo and Giovanni came from the next farm with mandolin and accordion, and the three younger men sang songs, while Cecco and Maria listened —songs of passionate desire, young songs that beat and throbbed in the night long after they had gone. So life ran happily until the land lay bare and the wedding of Giuseppe was only three weeks off.

Already the sky pressed gray and heavy upon the bare field. Splashes of pale gold marked the flight of autumn through the leafless trees. All day Giuseppe and Cecco cut wood against the coming winter, and Maria cleaned and polished the three rooms for the coming of the bride. In three weeks the snow might lie thick on the fields. About the kitchen stove Giuseppe and

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"All through the long, hot summer Cecco worked"

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Domenica and Maria would plan the future, and he, Cecco, would be far away, where the fields were never bare or white; only his heart would be gray and empty.

Oh, those eyes so black,
And those red lips that
stab me!

sang Giuseppe, a few yards away, and brought down the ax with a ringing crash.

"*Ben'*; that is enough for to-day. To-morrow we finish. There is no danger to be cold, eh, Cecco?"

Cecco lifted a gnarled apple-trunk to the block and began chopping it into stove lengths.

"No, thou wilt be warm and happy —thou and—"

"In three weeks, Cecco!" Giuseppe looked across the field to the small white house where the evening lamp already beckoned across the cold twilight. "Three weeks, and nothing will be the same, Cecco." Giuseppe's eyes were grave. The usual merry twinkle was buried under the wonder of the future.

"It is strange, eh, Cecco, this love that drowns a man's heart? Hast not forgotten, Cecco?"

Cecco kicked the pieces of wood aside and shook his head.

"Dost look for the heart to die after twenty-five?"

"Just we two at first," Giuseppe went on softly, "and then others—strong sons to work the fields with me; for there will be many fields to work, Cecco, when Domenica and I are old."

"May the good God send it!" Cecco answered shortly, and went on with the wood.

"Come, we have worked enough. See, Maria comes to shut in the chickens. The soup must be ready."

Giuseppe threw down his ax, and went whistling to the house.

Cecco laid another stump on the block and attacked it savagely. The chips flew, and the wood was piled in the right lengths about the block. Standing near, Maria watched, and at last pleasure in Cecco's strokes moved her to speech.

"Thou art very strong, Cecco. It is a miracle at fifty that—"

Cecco threw down the ax and turned on her.

"Dost think at fifty the muscles run to water? Look!" He held his right arm toward her. "Feel!" The woman's work-scarred fingers closed over the swelled muscles, and her small, bright eyes gleamed approval.

"At fifty a man is not dead, Maria. I am—"

"For the sake of the gentle Gesu!" bellowed Giuseppe, from the kitchen door, "come and serve the soup. I have a hollow inside like a pagan's need of the holy church."

But for a moment longer Maria lingered.

"*Ecco,*" she whispered, "it is true. We do not die because we have forty or fifty years. I know. When the mother put him into my arms and said, 'Care always for the little one,' I had only twelve years. For him I worked. For him I dreamed to come to this country, where no longer he would be a peasant always under the padrone, but might have land of his own. Now he has the land. He loves me, but he thinks I am old—old—like—"

"Ma-ri-a!" Giuseppe's voice carried across the fields and terrified resting cows to lumbering motion.

"*Bene, bene;* I come. Patience, famished one!" Maria plodded away.

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When the soup and polenta were eaten to the last scrap, and the kitchen was spotless, Maria brought the roll of linen lace she was finishing for Domenica, and, drawing the lamp close, began to crochet. At the other end of the table Giuseppe grumbled as he searched for a mistake in a long column of figures. In a cleared space at one corner Cecco laid the cards in a complicated game of solitaire.

The fire breathed a low accompaniment to Giuseppe's smothered exclamations. Across the fields a dog barked, with the far, lonely sound of a house dog at night in open spaces. Maria's broad shoulders moved in the faintest rocking motion, so that from time to time her head came into the direct lamplight, and the tiny gold hoops in her ears twinkled.

Again and again Cecco's eyes moved from the cards to the glinting golden hoops in Maria's ears, to the heavy, brown hands that held the white lace lightly, to the full throat above the collarless waist. For an hour they sat so, then Giuseppe slammed the book shut.

"May I die sitting in this chair if I waste another moment looking for the mistake! As well look for a mustard seed in a barrel of corn." He got up and, crossing to the stove, stood with his back to the warmth, smiling at the other two. "Praise to the Holy Mother! Domenica has been to school and can make the figures. No more will I wear a hole in the head at this stupid business. Let Pietro keep the two dollars."

"Foolish one!" Maria dropped her work. "For a little trouble will lose two dollars! Dost think money grows on a bush? I will find the mistake. Not in the book, for I am stupid, but in the head; I have there all the figures of the business."

Giuseppe laughed.

"*Bene*, Little Mother, then thou and Cecco may keep the money. A new petticoat, a little extra tobacco, eh? But not another moment do I stay from the bed because of it."

§ 4

When he was gone, Maria looked helplessly at Cecco.

"Since the wedding comes near he is like that, crazy almost. To throw away two dollars like water! *Macché*, when love burns in the heart, it seems also that it burns away the sense. He is like a baby. He needs me more even than when the mother put him in my arms." She picked up the lace and began working again. "He needs me, but he thinks to need nothing but Domenica. For a little while it is so, and then in truth he needs me no longer."

Maria tried to hold the smile and look bravely at Cecco, but the smile died, and the work dropped again to her lap. For Cecco was pushing the cards from him with trembling hands, and nowhere in the big kitchen could her eyes escape his. He came and stood close beside her, his hands motionless at his sides, his body bent forward. She could see the strong pulse throbbing in his throat and feel the suppressed passion in him enveloping her like a cloak.

"Mariaucc'!"

She did not move except for the quick rising and falling of the deep breast.

"Mariaucc',"—it ran softly into the breathing of the fire,—"he no longer needs thee; but I need thee much—so much, *cara*."

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Still she did not move. Cecco dropped clumsily to his knees.

"Mariaucc'," he whispered hoarsely, "I love thee. Is it too much to ask that thou love also a little?" The pleading snapped in Cecco's voice; he gripped her shoulders. "It is not too much to ask? Look! I am not old. The fire is not out. For many years it is there, hidden under the ashes of loneliness. Now it rages. When I see thee moving in the house, outside, *Dio!* it is like a rat with the teeth in the heart. Mariaucc'—*cara!*"

Maria leaned to him.

"Thou hast lit the fire in my heart also, Cecco, for neither at forty is the heart of ice." She spoke softly, taking his grizzled face in her hands.

Cecco leaned back, trembling. They smiled at each other.

"No longer always the home of another, *cara*, not even of a brother or a son—our own home."

She nodded.

"It is possible that Giuseppe will give us the top floor of the barn; it is like a house."

"A fine barn, truly, little swallow," admitted Cecco, "but not for us. Look! Here in the pocket, sewed tight in the coat, I have it, every cent—the passage to Diamante. But no longer I wish the passage to Diamante, where one sits in the sun and talks of the past and grows old. No, to-morrow I go to the city, to *Avvocato* Soracco; he understands all things and will arrange. A little piece of earth for ourselves, *cara*. Not a fine farm, like this, and for the present we rent, but soon it will be ours. We are strong, Mariaucc'. A little farm of our own!"

"A little farm—of—our own, Cecco, for you and me?"

"Most surely. For whom else?"

The smile in Cecco's eyes spread to Maria's. He chuckled. In the deep bosom under the blue calico the chuckle echoed. He laughed aloud.

"'S-sh!" she cautioned. "We wake Giuseppe."

"*Bene*, is it a crime that our joy wakes another, so happy himself? Come, we will tell him."

But Maria's hand detained him.

"Not to-night, eh, *caro?* To-night—it is only for thee and me. So many years! So many! Always the others—"

Cecco's hands trembled as he laid them gently on her shoulders. "Thou art right, *carissima;* so long, so long, the others!"

The woman's lips quivered.

"Us two alone! To grow young again—on our own land. It is too much, Cecco."

"It is not!" he cried harshly. Suddenly his eyes twinkled, and points of light danced all over his bronzed face. "*Ecco*, Mariaucc', for a little while thou and me alone; but afterward, perhaps—if the good God wills—who knows? We are no longer old, *carissima;* we are no longer old!"

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The Movies *versus* Motion Pictures

By Ralph Block

THE movies need no defense, although much energy is spent in damning them; but they do need to be understood. Millions of persons can still take them or leave them alone, but there are a few hundred thousand who are bent on building them up into a great national problem. The protestants are divided into three classes. One group is fascinated by the possibilities of motion photography, and would like to see the movies use to the utmost their potential artistic power. Another group is not stimulated any more by the platitudes on which most popular movie stories are built. It wants the movies to become more complex, more subtle, less commonplace. The third group sees youth corrupted, morality destroyed, beauty flouted, and taste ruined by the movies. Each has a good case, but excitement, moral exhortation, legal prohibition, will not help the movies. Only understanding will give all these different persons what they want.

The movies are not a fine art. They are a popular art. They tell fairy-stories for thirty million persons in the United States. The psychologists say fairy-stories are the day dreams of a people. The distinguishing characteristics of a fairy-story are a hero and a heroine. As a rule, there are dragons, magic swords, castles, good and bad fairies, and once in a while that extraordinarily potent figure, the fairy godmother. All movies have these elements, and they are made so that any one who wants to be a hero or a heroine, or even a dragon, can put himself into the part and get almost as much enjoyment as if he were really having all these adventures.

As a piece of machinery, modern life works only fairly well, but as an amusement, it does n't come within hailing distance of success. The creative energies, the imaginations, of these standardized human beings who make it go, are constantly trying to find an outlet. Some get it in prize-fighting, base-ball, the theater, lodges, politics, newspapers; but they find it most of all in the movies. During the day George and Nellie may be as faithful and standardized as the rules demand, but at the movies in the evening they can break all the rules pertaining to vamping, dragon-killing, treasure-hunting, and leave the theater absolutely spotless so far as the law and the city ordinances are concerned.

To meet this constant demand for adventure arising out of the sameness of modern life, the movies have become established as a great industrial and business enterprise.

Actually, the movie-maker is not so unidealistic as his works would tend to show him. He has a normal pride in the character of his accomplishment. He cannot forget, however, that the best guaranty of a profit is to follow

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well-trodden psychological paths in his job of entertainment. The very character of his product forces him to seek a large audience; it costs him a great deal to manufacture movies. Therefore he must please enough people to make his business pay, to cover not only these great costs of production, but a margin of profit as well. These costs have a varied source. The crowd must be given beautiful women, handsome, heroic-looking men, enchanting clothes of the latest style, massive, realistic settings. The producer must be able to command the genii to transport his audiences into all the strange corners of the earth. No fantasy may be beyond him. To make any drastic change in this accepted program of pleasure is to gamble at least a hundred thousand dollars; it is often from a quarter of a million dollars upward.

There is no reason to believe that the movies will be any different so long as existence runs on its present plan. People who live and love, have emotions, make fools of themselves, and do a few generous things in the midst of many selfish ones, will always be enthralled by the spectacle of other people living and loving, sacrificing for others, failing and succeeding. It encourages them to go on living. Life seldom shows these processes in all their completion; the movies always carry them out to the very end. It cannot be expected they will desert these fundamental themes. They may learn to tell their stories more skilfully; they will undoubtedly improve and enrich their method of presentation; they will be less stupid, and will find new ways of enhancing the illusion of life; once in a while they will develop a great artist like Chaplin, who can touch intimately a dozen common things, tragic and comic, in the lives of every one with a turn of his head: but they will go on telling the same kinds of stories. More and more millions will find satisfaction and escape in them. Instead of getting away from platitudes, the movies will be more securely bound by them, limited to them. They will pay the penalty of satisfying the democratic, middle-class audience, which is America. They will go on being simple, straightforward, conventional in their treatment of characters and situations, reducing life to fairy-tale formulæ, and free from esthetic complexity in form.

§ 2

The mistake of most of the dissenters is in their failure to see that the movies are chiefly a social and economic phenomenon, while they demand that they have all the capacities of a fine art. Yet the extension of popular education and the widening limits of leisure have not changed the fact that the fine arts, as distinguished from the popular arts, are not supported by great crowds of human beings. They are aristocratic in their environment; they are nourished by the few, and made for them. Any generation is fortunate if it bears one fundamental great work of art in its time—a work that touches equally the broad chords and the finest strings of the imagination. For anything less than that each division of society falls back on its own kind of satisfaction.

Symphony orchestras and opera-houses were established by royal courts, and maintained by them; they still pursue their protected and delicate existence under the kindly shade of wealth. The art of painting lives out

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a meager career anywhere in the modern world, protected by state and private patronage. The theater is emancipated, but it still must gamble to survive. Even in these days of its prosperity one entertainment may catch the plenitude of public favor and fifty fail.

The fine art of the motion-picture—expression by means of the motion-camera as apart from telling fairy-stories for a public seeking a way out of reality—has scarcely been born. Its birth will depend on two factors. One will be the systematic use of motion photography as a means of expression by men and women who are trained in the ways of imaginative creation. The other will be the organization of a public trained to appreciate it and interested in expression in this form. The theater has already achieved these ends. In the last five years New York has developed a better theater audience than either London or Paris. Plays of high artistic quality run to capacity for a season and establish records in attendance not exceeded even by those entertainments built on a stereotyped popular pattern.

New York to-day presents a satisfaction for every taste in the theater, whatever its degree. But it is not to be assumed that this conversion to a high standard of intelligence and taste is a sudden miraculous achievement. Every popular art draws its best inspiration from the obscure creation of independent, free-thinking persons or amateur groups. Modern art has many examples. A handful of Frenchmen in the seventies flooded the art of painting with light and color and a new basic sense of form. Likewise much that is distinguished in the American theater stems directly from the little theater movement. The Washington Square Players and the Provincetown Players provided the playground which developed the talents of Robert Edmond Jones, Eugene O'Neill, and others like them. Even the Follies owe these pioneers a debt that can scarcely be measured. They in turn have a family tree that reaches back to Paris and Moscow and Berlin.

§ 3

It is absurd to say that men and women are fundamentally different anywhere. At bottom every human wants to be lifted out of himself, made to feel he is important, that as a human being he counts largely in the scheme of things. But the quarrel the high-brow has with the movies is that for him they fail to accomplish these ends. Tragedy ennobles some persons because it shows them how much they can bear and still go on living; it dignifies them in the realization that they are stronger than life. But the movies are rarely tragic. They stop short of it, and fall into the sloppy sea of sentimentality. Satire and high comedy give the cultivated man a sense of superiority; they disclose the absurdity of life. But the movies are seldom satiric; they cannot afford the comedy of ideas. The high-brow appreciates the flattery of an evident faith in his power to imagine. He does not want the story-teller to be too literal, as if the audience could not be trusted to wing its way briefly alone through the spaces of the imagination. The movies, however, ignore the high-brow; they must aim at literal minds in order to survive.

It seems plain, therefore, that the people who do not like motion-pictures as they are and want something else

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will have to make it for themselves. The theater has at least set them an intelligent example. Indeed, it is not impossible to foresee the organization of experimental groups in New York and Los Angeles, composed of professional persons looking for an arena in which they can experiment with an art which is still to be defined. The New York Theater Guild, self-governing, coöperative, and self-financing, might serve as a pattern for this kind of undertaking. Such an organization will find its economic problems comparatively simple. It will not be burdened with the involved cumulative expenses of a studio equipped to manufacture fifty or a hundred pictures a year. It will be free from the extraordinary costs involved in a fierce competition to rent pictures to sixteen thousand commercial exhibitors. Being chiefly interested in beauty, these experimenters will recognize the kinship of the art of motion photography to painting. They will want to disclose a deeper truth than exists in surface realities; they will discard wood and mortar, brick and stone, for canvas, hangings, and curtains. The creative genius of motion will reject massive imitations of reality, and will compound his effects out of lines, light, and nothingness. He will correspondingly decrease the costs of production.

A nation-wide amateur organization growing out of such a movement might find at once a potential audience which the professional movie-producer and distributor has never touched. But a movement of this kind will spread further, once it has shown the commercial producer how to achieve beauty at a low cost. The hope of development of the art of expression by motion photography lives in the differentiation of audiences. And the great mass cannot be divided until ways are devised to purvey adequate entertainment at a price appropriate to each group. For instance, when special movies can be made cheaply enough to depend solely upon an audience of children, the problem of censorship will be virtually solved. There is already a conspicuous tendency in the field of exhibition to build chains of theaters which will house movies of extraordinary quality. This may be only the democratic amusement of the early days on a large scale. It may be, on the other hand, the beginning of an attempt to select an audience ready to recognize the motion-picture as worth an evening of close intellectual attention. It may promise the serious presentation of life in a new form of expression, comparable in austerity of content, depth of meaning, and artistry of presentation to such a play as Tolstoy's "Redemption" or St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson" on the stage.

In form and structure, expression by the motion-camera is more like music than anything else. It streams before the eye as music streams before the ear; it is in a constant state of becoming. But experiments such as I have outlined—experiments in the style of the narrative, comparable to modern experiments in pure form in the other arts, must await a producer free to take advantage of every scope the art offers, without limitation by a crowd looking only for fairy-tales. It is not until this free opportunity is provided that artists will begin to create genuinely for expression on the screen. Composers for the camera will arise as separate from the popular art of the movies as Wagner and Debussy were apart from the music-hall.

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Modern Wood-Block Prints by American Artists

A poster by Harry Townsend

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"A Village Street," by Tod Lindenmuth

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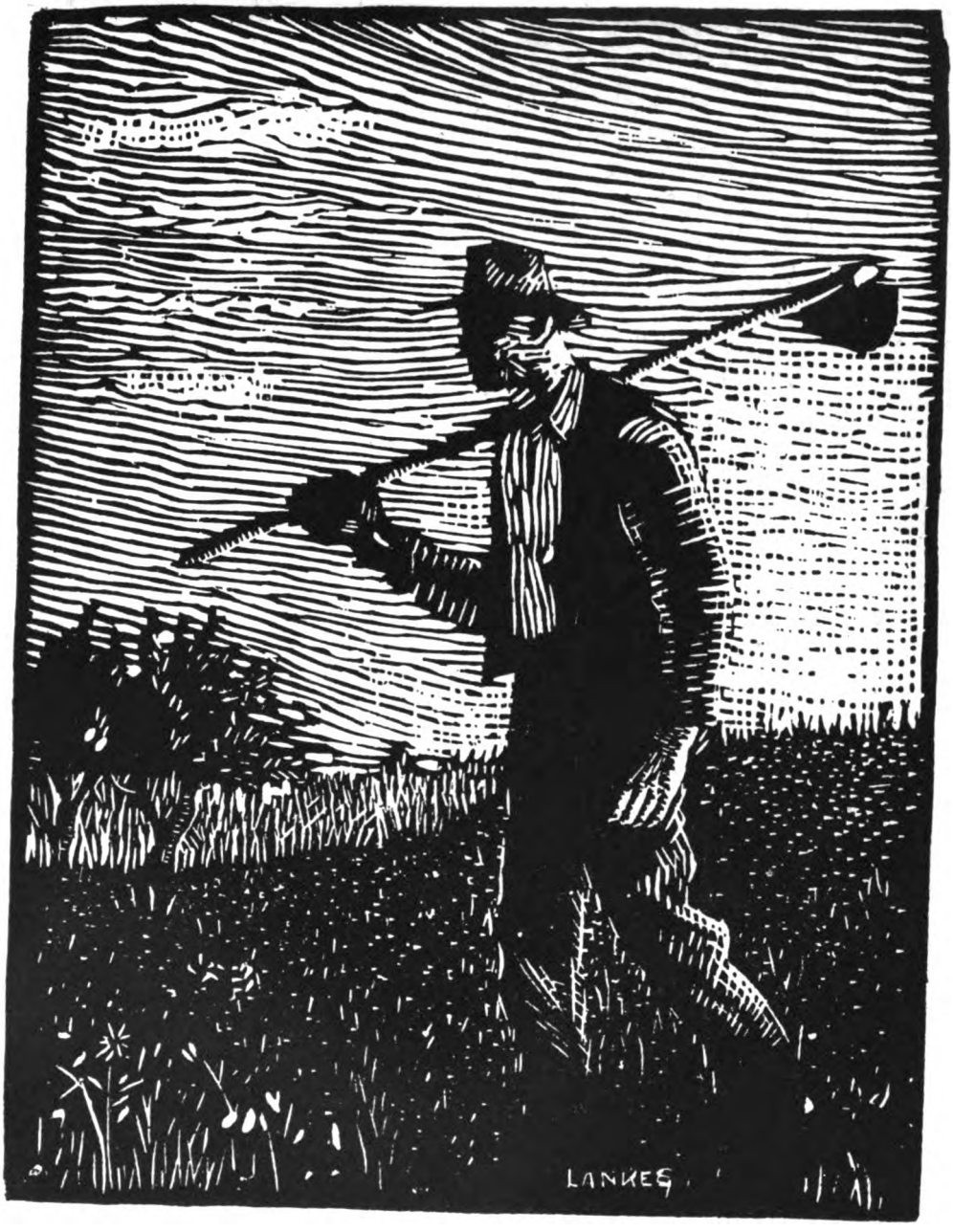

"Sundown," by J. J. Lankes

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"The Farragut Statue," New York, by Adolph Treidler

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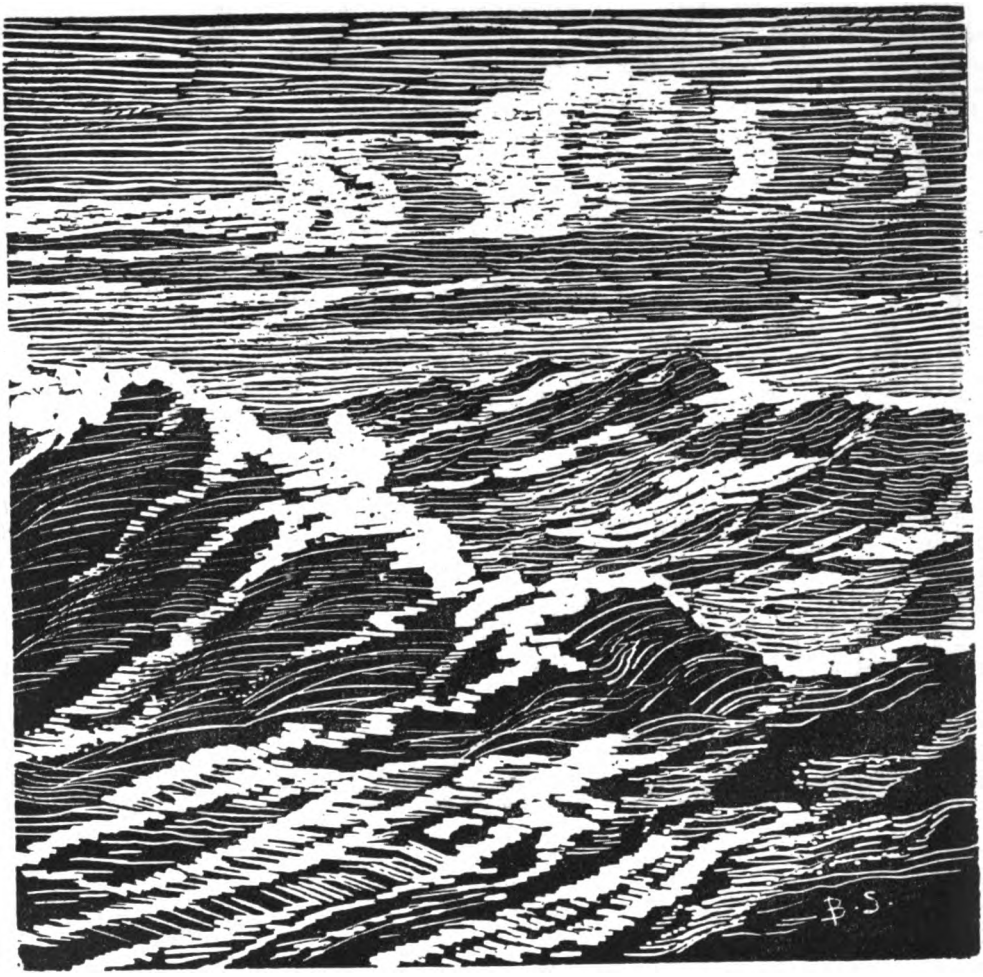

"Rough Sea," by Birger Sandzén

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"The Fishing Fleet," by Cecil Buller Murphy

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The Decoy

By Bonnie Ginger

When people say that the movies are a menace, when they say that we merely gaze with the passivity of babies at rapidly changing pictures without analyzing or thinking, when they say, "The films are robbing the race of the power of thought," I say, no. I say, look at Myra Spells.

Myra could tell you—though she never will, for she does not discuss the subject—that the movies sometimes generate not only thought, but inspiration. Because she will never tell you why she knows that, the duty, in which is mixed some spiteful pleasure, falls on me.

From her small lace and embroidery emporium on Main Street Myra looked out one morning to the portals of the Thelma Theater, where Asa Beebe was pasting up the posters of the new bill—Maurice Mordaunt in a drama of silent love, and a four-ace comedy. She was so pleased with this double announcement that her sudden friendliness of mind—I do not say heart, since that would be to ascribe to her an organ Rossville would have risen up to maintain she did not possess—extended almost to Asa Beebe himself. She admitted a certain agility in his manipulation of the brush and paper, and for once his wooden leg failed to arouse her grim amusement, while the width of the street rendered indistinguishable that other derision-provoking feature of his, his glass eye.

Myra had a preference for Maurice Mordaunt. She fancied he resembled that popular citizen of Rossville, Jeffrey Simms, the real-estate agent. Thirty years ago, when they had gone to school together, Jeffrey Simms had represented Myra's ideal of the modern male. Now at forty, with the added touch on him of recent widowerhood, he was the perfect man. It is a pity that such an admiration as hers could not have developed in her some corresponding charms; but the thin girl had become a skinny woman, the aquiline profile had grown sharper, the black eyes had taken to spectacles, and the long neck was now longer than necks ought to be. True, her abundant brown hair had not thinned or grayed, but on the whole Myra was wise to transfer her admiration for Jeffrey to his younger counterpart on the screen. The real Jeffrey was not susceptible to female witcheries, unless it were those of Hattie Buck, herself twice widowed, who ran the little Hope Hotel. Yet even Hattie had so far failed to land him, and it was now as good as conceded that she would console herself with either the druggist or the new dentist or old Hanson Smith.

Myra had never really aspired to Jeffrey, but just the same she had other matrimonial ambitions, nourished through every discouragement, and now indomitable at forty-three. She knew the day was gone when ordi-

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nary methods would bring her a spouse, and she had tried strategy, and people knew she had tired it; she knew she was laughed at, was a byword in Rossville, but that made her the more determined to succeed. It was the super-strategy she now awaited.

That afternoon when Asa Beebe brought her half a cord of wood—delivering wood was only another of Asa's various pursuits—and said, "Well, Myry, I spose you 'll be going to see the new bill?" she said, yes, she expected to go; but she had, nevertheless, not the faintest presentiment of what was lying ahead.

Asa had one of his coughing spells and asked if he could take a drink. She asked him if he had his own cup, and he modestly produced a collapsible one, and as she watched him drink, she thought how the winter had wasted him. He was such a poor, abject creature, what with his one leg and his one eye and his one (if it were indeed one) lung. But she was not sorry for him, and it did not occur to her to tip him for stacking the wood, though it brought on a second attack of his cough, just as it did not occur to her to offer him one of the fresh doughnuts that filled a big yellow bowl on the kitchen-table. Yet he lived alone, and was too poor to know the taste of decent food.

That night she was pleased from the first with the movie program, though the great idea was to come not from the Maurice Mordaunt, but from the four-ace comedy reel. An action-farce of simple theme, it showed a widow triumphing over all other females in the matrimonial race, and triumphing through the mere fact of her being a widow. In other words, the polite biological fiction that the male pursues the female ceases to be fiction and becomes fact in just one case—the case of the charmer who has already been possessed. Not that Myra did not already know this as well as you or I, but some truths are like the pattern on the wall-paper or the design on the table-cloth, too familiar to be perceived. Myra had not read a certain novel in which an Irishwoman observes that it is a wonder any woman ever has a chance to marry till she has become a widow, and yet this was just the thought that, near the end of the comedy reel, flashed upon her. And on its heels came another, with the bulky velocity of a bounding collie knocking down a small child. Myra glanced about her, for every great discovery brings the attendant query, Why does n't some one else see it, too? But every one was intent upon the screen, where by means of a vision the widow was having a little review of all her recent suitors. At that moment Myra also was visited by a vision. It was of one sole suitor, really of half a suitor, with one leg and one eye and one lung. Anybody could tell you that Asa Beebe would never survive another winter. He did not look as if he could live through the present spring, active though he was, for he was an essentially active man.

Well, here was the way for an alert spinster to acquire widowhood inside of a year, and any woman on earth, once she becomes a widow— An indistinct, but thrilling, fantasy followed, so thrilling that Myra suddenly sat back and closed her eyes.

§ 2

When Asa brought Myra's milk next morning,—he delivered milk as well as wood,—she was still in the

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kitchen, though usually by that hour she was out in the shop part of her little cottage.

"Asa, you carry milk for other folks, but do you ever drink it yourself?" she asked. "It would be an awful' good thing for your cough."

Asa tilted back his hat, and his one eye gazed with some surprise at the tall, flat spinster rinsing a pail at the sink.

"Well, no, Myry, I stick pretty close to coffee. It sets me up better 'n anything I know of."

"Me, I like coffee, too. Come to think of it, here 's some left, still warm, if you 'd care to have it. I always have to throw it away; it 's no good next day, and it hurts my heart if I take it more 'n once a day."

Asa's eye stared more roundly, but when, in addition to the cup of creamy coffee, and no mention made of his having his own cup, she added two doughnuts, even his glass eye seemed to take on the surplus of amazement from his real one. Myra continued busy at the sink, and at last he found his tongue and thanked her. And while he ate and drank he asked her how she had liked the program last night.

"The feature was fair, but the comedy like to put me to sleep." She watched him stealthily.

"Why, I liked it. I liked to have died laughing when they all got chasing each other in them automobiles," he said apologetically. She was relieved. Plainly the idea had not brushed wings against Asa in its passage to her. She pressed another doughnut on him, and when he asked if she had made them, she said, yes, but she did n't get much time for cooking; the store took most of her attention. "Business is pretty brisk lately."

He said that was lucky, but guessed she knew how to manage, and, stimulated by the coffee and food, he made bold to chuckle rather knowingly, and she laughed in a way to convey shy acquiescence. Then the young girl who always opened up the store called her to an early customer.

Thereafter she continued to insinuate her friendliness, though Asa little guessed its nature. And this, I think, best explains the completeness of the modesty of Asa.

I don't know whether this modesty was congenital; I only know he had it at the time when the freight-car of sheep coupled into his leg instead of into the tank-car just ahead. He was then fifteen. His eye was lost at a Fourth of July picnic, when in the company of two small white boys and one big colored boy he prematurely exploded a cannon cracker. These accidents had a lack of dignity, and that may have had something to do with his loss of confidence. The tuberculosis was certainly congenital, his father, two brothers, and a sister having died of it; but until Asa was thirty, with him it took the form of bronchitis. He had that in his boyhood; it was a common thing for him to lose his voice for a week at a time, and he was always hoarse all through the winter. It is hard to assert a personality when one is voiceless. It seems to me that he was handicapped at the start by this unromantic malady, and that all the other accidents and ills befell him as a consequence of that original impediment. Unable to recite his lessons at school, he was called a blockhead, and he soon abandoned education; his mother needed him, anyhow. He began to do odd jobs and then odder

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ones, and now they were his sole means of subsistence, though he always had great schemes in his head. Asa was the crack schemer of the Rossville region. His ingenuities embraced the invention of a combined can-opener and hair-curler, the discovery of gold in Lipman's Creek, the grafting of pears and peaches and apples all on one tree; but my memory fails. On his ramshackle little estate at the edge of town he had followed such pursuits as chicken-raising, mushrooming, umbrella-mending, skate-sharpening, collie-breeding, collecting junk, painting signs, bottoming chairs, shoeing horses; again my memory is inadequate. His outside activities were frankly uncountable, though I recall plumbing, cockroach-and-rat exterminating, scissors-grinding, fish-peddling, and selling ice-cream cones. Yes, and of course he had sold books. Well, many consumptives are restless and active like Asa.

Some wit had invented the phrase parody, "Busy as Asa Beebe," and it had become a local saying. And "Go ask Asa" was another, for he was a great prognosticator as to weather, elections, and crops. His prophecies were always wrong. It was a trick of the wags to send him clippings and ads for get-rich-quick schemes, which he always took seriously and went to work upon gratefully.

Well, Asa was not colorless; he was just futile. He had sudden self-assurances, as suddenly extinguished, and followed by self-effacings, so that he seemed always in a state of apology for having presumed, much in the fashion of the collies he raised. His one eye came to have the look of a wagging tail, wagging exuberantly, then in propitiation.

But for the last year or two people had not been so heartless to him, for he was a doomed man. It was none other than Doctor Cranberry who gave the verdict, "Not more than a year at the outside." He had said it this very spring, though not to Asa, of course.

But even before his disease got such headway Asa had never thought of any woman wanting him for a husband. Consequently, Myra Spells worked on his gratitude all through April and into May without his ever remotely guessing her motives, although Mrs. Leff Rotchett, next door to Myra, was already passing out her interpretations of the maiden lady's sudden humanness.

At last the time came when Myra felt that in some way she must manipulate Asa's proposal for her hand. She had done all she could with feeding and chatting and mending,—one morning she had made him take off his coat while she patched the sleeve,—but the actual proposal must come from him, though she must first put the words into his mouth. In this fortune favored her by sending her a birthday.

That evening when Asa came to put up the screens, a job she had got him to do, timing it nicely, he found the little kitchen-table set out with refreshments for two. Heretofore she had given him merely hand-outs, snacks, and therefore he did n't connect the festivities with himself, and he was about to leave when she asked him to stay and help her celebrate.

"Why, I 'm all dirty; I ain't even shaved," stammered the connubial decoy, but Myra laughed gaily.

"'T ain't a party. I just feel lonesome, and the friend I invited could n't come after all, and it seems a shame to waste the cake, and it fresh. You and me 's old friends by now, Asa;

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you stay and make me feel like it *is* my birthday." And then she said she did n't think other folks did enough for him; they did n't appreciate him. But she appreciated him.

He flushed to the roots of his hair, but a snowy towel and some perfumed soap, thrust into his hand, silenced him. When he had washed at the sink, she gave him a rose for his lapel, and they sat down to the cake.

"Why, what 's that?" he asked suddenly.

"Asa, it 's port wine, what I got last winter when Doc Cranberry told me I needed building up after the grippe."

Well, to shorten the story, next morning Asa waked up to find himself engaged to be married to Myra Spells.

She set the wedding for early June.

§ 3

Yes, Myra dared to be a June bride. Did she mind what the town would say? I only know that she faced unflinchingly the ridicule that burst forth at her announcement. How right is the philosopher who says that will is nothing, that motive is all! Myra could look clear past the ridicule to the day when Rossville would be singing another tune. I don't say that she actually visualized Asa's gravestone on the far side of the marriage-altar. Hers was rather the position of the doctor, who, without desiring man's illness, yet alertly profits by it. Or did she more nearly resemble the undertaker?

So I pass over, as did Myra, the rich harvest of gibes her engagement brought, and cull only a few. "Well, *any* woman can get *some* husband," "She tried all the others first; we got to give her that credit," "It 's more blessed to give than to receive," and the like. Children in the streets, seeing her, hummed, "Here comes the bride." But her aquiline profile only sharpened, her black eyes continued to glitter; in a few weeks, as she knew, the tauntings would cease, for she would be "Mrs. Beebe."

I pass over the wedding, too. It was very quiet. Asa, fed up and renovated in the meantime, made a respectable, if not commanding, figure. He seemed dazed, and he often looked at Myra helplessly; but he was not so abject as one might have supposed, for she had carefully given him the impression that he had wooed and won her despite maidenly resistance, and the notion added to his self-esteem. They went away for a week, and returned to live at Myra's, though Asa did not give up his own domicile. And Myra knew that when the time came, the sale of this little property of his would help meet certain expenditures, though delicacy forbids me more than to hint at what she meant by *that*.

Well, why deny it? A married woman commands a special respect the mere spinster never enjoys. True, in a town where every one knew every one else there were few chances for Myra's new name to be used, but now and then it happened that goods were sent to her, delivered to "Mrs. Asa Beebe," and her checks were to the account of "Mrs. Asa Beebe"; she never signed "Myra Beebe" or "Myra Spells Beebe." People laughed, but she comported herself with dignity, and gradually the more sarcastic of the gibes ceased. Indeed, some comments were, though cynically, commendatory, as, "Well, Myra acts like she actually likes him!" "She does keep him neat and spruce." "She must have seen things in him we others missed." That was so.

There were two people in Rossville

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But even before his disease got such headway Asa had never thought of any woman wanting him for a husband. Consequently, Myra Spells worked on his gratitude all through April and into May without his ever remotely guessing her motives, although Mrs. Leff Rotchett, next door to Myra, was already passing out her interpretations of the maiden lady's sudden humanness.

At last the time came when Myra felt that in some way she must manipulate Asa's proposal for her hand. She had done all she could with feeding and chatting and mending,—one morning she had made him take off his coat while she patched the sleeve,—but the actual proposal must come from him, though she must first put the words into his mouth. In this fortune favored her by sending her a birthday.

That evening when Asa came to put up the screens, a job she had got him to do, timing it nicely, he found the little kitchen-table set out with refreshments for two. Heretofore she had given him merely hand-outs, snacks, and therefore he did n't connect the festivities with himself, and he was about to leave when she asked him to stay and help her celebrate.

"Why, I 'm all dirty; I ain't even shaved," stammered the connubial decoy, but Myra laughed gaily.

"'T ain't a party. I just feel lonesome, and the friend I invited could n't come after all, and it seems a shame to waste the cake, and it fresh. You and me 's old friends by now, Asa;

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you stay and make me feel like it *is* my birthday." And then she said she did n't think other folks did enough for him; they did n't appreciate him. But she appreciated him.

He flushed to the roots of his hair, but a snowy towel and some perfumed soap, thrust into his hand, silenced him. When he had washed at the sink, she gave him a rose for his lapel, and they sat down to the cake.

"Why, what 's that?" he asked suddenly.

"Asa, it 's port wine, what I got last winter when Doc Cranberry told me I needed building up after the grippe."

Well, to shorten the story, next morning Asa waked up to find himself engaged to be married to Myra Spells.

She set the wedding for early June.

§ 3

Yes, Myra dared to be a June bride. Did she mind what the town would say? I only know that she faced unflinchingly the ridicule that burst forth at her announcement. How right is the philosopher who says that will is nothing, that motive is all! Myra could look clear past the ridicule to the day when Rossville would be singing another tune. I don't say that she actually visualized Asa's gravestone on the far side of the marriage-altar. Hers was rather the position of the doctor, who, without desiring man's illness, yet alertly profits by it. Or did she more nearly resemble the undertaker?

So I pass over, as did Myra, the rich harvest of gibes her engagement brought, and cull only a few. "Well, *any* woman can get *some* husband," "She tried all the others first; we got to give her that credit," "It 's more blessed to give than to receive," and the like. Children in the streets, seeing her, hummed, "Here comes the bride." But her aquiline profile only sharpened, her black eyes continued to glitter; in a few weeks, as she knew, the tauntings would cease, for she would be "Mrs. Beebe."

I pass over the wedding, too. It was very quiet. Asa, fed up and renovated in the meantime, made a respectable, if not commanding, figure. He seemed dazed, and he often looked at Myra helplessly; but he was not so abject as one might have supposed, for she had carefully given him the impression that he had wooed and won her despite maidenly resistance, and the notion added to his self-esteem. They went away for a week, and returned to live at Myra's, though Asa did not give up his own domicile. And Myra knew that when the time came, the sale of this little property of his would help meet certain expenditures, though delicacy forbids me more than to hint at what she meant by *that*.

Well, why deny it? A married woman commands a special respect the mere spinster never enjoys. True, in a town where every one knew every one else there were few chances for Myra's new name to be used, but now and then it happened that goods were sent to her, delivered to "Mrs. Asa Beebe," and her checks were to the account of "Mrs. Asa Beebe"; she never signed "Myra Beebe" or "Myra Spells Beebe." People laughed, but she comported herself with dignity, and gradually the more sarcastic of the gibes ceased. Indeed, some comments were, though cynically, commendatory, as, "Well, Myra acts like she actually likes him!" "She does keep him neat and spruce." "She must have seen things in him we others missed." That was so.

There were two people in Rossville

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whose attitude Myra watched with particular care. There was no doubt of it, Jeffrey Simms did take off his hat more gallantly now, and once he walked along the street with her, something that had not happened in a decade. She tasted triumph that day.

The other person she watched was Hattie Buck. Hattie was the most popular woman in Rossville, at least unofficially. This was despite certain laxities not of morals, but of conventions. At forty Hattie was what she had been at fifteen, twenty, and thirty, a child of nature. Impetuous, plump, merry, pretty, with a charming blue eye, gay, wilful hair, and bubbling laugh, she had gone a careless way, generous in love and money. Every small town has its Hattie Buck. She was so good-natured that there would have been no fun in saying anything mean about her, anyhow, and no one desired to say it. It was thought that she liked Jeffrey Simms, and lately it was being said that Jeffrey acted as if he liked Hattie. But he was that kind of man of whom one never can tell.

So fall approached, a significant season for Myra, the first act, as she saw it, of a drama of three acts, of which the others were to be the winter and the spring. For, remember, it was Doc Cranberry who had said Asa could not live more than one year.

§ 4

At heart like other males, when Myra got him a pongee suit and a Panama hat and silk socks and gay ties, Asa gained assurance; his ambitions also moved up to a higher plane. He sold off his junk and gave up his odd jobs, devoting himself to transactions and schemes and—but that was his secret—to inventions. At times he brought small sums to her, and she pretended gratitude, though they did not half meet her outlay on him. But being prepared to pay for her own private scheme, she went on dressing him for his part, and the town was visibly impressed by the transformation. Well, they were to see that what she was to lose was worthy of being mourned; she was to be a widow really bereaved, not easy to console. So she very carefully brought into respectful relief those activities of Asa's, and, "I guess I 'd better consult *him*," she would say, or, "Maybe Asa could tell you," or, "Well, if he is n't too busy, I 'll ask him." At the same time she developed a line of public solicitude for his health. "If I don't watch him, he overdoes," "I 'll see if he feels well enough," or, "I 've found a new medicine that 's helping him a heap."

Asa was grateful, he admired her, he believed in her; so he supposed he loved her, as he supposed she loved him, strange as that still seemed. His happiness was quite visible.

"A man does need a wife, Myry. I was runnin' to seed. I been doing that since I was born till you married me, and I did n't know why it was."

"Yes, Asa, a man does need a woman to look after him. Some women neglect their husbands, but I 'm not that sort."

In September she sold her two lots and got a small second-hand car, which he drove. "He must be out in the air," she explained.

Rossville had by now passed into a state of complete mystification. To repudiate its former opinion of Myra was impossible; the demonstration of her character had been before them too long. "She must have something up her sleeve," they said; but what

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would it be, for Asa certainly had n't any property to leave her? Why should she send him riding while she stayed in the store? Why was she so solicitous? In some it would have meant a change of heart, but they remembered that Myra had no heart.

Asa, seated at the wheel and noisily whizzing along at fifteen or twenty miles an hour on this and that transaction, was the happiest man in the county. He often went over to Lancaster, the neighboring large town, on a secret mission, and sometimes she would go with him. It was about this time that Hattie Buck also bought a car, not a second-hand one, which she drove herself, picking up any one she thought would like a ride, and thereby freshly endearing herself to Rossville.

All this fresh air and the good food Myra cooked—she was an excellent cook, for she dearly loved to eat—had their effect on Asa; his eye cleared, his color was better, and one evening at supper he told her he had a surprise for her. When she asked him what it was he said:

"Well, Myry, you won't believe it, but I 've gained eight pounds."

She set down the chowder-ladle and stared at him. At last she laughed rather shrilly. "I did n't believe it at first," she said, and he chuckled, and said he knew she did n't, but it was the truth. While he ate hungrily she looked at him; but finally she decided it was all right: people with his ailment are apt to have a rapid improvement just before the final decline. In fact, she had known he would gain, though she had n't allowed for anything like eight pounds. But maybe she must allow for even ten. And it was well she looked at it in that way, for, what with the mild fall and the long Indian summer, enabling Rossville to compare itself with California, he achieved the ten pounds before Christmas.

Something, however, besides pounds came to him. Its coming was partly due to the pounds and to the clothes Myra got him, but only because these helped to make visible the charm already in him, and I use the word "charm" deliberately. What it brought was popularity.

"Why, Asa 's getting to be actually good-looking!" was a frequent remark nowadays, and also his good nature and his honesty and other virtues were remembered to his credit. The phrase, "Oh, it 's only Asa" which used to be the commentary on his appearing, became, "Oh, it 's Asa!" Somehow there was a tremendous difference between the new and the old exclamation. His knack for the mandolin was called his talent, and he was made a member of the Lyceum orchestra, and on matters of animal diseases and weather signs and the countless things about which they used to consult him as a fake wizard, they now referred to him in respectful solemnity and faith.

There was one Rossvillite in whom this change of attitude did not occur, for the simple reason that she had always had the attitude, and this was Hattie Buck. Hattie had always liked Asa and stood up for him. Now, when every one was respecting and liking him, she might have said, "I told you he was like this all along," but she did n't, and I know of no better way to show you just what Hattie was than to repeat what she did say, which was this:

"Well, Myra Spells was n't such a mean old maid as we thought she was, for she seen what was in Asa, and she knew if she married him and took care

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of him, he 'd have a chance to show us the stuff he was made of."

In fact, that did seem the only logical explanation of Myra's marrying him, and the citizens verbally allowed that Hattie was right. Then they wondered why they were n't really convinced. Their faith in the meanness of Myra was dying a hard death; actually, its demise was as slow and dubious, for all their desiring it, as Asa's was threatening to be under the anxious eye of Myra. He was out in the car most of the time, but she thought, "It will be all the colder after winter does really set in," and she was not exactly alarmed.

Meantime there were some pleasant thoughts to occupy her mind. Three male citizens had begun to display an interest in her that was almost certainly significant. Two were widowers, one was a bachelor. I have n't their statements,—they made none,—but I assume their secret reflections to have been: a woman who can be a good wife once can be a good wife twice. The widower who had the grocery store sent her extra measure, the bachelor sent her books and magazines, though she never read, and the second widower, a confectioner, conveyed his preference by means of candy sent to her and Asa. She knew well what these attentions meant, but the thrill from them was feeble alongside the thrill she had on the day she met Jeffrey Simms by the post-office and he said banteringly that she and Asa had entertained all their old friends except him, and he wanted to know why he was snubbed. Myra flushed hotly.

"Why, Jeffrey, I did n't suppose you 'd bother with *our* humble hospitality," she stammered. He jokingly scolded her, and the upshot was his acceptance for supper the very next night.

Now, I believe the facts to be simply that Jeffrey, who loved to eat and who had heard of Myra's cooking, wanted to test that talent of hers. At any rate, a feast was spread that satisfied his curiosity as fully as his presence satisfied Myra's palpitating vanity. She could think of nothing but her triumph and of what Hattie Buck would say, for Jeffrey took many of his meals at the Hope Hotel, and it was that very cuisine Myra had set out to excel that night. And when Jeffrey said it was the best food he "had et in a year," she scoffed merrily; but she knew Asa would give the compliment full publicity, for he was overwhelmed by the honor Jeffrey had done them. Indeed, he was likely to gain another pound just on sheer pride.

You can see Myra's predicament. Here she was, famous now for her hospitality and her devotion to her spouse; yet, to keep up the demonstration, she had willy-nilly to keep up the weight of Asa, even to add to it. And as if to make things more difficult, the weather kept mild, and he was forever in the open air.

You say, Suppose he did live over for another year? But think of the expense! Myra thought of it, but most of all she thought of Hattie Buck, who was not marrying any of her suitors, and who must therefore be meaning to redouble her efforts to land Jeffrey Simms before Myra, her rival, could be freed. Yes, that was Myra's view of herself now; she was Hattie's rival. Jeffrey had signified a desire to dine at her table again. The secret longings of thirty years were crystallizing into hopes. It was now that the black eyes

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began to watch Asa with hawk-like keenness, while her readings of the weather reports were almost rapacious. But "Fair and continued mild" was the daily message in the Lancaster "Herald," and "well and continued gaining" was the report of Asa in countenance and frame.

He still gave her small sums of money, and one day he presented her with fifty dollars "from a transaction," he said. But she was not mollified, for she did n't really believe he had earned the money; he was n't an earner. Moreover, rumor had aroused her suspicions, so she said to him one noon:

"Asa, my bills have been pretty big lately. I was just wondering if you would n't as leave sell your back lot. You don't pay any attention to your land any more, anyhow."

He blushed and looked uncomfortable. At last he said:

"Well, Myry, the fact is, I 've sold it."

"What? You mean—and you did not tell me?"

"I 'm so busy on my invention, Myry, and I had to have the money, and I could n't ask *you* for it."

When she could trust her voice she said:

"Well, how about the front lot and the buildings?"

His embarrassment deepened.

"I sold them, too."

"So that was where the fifty came from?"

"Yes; it was all one transaction."

"Transaction!" she cried in a high voice. Then, after a blank pause, she abruptly left him. He sat alone, startled and bewildered by her manner. Then he shook himself, whistled wistfully, then cheerily, and was soon on his way down Main Street. In the post-office he met Hattie Buck.

"You look so well, Asa!" she said in her friendly way.

"You, too, Hattie." And they chatted, and suddenly Asa found himself confiding his hopes about his new invention. "Myry don't set store by my tinkerings, but she 'll be mighty pleased when this one comes through, though she don't know about it, I don't talk to her about it. I aim to surprise her," he added.

Hattie said she would n't tell a soul. She wished him luck and gave him her warm, plump hand. She never told a soul about his invention, either.

Then he turned the little car toward Lancaster, after telephoning Myra that he was seeing some people about a transaction and might n't be home till ten or eleven that night.

§ 5

That afternoon was the date of the beginning of the great weather change, and who would have thought that what began as a mere gentle snow would be the greatest blizzard in Rossville's history? Nor had Asa predicted it.

The gentle snow had not yet taken on ruffian manners when the movie-goers gathered at the Thelma for the seven-thirty performance. The bill featured a favorite of Rossville's, and the audience was large, and Myra was of it. It seems to me that what happened that night was in its nature peculiarly ironical. You may recall that when Myra had had her great inspiration at the movies, she had immediately wondered why no one else had shared it. Well, some one else *had* shared it, and that some one must have been a writer of scenarios for the film.

Whether by the original author of

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that four-ace comedy or not, the theme had been developed and produced.

A thin spinster, not unlike Myra, for that matter, seeing her neighbor, a widow, always surrounded by admirers, conceived the notion of winning a husband via the bereavement route. Down the street was a man so old that he tottered, toothless, deaf, and lame. He was the oldest inhabitant. The spinster wheedled him into marrying her, but not without his drawing up a contract that she would faithfully attend him until he died, which she cheerfully signed. The story then skipped a year and showed the old man still alive. Two years, five years, ten years passed, and he was unchanging, while his spouse, not young to begin with, got thinner and grayer and old. Of course he survived her, and lived to marry a pretty young girl who got all his money. Forgive the coarseness of the story.

I think it was Jeffrey Simms's niece, Mrs. Hemp, who first saw the light. The word was passed with mysterious swiftness, and when the lights were turned up, every eye was fastened on Myra Beebe, and the titter that went around was the same as three hundred pointing forefingers, and when the lights went out, Myra slipped away from her seat and fled from the Thelma.

When, in addition, Mrs. Rotchett, her next-door neighbor, called forth from an awesomely accurate memory the story of that previous four-ace comedy, together with the facts of Myra's having been present and of having on the very next day started out being kind to Asa Beebe, then Rossville saw, as plain as the nose on its face, the great secret of Myra's marriage. It was all over town that night. But so was the blizzard.

Myra did not sit up for Asa, for she was in no mood to look at him. He returned about eleven. She heard him come into the kitchen, stamping the snow from him, then to the bedroom door, where she heard him gently call her name.

She did not answer, and he went back to the kitchen, and soon his pottering noises told her that he was brisking up the fire to boil the kettle. Yes, likely enough he was most frozen, but what of it? Even if he 'd caught his death, what good would that do her now? She listened to the stumping of his wooden leg on the bare floor, then to the sounds of the faucet, of cup and saucer and spoon. These noises were peculiar, and at last she knew why: they were shaky and clattery because Asa was in the throes of a violent chill. Her thin lips pressed together.

"Let him shake!" she said fiercely. I 'm glad she was in the dark, for I am spared the unpleasantness of visualizing her face just then, and can confine myself to her actions. She lay stiff for a time, then she twitched, turned over, made odd, muffled noises. Then she sat up, huddling the blankets about her. Next moment she cast these off, rose from bed, got into her bath-robe, and was on her way to the kitchen.

"What in the name of creation—" she asked sharply.

Asa looked up, and would have spoken, but the words were lost in the castanet-chatterings of his teeth.

"Lands' sakes! now you *have* got yourself in a fix! What? What 's that you say?"

He repeated his grotesque phrases, and she discovered them to be:

"You go to bed, Myry; you 'll catch your death. I 'm just mixing a hot drink o' ginger-tea."

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His eye was wistful, yet there was solicitude in it; he was really afraid she 'd take cold.

She frowned sourly, then came at him in her abrupt, gaunt way, gesturing him toward the bedroom.

"Go get into bed. I 'll fix the ginger-tea. Go on now," as he hesitated. He obeyed.

It was not ginger-tea she brewed; it was a fine big mug of mulled wine.

No, I am not going to strip the secret of that wine to its bones. I shall not say why Myra had been saving, carefully hidden, that noble bottle of port, twin to the bottle broken on the prow of the ship *Matrimony*, or, rather, *Engagement*, on a certain night away back last May. Whatever associations, past, present, or future, clustered about it, she sacrificed them now in this strange impulse, which she at the same time resented angrily, to minister to her spouse.

"Wh-wh-why, M-myry!" Asa clattered, his eye opening widely. "Where on earth d-did ju g-get-it?"

"Never mind *that*," she said brusquely. "You drink it while I get the irons wrapped." And when she brought in the hot irons he had drained the mug.

"Now you get into bed; you 'll freeze," he urged, master of his words again. She made no reply, but went back to the kitchen. There she concocted a first-class mustard-plaster.

"You 're awful' good to me, Myry; it 's a shame to spoil your sleep."

"The best way for me to get sleep is for you to shut up and let me, Asa," was her dry retort. Nevertheless, she reached over and tucked the extra blanket more closely under him.

These attentions must have helped, yet by morning Asa was a sick man and the blizzard was a bad blizzard.

The wires were down, and Myra saw no way of getting Doc Cranberry save by setting out on foot for his house. She faced this new problem of hers at her solitary breakfast in the kitchen—a breakfast she hardly tasted, though from mere habit she had prepared the usual viands. If she did everything she could to save him, people would laugh just the same, even more. They would say she was doing it only to save her face. She could even hear their gibes. But it would be gibes, either way.

Then she heard Asa's labored breathing in the next room, and all at once she realized that she had never seen anybody die. It was really so; her forty-three years had not vouchsafed her this solemn experience. Her parents had died when she was too young to remember, and the aunt she had lived with, and whose cottage she had inherited, had passed away while Myra was absent at Chautauqua; she had barely got home in time for the funeral. Since then she had lived alone, and she was not one of those who visit the sick.

§ 6

She now saw that she had never visualized Asa's demise; she had only looked ahead to a time when he would have ceased to be. But there is usually a process of ceasing, a simple fact she had forgotten. Moreover, he had been so alive of late, so active and busy, and his now lying prostrate, stifling moans, made a contrast too sharp for her to accept offhand. In short, and even despite gibes, when a fellow-being is suffering—

She dressed herself for the trip to Doctor Cranberry's, and brought him back with her.

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They said just what she had known they would say, but though it is not really believable, she hardly cared.

For two weeks she had helped Doc Cranberry—and Asa—fight for Asa's life. She had been up night and day, sacrificing her bed for the kitchen-sofa, her sleep for snatched dozes, her meals for snacks, and in the store her customers, except those whom the young assisant could serve. There was the door to answer, too. Some people called only from curiosity; but it was surprising how many were really concerned about the sick man, and every day came flowers and fruit and custards, especially after he began to mend, and Asa did really begin to mend.

The day that Doc Cranberry pronounced him out of danger Myra said to herself, "Well, I guess you kind of get used to folks, and every man has a right to live, specially when he wants to like *he* does."

Yes, Asa loved life. But one day when he was getting his strength back he said:

"Myry, you been so awful' good to me,—you 've worn yourself to a shadow,—and when I seen how you was working so hard to keep me alive, I said to myself, 'Yes, I will get well; it would be a mean, low trick to die after all she 's doing to save me.' And, Myry, it was really your wanting to have me live; that had just as much to do with it as Doc Cranberry. Yes, and more. And when I 'm well, I 'm going to show you I know how to be grateful."

She went out to the kitchen, and all at once she felt her gaunt cheeks wet with hot brine.

"Oh, I 'm just played out and nervous," she thought angrily. Then she began to brew him a special broth with almost fierce solicitude as to its strength and clarity, setting aside a bowl of chicken soup left by a neighbor that morning.

"He needs beef," she said firmly.

When the broth was made, she took it to him, and I wish I could convince you that there was a tender light, like a maternal glow, in her eyes, and that her voice was, though gruff, tender.

Now, a look like that is not easy to manufacture, and as she continued to wear it not only at home, but abroad, it began to be her unconscious witness, the testimony to a miracle which Rossville had to acknowledge—the miracle of a change in heart. And the heart, then, existed despite their former theory that Myra's anatomy did not boast that organ.

"She certainly must be stuck on him," they said, marveling.

But there are always scoffers. These had their chance before long, though that should be approached through the channel of Asa.

By March he was seen every fine day on the front porch in the sun, swathed in blankets. At the end of the month he was walking, and in April Myra took him to Lancaster in the little car. She did n't know the nature of his business there, and she forebore to ask. After that first time he drove himself over.

One morning about the end of April Myra was in the store when he came in with a mysterious and very excited air. She turned, smiling. Yes, Myra had developed a smile. It was n't much yet, for it was still very young in the world. The chief point is that it made her almost young herself.

"Got something to show you, Myry." He held a paper.

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She smiled again, but merely said: "Oh, is that so?" and picked a thread from his sleeve. "Well, what is it, Asa?" Then she saw his hand tremble, and she said quickly, "What *is* it?"

"Something kind of nice." His voice trembled. He shakily unfolded the paper, a long document. Neither he nor Myra noticed the young girl assistant behind the counter. "It 's about the patents for my pump."

"Pump? What pump?"

"Why, one I invented." His smirk blended extreme pride and tremulous suspense. His eye was like the wild tail of a dog who has treed a—you can't guess what, but just look up there and *see!*

"But what is it? What 's this?" She had caught the excitement without understanding its source.

"That 's the deed of transference, and this here 's the—the check—ten thousand dollars, yes, Myry, hope I may die—ten thousand, cash, in the Lancaster Bank." After swallowing he added, "You see, this was the transaction I was busy on when I got sick."

Myra also was swallowing, and she was as white as a sheet; but at that moment the reporter chap came from Lancaster to write Asa up for a big feature in the morrow's "Herald."

The scoffers tried to say that she knew about the pump all the time, and that was why she saved him; but then came the evidence of the young girl assistant in the shop, who had witnessed Myra's thunderstruck amazement. And then came Hattie Buck.

"He told me, Asa did, all about his pump the day of the blizzard, and he said he was n't going to tell her till it succeeded, and then he was going to surprise her. And I swore I 'd never breathe it to a soul, and I did n't. You folks ought to be ashamed. Even supposing Myra did used to be kind of hard-like, getting a good husband makes a woman mighty different, and I guess some of you are jealous because she got him instead of you, now he 's a genius and wealthy and famous all over the State."

Some one was rash enough to ask her why *she* herself had n't married him.

Hattie smiled.

"Me? I would have took him if I could of got him—and if Jeffrey Simms had n't already asked me. I guess I might as well tell it now as any other time; Jeffrey and me 's engaged, you know."

One day Myra said to her husband: "Asa, don't you think we ought to give a real nice wedding present to Hattie and Jeff?"

"Why, yes, Myry, we ought to do that," Asa said, pleased. "I always did like Hattie, and Jeff, too."

Myra nodded.

Then they went to Lancaster to buy the wedding present, and they bought also anniversary presents for each other, as they had been married just a year.

Yes, Asa lived a long time. But he would do that, anyhow; he was that sort of man.

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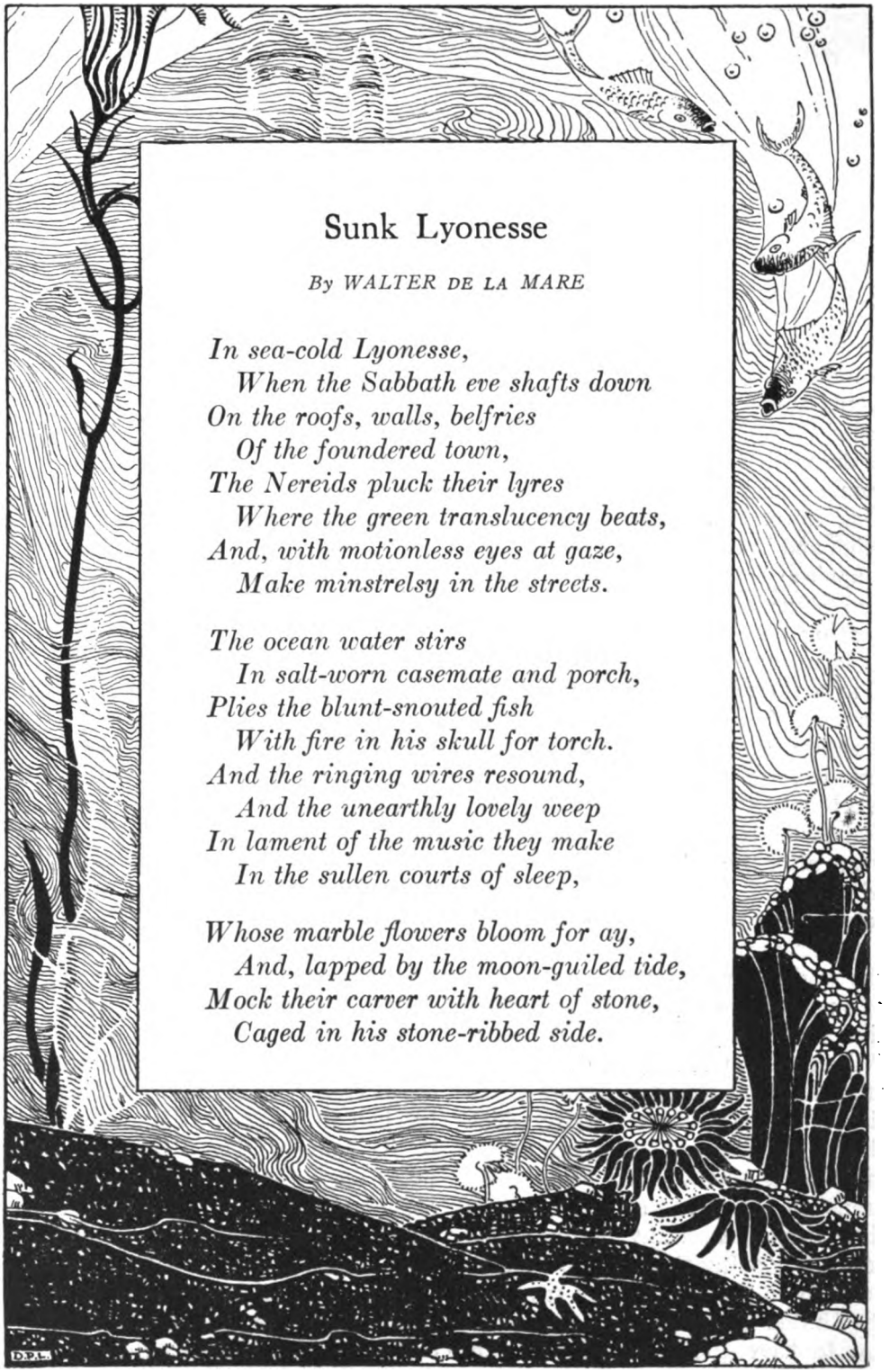

Sunk Lyonesse

By WALTER DE LA MARE

In sea-cold Lyonesse,
When the Sabbath eve shafts down
On the roofs, walls, belfries
Of the foundered town,
The Nereids pluck their lyres
Where the green translucency beats,
And, with motionless eyes at gaze,
Make minstrelsy in the streets.

The ocean water stirs
In salt-worn casemate and porch,
Plies the blunt-snouted fish
With fire in his skull for torch.
And the ringing wires resound,
And the unearthly lovely weep
In lament of the music they make
In the sullen courts of sleep,

Whose marble flowers bloom for ay,
And, lapped by the moon-guiled tide,
Mock their carver with heart of stone,
Caged in his stone-ribbed side.

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The Struggle for Constantinople

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

IF a new Rip Van Winkle had gone to sleep at any time in the nineteenth century and awoke to-day, one column in the morning newspaper would afford him no sensation of surprise. Were his eye to fall first upon a despatch from Constantinople, he would read it without discovering his long sleep. Metternich and Castlereigh and Talleyrand, Palmerston and Napoleon III, Bismarck and Disraeli and Shuvaloff, would find history repeating itself with a vengeance in the Golden Horn. Throughout the World War and during the three years that have followed the collapse of Turkey, European diplomacy has been running true to form in the Near East. This is a peculiarly distressing and hopeless statement to make more than two years after the creation of the League of Nations. But the truth does not set us free unless we know the truth.

Some of my friends who believe that the world was regenerated by reason of our victory over the Germans, and that the high principles of President Wilson are triumphing in international affairs, tell me that the Near-Eastern situation is simply one failure which should not discredit the peace settlement as a whole. One hears them argue on the platform and one sees their articles, especially "letters to the editor," flooding the press. We cannot expect perfection, they say, and the United States should be ashamed not to have gone forward with our comrades-in-arms in undertaking a new era in world affairs. Differences of opinion among the Entente powers? Friction in the Near East? Inability to agree upon a common policy to adopt toward Turkey? These are minor matters. The great fact is the League of Nations, which is functioning.

The trouble is that the Near-Eastern situation is not a minor matter. The bloody wars of the nineteenth century had their origin in international rivalry in the Near East. The inability of Turkey to retain her European provinces was the direct cause of the recent World War. The war began in the Balkans, and there was no hope of its ending until a decisive victory had been won in the Balkans. Nor is there hope of peace until peace is made in the Balkans. The future of Constantinople is the dominating factor in Balkan unrest in the autumn of 1921, just as it was in the autumn of 1914.

The League of Nations has no chance to live in the present international atmosphere. The United States Senate has had nothing to do with its success or its failure. The statesmen who made the Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties of 1919 and 1920 did not let the League of Nations enter into their calculations. So long as public opinion in Great Britain, France, and Italy supports, or at least tolerates, the diplomacy of European statesmen, the

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league will remain a dead letter, and the victory over Germany will not have meant a step forward toward a new era in international good-will.

§ 2

The nations struggling for the control of Constantinople are Turkey, Russia, Greece, Great Britain, France, and Italy.

The expulsion of Turkey from Europe was one of the war aims of the Entente powers, as set forth in their reply to Mr. Wilson's official request for information about what they were fighting for. Great Britain, France, and Italy had agreed by a secret treaty, concluded in 1915, to give Constantinople to Russia as a part of Russia's war booty. But the Petrograd revolution and its aftermath led to a renunciation of the claim to Constantinople by the *de facto* Government in control of Russia at the time of the Turkish collapse. Consequently, the city was occupied by the other Entente powers, jointly. Three years later, British, French, and Italians are still there.

So are the Turks. The sultan goes to prayers on Fridays with all the show of former days. The Sublime Porte functions; at least as well as the League of Nations is functioning. Police authority is divided with the Allies, but the Turks still distribute the mail and collect the taxes. If one European power were holding Constantinople with the certainty of remaining, the Turks would feel ill at ease. As they have three occupying powers, each hating the others and trying to oust the others, why should the Turks worry?

It is true that after eighteen months of bickering the premiers of Great Britain, France, and Italy agreed at San Remo upon a compromise of interests which was afterward presented to the Turks as the Treaty of Sèvres, and signed on August 10, 1920. But the treaty has never been ratified and put into force. The Italians did not want it, and said so frankly at the time. After Constantine returned to the throne of Greece, the French determined to revise the Treaty of Sèvres. Among the Moslems of India, the British have encountered formidable opposition to taking Constantinople away from the Calif of the Faithful. The Turks, fighting successfully against the Greeks in Asia Minor, making trouble for the French in Syria and the British in Mesopotamia and India, are sure that they will keep Constantinople. And now, having recovered from the scare of losing the last foothold in Europe, they boldly tell the world that they insist upon the retention of Thrace to protect Constantinople and of Smyrna as the port of Asia Minor.

If the Turks are driven out of Constantinople, however, the strongest claimant is Russia. Despair over the failure of the adventurers they backed and contempt of Bolshevism have led statesmen and publicists into the sad error of believing that Russia is eliminated from the struggle for Constantinople. It requires a remarkable ignorance of the spirit of Russia, of Russian history, of Russia's economic needs and latent power, to think that Russia is out of the running in the race for Constantinople.

When the Bolshevist régime falls, and Russia "returns to the family of nations," as Mr. Colby loved to put it, the French are going to bring up the question of the indebtedness of the defunct régime. The United States supports France in insisting upon Russia's

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recognition of her international obligations. The new Russian Government will argue that it is a poor sword that does not cut both ways. If Russia from 1917 on has been in the hands of a band of adventurers, branded as outlaws, then the disappearance of the Bolshevists restores the *status quo* of the beginning of 1917. Russia, in her right mind again, will honor her international obligations, but she will expect also what is due her. What is due her? Constantinople.

The British Foreign Office, which sees facts as they are, anticipated this embarrassment two years ago. It was bad enough to be blackmailed in a critical period of the war into promising Constantinople to czarist Russia, but it would be a calamity to British interests if this strategic position were in the hands of a strong and flourishing liberal Russia. Believing that the Turks could not be maintained, the British, with their usual realism, decided that the way to checkmate Russia was to give Constantinople to Greece. Her geographical position made Greece a vassal of Great Britain. With the Greeks in Constantinople, the British would have no difficulty in remaining the power behind the throne and using this power to further their own commercial interests at the detriment of the interests of rival nations. The British regarded Greece as a kind of protectorate, financially and militarily under the control of Great Britain. This scheme was spoiled by the fall of Venizelos and the subsequent serious defeat of the Greek armies in Asia Minor.

§ 3

Before the peace conference opened, the French aim was to become the dominant power in the eastern Mediterranean. Frenchmen of the old school and young illuminati alike had never forgiven Great Britain for seizing Cyprus and doing France out of the Suez Canal and Egypt. Virtually without exception, my friends, even those most in sympathy with the British, believed that the forte of Great Britain after every war was to reap where she had sowed not. Others discovered and founded new lands, conquered and developed old lands, and then, when the peace treaty was signed after a war,—any war,—the choicest bits were found to have entered into the joy of the *pax Britannica*. After this war it was going to be different. Canada and India, many islands and Egypt, were past history. The Near East had been culturally French since the Crusades. From Saloniki to Beirut, France was determined to reign supreme. Palestine represented the very last concession it was possible for the French to make. Of course the French did not hope to possess Constantinople, but they were not going to let the British settle themselves on the Bosporus, as they had done at Gibraltar and Port Said, in Malta and Cyprus. For this would mean British domination of the Mediterranean and the Black seas, and for British capital and British goods the priority in markets which had been traditionally French.

Right up to the time of the armistice and afterward, until the collapse of Baron Wrangel, France hoped for the miracle of the rebirth of her old ally. This would have solved the Constantinople question for France. As long as Venizelos was in power in Greece the French did not despair of preventing Greece from becoming infeodated to

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Great Britain. Although seriously embarrassed in Cilicia and Syria by the attacks of the Turkish Nationalists, the French held off from espousing the cause of Turkey with the idea that, failing Russia, Greece at Constantinople might prove the means of relaxing the increasing stranglehold of the British. This hope died with the return of Constantine, whom the French will never forgive or trust.

But another factor was at work in the Franco-British rivalry in Constantinople and the Near East the importance of which was decisive. This factor has complicated the French attitude toward the future of Constantinople and the realization of French dreams throughout the Near East. From April, 1919, until June, 1921, the aspirations of France in the eastern Mediterranean have had to be subordinated to the more important consideration of coercing Germany. With successive French premiers Mr. Lloyd George has played a skilful game. He has balked every time France has wanted to speak firmly to Germany, balked on the Rhine occupation, the Saar Valley, the entry into Frankfort, the taking over of the Ruhr Basin, the upper Silesian settlement, the amount and method of payment of the German indemnity, the trial of war prisoners, and enforcing German disarmament. Much of his opposition was sincere and based on common sense, but every time he gave in to the French he did it on the basis of *do ut des*, and one after the other the French aims in the Near East suffered diminution at the expense of British aims. It was not through intrigues and a skilful working out of policies in the Near East that the British gradually gained control of Constantinople and extended the frontiers of Mesopotamia and Palestine, but by agreeing to back the French in some new demand upon Germany. The Treaty of Sèvres itself is the result of one of these compromises.

The French are beginning to see, however, that they have sacrificed their ambitions in the Near East without the compensation of gaining what they wanted in Europe. Especially do they see that they have been led to allow the British to become the controlling factor in Constantinople. It looks like another Egypt, but in a far more aggravated form. Alive to the peril of having to abandon Constantinople to the British, because France cannot afford to oppose Great Britain, French diplomacy is now determined to restore the *status quo ante bellum*. English and American writers, who do not understand the character of the French and the motives of French foreign policy, attribute all this astonishing change of attitude to the fear France has of Turkish intrigue in Syria and to the resentment of the French against the Greece that has welcomed back Constantine. These are undoubtedly factors that have helped to win a popular approval in France for the Near-Eastern policy of the Government, but the real reason why France espouses the Nationalist cause is the determination to get the British out of Constantinople.

I am not conjecturing. The trend of the French press, inspired by the Government, leaves no room for doubt as to what is prompting France to send arms and money to Kemal Pasha and to insist that the Supreme Council disapprove the military plans of King Constantine. To cite only one of a number of significant editorials, the

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Paris "Temps" of June 11 said that Great Britain's aim was to control the straits in order to have free access to southern Russia and the oil-wells of the Caucasus. The "Temps" asserts that Great Britain's policy "is primarily dictated by the desire that a government which is under her control should be in power at Constantinople. France and Italy seek, on the other hand, to obtain the freedom of the straits by negotiation between the two belligerents."

Returning to the charge two days later, the "Temps" declared that if the Greeks were given a free hand and won a victory over the Turks, Constantinople would become Greek. Then, asks the "Temps," "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*"

During the war one of the telling indictments against Germany was her friendship for and alliance with Turkey when the Armenians were being massacred. Germany was held responsible for the massacres on the ground that she could have stopped them had she used her influence with her ally. This was true; but is it not equally true now that France must bear the opprobrium, and in a measure the responsibility, of the Armenian and Greek massacres of 1920 and 1921? A French general negotiated with the Nationalists in Cilicia without stipulating that the massacres should cease. French diplomats have negotiated with the Angora government of Kemal Pasha, conniving at the massacres of Armenians and Greeks. The sole thought of the Germans during the war was to use the Turks and not to run any risk of offending them by protesting against the massacres. This is exactly what the French are doing now.

§ 4

Italy has been watching with disgust and alarm the doings of France and Great Britain in the Near East. To the Italian it seems preposterous that either France or Great Britain should aspire to dominate the Mediterranean. Great Britain is in the Mediterranean only by right of conquest, while France has a wide Atlantic outlet. Both Great Britain and France have colonies all over the world. Italy, on the other hand, is a Mediterranean state, the only one of the great powers which is Mediterranean. She has virtually no colonial possessions in comparison with those of her allies. She is the nearest power to the eastern Mediterranean. Greece is her neighbor and rival. The grain of southern Russia is essential to her existence. Invoking the historic after the geographical, economic, and strategic arguments, Italy has a better claim to be the predominant power in the Near East than France or Great Britain. French and English get as well as give in their diplomatic tiffs. Italy feels that she is frozen out altogether. Only two of the great powers have any real claim on Constantinople, and those two are decidedly not Great Britain and France. Italian public opinion is willing to concede the reasonableness of the Russian claims, but if these are not granted, considers that Italy is the next heir to the Ottoman Empire. Italy was at Constantinople before the Turks came. If any Europeans return, why not the Italians, whose Galata Tower still rises by the Golden Horn?

Italians understand to perfection the principle of whacking up, and the treaty of 1915 shows that they entered

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the war with the idea of sharing its spoils. But for them the spoils have not been forthcoming. Wherever it was a question of their share, they were confronted with the ideals of the war, and were told that the principle of self-determination must prevail. As an example of this cynicism, they cite Mr. Wilson's Fiume declaration, written in the same week that Shantung was handed over to Japan. And since the peace conference it has been explained to them that Egyptians and Moroccans have not the right to self-determination, but Albanians have. At Paris, when Signor Orlando was pleading for Smyrna, he answered the argument of injustice to Turkey and Greece by asking the English how they justified their presence in Hong-Kong.

"That was long ago," was the answer. M. Clemenceau assented. Signor Orlando quickly got back at him.

"But do you not base your right to Alsace-Lorraine on the ground that a title won by force cannot plead prescription?"

The Italians have learned since 1918 that to British and French statesmen there is only one law, the law of might, and only one title, the title of conquest. Italy, not being strong, has had to bow to her more powerful allies. Italy, not having any conquests worth while, has not been able to make swaps, as the French and British have done. So Italy's Near-Eastern ambitions are not being realized. Thoughtful Italians feel that within the next generation Italy will be compelled to fight for the control of the eastern Mediterranean, with Greece certainly, and probably also with France and Great Britain, or remain permanently an economic slave in her own ocean.

Because her navy is unable to cope with those of her allies, Italy has to keep quiet. She can take no active part in the struggle for Constantinople, and can only hope that the Turks will smash the Greeks in Asia Minor and that Great Britain and France will come to blows. The state of mind in Italy as a result of the game Mr. Lloyd George has been playing with successive French premiers is well illustrated by the Turin "Stampa," the organ of Signor Giolitti. Says the "Stampa," apropos of the British concessions to France in Germany in return for a free hand to be given to Great Britain in Constantinople and the Near East:

> In both camps it would be the triumph of an Imperialist policy which would foster new wars and end in rendering illusory the very agreement between the contracting parties. . . . It is not necessary to point out, besides, the injury to Italy, to Germany, to Turkey, and even to Greece (really reduced in that case to British vassalage) implied by this hypothetical division in zones of influence of a vast world stretching from the Rhine to the Euphrates, from Cologne to Bagdad.

§ 5

American newspapers and magazines have been full of stories of friction between British, Italians, and French in upper Silesia. The facts are indisputable. General Lerond, obeying orders from Paris, has helped on the insurrection, and has tried to protect the Poles at every point. Italians have been killed, and most of the British officers have resigned and gone home, disgusted at the unfairness of the French. The League of Nations has done nothing, following the deplorable example of inertia or impotence given in the cases of Fiume and Vilna. The faith of the blindest optimist in

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the new-world order ought to be shaken by the events in Silesia. For all we have there is mean and sordid, a struggle for a new balance of power and for coal. Signor Giolitti is right in saying that in Silesia the men directing French foreign policy are seeking the domination of Europe. Great Britain and Italy oppose this ambition.

But a more dangerous and significant struggle is going on at Constantinople. On the Bosporus the men directing British foreign policy are seeking the domination of the world. France and Italy oppose this ambition. A rupture between the Allies in Silesia is impossible, for they are compelled to compose their differences and to maintain a semblance of solidarity in a part of the world that borders on Russia and Germany. Poland is still too much in the embryonic stage to be counted upon as a barrier between defeated Germany and outlawed Russia. The situation is different in Constantinople; the mistress of the seas is able to impose her will upon France and Italy. But there are indirect ways of thwarting Great Britain. These ways are being used.

What hope is there for an international council of nations, for an agreement to disarm, when three of the "Principal Allied and Associated Powers" are at one anothers' throats, or rather at one anothers' backs? Italians made possible the Turkish offensive against the French in Cilicia. French and Italians have made possible the Nationalist resistance to the Greeks in western Asia Minor. An Italian is *porte parole* for Kemal Pasha at Sofia. Through various channels Bulgarians and Rumanians and Serbians are sounding one another out, moved by a common alarm over the rapid progress of Panhellenism. They fear there would be no holding of the Greeks if once Constantine were crowned Emperor of the East in St. Sophia. There is also uneasiness over the presence of the remnant of General Wrangel's army at Gallipoli and of thousands of Russians at Constantinople. Currents and counter-currents! None knows how his neighbor stands. Without a common policy of interests, much less of ideals, on the part of the victors whose armies occupy Constantinople, how could it be otherwise?

It is terrifying to think of the possibilities of evil arising from the struggle for Constantinople. They reach out over the whole world, these possibilities of evil, embracing as they do the new drive of Russia against Great Britain in western and central Asia, the extension of Bolshevism to the Balkans and Africa, the revival of Panislamism, the disruption of the Entente Alliance, the speedy release of Germany from a thraldom which for her own soul's sake should last for some years longer, a new bleeding of Christendom in the Near East, and the very rapid strengthening of Japan in relation to the white race.

§ 6

If old-fashioned diplomacy continues to direct the relations between nations in the Near East, the League of Nations and disarmament conferences will not prevent the world from drifting soon again into war. Without any knowledge of contemporary events, one could still figure out that there would have to be a removal of causes before other results than those we have had in the past from international diplomacy were to be expected. But with this concrete illustration of the

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struggle for Constantinople before us, how can we say that the time is ripe for the lamb to lie down with the lion? In the international atmosphere of to-day nations, fresh from the experiences of the war, may feel with Sir Walter Raleigh,

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.

Aspirations and misgivings are mingled. But in the end, although we have dreamed of great things and have lived in our high hopes, we find that all the world has been like the man *Queen Mab* visited, who "swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again."

Englishmen and Scotchmen are as innocent of any deep-laid plot to control the world as you and I are. They are proud of their country's prestige and honor, and profit by her power, but they rarely give a thought to how the prestige and honor are involved, to how the power was gained and is being maintained and extended. Constantinople means no more to them than a sky-line of minarets. Frenchmen have an imperfect knowledge of the Silesian question, and do not know what lies between Beirut and Aleppo. But they have to accept the responsibilities as well as the privileges of power, and these responsibilities are contracted in their name by a small group of men over whose actions they exercise slight, if any, control. When the moment for throwing them against one another like wild beasts arrives, their statesmen make use of the science of mob psychology. Twenty years ago Great Britain and France would have fought over the possession of the head-waters of the Nile, which not one in a million had ever seen or cared about, had the French thought they could get away with it. What would have happened between the United States and Great Britain within our own memory had the British not backed down on the question of a quarrel in a country the name of which Americans had to look in the dictionary to know how to spell?

A world longing for peace has a hard task ahead of it. A League of Nations and disarmament are noble ideals, but they are attainable only if we realize what we have to do to attain them. We must come to them intelligently, or we shall not come to them at all. If we think they are within our grasp now, we shall lose them—for our lifetime, at least.

Education and discussion of international problems are the crying need of to-day. Do we know the history of our own times? When we read of contemporary events, have we the background to interpret them satisfactorily to ourselves? Do we study the business of government, earnestly and assiduously, as we study our own private business? Are we in a position to pass judgment upon the policies set forth by our representatives and the leaders of other nations who ask for our support and coöperation? Do we realize that the ultimate control of foreign policy is in our assent, and that how the affairs of the nation are managed affects to-day more than ever before in history our pocket-books, our lives, our honor?

Let us begin with the struggle for Constantinople. It is poisoning the world. What do you think about it? How would you settle the future of Constantinople? This and other international conflicts are the problems of to-day. We must live to-day before to-morrow dawns.

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Mr. Pottle and the South-Sea Cannibals

By RICHARD CONNELL

Drawings by JOHN HELD, JR.

MR. POTTLE was a barber, but also a man of imagination, and as his hands went through their accustomed motions, his mind was far away, recalling what he had read the night before.

Bright Marquesas sunlight glinted from the cutlass of the intrepid explorer as with a sweep of his arm he brought the blade down on the tatooed throat of the man-eating savage.

Mr. Pottle's errant mind was jerked back sharply from the South Seas to Granville, Ohio, by a protesting voice.

"Hey, Pottle, what 's bitin' you? You took a slice out o' my Adam's apple that time."

Mr. Pottle, with apologetic murmurs, rubbed the wound with an alum stick; then he dusted his victim with talcum powder, and gave the patented chair a little kick, so that its occupant was shot bolt upright.

"Bay rum?" asked Mr. Pottle, professionally.

"Nope."

"Dandruff-Death?"

"Nope."

"Sweet Lilac Tonic?"

"Nope."

"Plain water?"

"Yep."

Naked savages danced and howled round the great pot in which the trussed explorer had been placed. The cannibal chief, firebrand in hand, made ready to ignite the fagots under the pot. It began to look bad for the explorer.

Again a shrill voice of protest punctured Mr. Pottle's day-dream.

"Hey, Pottle, come to life! You 've went and put Sweet Lilac Tonic on me 'stead of plain water. I ain't going to no coon ball. You 've gone and smelled me up like a screamin' geranium."

"Why, so I have, so I have," said Mr. Pottle, in accents of surprise and contrition. "Sorry, Luke. It 'll wear off in a day or two. Guess I must be gettin' absent-minded."

"That 's what you said last Saddy when you clipped a piece out o' Virgil Overholt's ear," observed Luke, with some indignation. "What 's bitin' you, anyhow, Pottle? You used to be the best barber in the country before you took to readin' them books."

"What books?"

"All about cannibals and explorers and the South-Sea Islands," answered Luke.

"They 're good books," said Mr. Pottle, warmly. His eyes brightened. "I just got a new one," he said. "It 's called 'Green Isles, Brown Man-Eaters, and a White Man.' I sat up till two readin' it. It 's about the Marquesas Islands, and it 's a darn'

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excitin' book, Luke."

"It excited you so much you sliced my Adam's apple," grumbled Luke, clamping on his rubber collar. "You had better cut out this fool readin'."

"Don't you ever read, Luke?"

"Sure I do. 'The Mornin' News-Press' for week-days, 'The P'lice Gazette' when I come here to get shaved Saddy nights, and the Bible for Sundays. That 's readin' enough for any man."

"Did you ever read 'Robinson Crusoe'?"

"Nope, but I heard him."

"Heard him? Heard who?"

"Crusoe," said Luke, snapping his ready-tied tie into place.

"Heard him? You could n't have heard him."

"I could n't, hey? Well, I did."

"Where?" demanded Mr. Pottle.

"Singin' on a phonograph," said Luke.

Mr. Pottle said nothing; Luke was a regular customer, and in successful modern business the customer is always right. However, Mr. Pottle seized a strop and with vigorous stroppings expressed his disgust at a man who had n't heard of 'Robinson Crusoe,' for Robinson was one of Mr. Pottle's deities.

When Luke reached the door, he turned.

"Say, Pottle," he said, "if you 're so nutty about these here South Sea Islands, why don't you go there?"

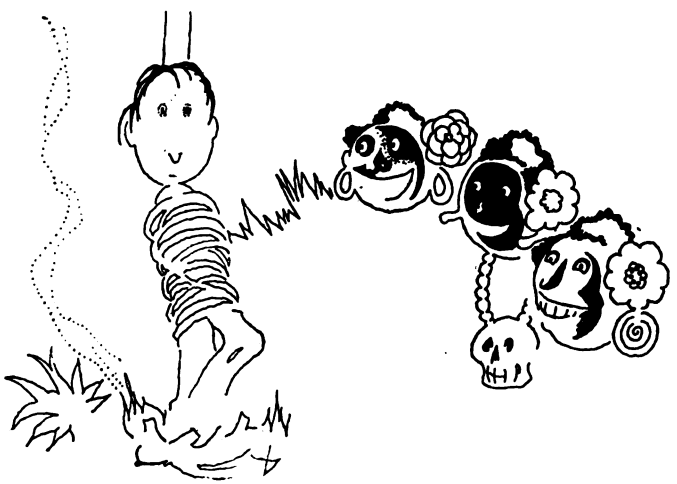
Mr. Pottle ceased his stropping.

"I am going," he said.

Luke gave a dubious hoot and vanished. He did not realize that he had heard Mr. Pottle make the big decision of his life.

§ 2

That night Mr. Pottle finished the book, and dreamed, as he had dreamed on many a night since the lure of the South Seas first cast a spell on him, that in a distant, sun-loved isle, bright with greens and purples, he reclined beneath the *mana-mana-hine* (or umbrella fern) on his own *paepae* (or platform), a scarlet *pareu* (or breech-clout)



"It began to look bad for the explorer"

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about his middle, a yellow hibiscus flower in his hair, while the *kukus* (or small green turtle-doves) cooed in the branches of the *pevatvii* (or banana-tree), and *Bunnidori* (that is, she, with the Lips of Love), a tawny maid of wondrous beauty, played softly to him on the ukulele. The tantalizing fragrance of a bowl of *popoi* (or pudding) mingled in his nostrils with the more delicate perfume of the golden blossoms of the *puu-epu* (or mulberry-tree). A sound in the jungle, a deep *boom! boom! boom!* roused him from this reverie.

"What is it, O Bunnidori?" he asked.

"'T is a feast, O my Pottle, Lord of the Menikes (that is, white men)," lisped his companion.

"Upon what do the men in the jungle feast, O plump and pleasing daughter of delight?" inquired Mr. Pottle, who was up on Polynesian etiquette.

She lowered her already low voice still lower.

"Upon the long pig that speaks," she whispered.

A delicious shudder ran down the spine of the sleeping Mr. Pottle, for from his reading he knew that "the long pig that speaks" means—man!

For Mr. Pottle had one big ambition, one great suppressed desire. It was the dearest wish of his thirty-six years of life to meet a cannibal, a real cannibal, face to face, eye to eye.

Next day he sold his barber's shop. Two months and seventeen days later he was unpacking his trunk in the tiny settlement of Vait-hua, in the Marquesas Islands, in the heart of the South Seas.

The air was balmy, the sea deep purple, the nodding palms and giant ferns of the greenest green were exactly as advertised; but when the first week or two of enchantment had worn off, Mr. Pottle owned to a certain feeling of disappointment.

He tasted *popoi* and found it rather nasty; the hotel in which he stayed—the only one—was deficient in plumbing, but not in fauna. The natives—he had expected great things of the natives—were remarkably like underdone Pullman porters wrapped in bandana handkerchiefs. They were not exciting, they exhibited no inclination to eat Mr. Pottle or one another, they coveted his pink shirt, and begged for a drink from his bottle of Sweet Lilac Tonic.

He mentioned his disappointment at these evidences of civilization to Tiki Tiu, the astute native who kept the general store.

Mr. Pottle's mode of conversation was his own invention. From the books he had read he improvised a language. It was simple. He gave English words a barbaric sound, usually by suffixing "um" or "ee," shouted them at the top of his voice into the ear of the person with whom he was conversing, and repeated them in various permutations. He addressed Tiki Tiu with brisk and confident familiarity.

"Helloee, Tiki Tiu. Me wantum see can-balls. Can-balls me wantum see. Me see can-balls wantum."

The venerable native, who spoke seventeen island dialects and tongues, and dabbled in English, Spanish, and French, appeared to apprehend his meaning; indeed, one might almost have thought he had heard this question before, for he answered promptly:

"No more can-balls here. All Baptists."

"Where are can-balls? Can-balls

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where are? Where can-balls are?" demanded Mr. Pottle.

Tiki Tiu closed his eyes and let blue smoke filter through his nostrils. Finally he said:

"Isle of O-pip-ee."

"Isle of O-pip-ee?" Mr. Pottle grew excited. "Where is? Is where?"

"Two hunded miles south," answered Tiki Tiu.

Mr. Pottle's eyes sparkled. He was on the trail.

"How go there? Go there how? There go how?" he asked.

Tiki Tiu considered. Then he said:

"I take. Nice li'l' schooner."

"How much," asked Mr. Pottle. "Much how?"

Tiki Tiu considered again.

"Ninety-three dol's," he said.

"Goodum!" cried Mr. Pottle, and counted the proceeds of 186 hair-cuts into the hand of Tiki Tiu.

"You take me to-mollow? To-mollow you take me? Me you take to-mollow? To-mollow? To-mollow? To-mollow?" asked Mr. Pottle.

"Yes," promised Tiki Tiu; "to-mollow."

Mr. Pottle stayed up all night packing; from time to time he referred to much-thumbed copies of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Green Isles, Brown Man-Eaters, and a White Man."

Tiki Tiu's nice li'l' schooner deposited Mr. Pottle and his impedimenta on the small, remote Isle of O-pip-ee; Tiki Tiu agreed to return for him in a month.

"This is something like it," exclaimed Mr. Pottle as he unpacked his camera, his ukulele, his razors, his canned soup, his heating outfit, and his bathing-suit. Only the wild parrakeets heard him; save for their calls, an ominous silence hung over the thick foliage of O-pip-ee. There was not the ghost of a sign of human habitation.

Mr. Pottle, vaguely apprehensive of sharks, pitched his pup-tent far up on the beach; to-morrow would be time enough to look for cannibals.

He lay smoking and thinking. He was happy. The realization of a life's ambition lay, so to speak, just around the corner. To-morrow he could turn that corner—if he wished.

He squirmed as something small nibbled at his hip-bone, and he wondered why writers of books on the South Seas make such scant mention of the insects. Surely they must have noticed the little creatures, which had, he discovered, a way of making their presence felt.

He wondered, too, now that he came to think of it, if he had n't been a little rash in coming alone to a cannibal-infested isle with no weapons of defense but a shot-gun, picked up at a bargain at the last minute, and his case of razors. True, in all the books by explorers he had read, the explorer never once had actually been eaten; he always lived to write the book. But what about the explorers who had not written books? What had happened to them?

He flipped a centipede off his ankle, and wondered if he had n't been just a little too impulsive to sell his profitable barber-shop, to come many thousand miles over strange waters, to maroon himself on the lonely Isle of O-pip-ee. At Vait-hua he had heard that cannibals do not fancy white men for culinary purposes. He gave a little start as he looked down at his own bare legs and saw that the tropic sun had already tinted them a coffee hue.

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Mr. Pottle did not sleep well that night; strange sounds made his eyes fly open. Once it was a curious scuttling along the beach. Peeping out from his pup-tent, he saw half a dozen *tupa* (or giant tree-climbing crabs) on a nocturnal raid on a cocoanut-grove. Later he heard the big nuts come crashing down. The day shift of insects had quit, and the night shift, fresh and hungry, came to work; inquisitive vampire bats butted their soft heads against his tent.

At dawn he set about finding a permanent abode. He followed a small fresh-water stream two hundred yards inland, and came to a coral cave by a pool, a ready-made home, cool and, more important, well concealed. He spent the day settling down, chasing out the bats, putting up mosquito-netting, tidying up. He dined well off cocoanut milk and canned sardines, and was so tired that he fell asleep before he could change his bathing-suit for pajamas. He slept fairly well, albeit he dreamed that two cannibal kings were disputing over his prostrate form whether he would be better as a ragout or stuffed with chestnuts.

Waking, he decided to lie low and wait for the savages to show themselves, for he knew from Tiki Tiu that the Isle of O-pip-ee was not more than seven miles long and three or four miles wide; sooner or later they must pass near him. He figured that there was logic in this plan, for no cannibal had seen him land; therefore he knew that the cannibals were on the isle, but they did not know that he was. The advantage was his.

§ 3

For days he remained secluded, subsisting on canned foods, cocoanuts, *mei* (or breadfruit), and an occasional boiled baby *feke* (or young devil-fish) a nest of which Mr. Pottle found on one furtive moonlight sally to the beach.

Emboldened by this sally and by the silence of the woods, Mr. Pottle made other expeditions away from his cave; on one he penetrated fully five hundred yards into the jungle. He was prowling, like a Cooper Indian, among the *faufee* (or lacebark-trees) when he heard a sound that sent him scurrying and quaking back to his lair.

It was a faint sound that the breezes bore to him, so faint that he could not be sure; but it sounded like some far-off barbaric instrument mingling its dim notes with those of a human voice raised in a weird, primeval chant.

But the savages did not show themselves, and finding no cannibals by night, Mr. Pottle grew still bolder; he ventured on short explorations by day. He examined minutely his own cove, and then one morning crept over a low ledge and into the next cove. He made his way cautiously along the smooth, white beach. The morning was still, calm, beautiful. Its peace all but drove thoughts of cannibals from his mind. He came to a strip of land running into the sea; another cove lay beyond. Mr. Pottle was an impulsive man; he pushed through the *keoho* (or thorn-bushes); his foot slipped; he rolled down a declivity and into the next cove.

He did not stay there; he did not even tarry. What he saw sent him dashing through the thorn-bushes and along the white sand like a hundred-yard sprinter. In the sand of the cove were many imprints of naked human feet.

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"'Eatum long pig Eatum Pottle-Pottle'"

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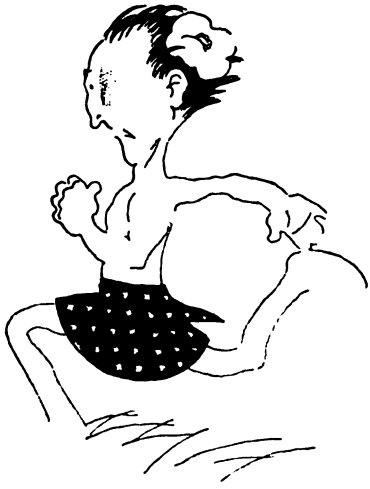
A less stout-hearted man than Mr. Pottle would never have come out of his cave again; but he had come eight thousand miles to see a cannibal. An overmastering desire had spurred him on; he would not give up now. Of such stuff are Ohio barbers made.

§ 4

A few days later, at twilight, he issued forth from his cave again. Around his loins was a scarlet *pareu;* he had discarded his bathing-suit as too civilized. In his long, black hair was a yellow hibiscus flower.

Like a burglar, he crept along the beach to the bushy promontory that hid the cove where the footprints were, he wiggled through the bush, he slid down to the third beach, and crouched behind a large rock. The beach seemed deserted; the muttering of the ocean was the only sound Mr. Pottle



The savage darted down the beach

heard. Another rock, a dozen feet away, seemed to offer better concealment, and he stepped out toward it, and then stopped short. Mr. Pottle stood face to face with a naked, brown savage.

Mr. Pottle's feet refused to take him away; a paralysis such as one has in nightmares rooted him to the spot. His returning faculties took in these facts: first, the savage was unarmed; second, Mr. Pottle had forgotten to bring his shot-gun. It was a case of man to man-eater.

The savage was large, well-fed, almost fat; his long black hair fringed his head; he did not wear a particularly bloodthirsty expression; indeed, he appeared startled and considerably alarmed.

Reason told Mr. Pottle that friendliness was the best policy. Instinctively, he recalled the literature of his youth, and how Buffalo Bill had acted in a like circumstance. He raised his right hand solemnly in the air and ejaculated, "How!"

The savage raised his right hand solemnly in the air, and in the same tone also ejaculated, "How!" Mr. Pottle had begun famously. He said loudly:

"Who you? You who? Who you?"

The savage, to Mr. Pottle's surprise, answered after a brief moment:

"Me—Lee."

Here was luck. The man-eater could talk the Pottle lingo.

"Oh," said Mr. Pottle, to show that he understood, "you—Mealy."

The savage shook his head.

"No," he said; "Me—Lee. Me—Lee." He thumped his barrel-like chest with each word.

"Oh, I see," cried Mr. Pottle; "you Mealy-mealy."

The savage made a face that among civilized people would have meant that he did not think much of Mr. Pottle's intellect.

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"Who you?" inquired Mealy-mealy.

Mr. Pottle thumped his narrow chest.

"Me, Pottle. Pottle!"

"Oh, you Pottle-Pottle," said the savage, evidently pleased with his own powers of comprehension.

Mr. Pottle let it go at that. Why argue with a cannibal? He addressed the savage again.

"Mealy-mealy, you eatum long pig? Eatum long pig you? Long pig you eatum?"

This question agitated Mealy-mealy. He trembled. Then he nodded his head in the affirmative, a score of rapid nods.

Mr. Pottle's voice faltered a little as he asked the next question.

"Where you gottum tribe? You gottum tribe where? Tribe you gottum where?"

Mealy-mealy considered, scowled, and said:

"Gottum velly big tribe not far. Velly fierce. Eatum long pig. Eatum Pottle-Pottle."

Mr. Pottle thought it would be a good time to go, but he could think of no polite excuse for leaving. An idea occurred to Mealy-mealy.

"Where your tribe, Pottle-Pottle?"

His tribe? Mr. Pottle's eyes fell on his own scarlet *pareu* and the brownish legs beneath it. Mealy-mealy thought he was a cannibal, too. With all his terror, he had a second or two of unalloyed enjoyment of the thought. Like all barbers, he had played poker. He bluffed.

"My tribe velly, velly, velly, velly, velly, velly big," he cried.

"Where is?" asked Mealy-mealy, visibly moved by this news.

"Velly near," cried Mr. Pottle; "hungry for long pig; for long pig hungry—"

There was suddenly a brown blur on the landscape. With the agility of an ape, the huge savage had turned, darted down the beach, plunged into the bush, and disappeared.

"He 's gone to get his tribe," thought Mr. Pottle, and fled in the opposite direction.

When he reached his cave, panting, he tried to fit a cartridge into his shotgun; he 'd die game, anyhow. But rust had ruined the neglected weapon, and he flung it aside and took out his best razor. But no cannibals came.

He was scared, but happy. He had seen his cannibal; more, he had talked with him; more still, he had escaped gracing the festal board by a snake's knuckle. He prudently decided to stay in his cave until the sails of Tiki Tiu's schooner hove in sight.

§ 5

But an instinct stronger than fear drove him out into the open: his stock

Mr. Pottle fled

of canned food ran low, and large red ants got into his flour. He needed cocoanuts and breadfruit and baby *fekes* (or young octopi). He knew

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"He prudently decided to stay in his cave until the sails of Tiki Tiu's schooner hove in sight"

that numerous succulent infant *fekes* lurked in holes in his own cove, and thither he went by night to pull them from their homes. Hitherto he had encountered only small *fekes*, with tender tentacles only a few feet long; but that night Mr. Pottle had the misfortune to plunge his naked arm into the watery nest when the father of the family was at home. He realized his error too late.

A clammy tentacle, as long as a fire hose, as strong as the arm of a gorilla, coiled round his arm, and his scream was cut short as the giant devil-fish dragged him below the water.

The water was shallow. Mr. Pottle got a foothold, forced his head above water, and began to yell for help and struggle for his life.

The chances against a nude Ohio barber of 120 pounds in a wrestling match with an adult octopus are exactly a thousand to one. The giant *feke* so despised his opponent that he used only two of his eight muscular arms. In their slimy, relentless clutch Mr. Pottle felt his strength going fast. As his favorite authors would have put it, "it began to look bad for Mr. Pottle."

The thought that Mr. Pottle thought would be his last on this earth was, "I would n't mind being eaten by cannibals, but to be drowned by a trick fish—"

Mr. Pottle threshed about in one final, frantic flounder; his strength gave out; he shut his eyes.

He heard a shrill cry, a splashing in the water, felt himself clutched about the neck from behind, and dragged away from the *feke*. He opened his eyes and struggled weakly. One tentacle released its grip. Mr. Pottle saw by the tropic moon's light that some large creature was doing battle with the *feke*. It was a man, a large brown man who with a busy ax hacked the gristly limbs from the *feke* as fast as they wrapped around him. Mr. Pottle staggered to the dry beach; a tentacle was still wound tight round his shoulder, but there was no octopus at the other end of it.

The angry noise of the devil-fish—for, when wounded, they snarl like kicked curs—stopped. The victorious brown man strode out of the water to where Mr. Pottle swayed on the moon-lit sand. It was Mealy-mealy.

"Bad fishum!" said Mealy-mealy, with a grin.

"Good manum!" cried Mr. Pottle, heartily.

Here was romance, here was adventure, to be snatched from the jaws, so to speak, of death by a cannibal! It was unheard of. But a disquieting thought occured to Mr. Pottle, and he voiced it.

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"Mealy-mealy, why you save me? Why save you me? Why you me save?"

Mealy-mealy's grin seemed to fade, and in its place came another look that made Mr. Pottle wish he were back in the anaconda grip of the *feke*.

"My tribe hungry for long pig," growled Mealy-mealy. He seemed to be trembling with some powerful emotion. Hunger?

Mr. Pottle knew where his only chance for escape lay.

"My tribe velly, velly, velly hungry, too," he cried. "Velly, velly, velly near."

He thrust his fingers into his mouth and gave a piercing school-boy whistle. As if in answer to it there came a crashing and floundering in the bushes. His bluff had worked only too well; it must be the fellow man-eaters of Mealy-mealy.

Mr. Pottle turned and ran for his life. Fifty yards he sped, and then realized that he did not hear the padding of bare feet on the sand behind him or feel hot breath on the back of his neck. He dared to cast a look over his shoulder. Far down the beach the moonlight showed him a flying brown figure against the silver-white sand. It was Mealy-mealy, and he was going in the opposite direction as fast as ever his legs would take him.

Surprise drove fear temporarily from Mr. Pottle's mind as he watched the big cannibal become a blur, then a speck, then nothing. As he watched Mealy-mealy recede, he saw another dark figure emerge from the bush where the noise had been, and move slowly out on the moon-strewn beach.

It was a baby wild pig. It sniffed at the ocean, squealed, and trotted back into the bush.

As he gnawed his morning cocoanut, Mr. Pottle was still puzzled. He was afraid of Mealy-mealy; that he admitted. But at the same time it was quite clear that Mealy-mealy was afraid of him. He was excited and more than a little gratified. What a book he could write! Should he call it "Cannibal-Bound on O-pip-ee," or, "Cannibals Who have almost Eaten Me"?

Tiki Tiu's schooner would be coming for him very soon now,—he 'd lost track of the exact time,—and he would be almost reluctant to leave the isle. Almost.

Mr. Pottle had another glimpse of a cannibal next day. Toward evening he stole out to pick some supper from a breadfruit-tree not far from his cave, a tree which produced particularly palatable *mei* (or breadfruit).

He drew his *pareu* tight around him and slipped through the bushes; as he neared the tree he saw another figure approaching it with equal stealth from the opposite direction; the setting sun was reflected from the burnished brown of the savage's shoulders. At the same time Mr. Pottle spied the man, the man spied him. The savage stopped short, wheeled about, and tore back in the direction from which he had come. Mr. Pottle did not get a good look at his face, but he ran uncommonly like Mealy-mealy.

§ 6

Mr. Pottle thought it best not to climb the *mei*-tree that evening; he returned hastily to his cave, and finished up the breakfast cocoanut.

Over a pipe he thought. He was pleased, thrilled by his sight of a cannibal; but he was not wholly satisfied. He had thought it would be enough for

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him to get one fleeting glimpse of an undoubted man-eater in his native state, but it was n't. Before he left the Isle of O-pip-ee he wanted to see the whole tribe in a wild dance about a bubbling pot. Tiki Tiu's schooner might come on the morrow. He must act.

He crept out of the cave and stood in the moonlight, breathing the perfume of the jungle, feeling the cool night air, hearing the mellow notes of the Polynesian nightingale. Adventure beckoned to him. He started in the direction Mealy-mealy had run.

At first he progressed on tiptoes, then he sank to all fours, and crawled along slowly, pig-wise. On, on he went; he must have crept more than a mile when a sound stopped him—a sound he had heard before. It was faint, yet it seemed near: it was the sound of some primitive musical instrument blending with the low notes of a tribal chant. It seemed to come from a sheltered hollow not two dozen yards ahead.

He crouched down among the ferns and listened. The chant was crooned softly in a deep voice, and to the straining ears of Mr. Pottle it seemed vaguely familiar, like a song heard in dreams. The words came through the thick tangle of jungle weeds:

Eeet slon ay a teep a ari.

Mr. Pottle, fascinated, wiggled forward to get a look at the tribe. Like a snake, he made his tortuous approach. The singing continued; he saw a faint glow through the foliage —the campfire. He eased himself to the crest of a little hummock, pushed aside a great fern leaf and looked.

Sitting comfortably in a steamer-chair was Mealy-mealy. In his big brown hands was a shiny banjo at which he plucked gently. Near his elbow food with a familiar smell bubbled in an aluminum dish over a trim canned-heat outfit; an empty baked-bean can with a gaudy label lay beside it. From time to time Mealy-mealy glanced idly at a pink periodical popular in American barber-shops. The song he sang to himself burst intelligibly on Mr. Pottle's ears—

It 's a long way to Tipperary.

Mealy-mealy stopped; his eye had fallen on the staring eyes of Mr. Pottle. He caught up his ax and was about to swing it when Mr. Pottle stood up, stepped into the circle of light, pointed an accusing finger at Mealy-mealy and said:

"Are you a cannibal?"

Mealy-mealy's ax and jaw dropped.

"What the devil are you?" he sputtered in perfect American.

"I 'm a barber from Ohio," said Mr. Pottle.

Mealy-mealy emitted a sudden whooping roar of laughter.

"So am I," he said.

Mr. Pottle collapsed limply into the steamer-chair.

"What 's your name?" he asked in a weak voice.

"Bert Lee, head barber at the Schmidt House, Bucyrus, Ohio," said the big man. He slapped his fat, bare chest. "Me—Lee," he said, and laughed till the jungle echoed.

"Did you read 'Green Isles, Brown Man-Eaters, and a White Man'?" asked Mr. Pottle, feebly.

"Yes."

"I 'd like to meet the man who wrote it," said Mr. Pottle.

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Easternmost America

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Drawings by JOHN R. NEILL

THE line to Pernambuco ran well inland, through a dry and dusty, but fertile, land, distinctly hilly in places, and widely planted with sugar-cane. Big *engenhos*, or sugar-mills, frequently punctuated the landscape with their tall, smoke-belching stacks. It was a constant surprise to find it cooler up on all this slight plateau than in the sugar-fields of the Argentine nearly twenty-five degrees farther south, and I could never reconcile myself to the total lack of jungle. Both these things were due evidently to the same cause, the constant, strong trade-winds which sweep across all this paunch of South America and blow the rains, without which jungle cannot grow even on the equator, farther inland. Beggars swarmed, as in Egypt; indeed, the sugar-cane, the lack of moisture, the very *engenhos*, carried the mind back to the land of the Nile. Mendicants in the last stages of every loathsome disease thrust their ailments, their frightful faces, their leprous finger-stumps upon one at every station. All the people of these parts, beggars, boot-blacks, or politicians, have the habit of touching, patting, pawing one over to attract attention, and it was only by constant vigilance that I could keep myself free from noisome personal contacts. Then, in that liberty-is-license South-American way, swarms of ragged urchins and shiftless men poured into the train at every station, fingering the spout of the empty water-can, squatting in the vacant seats, thrusting their attentions upon the passengers, while no attempt whatever was made by the trainmen or station police to reduce this annoying anarchy. Stark-naked children scampered in and out of every opening.

Pernambuco is Brazil's greatest sugar-producing state, and, thanks to this fact and an unusually honest government, it enjoys a prosperity second only to that of São Paulo, and possibly Rio Grande do Sul, in the entire republic. Immense fields of sugar-cane were everywhere being harvested, and the scream of wooden-wheeled sugar-carts could frequently be heard above the roar of the train. Most of the canes came from the fields tied in bundles on the backs of horses, to be dumped in heaps at the station, then carefully corded on the railway-cars. At least half the stations had a long train of red-and-yellow cane loaded or loading on its side-track, and our way was frequently blocked by similar trains bound for Recife. These and the many large *engenhos*, the scores of little private railways on the *fazendas*, with their screeching English or Belgian dwarf locomotives, the evidence of movement and industry everywhere, gave one the sense of having reached once more a land of ambition.

A huge, brilliant moon, waiting at

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the edge of the stage ready to do its turn the moment that of the unclouded sun was finished, gave us a continuous performance, with the lighting never dimmed. As we neared Recife, there was less cultivation, and beyond Cabo White, flat sand and miserable huts took the place of the rolling, fertile, well-housed country, though even here there was not the squalor of Bahia. A desert of sand, an almost unpeopled wilderness, had surrounded us for some time before the low lights of Recife began to spring up across the flat, moon-bathed landscape, and even then the sandy and swampy land of the Brazilian littoral continued until our train rumbled out upon the very beach of the moon-silvered Atlantic. Big electric cars were jangling along beside us by the time we drew up, exactly on time, at the station of Cinco Puntas, the salty air whipping us in the faces.

Though we often hear of it, there is really no city of Pernambuco. What we call by that name is properly designated by one almost unknown to foreigners. Pernambuco is an old Indian word that is correctly applied only to the entire state; but it has long been the custom not only of seafaring men and all foreigners, but of the Brazilians themselves not resident within the state, to call its capital Pernambuco. Its real name is Recife. It stands on the sandy beach of a lagoon delta where two rivers, neither of them of much importance, meet, and the compact old town, with the wharves, banks, and most of the business houses, is really on an island, protected now not only by the natural *recife*, or reef, but by a long breakwater, behind which ships anchor. There is no bay; hence steamers, which do not enter the inner port, in rough weather must land their passengers in a "chair" running on a cable from the breakwater. Many a traveler to South America remembers nothing of Pernambuco except that hair-raising landing.

Carregadores de assucar, or sugar porters, wearing a sort of foot-ball head-mask over their hats, are among the most familiar sights of the old city, and the pungent odor of crude sugar strikes one in the face everywhere in the wharf-and-warehouse section, as that of raw coffee does in Santos and several streets of lower Rio. The sugar comes from the *engenhos* in crude, dark-brown form; the tropical heat

"The scream of wooden-wheeled sugar-carts could frequently be heard above the roar of the train"

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causes it to ooze out until not only the bags, but the half-naked negroes who handle them, are dripping and smeared with molasses from top to bottom. When the rotting bag bursts entirely, the contents is spread out in the sun, and barefoot negroes are sent to wade ankle-deep back and forth in it until it is dry enough to be shoveled up again.

§ 2

The line from Recife to Timbauba is the original one of the English corporation which now operates the "Great Western of Brazil." The landscape through which it passes wears the same arid aspect as most of this easternmost part of South America, seeming sadly in need of irrigation, baking hot, often ankle-deep in sand. There was a bit of half-hearted sugar-cane, but water was so scarce that there were only shallow mud-holes even for the rare cattle. Evidently the constant trade-winds, grateful though they are to the sun-scorched skin, are deadly to the soil, blowing far to the south and west the rains it sadly needs. Even bread dries up in this moistureless, heated air almost between the cutting and the raising to the lips. Yet one carries off the impression that, properly irrigated, and inhabited by an energetic people, this belly of South America should be able to feed all the armies of Europe.

The long-familiar, bushy, desert country, as dreary and uninspiring as a decapitated palm-tree, broke up frankly into sand-dunes as we neared the coast again, and through these and a bit of Arizona vegetation we rumbled into Natal, the end not only of the "Great Western of Brazil Railway," but the jumping-off place of those traveling north, for here South America turns sharply to the westward. A little line staggering under the name of "Estrada de Ferro Central do Rio Grande do Norte" does start from across the harbor and wanders a few hours and about as many miles out into the country; but it soon returns, as if terrified at the thought of losing itself in the choking wilderness. There would be no choice henceforth but to take to the ships. The Brazilian Government has long contemplated extending its principal line from Pirapora, on the São Francisco, to Pará, which would make it the "Central Railway of Brazil" indeed; but even had this nebulous project already been carried out, I should not have chosen that route, for while scenery is all very well in its way, the great bulk of Brazil's estimated thirty millions of people live along her seaboard.

The coast of Brazil is like the Nile in Egypt, or Broadway, the main thoroughfare, along which, if one travel it long enough, many faces will become familiar. There were half a dozen men on the *Pará* whom even I, accustomed to crawl along the land wherever possible instead of following the broad sea route of Brazilian travel, had seen before, somewhere, along the Avenida of Rio, at some theater in São Paulo, in the streets of Bahia or Pernambuco. If I had ever wondered, in my dust-laden, cinder-bitten, often broken journey from the Rio Grande of the South to the different one of the North, how Brazilian ladies, or the more finicky of their male contemporaries, traveled from one city to another, here was the answer. They took to the sea, either in one of the foreign ships that ply up and down the coast, or in the sometimes no less luxurious steamers of their own national line.

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Ceará is the worst landing-place on the coast of Brazil, being no port at all, but merely a sandy shore, marked by a lighthouse far out on the end of a tongue of sand, and open to all the winds from off the North Atlantic. What it might be in bad weather was not hard to guess, for even with the slight swell of a calm and cloudless day the scores of heavy rowboats and freight-barges that came out a mile or more to meet us rolled and pitched like capering school-boys. That we would be ducked a few times in getting ashore was taken for granted, that being a common disaster in the port of Ceará.

My fears were rather for our outfit, which seemed on the point of being hopelessly smashed or dropped overboard before we got it lowered into one of the toy barges. At the shore end the landing facilities were even worse. A high and flimsy wooden wharf thrust itself far out to barge depth, and with the boat rising and falling twenty feet or more with every swell, half a dozen languid negroes, tugging at the extreme end of an often too-short rope, and liable, in their Brazilian apathy, to let go at any moment, slowly hoisted our old maroon trunks upon it. To have dropped almost any one of them would have meant the immediate canceling of the Kinetophone tour of Brazil.

As things were landed on the wharf, negroes put the lighter articles on their heads and straggled ashore, not of course without mishaps. One haughty lady, returning from Rio or Paris, had among her belongings six huge pasteboard boxes, which she or her maid had carelessly tied shut, and which an equally careless negro tried to carry off all at once without securing them. He had taken three steps when the roaring sea wind picked two boxes off his head, opened them, and tossed the latest creation in headgear and feathers into the sea, a fate from which another dream in pink and froth was saved only by being stepped on by a barefooted, but unusually quickwitted, negro. They would not have been cheap hats anywhere, and in Brazil they had certainly cost at least four times the usual price. The owner having already waddled ashore before the mishap occurred, the negro waded out into the surf and rescued the feathered contraption, which, of course, he put back into the box and delivered as if nothing whatever had happened, getting his pay and fading from the landscape just before the owner opened the box to prepare for the gala first performance of a new invention by Edison at the municipal-state theater that evening.

§ 3

As in the case of Pernambuco, the capital of Ceará is best known to the outside world by the name of the state, only in the interior of which it takes its correct title of Fortaleza. The old fort which gives it this name still forms a part of the public promenade near the "only" hotel, and to this day old cannon point bravely out to sea from its several dry, grassy levels. Situated directly on the sea, without so much as a creek to give its rowboats refuge, it has all the maritime advantages except a port. Its soil is sandy, almost Sahara-like in its aridity, and though it has some ten *praças* shaded by *castanheiros*, mangoes, palms, and other magnificent tropical trees, all its vegetation is dependent on the almost constant care of man. More American

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windmills than in any town of similar size in the United States rise above the monotonous level of Ceará. It is almost entirely a one-story town, for its people know the terrors of earthquakes and have little faith in their loose, sandy soil. The landscape reminds one of the driest regions of Arizona—an Arizona of perpetual July, and it is hard to understand how the human race lives here, or why.

Ceará is famous for its hammocks; *redes*, or nets, they call them in Portuguese, for lack of an exact word. They are woven of cotton grown in the state, by hand still in the *sertão*, though by machinery in town factories, and great heaps of them lie for sale in the most nearly picturesque market-place in Brazil. The hammock is the favorite bed of the Cearense, and his lounge, cradle, and easy-chair; wherever the visitor enters, a hammock offers him its lap. In and about among venders and buyers, and down the white-hot streets, wander blind beggars led by a sheep, the animal often wearing several bells to announce its coming. Many women and children, and some men, wear about their necks a little black hand made of ebony as a protection against the evil eye. Yet the leisurely traveler from the South is struck by the scarcity of African blood, which decreases in Brazil as one approaches the equator, so that here a full negro is seldom seen, and the prevailing mixture is Indian with white. The flat head of the Cearense is legendary, and the average complexion is a half-burnished copper. Their own citizens admit that four fifths of the people of Ceará are *mestiços*, with a greater or smaller percentage of aboriginal blood, and this gives them an individuality among their largely African

"The sugar comes from the *engenhos* in crude, dark-brown form"

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fellow-countrymen, with many of the characteristics of the South-Americans of the Andean regions. In place of the hilarious indifference of blacker Brazil, they face life with the rather melancholy fatalism of the New World aborigines.

The state of Ceará has long been notorious for its *seccas*, or deadly droughts. Of the four or five states in the so-called "dry zone" of northern Brazil, it is the most harshly treated by the moisture-sponging trade-winds. An all-wise editor has it that "in Ceará there has always been less lack of water than of instruction and practical knowledge of the most rudimentary notions of agronomy." A simple hot-air pump would do wonders, he contends, for wood is plentiful; and even crude windmills with cloth sails have been known to make garden spots of the driest parts of the state. But the traveler in primitive South America never ceases to marvel at the improvidence of wilderness people, which often costs them dearly. High as he stands in some respects among his fellow-Brazilians, the Cearense has not the energy and initiative needed to overcome his one great natural disadvantage, at least as a people, for individual members could do nothing, since to supply themselves with a special source of water would merely mean to have all their neighbors camp upon them in dry weather. Hence the state continues to endure periodical drought and famine with Indian fatalism, dying off, emigrating to the Amazonian region, or awaiting a change in the weather, "*como Deus quere*" ("whatever God wishes").

They call 1877 "O Anno da Fome" ("the Year of Famine") in Ceará, but there have been many others nearly as deadly. When the never-ceasing winds from off the Atlantic refuse to bring rain with them, or carry it far into the interior, the trees grow bare, covering the ground with their leaves, as in the lands where winter reigns; the naked beds of rivers tantalize thirsting man and beast,—the maps of Ceará divide its streams between "perennial" and "non-perennial,"—even the hardy roots of the mandioca dry up, and there is nothing left but flight or death. In the worst years scores of human skeletons have been strewn along the trails from the interior to Fortaleza, and even in the capital sufficient aid has often been unobtainable, so that plagues have broken out to add to the misery of the hordes of refugees, and people have died so continuously that there has been neither time nor energy to bury them. Those wealthy enough to have died in their hammocks are carried off in them; the corpses of others are tied hands and feet to a pole and borne to some sandy hollow beyond the town, where clouds of gorged and somnolent vultures hover. Many of the Cearenses become earth-eaters, which may postpone, but not alleviate, their fate. The more enterprising abandon what to them is their native land and take up life anew along the Amazon, enduring as best they can the gloomy heavens and months of constant rains, which make that region vastly different from their own cloudless land.

The opening up of the Amazon basin, and the consequent increase in the production of rubber, was mainly due to the droughts in Ceará. Nomad by atavism through his Indian ancestors, the irregularities of the season and the impossibility of counting on a certain to-morrow has made the Cea-

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"Among venders and buyers"

rense more so, and it is a rare spot that has been inhabited by the same family for generations. First they went singly to the rubber-fields, then in bands, and finally in whole ship-loads, contracted and shipped by regular recruiting agents. In the Amazonian wilderness they may die of fevers or other dread ailments, but at home they are sure to die of drought; therefore in years of extreme dryness the risk is worth taking. Thus nearly all the *seringueros*, rubber-gathers in the *seringaes* of Amazonia, are Cearenses; and if they live through all the dangers of the wilderness along the "Sea-River," and escape the onslaughts of the swarms of prostitutes of all types and nationalities who await them at Manaos or Pará on their downward journey, their return to Ceará is much like that of an Italian immigrant from America to his native village. So rare and so important, in fact, is the native of Ceará who returns from the rubber-fields to his dry, but beloved, home that a special term has been coined for him: they call him a *paroara*, one who has been beyond Pará.

This year the drought threatened to be as bad as the fearful one of 1877; worse in fact, for then at least there was good old emperor Dom Pedro, whose statue in the *praça* just outside our window bore testimony to Ceará's gratitude for his timely assistance. Money was plentiful instead of the country being wrung dry by a financial crisis, and there was the final resort of the rubber-fields, which returning *paroaras* were now reporting useless because of the low price of that commodity. Already tales of wholesale starvation were coming from the vicinity of Cratheus, and cattle were dying by thousands throughout the interior, leaving nothing but their hides to recoup the owners for their labor and investment. True, there was an imposing government department in Fortaleza, known as the "Inspectory of Works against the Droughts," but the country people knew only too well that this was mainly a means for political rascals to make hay out of their sufferings.

A narrow-shouldered Baldwin engine dragged four freight- and six passenger-cars made in Delaware away from the little heap of hills into what might best be called a jungle, though there were few large trees, and no really dense vegetation. The leaves were everywhere shriveled, or curled together as if striving to protect their last suggestion of moisture from the malignant sun. The dry air was so clear that the arch of heaven seemed higher and the hori-

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zons vaster than I had ever known them before, and the light falling from this greater height of cloudless sky struck the ground with doubly blinding clarity, and seemed to spray out in all directions like falling water. A few stagnant puddles in the depressions of the land were all that remained of the long-forgotten rains. Of vegetation the most striking, and at the same time the most numerous, were the *carnauba* palms, for which Ceará is famous. Unfortunately, the drought was beginning to choke even this paragon of usefulness. Sometimes the only representative of plant life which survives the *seccas* is the *joazeiro*, a dense-green, haystack-shaped tree, the leaves of which are cut and fed to the cattle as a last resort.

Everywhere the talk was of rain, to the Cearense the most important phenomenon of nature. Even the women knew cloud possibilities and studied the horizon constantly for signs of rain. They ended their more forceful sentences not with "if God wishes," but with "*se chover*"—"if it rains." We had halted again, and I had at last fallen asleep despite the incessant rumpus of my fellow-passengers, when I was awakened by a heavy downpour. With daylight the domes and sugarloafs and heaps of granite hills through which the train picked its way stood forth ghost-like in a blue rainy-season air, with an appearance vastly different from that under the blazing sun. Heavy showers continued through the day, and as the last rain had fallen ten months before, joy was freely manifesting itself. Everywhere people were congratulating one another, showing perfect contentment whether forced to keep under shelter or wade about in the downpours, talking of nothing but the rain, the sound of which on his roof is to the Cearense the sweetest of music. It was remarkable how nature, too, responded to the change. The whole vast territory, dry, brown, and shriveled up three days before, was already a sea of lush green. Leaves opened up overnight as they do only in a month or six weeks in the temperate zone, giving the effect of seeing midwinter followed by late spring in a single day, a jungle magic reminding one of the Hindu tricksters who seem to make plants grow from seed to bloom in an hour before your eyes. Rivers bone-dry on Thursday were considerable streams on Saturday, with natives wading like happy children in water where they had shuffled the day before in dry sand. No wonder these poor, ignorant people of the jungle lose heart when their world dries up, or become suddenly like another race when the clouds again come to their rescue.

Joyful cries of "Eil-a chuva!" ("There 's the rain!") sounded all day long whenever a new shower burst upon us. Life at best is rigorous in this climate under the life-giving, but sometimes death-dealing, sun, and only the hardy or the helpless would have remained here to endure it. No wonder the Cearense who can by hook or crook do so becomes a lawyer without idealism or a shopkeeper without human pity.

§ 4

Our last duties in Ceará were to buy the tickets and get the outfit on board. The *Brazil* arrived about noon, and we were down at the wharf by two, only to have our leisurely boatmen nearly cause us to miss our steamer and squat

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"As the last rain had fallen ten months before, joy was freely manifesting itself"

here in the sand another ten days. The *Brazil* is one of the three smaller and older boats of the government line. The cabin-passenger list was made up of the usual conglomeration of every human color, nationality, social and moral standing, from priests to several of the most repulsive old Jewish prostitutes, from clean-cut young Englishmen to licentious, shifty-eyed Brazilian mulattoes. But the real sight was the steerage passengers on the three decks in the nose of the ship. Here men, women, and children, bound for the rubber-fields, were so packed together that individual movement was impossible. Such a network of hammocks, above, across, under, and over one another, the bottom of one sleeper resting on the belly of his neighbor below, scantily clad women crisscrossing men who had discarded all but a single short garment, as one could not have believed possible filled all the space, disputing it with the animals and fowls the ship carried as food. Sheep and pigs wandered among the no less frankly natural passengers; six zebu bulls on their way to improve the native stock at the mouth of the

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"A bit of Parisian civilization"

Amazon occupied stalls in the midst of the turmoil. One venturesome fellow had as a last resort hung his hammock from the roof above these animals, so that whenever one of them moved he was lifted, hammock and all.

A broad light streak on the ocean ahead announced our approach to the mouth of the Amazon, the "river-sea," as the Brazilians sometimes call it, discoloring the deep-blue Atlantic as far as the eye could reach. Soon the water had turned a muddy brown, and we were beginning to see the smoke from the Pará power-house across the flat, featureless landscape. Monotonous, dense greenery soon surrounded us, impenetrable, flat, green forests spreading from the very edge of the river on each hand. Everywhere the vast stream was dotted with sail-boats, their lateen sails dyed some prime color, blue, saffron, red, or faded pink. Then flat wooded islands, scattered all about, appeared, and finally an opening in the flat landscape disclosed the low city of Pará, still so far away as to be almost indistinguishable, and before we could steam up to it swift tropical darkness fell.

Pará is an exotic growth, a bit of Parisian civilization isolated in an enormous wilderness, which encroaches so constantly upon it that the European air of the center of town quickly disappears in grass-grown alleyways of swamp and jungle. The heavy rains cause this grass to grow with tropical luxuriance and rapidity, so that there are many wide streets laid out between unbroken rows of buildings which are nothing but deep, green lawns with a cow-path or two straggling along them. Densest jungle may be found a short stroll from the central *praça*, and wild Indians, living as they did centuries ago, are only a few hours distant. It is an unfinished city of pompous, got-rich-quick fronts and ragged rears, with only the old town on its knoll, and the few principal streets of the new town, paved in stone blocks. The rest is almost as nature left it, and while one may find almost anything in the little culture-importing center of the city that is to be had in the centers of civilization, a short walk brings one to isolated houses on stilts and uninhabited clearings through the jungle in which men driving carts drawn by one bull wade to their thighs, cutting and loading grass. Scarcely a rifle-shot from shops offering the latest Parisian creations one must depend even for

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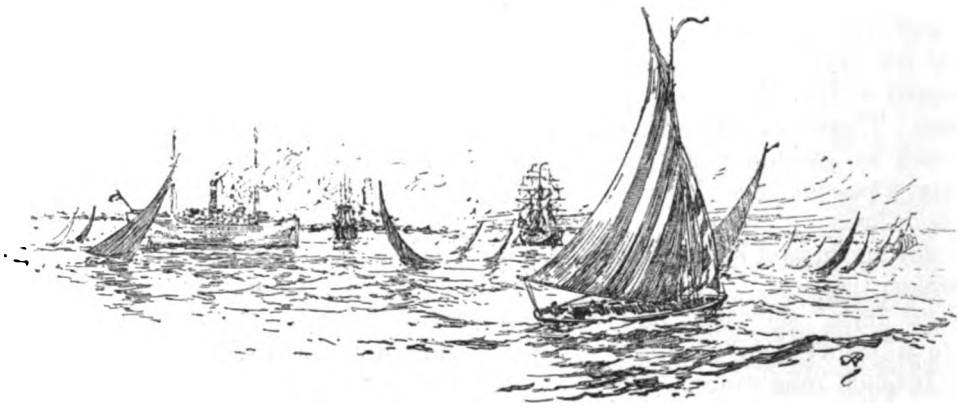
life on the strength and agility of primitive man.

Rubber, the second national industry of Brazil, is of course the life of Pará, which is the reason it had lost most of its old-time energy. Not only was the world's rubber market in a chaotic state on account of the war, but the Amazon was just beginning to feel seriously the competition of the planted rubber-fields of Ceylon, where, in contrast to the high prices of Amazonia, the cost of living is perhaps the lowest in the world. Warehouses that two years before could not hold the rubber that poured in upon them now had a few dozens of the big balls scattered about their huge floors, where they were being cut up—giving them a striking resemblance to dried meat—to make sure the rubber-gatherer had not included a few stones to improve the weight, and packed in heavy boxes of native wood for export. All Amazonia, from the laborers who tap the trees to the speculators and exploiters and their long train of hangers-on, were feeling the change acutely.

I soon discovered that the end of my engagement with the Kinetophone was very much nearer than I had expected. After several communications to the man who held the theatrical monopoly of Manaos, we at last received a cable in code, which we deciphered as "Nous refusons toute proposition." Very Parisian, of course, and definite in any language. The fact was, according to every test we could give it by absent treatment, that Manaos was deader than Pará. The afternoon of April 21 I put on a "great double program," so that nearly all my old film-friends came out upon the stage to do their stunts and give me a chance to bid them farewell. The next afternoon "Tut" and I went out and pulled down the show, and the red trunks disappeared forever from my sight as they were rowed out to the *Ceará*, now on her return voyage. Then "Tut" stepped into a rowboat and slipped away into the humid night toward the blazing port-holes reflected on the placid bosom of the broad river.



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The Crystal Heart

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME, *Author of* "THE DARK TOWER," *etc.*

XIV

MISS Mullory made an impulsive movement to catch hold of her, but Joy was gone before she could touch her.

It was nearly dark in Julia's room. She was still awake, and reading by the light of a small electric lamp; but she flung her book aside as Joy reached the little circle of light.

"My dear! my dear!" she said, "has anything happened?"

"I don't think it can have happened," said Joy, slowly, "but you must tell me if it has. Is it true, Julia? Is it true about Owen?"

"What about Owen?" Julia asked steadily. There was a peculiar tone in Julia's voice which made Joy feel as if it might be true. It was the tone of a person who knows defense is quite vain.

Joy came close to the bed, but she did not try to touch Julia; she only looked at her. Her heart was in her eyes. There was nothing in it but pity —pity as few human beings ever know pity, a passion as selfless and as terrible as fire.

Joy spoke as if her own heart was a broken thing.

"O Julia," she said, "he loves you! He *must* love you."

It made Julia wince.

"You ought n't," she said, "to have come into this thing. Who has told you anything about Owen, and what have they told you?"

Joy could not repeat Nina's story. She kneeled down beside the bed, with her eyes fixed very steadily on Julia's.

"I expect it must be everything," she said—"about the accident, and why it was n't an accident, and other women. Poor little Nina told me—poor little Nina, too!"

"Oh, don't be sorry for her!" said Julia, impatiently. "What 's the use of wasting your time being sorry for girls like that?"

"Ah, but girls are n't like that, are they," interrupted Joy, "at least not first?"

Julia was silent for a moment; she wanted all Joy's pity, but she realized that there was too much of it. There was so much of it that she could n't have it all; there was even some of it left for Owen.

"Don't," she said sharply—"don't pity him! I can't bear it. I 've been a fool myself long enough. From the very first I ought to have known; Nick told me, 'Owen always had a bad, weak spot; he 's too viciously easy.' I could have killed Nick for saying it, but it 's true. When the ground was cut from under my feet I believed in him, and I thought, when I had to believe it, that I could pull things straight again. He did n't like all the things I liked, so I gave them up—having a real home and taking care of my babies. You

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must have seen how I made my life. I forced it to match his, to try to keep him; and I never kept him.

"I can't do it any more now. Something has broken in me. He always got out of every difficulty, and left me in it to stand the racket. You see, if you think of yourself first, you can always escape. The danger is there just the same, but somebody else gets caught in it. He 's never had a failure; they were all mine. But he 'll fail now, thank God!"

"What do you mean, Julia," Joy cried— "he 'll fail now? Is there anything worse that 's going to happen?"

Julia's gray eyes turned as bright as steel.

"Yes," she said. "Why do you suppose I had you here? To comfort me? There is no comfort for wrongs like mine. I did n't mean you to know all this stuff; I only meant Owen to get to care for you—and fail.

"I love you, and I risked you for that. I want him to know just for once what it is to be ashamed of your own heart. That 's what he 's made women. I knew you were safe; you 've always cared for Nick, so I played you. Don't blame me too much, Joy! I 've been turning to stone for years, and stones do cruel things. Only help me to bring it off. Don't let him know you know. He 'll be fool enough to try to make love to you. Let him know then!"

"Oh, no! no, Julia!" Joy cried out suddenly. "I think something will happen to me if he tells me that." There was an ominous note in Joy's voice that frightened Julia for a moment; Joy had cried out as if she had gone one step beyond what she could bear. It was like the cry of some one sinking suddenly out of their depth. Julia looked at Joy in a puzzled way.

"Don't take it too hard," she said soothingly. "The worst of everything is over now. You can't go on feeling, you know, beyond a certain point."

"It is n't—it can't be over yet," whispered Joy. "Julia dearest, it 's all been so awful for you, I can't take it in yet. I 'm trying to, but I can't. It only hurts me without letting me see. I don't suppose I can ever understand *how* awful it has been for you, but it could be worse, it could be worse, if you make Owen worse. O Julia, we can't do that! Perhaps I have already, because I did n't know; but I do know now, and you love him. You don't want Owen to do another bad thing?"

"I hate him," said Julia in a suffocated voice. "He 's the father of my children, and I hate him! If I could make him suffer for a moment a tenth of what I have suffered, I 'd die happy."

"But that 's only because you love him," Joy persisted. "You would n't want to drag him into being like you, you would n't feel so tortured if you were n't part of him. You only want him different. That 's what is so awful for you, his not being different. It 's because he is n't, because he can't be, that you 're so unhappy. It would only make you unhappier if he was cruel to me, too."

"No, no!" protested Julia. "I want him to see—you don't understand—I 'm ashamed, Joy. I 've loved him, wanted his worthless love, cried for it, hungered for it, nearly died because I could n't get it! That 's all fed his vanity. I want to see him starved as I 've been starved!"

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Joy said nothing at all; she only looked at Julia.

"You judge me, Joy," Julia asked with trembling lips—"you judge *me*, and not Owen?"

"Oh, but I don't," said Joy; "I don't judge either of you at all. I love you both, and I 'm unhappy for you both."

"O Joy, I should n't have made you unhappy!" whispered Julia, and as she spoke something hard and heavy in her melted, and she began to cry. Joy took her in her arms then and held her there as if she were her child. Her pity had its way now; it sank down and down into Julia's very being. The broken phrases of Julia's hopeless grief poured out of her like some hard obstacles that suddenly give way under a flood of waters. She was escaping from what her heart had held; her bitterness receded from her, the cruelty that had risen up out of the wreck of her love, the jealous misdirection of her outraged pride yielded, and every word of her heart's bitterness as it fell from her entered into Joy's heart like a sword.

This was what love could mean: the sound which had set Joy's spirit upon those strange sweet tides, the blessed sense of unity when she and Owen were alone and near, could they deceive? These disconnected spirits, this restless agony, mistrust and broken faith, were they the end of love?

But in her heart love had no end; the cries of Julia's pain, the truth of Owen's selfishness, did nothing to shake her own amazing tenderness. She only loved them more, because she saw quite plainly there was more need for love.

There was a darkness all about her, a jangling darkness, as if she had been caught in a tunnel where there was neither light nor air; but the darkness was outside of her, it was a wall before her eyes, it had not touched her heart.

It was nearly morning when Julia said suddenly, after a long silence:

"Do what you like, then, Joy. Let him off if you like. I see what I wanted would n't do any good. I don't see how you 've made me see it. I 'm *not* sorry for him; why should I be? But I suppose you are right, since love is out of the question; it won't do any particular good simply to hate. It would only be like falling off the house to die and breaking my leg once again. I won't even do that any more. I 'll settle down and look after my twins."

Julia laughed a little hopeless, amused laugh, kissed Joy, and fell asleep.

The house was quite dark and still, and Joy was all alone in it. Nina had gone back to her room and slept. Owen slept. There was no one to share her vigil.

She crept back to her room and to the open window again. The air blew cool and fresh against her forehead. She remembered death. She had been so terrified of it for Rosemary; the thought of it had ridden her for months like a nightmare, and when it came, it was sweet and delivering.

She had seen love made terrible tonight, but perhaps love, too, was innocent of the terrors that surrounded it. What terror could there be in tenderness?

If she ran away from it and tried to escape it, would she even know that it could prove, like death, a great alternative to disaster? Her first impulse had been to go away instantly, not to see Owen again, or risk having to judge him. She would not judge him now, but she might have to stay. She must

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not let him think she had a horror of him—a horror so great that she had to run away, shaking the dust off her feet.

She must n't do that; she must stay until he saw that though she knew, she cared, and though she cared, she could n't ever give him what it was wrong for them to want.

She would go, then, but she could not go before. She leaned her head low on her hands and prayed.

She did not think of herself any more. Until the sun rose out of a bank of cloud and flooded the garden with the surprise of day, she thought without ceasing of Julia, of Owen, and of Nina. She drove her tired heart against their pain like an exhausted soldier pressing on under fire toward an invisible goal.

XV

It was an uncomfortable day. The rain swept round the house in sheets, the wind thundered in the void of the sky, descending to tear down the last leaves in a savage spite, and to crash against the doors and windows with an intermittent pummeling, like the roll of heavy seas against a ship.

Owen sat in a large leather armchair before the fire. He had the "Times" spread open on his knees, but he was not reading it, and a cigarette in his mouth, which he had allowed to go out. He was in a very curious state of mind. Joy had not come down to breakfast that morning, nor was she in the nursery afterward. His whole being needed her. He felt like a castaway on a desert island hunting for a well. Unless he could find it, he was lost. Even without finding it he might be lost, but his immediate need was greater than his fear of subsequent dangers. His thirst consumed him.

Owen was no deliberate sinner; he was fastidious and light-hearted. Consequences never appalled him until they happened, and privilege had usually exempted him from their happening. If it is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven, it is sometimes as hard for him to go into the kingdom of hell. He does not go very much farther than the portal. The devil does the rest.

Owen was quite sure that he would never do Joy any harm. She did not belong either to the type or to the class of women to whom harm comes. He did not even want to change that look of steady confidence in her eyes. He was like a child who clamors that he will not destroy his Sunday toy; only when it is put into his hands his carelessness destroys it.

Owen vowed to himself that he would not be careless this time. No woman had ever touched his heart as deeply as Joy had touched it. She believed in him with an unruffled steadiness; other women had believed in him, but they had n't made him believe in himself. Since he had known Joy, Owen felt sure that he was a better man. He was not even very angry with Nina for suddenly disappearing without a word, leaving him all his letters to answer. Many men would have dismissed a secretary for less.

Of course Owen was, as a matter of fact, deeply thankful that Nina had gone; but he had tricked so many people that at a pinch he could trick himself. He told himself now that Nina's sudden departure was very inconvenient.

He was not going to make love to Joy. All yesterday he had resisted the temptation; it was only when Joy herself was not there that he failed to

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resist it. He told himself that this temptation which he intended to resist was really Julia's responsibility. She should n't have put the girl in his way. She was perfectly safe, of course, but she should n't have been put there.

Better men than he would have been tempted. He saw where these better men would have fallen, and he rose superior to them, but without much conviction. Better men seldom came into his field of vision except when he was excusing himself. Well, thank God, Nina was out of the house!

In some vague, inexplicable way Owen was shocked that Nina should know Joy. He really blamed himself sharply for this unfortunate coincidence. He was not shocked that Joy should know himself.

A knock came at the door, and Joy entered. He sprang to his feet to welcome her. She had never come to his room like this before; it was as if some wonderful answering need in her had drawn her to him, one of those inexplicable miracles of dawning love, speechless, obscure, and wise.

"I am going away," she said in a very low voice, "this afternoon. I wanted to see you first, Owen."

And then he saw her face. She had been a child yesterday, and now the child was dead. Her grave, white face had no mark in it left of her youth. Her cheeks still kept their sweet, round curves, but her eyes had lost their happy light, the young, half-opened lips were closed by sharp control. She stood there, very gentle and quiet, quite near him, and in her eyes there was neither reproach nor faltering; but he saw in a moment that she knew.

He gave a long, inarticulate sound of pain and rage. Only Julia could have dealt him this cruel stroke. She had waited until every nerve and thought of his heart were set upon this creature of his dreams, and then with a quick, ruthless touch she had set them apart forever. A feeling as hot and hard as murder rose up and shook him; but Owen could n't get rid of his pain by anger. As he met Joy's eyes, murder felt inadequate.

If she had only blamed him, ranged herself on the side of his enemies, she would at least have roused his self-pity, and not forced him to feel that he had done a worse wrong than any he had suffered. But she did n't blame him; she only looked at him as if she herself was to blame. He knew as he met her diffident, appealing eyes that the avenging angel has not a sword.

"Joy," he said huskily, "they 've told you I 'm a blackguard, have n't they? I suppose you must believe them, and if you don't believe them, I 'll have to tell you myself. You can believe me?"

She did not seem to see that this was almost like exculpating himself. He hesitated for a moment, and then he poured out to her the whole shifting, evasive history of his hunts and captures. There had been so much personal disappointment mixed up with them! So many women had failed him! They had even tried to deceive him into believing them less exacting and fatiguing than they were. There is always a great deal to be said for a man who has been too popular with women. Owen said it almost better than any one else. Women had been selfish with him; they had tried to pin him down. They had taken his charming manner too seriously. Judged by this standard of a man of the world, he had n't really done anything particu-

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larly wrong. He had been a victim of circumstances. The circumstances had been rather too much alike, and so, it must be confessed, had the victim. Still, he had not meant any harm.

Then he swerved suddenly and took another line altogether—a line that would appeal to Joy more. He threw over the standard of a man of the world, and admitted himself the chief of sinners. He could count on Joy's forgiving crimes, and while he insisted on his guilt, he adroitly showed her that his humility was more striking still; but he found that the *élan* of these two explanations mysteriously failed him. It was as if he became aware that Joy did not attach any importance to his presentation of his sins, nor perhaps even to the sins themselves. What really had brought that look of death into her eyes was what his sins had made of him, a man she could not wholly trust.

"Owen," she said at last, as if he had not spoken, "you 'll be kind, won't you, to Nina?"

"Has she told you?" he asked fiercely, "or was it Julia?" He could feel angry again now; the perfidy of jealous women outraged his sense of justice.

But Joy brushed away his anger; she said simply:

"I 've found out such a lot of things lately, and I 've done wrong. I have made things hard for everybody. I have been very selfish and careless. I did n't know—I did n't know anything about what I was doing. But I do know now. It would help me very much, Owen, if you were nice to Nina."

Owen acted with magnanimity. He still believed that Julia had told her. He said, after a moment's pause:

"I will not dismiss her, if that is what you mean."

Joy thanked him humbly.

"There 's another thing," she said, "I don't know if I ought to tell you, but perhaps you could n't find out if I did n't. Julia loves you. She won't ever say it; but if you know it, know it in your heart, it might make things easier, might n't it?"

"Loves me," he cried, "and she 's told you things that have hurt you like this! O Joy! Joy! do you call that love?"

Joy moved a little restively; she did n't like Owen's accusing Julia.

"It was my fault," she said quickly; "I made her. I asked her. If I 'm hurt, as you say, it 's because I 've been wicked. I did n't know it was wicked; it did n't seem like wickedness. It seemed so right to love. That 's why I came to say good-by. No, no, don't say anything, Owen! If you could just not say anything, I only want you to know, that some of it need n't be wicked, not if we don't say anything, and it makes us kind."

Her eyes pleaded with him. They might have won him, but she did not remember or even know the dreadful power of her beauty. She appealed consciously to his spirit, and Owen had n't much spirit; but she appealed unconsciously to his senses, and he had always let his senses have the last word in every struggle.

"O Joy," he cried, "do you mean you love me? Do you mean it as I mean it? If you do, what does all this stuff in the past matter? What does anything matter? If I 'd known you before, if I 'd met you in time, I swear I 'd never have thought of any one but you. My dear! my dear!"

"Don't say it!" she cried under her

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breath. "Don't say it! You 're making it all wrong!"

But he had slipped beyond his slack control; he caught her in his arms and covered her golden head, her face, her lips, with kisses. At first he thought he had brought back the color to her lips. The frozen little figure melted against his heart; there was no resistance in her except a queer, muffled cry. He heard as he caught her to him a cry so low that he forced himself not to submit to its anguish. Then suddenly through the storm of his passion he met her eyes, and his heart failed him. There was no expression there at all. They looked straight at him like the empty eyes of a statue. Joy was not there; he had driven her far away.

He cried out in an agony of fear:

"Joy! Joy, my darling! Speak to me! Don't you know who I am? Don't you understand?"

But she made no answer. She was warm and alive, she had not even fainted; but she was not there. Her deep, unwavering eyes were like a curtain pulled down between him and her consciousness. She was in his arms, and yet he could not reach her.

Just as the room was shaken by the storm which could not enter, so his passion held and shook her, and stayed without the door of her shut soul. Without condemning him, without evading him, she had escaped.

For a few moments he continued to hold her in a frenzy of confused anxiety, but there was no return in her of consciousness. At last he could bear it no longer. He had a dreadful sense as if he had done something without excuse. He forgot his anger; all his feelings, even his great love, seemed like childish things. He realized only his frightened need of help, and rushed up-stairs to Julia.

"Julia! Julia!" he gasped, "something happened to Joy, I don't know what! I kissed her—and she 's—she 's gone away!"

"Do you mean out of the house?" Julia cried with an anxious look into the rain-swept garden.

"Oh, no; worse! worse!" cried Owen. He kneeled down by the bedside and buried his head in the coverlet, as if to shut out sight.

"O Julia, her eyes! her eyes!" he moaned. "She 's gone out of her mind! I did n't mean any harm; I swear I did n't mean to frighten her. I did n't know people could do things like that. I 've driven her out of it, as if I 'd taken a whip! It 's too horrible! For God's sake, do something! Do something, Julia!"

Julia put her hands quickly on his shoulders.

"There! there!" she said. "I can't stand, but bring her here, Owen. Of course she 'll get better, and it 's almost as much my fault as yours. But she won't stay like that. Bring her here to me."

He looked up at Julia, the tears streaming down his cheeks. After all, nobody had ever taken such care of him as Julia.

"Julia," he gasped, "I 'm sorry; I 'm sorry, Julia."

It was the first time she had ever seen him really blame himself. Instinctively, she drew his head against her heart.

"My dear! my dear!" she said, "we 've done a dreadful wrong! Go quickly and bring her to me."

Joy came quite willingly, hand in hand with him, like a child; but the terrible blankness of her eyes never

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changed. It never changed again. For Joy had passed beyond that line, rigid and sane, which binds personality to the senses. She had been driven out, and she could not come into her earthly home again.

The twins were put into Joy's arms. She held them carefully, but she never looked at them. She did not hear words, but she never opposed the touch of a hand. Her body was as gentle and docile as her spirit had made it; only her spirit was no longer there.

The doctors did what they could. Owen sent for specialist after specialist. They only repeated one another—a peculiar case of sudden nervous shock after a prolonged physical and mental strain. There was the illness and death of her little sister. Miss Featherstone had apparently not quite got over this before another shock superseded. They were very tactful. A few succinct words from Julia had given them the facts, and with "another shock superseded" they managed nicely. They all arrived at this conclusion, but none of them could get any further.

For a time Mrs. Featherstone took her home, but Mr. Featherstone could not bear it. He even became a little bitter about it, though he never wholly lost his faith. He simply said that Providence had been too hard upon him.

Joy herself seemed to feel a peculiar restlessness at home. She did not sleep, so they placed her finally in a beautifully kept asylum where she could have all the care and none of the anxiety of home.

It was some time before the doctors in the asylum realized that Joy could be a great help to them. Nobody ever continued to be violent in her presence. Directly Joy felt in the air the agony of a distraught mind,—and without speech or sight she seemed to feel it,—her whole being responded to it instantly. A peace, radiant and serene, soothing and strange, emanated from her. She seemed to draw out of the possessed the fury of their possession.

Owen visited her regularly at first. It was intensely painful to him, but for a long while he stood the pain of it, though he agreed with Julia that the Featherstones were greatly to blame for the whole wretched business: they should never have allowed Joy to nurse Rosemary. Then their life grew gradually comfortable again, and Owen ceased to be able to travel so far away from his business. If Joy had been conscious, he explained, he would have gone, and Julia agreed with him.

Julia had become very much softened. She agreed with Owen so often that he seldom wished for anybody else. He thought sometimes with a secret irony that if Julia had only been like this before, he might have been saved from his fatal inadvertence.

Only Mrs. Featherstone and Nicolas went regularly to see Joy. Nicolas never failed. He came once a month by himself, and sat with Joy for an hour. She never knew him, and when he went away he was neither sadder nor happier; he was merely unchanged.

The doctor talked to him quite freely about Joy's case, because he thought Nicolas was a distant and sensible relative whose affections were not involved; probably a trustee.

"Personally," he said, "I think Miss Featherstone's case is quite incurable. Perhaps another great shock might drag her back, or rather let her out, because some of her *is* actually there. I try to get at it with the violent cases, but I can't get any further. She 's as safe as houses with them. I 've taken

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every precaution and tried every test, but though she deals with them directly, somehow it 's not by any method of consciousness. Not what we mean by it, anyway. I should say she was possessed, only the other way round; not by the devil, as some of these poor creatures act as if they were, but—well, it sounds a curious thing to say—by God. I often think to myself when I look at her, 'The pure in heart shall see God.'"

Nicolas shook his head.

"She never did see any harm anywhere," he said. "I don't know about God; that 's not my idea of Him."

"No," agreed the doctor, "but is n't that what turns the savage cases quiet? Or if it is n't, what is? I 've tried her over and over again with all the worst and most dangerous patients. She sits there saying nothing, with that light in her eyes, and they get quiet under it. They 'd fly at me or a keeper, but she just walks straight up to them, and they don't turn a hair. They look at her as if she had cast a spell on them, and I 've seen murder and vice die out under her eyes; and yet she can't hear a word you say, and I don't think she knows the difference between my hand and a blade of grass."

"She was always like that," said Nick, huskily, "with dangerous animals, as a little child. They did n't hurt her. It took a worse thing than an animal to hurt her."

The doctor coughed discreetly. He wanted to hear more about the case; he had always wanted to know more, but he heard no more from Nicolas.

After ten years the authorities sent for Nicolas.

"There is a change," the doctor explained. "She has got much thinner lately, and she seems somehow—well, she was always contented, but somehow happier. You 'll see for yourself. Her mother saw her yesterday and comes again to-morrow, but she does n't know any one yet."

Nick thought, when he came into Joy's room, that he had never seen any one look so much alive. She was sitting close by a large open window; the sun shone full on her golden head. There was very little of her left but life. It came through her small, eager hands and through her eyes in a torrent of happy expectancy. She sat there very still as usual, but as if she were waiting for something—something that she longed for, and which she knew would come.

Nick stood by her side for a long time in silence,—they were alone together,—then he said suddenly:

"Joy, Joy, are n't I unhappy enough yet for you to speak to me?"

She made no answer, but she moved her head restlessly as if she were listening to something that was a long way off. Nicolas kneeled down beside her and put his head in her lap. Instantly he felt the tender pressure of her hands, and, looking up at her, he saw her eyes change. They widened for a moment, and then they suddenly grew awake.

"Nick," she whispered, "my dear, don't trouble, don't be sad; there 's nothing left but love."

She held out her hands into the sunshine and laughed. Her eyes, tender and full of joy, left his, and rested on what they saw.

Nick sprang to his feet, and as she fell forward, he caught her against his heart.

She had never lived there, but it was there she died.

(The end of "The Crystal Heart")

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The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

TRAILING THE ROBIN HOODS OF MEDICINE

SOME weeks ago the trustees of the Johns Hopkins Hospital proved themselves news-makers of the first order by the simple announcement of their opinion and local ruling that the maximum fee any surgeon should charge for an operation, no matter how wealthy the patient might be, is one thousand dollars, and that the maximum charge for attending patients in a hospital should be thirty-five dollars a week. This brief statement captured front-page space in virtually every newspaper in the United States and sent editorial pens everywhere to the ink-pots. There was a qualification, I believe, to the effect that this did not mean that a patient may never, in any circumstances, be charged more than these sums for medical attention or an operation, but that when more than these sums is charged, the hospital authorities must be informed of the circumstances and must approve the charge.

At the moment of writing only the more obvious aspects of the matter have been commented upon. I have gone carefully through a mass of newspaper comment upon this ruling, and these are the only questions I find discussed: Have surgeons been profiteering? Have they been charging all the traffic will bear? If surgeons were prohibited from charging their wealthy patients enormous fees, would they not be obliged to charge the average patient more than before? Would surgeons be able to do as much free work for the poor if they were prevented from securing high fees from patients who could afford to pay them? Would not the very wealthy be the only ones who would be benefited by such a scheme? Would not such a system of standardized fees destroy the surgeon's incentive to expertness by enabling the man of lesser ability to charge the same as his more expert colleague? Has an institution any right to dictate the fees that a surgeon, not in the whole-time employ of the institution, may ask for his service?

I have called these the more obvious aspects of the matter because I regard the single act of the limitation of surgeons' fees by the Johns Hopkins Hospital as a case of much ado about nothing, an incident that is important only as it may attract public attention to a much broader issue, the problem of an adequate and statesmanlike organization of the medical service of the nation. I want, however, before passing on to a discussion of this broader issue, to set down certain ob-

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servations on the questions stated in the preceding paragraph.

§ 2

Have surgeons been profiteering, charging all the traffic would bear? Here and there individual surgeons have undoubtedly charged enormous fees that readily lend color to the profiteering charge, but, aside from the justice or injustice of such fees, it is safe to say that when more than the Johns Hopkins maximum of one thousand dollars has been charged, it has been asked of men and women upon whom its payment was not a hardship. The fees that exceed a thousand dollars do not, therefore, present a pressing social problem of wide concern. The real problem is not that of the few enormous fees, but of the general high cost of medical attention. This fact was clearly stated a few days ago in an unsigned article in "The New York Times," which began as follows:

> The movement inaugurated at the Johns Hopkins Hospital to limit the fees which surgeons may charge for operations promises little relief to innumerable members of the great middle-class who are not financially able to go under the knife of the best surgeons in search of health. This class is all but barred from the benefits accruing from the rapid development of medical science, for the simple reason that they are not poor enough to accept charity and yet are not wealthy enough to meet the rising costs of proper medical treatment.
>
> The fact is now generally admitted by leading surgeons and medical men. Here there is growing talk of the necessity for a sort of clearing house where a patient may go to have the nature of his complaint determined, avail himself of treatment, and finally pay one bill for the services rendered. As it is, he must go through a maze of medical and semi-medical channels where tolls must be paid to the X-ray man, pathologist, surgeon, anæsthetist, trained nurse, and perhaps many others, exclusive of hospital board, before he emerges into the class of a bankrupt.

This matter of the general high cost of medical attention is of greater social significance than isolated cases of profiteering on wealthy patients. If it were true that all great surgeons "profiteer" on their wealthy patients, we should be safe in saying that a greater part of the proceeds of their "profiteering" goes back into work done for the common good than in the case of any other group of professional or business men in America. If the trustees of Johns Hopkins Hospital would help solve the problem of the high cost of medical attention, let them attack the problem below the one-thousand-dollar line rather than above it.

If surgeons were prohibited from charging their wealthy patients very large fees, would they not be obliged to charge the average patient more than before? Yes, without a doubt. Here, as elsewhere, the meek and voiceless middle class would be the butt and burden-bearer of the situation. If the surgeon is barred from making his income in a few *very* high fees, he must make it in more *fairly* high fees. It is asserted that the Johns Hopkins ruling was made after "long consideration of all the conditions surrounding physicians and surgeons, the cost of living, the scale on which physicians and surgeons are required to live, and the like." It may be doubted, however, that this ruling takes into adequate account the amount of free work done by

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the surgeon, the uncollected and uncollectable bills, the enormous amount of time, effort, and money that is or should be spent by the surgeon in the progressive perfecting of his knowledge and technic. There is an American tendency to generalize upon a too narrow basis of facts—a tendency that is sometimes manifest even in our centers of higher learning.

Would surgeons be able to do as much free work for the poor if they were prevented from securing high fees from patients who can afford to pay them? In virtually every editorial that has been written on the Johns Hopkins ruling, every one that has come to my attention, it is assumed that the general adoption of this ruling would mean a marked reduction in surgeons' free service to the poor. I seriously doubt this assumption. The average surgeon is much more priest than profiteer, and, unless I wholly misjudge him, his free work for the poor would be the last part of his service he would surrender. He would be more likely to recoup through a general raising of fees in the cases of patients who now pay from one hundred to five hundred dollars for an operation. Only in the event of inability to secure from such sources what surgeons might regard as an adequate income would the free service to the poor be seriously curtailed.

Would not the very wealthy be the only ones who would be benefited by a maximum fee of one thousand dollars? Again, yes, without a doubt. Would not such a system of standardized fees destroy the surgeon's incentive to expertness by enabling the man of lesser ability to charge the same as his more expert colleague? I think not. In the first place, the Johns Hopkins ruling does not mean the establishment of standardized fees, only the establishment of a maximum fee, and that maximum subject to increase under justifiable circumstances. In the second place, money is probably the incentive to expertness more rarely than we think. Money may be the incentive to vast effort in many enterprises, but it is rarely the dominant incentive in the arts or the sciences. And the creative motive of the artist may move the big business man more often than we imagine. Certainly every great physician or surgeon whom I know has much of the disinterested passion for perfection that marks the artist. Any attempt upon the part of inferior surgeons to make the maximum fee their common charge would only drive patients to the superior surgeon.

If we may judge the future by the past, little will come of the Johns Hopkins ruling. The thing has been widely discussed and tried in Europe, but never successfully. Some years ago the matter was seriously considered by the Government, the courts, and the scientific bodies of France, but the final verdict was an approval of the traditional system. An elaborate regulative system was likewise tried by Russia, but without success.

§ 3

All this makes interesting speculation, but, as I have said before, these matters are of little importance compared with the larger problem of a statesmanlike organization of the medical service of the nation. A quit-claim deed to immortality is awaiting the physician, surgeon, or statesman who can think of health in terms of a nation instead of a patient, and who can effect the beginnings of a national health

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program that will insure to every man, woman, and child in the United States the full and continuous benefits of the best in medical science and service.

Let us play with this idea for a moment, tracing out some of its possible implications. It is a ticklish subject to discuss if the writer wishes to preserve a reputation for careful sanity. Merely to set down in their relation and in proper perspective suggestions that have been made by the more creative minds in the medical profession is enough to brand a writer as the irresponsible architect of a private Utopia, if not a dangerous citizen of communistic leanings. But nothing ventured, nothing gained. Here, then, are certain suggestions that strike me as obviously sound. Many of them I have heard from the lips of eminent doctors in moments of critical frankness. Many of them are radical, involving a complete reversal of existing practices. Some of them may be impossible of realization, at least of realization in the immediate future. All of them are, I hope, challenging, provocative of thought.

§ 4

First of all, I think we need a fresh, comprehensive, and fearlessly truthful investigation and critique of the medical profession, its ethics, its equipment, its fee system, its limitations, and its possibilities. Here and there courageous critics are arising in the ranks of the profession, but it is too much to expect that any practising physician or surgeon will cast "discretion" to the winds and give us the fundamental critique that we must have before the mind either of the nation or of the profession will be opened to a sympathetic consideration of a truly national organization of medical service that will mean a decided break with most of the traditions. The finely imaginative sort of program that an H. G. Wells or a Bernard Shaw might suggest will not meet our needs. Such adventures in constructive criticism are valuable in stimulating lay thought, but the chance is against their being taken seriously by the medical profession. This sweeping critique I have in mind must be written by some man who sustains enough of a relation to the medical profession to be regarded by physicians and surgeons as one of them, a man whose sanity and scholarship will command their respect. Its author must be above the suspicion of head-line hunting.

With the mind of the nation and of the profession shaken into alertness by such a critique, there might develop a fighting chance for a national health program. Such a program must spring from a sincere belief that the health of the American people is the most important problem and responsibility of national and state politics. If we really appreciated the importance of national health, as we do not, we might evolve a new definition of treason. It was Lord Palmerston, I believe, who suggested that for every death from typhoid somebody should be hanged. In some far Utopian future we shall realize that the first test of every industry should be its reaction upon the health of its workmen. No industry is profitable to the nation if it shortens the lives and stunts the bodies of its workmen, and some day we shall look upon the head of such an industry as a traitor to the state, although he may be a highly respectable citizen who has done valiant service in tracking down radicals who have spoken slightingly

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of the Constitution. Some day we shall test every educational system by its reaction upon the health of its student. Its buildings, its curriculum, its teaching methods, must conspire to preserve the student's health while he is in school and must teach him to preserve it after he leaves school. Is it fantastic to think that some day the state will see to it that grocers and cooks, before they are allowed to practise their professions, know something about the relation between the distribution and preparation of food and the health of the American family? Some day we shall know that an architect whose building is not conducive to health is a bad architect despite the beauty he may have captured in the lines of his structure.

The heads of industries that blight the health of workmen, educators who forget the body in the training of the mind, grocers and cooks who are salesmen and servants only, architects who have not learned that a building must be useful before it can be beautiful in a social sense—all these will some day be regarded as biologic traitors.

We are far from any such realization of the importance of health to-day. We believe all these things theoretically, but they remain mere intellectual beliefs, not rising to the importance of convictions that move men to act. We calmly spend barrels of money in the enforcement of prohibition, feeling quite righteous over the fact that we have dared to take such heroic measures in the interest of the health and vital stamina of the American people. Why can we not harness the power of the reforming instinct that achieved prohibition to the broader and more important issue of a national health army, a national health program, a national health campaign? Inattention on the part of the average American to the simplest rules of sane physical living, and the fact that our doctors are a haphazardly located collection of competitive private tradesmen instead of officers in a national health army organized to serve the last man, woman, and child in the country, mean a greater annual loss of life and reduction of national vitality than alcohol ever meant. But passion can make speeches against King Alcohol, whereas it takes active intelligence to evolve and execute a national health program.

§ 5

When we get around to the organization of a real health service for the nation, if we ever do, we shall be forced, I think, to an agreement upon the following things as essential.

First, the virtual elimination of the private practice of medicine, with the substitution of a national health organization in which all doctors shall be servants of the state, with all or a basic part of their income guaranteed. We shall be forced to this if we apply intelligence to the health problem not as a socialistic theory, but as a social necessity. Here are some of the considerations that will force us to this conclusion.

Under the existing régime of the private practice of medicine we have no guaranty that doctors will be wisely and strategically located, no guaranty that every community in America will have access to the medical science and service that it must have if America is to keep at its physical maximum. To-day doctors locate for practice exactly as tailors locate for tailoring, in search of a privately profitable future, with the result that many communities

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are undersupplied, while other communities are oversupplied with doctors. In an intelligently organized world only one consideration would dictate the location of doctors, namely, the accurate supplying of medical counsel and service to every community in America, and to every man, woman, and child in every community. Some day we shall zone the country for medical purposes, as we have zoned the country for our federal reserve banks.

Under the existing system of the private practice of medicine doctors have a "vested interest in ill health" instead of a vested interest in good health. I am not falling into the facile assumption that doctors habitually perform unnecessary operations and prolong sicknesses in order to run up a bill. I shall leave that libel to Bernard Shaw, and, stated flatly as he states it, it is a libel upon the most unselfish set of professional men in the world. But the fact remains that the existing system, in its ultimate outworking, does put a premium upon disease rather than upon health. In the main, doctors secure their income from curing sick folk, not from advising well folk how to keep well. The tendency toward retaining doctors as health-advisers is growing, but it is a tiny tendency that to-day affects the total health problem only slightly. It should be said, in passing, that no man in America recognizes more fully the wasteful insanity of making doctors healers of disease rather than protectors of health than does the doctor himself. But until we evolve a system under which doctors are not obliged to make their income from attending cases of sickness, our only hope of a healthier nation lies with the unselfish doctor who will consciously reduce his income by foisting upon sick patients health advice that will tend to keep them from falling sick again. And, mark you, he must usually give this preventive advice as a side issue to medical attention, give it to a sick patient whose mind, at the moment, is more upon his immediate plight than upon the future regulation of his habits. The doctors are not to blame. We are. Our national motto seems to be, Millions for pills, but not one cent for preventive advice.

Under the existing system of the private practice of medicine we have no assurance that every doctor will spend as much time as he should in preparation for practice, no assurance that after he begins practice he will keep constantly in touch with the latest results of research and experiment, no assurance that he will periodically refresh his knowledge and perfect his technic by attendance upon lectures and clinics. We are convicted of plain bankruptcy of political intelligence by our failure to make it possible for any and every student of medicine to spend as long a time as may be necessary in study and preparation for practice, regardless of his personal financial resources. It may be said that I overlook the fact that we have definite and required standards of preparation in our medical schools, that our licensing systems prevent men from entering the practice of medicine until they have undergone the required preparation. I have not overlooked that fact. My point is that the requirements of our medical schools are, even at this late date, conditioned and restricted by the economics of the situation, the amount of money that students can pay, the

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amount of money that can be wheedled from private pockets into endowment funds. In the final summing up of the case, the length of time required in preparation for the practice of medicine, the number and quality of men who serve upon medical faculties, the physical equipment of laboratories, and the like, are all, to a greater or less degree, determined not by what the institution needs, but by what the institution can pay for. In a state based upon intelligence instead of upon expediency and drift, these things would be determined only by the health needs of the nation. However large the necessary funds, they would be supplied by taxation and not wait upon the whims of philanthropists.

Under the existing system of the private practice of medicine most doctors do not become rich men. Thousands upon thousands of doctors are not financially able to secure the latest information, week by week, from the great research laboratories. True, we have medical journals here and abroad, but they are, in the main, private properties run for private profit, or by societies which doctors join or not as they desire or can afford, and their content as well as the extent of the information they supply must be tested by the question, Will it pay its way? An intelligent state would see to it that every doctor in America received weekly bulletins that contained the latest and most authentic reports of the progress of medical science. Thousands upon thousands of doctors simply cannot afford to attend lectures and clinics periodically. Again, an intelligent state would see to it that every doctor in America was not only enabled, but required, thus to refresh his knowledge from time to time.

§ 6

In short, if we faced the health problem scientifically, if we loosed ourselves from the dead hand of tradition, we should district or zone the nation, locate our health army of doctors solely upon the basis of the needs of each community, relieve the doctor of the necessity of depending upon sickness as a source of income, organize the medical profession upon the basis of an intelligent division of labor, with the result that the people of every district or zone would have ready access not only to general practitioners, but to specialists, for diagnosis and treatment. This access to specialists would not depend, as it now does, upon whether the people of a given community are within easy reach of a city. The personnel of the medical staff in each zone or district would be made up of the required specialists and general practitioners. These specialists would be required not only to diagnose and treat cases of sickness, but they would be required to collaborate with the general practitioner in the periodic physical examination of the families he served.

With such an organization in operation we could really launch a national war on disease, not only on the manifestations of disease, but on the causes of disease. Here, if anywhere, we could find that "moral equivalent of war" for which the race is searching. Gorgas trailing yellow fever to its endemic home entered upon as thrilling and as adventurous an undertaking as any conceivable military campaign. A national health army would face just as thrilling and colorful an undertaking in the United States—an undertaking that would absorb that fighting instinct which cynics like to

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say will make war an eternal practice of the race.

§ 7

We have the raw materials of such an organization at hand. Thousands of doctors are now servants of the state or in semi-public work as municipal health officers, school physicians, factory and mine inspectors, and the like. But all this is uncoördinated and falls far short of its possibility. Let us have a national General Staff for Health, for purposes of general direction and leadership, with a healthy decentralization of administration in the regionalism before suggested. Let this general staff organize the war on disease and perfect the organization of the army of health advisers, working out a vast collaboration between the doctors and the architects, the engineers, the amusement-promoters, the teachers, the chemists, the cooks, the grocers, between the doctors and all the servants of society who directly affect the health of the nation. Let the program include a fundamental consideration of the three basic problems of food, housing, and work. Let the health army seriously undertake the prevention of disease, as the present array of unorganized private practitioners cannot save intermittently and piecemeal. Let every family in America secure its doctor's services by the year instead of by the case or by the visit. Let payments be made monthly, quarterly, semiannually, or in advance. For this payment, which might be required as a form of taxation, let the doctor be obligated to give every member of the family a physical examination at least twice a year, to make at least a semiannual examination of the house and grounds, advising on matters of ventilation, sanitation, food, clothing, and the like, to attend to all cases of sickness in the family save cases requiring the services of a surgeon or a specialist.

Such a system would, as many doctors have pointed out, make possible many desirable things now prevented by the present system. Families would call the doctor at the first hint of sickness. No money consideration would enter. The doctor would have the advantage of early attention to the trouble. The doctor could call as often as necessary. No one could accuse him of fee-hunting. He could stick by the case as long as necessary. This system of yearly service would, many doctors believe, mean a larger average income for doctors and a general saving for the people.

The implications of many of these suggestions, I realize, are not clear. How could they be adopted without Prussianizing America? Could not many of the features of this suggested program be adopted without state control? Could not such an army of health be made a supplement of rather than a substitute for the profession of private practitioners? I have no desire to go into these questions. I have not sought to draft the blue-print of any hard-and-fast organization. I have not even attempted to iron out such contradictions as may have crept into these suggestions. I have sought only to stimulate discussion upon this fundamental issue. I shall gladly open the pages of this magazine to a further discussion of this problem by both doctors and laymen.

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